

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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Editorially Speaking:

Heedless Speed Is The Killer

Two persons are killed and three others seriously injured when a passenger car loaded with five persons on their way to work at the Tobyhanna Army Signal Station Depot crashes into the rear end of cinder truck travelling in the same direction Tuesday morning on the Daleville-Moosic Highway.

The time is 7:10 A.M. The day is bright and clear. The road is dry.

Earlier this year a youthful motorist is killed when his automobile smashes into the side of a moving freight train in Wyoming Valley. A few months earlier another motorist is killed in the same manner. His car smashes into a moving train at a grade crossing.

In these latter accidents the time is night; but the roads are dry, the highway ahead, except for the trains, clear.

These three accidents bear out what this newspaper has long contended—that all of us are so eager to reach our destination that we haven't time to let the train run into us. We must run into it!

Speed is the killer. A heedlessness of what lies ahead, beyond the headlights' beam—beyond the power of brakes to stop the speeding car—has spelled the doom of many drivers and their passengers!

There isn't a motorist who travels the highway from Harveys Lake to Wilkes-Barre who hasn't almost daily observed this type of driver . . . completely disregarding his own safety and the safety of others on the road. In a fraction of an instant he can create havoc—his first and last accident for himself or others!

Remember this: Your first accident may be your last. Think of this when you speed through territory where a deer might jump in front of your car at any instant. Think of it when you drive down a street where children might dart from behind a parked car. Think of it when you speed at a pace where your brakes won't stop your car within the length of your headlights' beam. Think of it when you give her the gun to cut-around a line of slow moving traffic. Think of it when you drive on ice or in foggy weather.

It takes a smart person to drive safely. Any fool can step on the throttle. And any fool can drive faster than the safe driver!

Help yourself and help others. Attend the Back Mountain Citizens Safety Committee Tuesday night at Westmoreland High School.

When You Retire . . .

by Robert Peterson

Personal Popularity in Retirement

"TWO-THIRDS OF OLDER persons feel unwanted—and many of them are right," says Dr. Irwin Ackerknecht of the University of Wisconsin. This sounds like a scathing indictment of older people, and yet the statement carries a pack of truth.

What causes many people in their retirement years to be unwanted? When someone tossed this query into the conversation at a party the other evening we all took a crack at it, including two retired gentlemen. Here are some of our conclusions:

Lack of means. A majority of older people have very little money, and this probably contributes to their being unwanted. While money won't buy friends, we must face the fact that human nature generally finds financial independence more attractive than indigence. In addition, money permits the individual to do things, such as entertain and travel, that increase his opportunities for being appreciated.

Lack of interest in others. Older people as a rule show less interest in others than do younger ones. Watch a new family move into your neighborhood. It isn't long until the children are making friends with other children in the area. But it

may be weeks or even months until you call on the parents, or until they call on you. This may be because you have your own circle of friends and relatives so you don't feel the need to make new friends. Or you may fear you'll be rejected if you extend the hand of friendship. Or you may lack self-confidence. Older people who want to feel wanted should make the effort to show by word and deed their sincere interest in others.

Lack of attractiveness. Many people tend to neglect their appearance as they grow older. This declining interest in how one looks may scare potential friends away. While older people needn't dress expensively, they should make an effort to follow current styles. They should also give continued attention to their grooming and to care of their skin, nails, and hair.

Too much or too little to say. While both these extremes lead to an older person being unwanted, it is my observation that the first may be the lesser of these two evils. A very loquacious person may prove tiresome and aggravating, but a silent one who has nothing to contribute to a conversation may prove even less interesting to have around.

Lack of tolerance. As people grow older they may tend to become increasingly critical of views that dif-

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FATAL AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS AND INJURIES

SINCE JANUARY 1, 1957

Table with columns: Location, Hospitalized, Killed. Rows: Dallas, Dallas Twp., Franklin Twp., Kingston Twp., Lake, Monroe, Noxen, Ross, Total.

