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Editorially Speaking:

It Did Happen Here

The following appeared in the "Commonwealth Shareholder." It is no fairy tale with a happy ending. It can happen again.

"On July 4, 1776, the representatives of the 13 American colonies, meeting in Philadelphia, severed their ties with the British crown in a noble and eloquent document known as The Declaration of Independence. With the adoption of the Declaration, the Congress turned to other pressing tasks. Among the most vexing was the problem of financing the struggle for freedom.

"Thirteen months earlier, just one week after the Battle of Bunker Hill, the Continental Congress had issued its first currency—\$2 million of bills of credit. Later in 1775, and in the next four years, there were a number of other issues. Historians tell us the depreciation of this paper currency was slight and gradual through 1776. Once the amount of printing press dollars exceeded \$20 million, however, depreciation accelerated sharply. By January, 1779, one silver dollar exchanged for eight paper dollars; by the end of the year, a silver dollar was worth 40 paper dollars.

"In the following year, Congress called in the flood of paper money, and issued a new currency on the basis of one new dollar for 40 old dollars. About half the old bills were turned in for redemption. Those still outstanding plummeted, and the expression for something valueless became 'not worth a Continental' . . . Although inflation has been a fact of life through much of this nation's history, no subsequent experience has compared with our first, and bitterest, taste of inflation in the War for Independence."

STATUE ON A CULM BANK

Say, look at that sky! Take three long, deep breaths! Hey . . . it's good to step off that cage. If only a man could find work here outside He might live to die of old age. That afternoon sky is a beautiful blue . . . The sun is a living red, The color of coal is a funeral black A color reserved for the dead. Whoever it was that first started a mine — That soul needs a lot of forgiving, A hole in the ground might be Man's final home But, he should not be shut in while living!

When Lincoln cried out, "let slaves be free", Perhaps he was just facing south? If he'd ever turned 'round he might then have seen The gape of a Pit's hungry mouth Where men go to strive, to wrestle and strain Against the strength of Earth itself, Mailing for wages to buy food to devour As the Pit eats the miner himself. Necessity's need — holds them fast to their task — Tighter than any slaver's chain, While they struggle each day, each sweating to live To come back and struggle again.

The closing of mines would be regarded by some As hardship beyond any gauge. The mangling of men is accepted by them Unmoved by a feeling of rage. This country is wide . . . for the sake of men's sons Let them grow with a chance at the best, Not deep underground, not building their tomb With sardonic, dust-choked zest. Close the mouth of the shaft, that raw, ugly wound, With cement to act as the suture! A concrete atonement for what's gone before . . . A barrier . . . to prevent the Pit's future.

WILLIAM T. GRANT Lower Chase Road R. D. 2, Trucksville, Pa.

Those who question the value of advertising might consider these figures. The rate for a full black and white page in LIFE magazine is \$29,375. The rate for one four-color page is \$44,400.

SUCCESSFUL INVESTING...

by ROGER E. SPEAR Investment Advisor and Analyst

READER IS ADVISED NEVER TO BUY STOCKS ON RUMORS — GET FACTS OR A NEW BROKER

Q. From Connecticut, "I have bought a few stocks in the past year that I'm not happy about. My broker is a nice chap, but I'm afraid he's rather excitable. He calls me regularly to tell me that somebody important is moving into such-and-such a situation, that another stock is rumored to be set for a merger, or that still another is reported ready to split. I bought into all of these issues and none of the actions he mentioned has taken place. How would you handle this situation?"

A. I think you should tell your broker that you're unhappy about your purchases; also, that if he wants to keep your business, he'll have to stick to facts and stop feeding you tips. Almost all rumors and tips are false, and the reason is a cinch. Strong companies rarely allow leaks about their future plans, although insider buying sometimes reveals them. A good broker is backed up by an analytical department which is always sorting and sifting information to come up with some logical assumptions on the basis of careful study. I believe that in this matter, you are almost as culpable as your broker. You tried to make some easy profits without thorough investigation, and money simply isn't made that way in the stock market.

READER LIKES UTILITIES

Q. From Indiana, "I have always liked the utility stocks. For a conservative fellow, I haven't done too badly. I know these issues are down some in price and would like your advice as to whether they're now a good buy."

A. Utilities have such a well-defined growth curve and are so secure as to dividends, that their price level is determined largely by money rates. When money rates are high, the institutions tend to sell them, or at least refrain from buying. I believe that money conditions are likely to remain unchanged for some time to come. The Government's recent sale of 4-year notes appears to have been tremendously successful. This may mean that government issues will stabilize which would help the bond market and indirectly give a lift to the utilities.

No Broad Moves Seen

I don't look for any broad move either way for the group. Many of my favored issues, however, are at levels that two years hence will probably look pretty good in retrospect. It is worth remembering that there are defensive qualities to the utilities. They rise less in a bull market, but they resist strongly any general decline. Now let's look at some issues.

Growth Areas Favored

Where income is not paramount, I believe the best utilities are those that serve the fastest growing areas. In this category, I include American Electric Power which serves the industrial Middle West. American Electric has just raised its dividend, which makes 12 years in a row that this has happened. I like Southern Company, operating in the states of Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and Florida. The shares have doubled in price since 1957. I would certainly consider Arizona Public Service, Florida Power & Light, and Texas Utilities; also Central & South West, which has just announced a proposed 2-for-1 stock split.

CHRYSLER LOOKS UNDERVALUED

Q. From L. Ohio, "My broker has suggested Chrysler as a good buy for 1960 profits. What is your opinion?"

A. I go along with your broker on this one. Chrysler earnings this year are estimated at \$7-\$8 a share and the stock seems to me to be undervalued. Chrysler sells 32% below its 1955 high level and well below its best prices of 1957. Its major competitors, Ford and General Motors, have seen their stocks go to record highs recently. Chrysler has spent \$350 million on substantial re-tooling and re-modeling and, in my opinion, is in for a very good year in 1960.

Has Three Operations

Alan Root, 20, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Root, Dallas, has had his third operation in six weeks. Late Thursday night he was admitted to Nesbitt Memorial Hospital for an emergency appendectomy, from which he is making satisfactory recovery.

Six weeks ago he had a surgical test made for a ruptured disk between two lumbar vertebrae, and five weeks ago he had the disk removed. The back injury resulted from a piano-moving assignment in his father's trucking firm in Wyoming.

Completes D.H.I.A. Course

Lewis W. Evans, Dallas R. D. 3 is among fourteen men who have completed the Dairy Herd Improvement Association Supervisor Training short course at Pennsylvania State University.

The course, which is designed to train D.H.I.A. supervisors, includes work in the testing of milk for butterfat and in keeping of records.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Those who have had a perpetual cry that schools are too small are going to be uncomfortable now. In fact they will have to get a whole new set of grievances.

Recently published enrollment figures show that Dallas District contains 2309 pupils, the largest enrollment of districts under the jurisdiction of the County Superintendent, and fourth in the entire county, following only Wilkes-Barra City, Hazleton City, and Kingston Borough.

However there is no occasion to crow about the big enrollment. It is only slightly larger than about twenty years ago, in fact may be less than at the peak period prior to World War II.

My figures are not complete but I happen to have 1936, which had a total of 2232 in the four component districts, and 1938 which totalled 2237. It is probable that these are not the peak years. The kindergarten, added in the interval, more than covers the difference, other grades dropped.

The lack of a heavy increase in view of the apparent growth of the community is partly explained by the fact that in the interval a parochial school has been established in Dallas where there was none before. Surprisingly enough, with 759 pupils this also is the largest in the Wyoming Valley Area in its class, and ranks second only to West Side Central in total enrollment. Some local pupils attend West Side Central.

Besides the parochial school, it is very probable that more pupils are in attendance at Wyoming Seminary Day school than before the War, as there is bus service now and there was none then.