MOTOR LAW VIOLATIONS

Table with columns: Location, Arrests, Convictions. Rows: Dallas, Dallas Twp., Franklin Twp., Kingston Twp., Lake, Monroe, Noxen, Ross, Total.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From the Issue of March 7, 1947
Benefit game at Dallas is postponed because of illnesses among the squad and general student body, due to viruses and colds. Seventy-three students are on the absentee list. There are a few cases of scarlet fever in the Back Mountain. Measles and whooping cough are found at Lehman.

F. S. Biery, 78, Dallas, employee of R. L. Brickel for over forty years, is buried in a driving snowstorm March 3.

Ronald Doll, Dallas, former principal of Dallas Township Schools, is praised in a Newark paper for his work as guidance director for West Orange schools.

Kiwanis women organize as a club, with Mrs. Fred Anderson named president pro-tem.

Lehman school controversy has left the front page and now appears in Safety Valve where an attorney is labelling news coverage as libel, and families are rising to the defense of their young in flouting authority.

Elizabeth Kitchen, Davenport Street, becomes the bride of Dominic DiEdgido, Philadelphia.

Dorothy Swire, Carbondale, marries a man of the same surname, Isaac Swire, of Pikes Creek.

From the Issue of March 5, 1937

Four youths admit recent hold-ups, including that of Woolbert's Gas Station, Fieger's at Hillside, and the Pen Fern Station in Fernbrook.

Luzerne Gas and Electric makes its tenth rate cut in nine years.

St. Paul's Lutheran will have as its new minister Rev. Herbert E. Frankfort of Lancaster. Rev. Frankfort will preach on Palm Sunday.

American Legion, Daddow-Isaacs Post, will dedicate its colors at a public ceremony in Dallas Township auditorium next week.

Jackson Township WPA men threaten a strike, claiming part of the payroll has been withheld.

Police Chief Leonard O'Kane has purchased the Suburban Inn, Main Street, Dallas, formerly operated by Mrs. Emma Shaver.

Fire destroyed the home of Silas Jackimovitz at Demunds Tuesday morning doing \$1,000 damage. Furniture was saved by neighbors and family.

Tunkhannock Methodists will worship in the Courthouse until their edifice, destroyed several weeks ago by fire, is rebuilt.

Joshua Welter, 79, lawyer and educator, dies at Demunds.

Mrs. Lucille Race, 29, dies at her home in Alderson.



Squingo, kathump, boin-whump—the road Joe Motoman was driving had been built shortly after World War I. Joe's '55 model filled up the space between the road's center line and the fading shoulder with alarming exactness. Broken slabs of concrete reared their cracked edges as far up the road as the eye could see, which wasn't very far. The road wound and twisted across the countryside with enough undulations to shame a fast-moving rattlesnake.

As Joe approached each turn, he felt as if he were looking off the edge of the Grand Canyon—except there were no warning markers to tell him not to go too close to the edge.

A few miles farther on, Joe came to the expressway. Its concrete stretched out like a ribbon, with curves that had been intentionally engineered into every few miles of

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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 Commissions.

Old Man Beaver Is Too Smart For Government Ranger . . .

During my life in the great outdoors, I have found out that Nature has a great part, that we as educated people do not have, in our wildlife. Nature has taught wildlife to take care of itself, its young and mates.

I have had the pleasure several times to hide and watch a mother beaver and her young. She brings them out when they are the size of a half-grown muskrat, and they swim around with just their nose and ears out of the water. She is always around watching over them, and if I made a move or stood up, in a flash she would bring that tail down on the water, which is a warning among the beaver, and the little fellows would submerge.

I have a friend that made a trip to the West Coast and worked his way back East. He was staying in a hunter's and trapper's cabin in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, near a Government Ranger-Warden's headquarters. In that country there was plenty of beavers—in fact, one too many. There was a beaver pond right by the ranger's cabin inhabited by an old male beaver who became so tame that he was a pest. He wanted to stay in the cabin more than the dam. The beaver, by the way, is one of the easiest of wild game to tame.

The Ranger had a small plane to patrol the large forest, watching for fire and game violators, and rather than kill this pesky beaver, they thought it would be best to fly him back into the mountains and release him in a wild beaver pond.