However the large enrollment has not been put on paper for nothing. The same pupils reside in the same houses they would have lived in under separate districts and require the same instruction. Changing the boundaries of the district has in no way reduced the educational requirements. The saving of larger classes, if any, has been offset by reduced individual attention and enormous increase in transportation expense. It is true that more frills can be provided in a big operation. The big question is whether bringing pupils through a carnival atmosphere is going to make them more able to go to college or otherwise face the facts of life by buckling down to a job, than they were under the old atmosphere.

Awakened by Sputnik I and other achievements of Russia where schools administrators and professors of education as well as many

citizens are wondering whether our so-called "progressive schools" and "adjustment-to-life schools" have not been progressing and adjusting backwards. They are afraid of "hard school" as it would provoke sales resistance, but are looking with favor on "more rigorous school", as one principal recently said in a convention, "where the principal does not spend his time counting the milk money."

We are faced with the prospect that some of our new and most expensive facilities may be outmoded before the building is open for occupancy.

This column has had considerable to say regarding Dallas Methodist Church, the home church of the writer, for the reason that he writes what he knows about. He happens to know more than usual about the one church as he recently wrote a history by request of the pastor, Rev. Russell Lawry.

He would like to have information regarding other churches in the area particularly the older ones and those no longer in existence. One of his great-grandfathers, Rev. William Gay, a Baptist, then living in upper Exeter Township, Wyoming County, preached as far as Jackson and maybe farther in about 1850. His grandfather, Rev. George Winters, resided in the Baptist parsonage and preached in Lehman Baptist Church about 1876-1880 at which time he had several churches in this area. The late Dr. Harry A. Brown and others have recalled incidents of his residence here.

References have been found to a Presbyterian Church somewhere in the area, no longer here, and everyone knows that Huntsville Christian Church is very old. Dallas Free Methodist Church has been a going concern for about sixty years. Shavertown Lutheran and Prince of Peace Churches are newer.

Rev. John J. O'Leary, prominent in the old Mt. Greenwood Kiwanis Club, when the writer was its secretary, was building St. Therese's Church at Shavertown at the time. Gate of Heaven in Dallas is newest in the immediate vicinity.

While there are a couple of Conference histories giving information about Methodist Churches, they do not say much. There is a history of Trucksville Methodist Church written by Ralph Hazeltine.

The writer will be pleased to show more references and information regarding these churches if any is furnished to him.

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

Eleanor Roosevelt will be honored on her diamond jubilee by a special television program saluting the Eleanor Roosevelt Cancer Research Institute. Arthur Godfrey is host. Celebrities participating are LaVeen Bacall, Ralph Bellamy, Jack Benny, Gertrude Berg, Eddie Cantor, Maurice Chevalier, Kirk Douglas, Henry Fonda, Sir Alex Guinness, Helen Hayes, Elizabeth Taylor, former President Harry Truman, Gwen Verdon and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (NBC-TV, Sunday, 8-9 p.m.)

Winterset — "Hallmark Hall of Fame" presents Don Murray, Piper Laurie, George C. Scott and Charles Bickford in Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset," which tells of a young outcast (Murray), who has dedicated his life to clear his father's name and bring justice to the people responsible for the crime—a payroll-holdup-murder. (NBC-TV, Monday 9:30-11:00 p. m.)

Piper Laurie, at 27, is considered one of Hollywood's top young dramatic actresses. She worked hard to achieve that status. For seven years or so she played a succession of fluffy-brained ingenues. Several years ago, she balked.

"I decided that if I ever acted again, it would be a role that was more than one dimensional."

It was a succession of TV roles that helped Piper establish herself as a dramatic actress. She won an Emmy nomination for her portrayal of a young girl who thought she was deaf in "The Deaf Heart," and won acclaim for her performances in "Days of Wine and Roses," "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "The Innocent Assassin."

In "Winterset," Piper will play Miriamme, a 15-year-old, who is forced into responsibilities and so is older than her years.

Vice President Nixon and his mother, Mrs. Hannah Nixon, will appear as honored guests on Art Linkletter's "Secret World of Kids" on "Ford Startime" Tuesday.