Of course they had to figure out a method to let him down without injuring him. They fixed a wire and small rope with a trip and when they arrived over the pond where they were going to drop him, they made a little sling and attached the wire and rope to it. Turning up wind and flying low, they let him down to his new home, wishing him the best of luck. The men turned back home satisfied they had done a good turn, and that the beaver would get a new mate and live a new life in the wilds of the forest.

But such was not the case. In 31 days he was back to the ranger's cabin, the most happy beaver that could be. They figured it was about 20 miles to the place where he was dropped, by the way of a twisting mountain stream. This is another instance where Nature has come in and guided this old man back to his mate and the home he loved.

This is a true story, the point of which we should all remember—that God gave the animals in the wild something that Man cannot understand.

The Retired Guide, LESTER BROWN Austin, Penna.

National Wildlife Week To Be Observed March 17-23 . . .

The 20th annual observance of National Wildlife Week has been set for March 17-23, according to the National Wildlife Federation, chief sponsor of the event. The national chairman of the Week is Walt Disney, internationally known cartoonist and active conservationist.

Ralph Trax of Wilkes-Barre is the Luzerne County chairman and the chairman for Wyoming County is Claude Campbell of Clarks Summit.

The 1957 theme will be "Homes for Wildlife," stressing the habitat needs of various wild birds and animals in America. An educational campaign will be conducted to point out how soil erosion, overgrazing, unwise drainage, forest fire, water pollution and other abuses destroy natural habitat and deplete wild game population.

Again named to head the program for Pennsylvania, Seth L. Myers, Sharon, is organizing and will conduct an effective educational campaign in the Keystone State.

National Wildlife Week was started in 1938 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued a proclamation calling upon all citizens to study wildlife problems and to "work with one accord" for conservation and restoration.

Recreation and Aquatic Life Rated Second To Public Water Supply . . .

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission acclaimed today as precedent setting the action of the Sanitary Water Board in rating recreation and aquatic life as second only to public water supply in the weight to be given to pollution situations leading to recommendations for grants of federal aid in sewage disposal plant construction.

Six considerations in setting up a formula to be followed are: Public water supply, recreation and aquatic life, industrial water supply, adequacy of plant design in relation to population equivalent, public health side effects, and agriculture.

"Now, in Pennsylvania, by official action of the responsible state agency, the rapid increase in importance to the people of water for recreational purposes has been given stature that is history making in its impacts.

The statement was issued by William Voigt, Jr., executive director of the Fish Commission.

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

CLIMAX has either won or been nominated for almost every award in television. In an effort to maintain this high standing eleven dramatic productions, several tailored to the specific talents of particular stars are set for presentation within the next several months.

Ricardo Montalban will be again featured as a New York detective in a story in which Montalban is assigned to track down a notorious "Mad Bomber."

"The Strange Deaths at Burnleigh," story of a doctor who profits by the deaths of his patients, has been assigned to Charles Larson who wrote for "Climax!" "The Chinese Game," Sir Cedric Hardwicke will play the doctor and Michael Rennie the Scotland Yard inspector who brings him to justice.

"The June Taylor Story," remarkable true chronicle of the girl dancer who fought her way back from death to become the nation's most successful choreographer, is tentatively set for broadcast from New York Thursday, April 18. Piper Laurie is being sought for the title role. Jackie Gleason will play himself.

"The Gold Record," story of the music recording business, is being prepared with William Bendix and Peggy King being discussed for the lead. A modern version of "The Doll's House" is being written. It is hoped James Mason will play its role.

LAWRENCE WELK'S daughter, Shirley, was telling us at dinner the other night about her visit to Philadelphia a few weeks past. She said it was her first visit and she enjoyed it so much. We asked what she particularly noted about Philadelphia. "The cab drivers," was her reply. "They are most courteous and gallant." Shirley said they not only opened the cab doors but they walked her up to the doors of office buildings.

We said that they probably recognized her as Welk's daughter. She said that they didn't know her, it just seems to be something they do in the City of Brotherly Love.

JANET LEIGH makes her television debut in a comedy about a mother determined to surpass "The Joneses" by importing a baby buggy from England, only to get mixed up with diamond smugglers, in "Carriage from Britain" on the "Schlitz Playhouse" Friday, March 8 (9-10:00 p. m. EST).

Seems it was only two weeks ago we watched one about diamonds being smuggled into the country as vitamin pills. Strange how many shows present the same idea at the same time.

THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT—Foreign correspondent Russell Jones of the United Press, only American newsman to remain in Hungary throughout the recent revolt there, has been retained as technical advisor for "There Shall Be No Night" to be colorcast on "Hallmark Hall of Fame" Sunday, March 17.

The late Robert E. Sherwood, who won a Pulitzer prize for the original play, set it in Finland at the time of the Russian invasion in 1939. The television adaptation has brought it up to date with the change in locale. Jones, who arrived in Budapest October 29 and remained for five weeks covering the revolt, has personal as well as professional concern with the conflict, because his wife is Hungarian.

A CHILD IS WAITING—A successful career woman tries to forget her son, who lives in a home for retarded children on this week's story on "Studio One."

When Jean Horst applies for a job as a teacher in the home, the director cautions her against getting emotionally involved with the children. However, Jean grows very fond of one young boy. When she discovers that his mother has not visited him for over two years, she writes to her against the director's orders.

GORDON MACRAE will star in Victor Herbert's musical play "Eileen," on the Lux Theatre Thursday, March 14.

SAFETY VALVE

WANTS POST VIA AIR MAIL. Copper Center, Alaska, February 22, 1957.

Dallas Post, Dear Sirs: Enclosed you will please find (\$10.00) ten dollars for which please send me Air Mail the Dallas Post for whatever length of time it will pay for. If I don't receive same by Air Mail it takes about three weeks to reach Copper Center.

The weather at Copper Center today is beautiful; the sun is shining bright and it is approximately 25 degrees above zero. It gets daylight about 7:30 a. m. now and dark about 6 p. m. The Old Timers predict an early Spring. It will be welcomed. The Winter was very cold; we had temperatures of 64 degrees below for a few weeks. We have about 2 1/2 feet of snow. The mountains are certainly a

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Barnyard Notes

A Women Disagrees February 25, 1957

Dear Editor: In reference to the Barnyard Notes of February 22 in the Dallas Post.

What are they going to blame Women for next?????????????

"Kills off her husband by over-stuffing him with good cooking." Most women stand over their husbands plate and make them eat rich food. I have heard men say, "We never get any desert around this place." Most pies are baked at the husband's request. Women eat that same food—white flour, sugar and hydrogenated fats.

"She tried to get him to keep up with her spending." What is wrong with the man? If he doesn't agree with the way the money is spent, why doesn't he sit down with his wife and help her decide how to spend the money? He would rather not take the time and energy. Besides what would he have to complain about.

"87 per cent of the young husbands help with the housework." What percentage of these have working wives? Why should a woman work all day, then come home and do the housework too, while the head of the house sits on that overstuffed posterior? What percentage of these have children below school age? A Mother's day starts at 6 A. M., and working hours continue until 8 P. M. She does not get an hour for lunch or an hour for supper. At 8 P. M. she gets no change, but remains at her working place. She is often called back to work one, two, and three times a night. How would the man like to sleep where he works with no hour for lunch and no hour for supper, just grab it on the job? If the husband works eight hours a day, why should he not help his wife in the evening when she has fourteen hours a day. This little help also gives them more time together. When are men going to look for a wife instead of a mother?

"Where is the man who hides his illness?" According to most women they are bigger babies than children when they are sick. Why are there more men in hospitals if they are hiding their illnesses?

"Hates to admit fatigue" Who has to ask him? It is about the first thing a wife hears when her husband enters the door.

"When his wife keeps him up late at night?" In most cases he refuses to go out in the first place. If he does go, his wife has trouble stopping his blubber so they can both get home to bed early.

"Conceal their emotions" Most children are imitating their fathers when they swear. You don't have to cry to release emotions.