Mrs. Nixon will recall experiences from the "secret world" of her famous son's childhood.

Also appearing are Ann Blyth, Vincent Price, Teddy Rooney, Angela Cartwright, Ed Winn, Jon Provost with Lassie, Mitchell Boys' Choir and Jerry the chimp will appear in segments of the colorcast.

The program is built around Linkletter's new book, "The Secret of Kids."

Alex Guinness arrived in New York on October 15, on the French liner Liberté to start rehearsals for his first TV dramatic production in America.

He will star in "The Wicked Scheme of Jehal Deeks," the story of a mild-mannered bank clerk who devises a scheme to defraud his employers by depositing—instead of employing—cash in key accounts. Chaos results and, when only Jehal Deeks can re-balance the books, he is offered the presidency of the bank.

On November 10 all fans of Alex Guinness should be watching this production which will be on film.

Florence Henderson's selection as "Today Girl" ends a year-old search for the right girl as a permanent cast member of Dave Garroway's "Today" show.

The 25-year-old singer was born in Dale, Ind. She is married to Iva Bernstein, general manager for the producing team of Feuer and Martin. The couple have a two-year-old daughter, Barbara Ellen, and live in Manhattan.

Safety Valve

RELATIVE WAS TEACHER

October 16, 1959 Dear Editor: The pictures and story of the Old Linskill School this week were especially interesting to me as the teacher shown, William A. Waters, was my father's brother and some of the pupils were known by me personally.

I believe the year stated "about 1889" is a little error. According to my records Sadie Waters, the baby in the picture, was born June 13, 1890. Of course, my record might be in error.

D. A. Waters

NATURALLY—A CLEVER WOMAN

October 6th. Dear Editor: In your October first issue of the Dallas Post, page two, column one, you carried a poem entitled "The Listening Post." "Overheard by Miss Carrie Attydd." Since a carayated is a statute of a woman used as a column, this author is either a very clever author writing with his tongue in his cheek or else a simple person writing in good faith.

Now I ask you, which is he, as he obviously must be a he. If you know who he is, please tell us, we would be interested to know.

Sincerely yours, Marian Carle.

• We think it's a very clever woman, but whoever heard of one with tongue in cheek—for very long. Whether it be she, he or it who writes the lines, we like them. Where has Miss Carrie Attydd been hiding these past few days?—Editor.

Barnyard Notes

GHOST STORY

Along the pike to Baltimore A hundred years ago, One bleak and moonlit Hallow'e'en The true, authentic ghost was seen Of Edgar Allen Poe.

The witness wrote a testament Of all he saw and heard, The dark and melancholy eyes, And on Poe's shoulder, sad and wise, The terrifying bird.

"Upon what errand do you go?" The witness asked, for he Felt dutybound to seek, to know And thus preserve the words of Poe To all posterity.

"I find no rest," the shadow sighed, "I cry in vain for peace—" "I've travelled far and travelled wide, "Above, below, to every side, "Imploing my release."

"Since last I left my chamber door "My sable friend and I "Have sought in vain the lost Lenore—" "Still tolls the answer, 'Nevermore'.

"Inexorable reply." The dawnwind stirred a withered bough, A cock prepared to crow. "All Soul's Day is upon us now," Poe made a quaint and curious bow, "I must return below."

"Wait—Have you nothing more to say?" The plying witness said, Impatient that the waking day That sweeps the grief of night away Would find the shadow fled.

His question echoing on the air, He heard the cock speak dawn; In mood of most profound despair The witness said a silent prayer, Poe and his Fate were gone.

—Liz Jacob

PROFESSOR STUDIES LOVE

Why do we fall in love? Professor Robert F. Winch, Northwestern University sociologist, knows why 50 young husbands and wives did and the results of his eight-year study of them are reported by Morton M. Hunt in a November Reader's Digest article, "How Do We Choose a Mate."

According to Professor Winch's evidence, the love of man for woman and woman for man is basically self-serving: its primary purpose is to benefit the lover, not the beloved.