"Women drive their husbands into nervous disorders and chronic diseases by their female lust for luxuries" Who confined the lust for luxuries in the female gender? Who owns the greatest amount of hunting, fishing, golf and bowling equipment? Who drives the Cadillac to work instead of a Ford?

In conclusion, let us replace her with she in your last paragraph. A woman should be allowed to get a change once in awhile, to spend time in recreation, to cultivate a hobby for the years when the children are on their own. Couples should develop new mutual interests. A man should encourage a wife to get her troubles off her chest. He should be an understanding sympathetic listener and admirer. Any wife who has such a husband is bound to feel that he is the best thing that ever happened to her.

What's more, she will be home waiting for him—every night.

We will not argue your statistics on men's death, sickness, or nervous troubles, but why blame women?

Anonymous

Everybody will admit women have always driven men nuts and that men would rather die young than be without them. God bless them—Editor

From Pillar To Post . . .

by Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks

After reading Barnyard Notes a few weeks ago it seems only loyal to the one-lung Cadillac of yesteryear to say a few words about it in print. What does a genuine antique Ford, vintage of 1904, offer that a 1900 Cadillac can't?

It was a truly remarkable vehicle. When it came coughing up the hill on Chase Street in the heart of East Baltimore, it could be heard seven blocks away, from the moment it crossed the railroad bridge and started the long ascent toward Broadway, the only other asphalt-paved street in the city at that time.

Discretion dictated that it not be subjected to the cobbled streets until the last possible moment. Tires blew up on the slightest provocation, and cobblestone streets were not advised.

It was an odd little car. The engine was under the seat, very comforting in cold weather, but almost too hot to be borne during the summer. Still, with no windshield, and a constant breeze laden with grit blowing in over the dashboard and the uncovered flat radiator, there was enough cooling effect to keep the passenger from frying. The passenger could always stick his feet out of the place where a door should have been and wasn't, adding greatly to his comfort.

The driver, seated at the right, with a battery of gear shift levers, hand brake, and horn bulb mounted outside, wasn't so lucky. He was really hemmed in, though this worked out very well in case of sudden inequalities in the road. He had something to hold onto, while the luckless passenger threatened to go sailing off into space, losing his grip on the polished leather upholstery.

It didn't work out so well for a busy doctor, though his patients took great credit to themselves for being serviced by a doctor in duster and goggles as well as the conventional black bag.

A couple of fast stepping horses covered the ground more efficiently than a car which was always shedding its chain drive in the middle of the road, to the great glory of dancing urchins who crowded about while the chain was being readjusted to the sprockets. The burden of the chant was always, "Get a horse, get a horse, get a horse."

Papa finally took their advice and got a horse again. Two of them, to be exact, one for morning and one for afternoon. Horses didn't puncture tires, nor did they shed their chains.

It was quite a long time before he ventured on another car. This one was very modern, a 1910 model. The right hand drive had shifted to the left. There were still no doors in front, but the rear of the touring car held three people comfortably, and when the car made a sudden stop, they did not go caroming off, because there were doors back there. The leather upholstery was still slippery, and grew outrageously hot under the glare of the sun, but the engine was now out in front.

The original car had a removable tonneau. With the little brass-bound rear in place, two people could ride on the corner seats, and another one could be accommodated on a board placed between the two, spanning the back door. This was a little hazardous, as the door was apt to fly open, leaving the third passenger with no backstop.

With the tonneau removed, and a sloping board adjusted in its place, the car turned into a neat little runabout. No protection from the weather, of course. Leather side pieces came somewhat later. If it rained too hard, the water drained off nicely, and the passengers were upheld by the thought of travelling in style, even if a conventional doctor's buggy with a rain apron would have been far more comfortable.

The second car had one distinct advantage. You could run it after dark, because it had acetylene lamps, serviced by a tank on the running board.

There was a windshield, too, one of these jobs with a division horizontally across the middle, and thumb screws which allowed it to be folded down for more air.

And of course, unlimited horse-power. With four spitting cylinders under the hood, and a self-starter which provided the last word in luxury, anybody could make fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour without actually scorching.

That was the beginning of the speed age.