Each of us, he says, tends to fall in love with someone whose personality is the complement of our own and through whom we can therefore relieve our own frustrations and vicariously live out our impossible wishes. A tough, brusque, hard-driving man may long in secret to be a cared-for child again.

He cannot do this, so he falls in love with a timid, frail girl whom he enjoys sheltering—and through whom, by proxy, he enjoys that would-be other self. She, meanwhile, has always yearned to be more aggressive and competent, and because she identifies her life with his, she indirectly achieves her wish. So each benefits and fulfills the other—and so love, though selfish in its origin, succeeds in becoming a mutual blessing.

Professor Winch believes this dovetailing of psychological needs to be the essential reason for love and a far stronger force than sexual desire, or similarity of tastes. These needs change as boys and girls go to work or to college.

The Northwestern professor is 48, married and has written a book, "Mate Selection," published by Harper & Brothers at \$5, explaining how he and his staff studied the 25 couples, all childless and all married less than two years when the study began, as to 388 pairs of traits. His wife, Martha, executive director of the Family Service of Highland Park, Ill., feels the need theory gives a marriage counselor a positive approach to problems.

You have heard, of course, about the meek, worried little man who rushed up to the bus company ticket window where he was faced by a shapely blonde in one of those snug fitting sweaters. As he feasted his eyes momentarily, she looked down at him and asked in a cold, austere voice, "and what can I do for you, sir?" Startled, he stuttered: "Two pickets for Pittsburgh, please."

From Pillar To Post.

By MRS. T. M. B. HICKS, JR.

There was a time, and not so long ago, when a week with Nonnie meant at least one trip to the amusement park at Harveys Lake, but this summer it was the Lollipop racers that got the patronage, and not even the bowling alley could compete in the eyes of the small fry.

So it was not until a week ago, during a trip around the Lake to see the fall coloring, that I spotted the ferris wheel, something new in the park since last the family patronized it.

A ferris wheel . . . my thoughts went round and round, revolving with the swinging cars, and taking a nose-dive back to the childhood experience of riding in the largest ferris wheel in the world at Celeron Park, a tinselled hanger-on of the dignified Chautauqua Lake summer community near Jamestown, N. Y.

That ferris wheel made but one revolution for each trip. Cages completely enclosed in wire netting protected the passengers, who sat on benches down the middle and gasped as the wheel revolved and stopped at the highest point, where the whole of Chautauqua Lake lay spread out like a map in the summer sunshine, small steamers plying the blue waters, dwarfed to the size of water beetles.

That ferris wheel was apparently taken down years ago and shipped to the Pacific Coast, there to be reerected. It was a blow not to be able to take the grands to see it and have a ride. There was a ferris wheel at Tolchester Beach on the Eastern Shore of Maryland at the turn of the century, and a ferris wheel at an amusement park in Western Maryland. And at Virginia Beach in the 1930s.

Right next to the merry-go-round, a ferris wheel gives a customer the most for his money, a long and dreamy ride, with no heart-stopping and hair raising experience such as the roller coasters offer, on one minute, up in the clouds the next fraction of a second, and off at the landing stage an instant later. I can feel it now. There is the broadening view of the lake as the car, swinging gently, rises in the air, the soft jounce as the wheel stops to take on more passengers far below, the easy motion as the car is once more in flight, the delicious moment when it reaches the top and swings out into space, the gradual descent, the continuous ride, round and round, when all the swinging cars are filled, and the stop-start final ride, nearer and nearer the platform, as cars halt one by one and passengers are herded off. Will the attendant stop your car this time, or will he let it slide past? He turns away for a moment, and the suspense is over. Up we go again for one last revolution. Picnic grounds, here I come. With grandchildren. The cars are stored for the winter now. Only the silvered frame remains, more and more clearly visible among the thinning yellow leaves. Why didn't somebody TELL me there was a new ferris wheel at the Lake? It must have been well concealed by trees during the summer. I can harden my heart to a racing car (at least within certain limits) but never to a ferris wheel.