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Editor and Publisher—HOWARD W. RISLEY
Associate Publisher—ROBERT F. BACHMAN
Associate Editors—MYRA ZEISER RISLEY, MRS. T. M. B. HICKS
Sports—JAMES LOHMAN
Advertising—LOUISE C. MARKS
Photographs—JAMES KOZEMCHAK
Circulation—MRS. DORIS MALLIN

Editorially Speaking:

Fooling The Bosses

On the eve of the General Election indications are that there will be widespread splitting of tickets in the Back Mountain area where many voters are dissatisfied with a number of the Republican and Democratic nominees.

An intelligent electorate is not apt to swallow, hook, line and sinker, the appeal of the bosses to vote a straight party ticket regardless of the qualifications of all of the candidates who are on it.

In the past, party nominees have felt secure - - - once they obtained a major party nomination - - - in the thought that the voter is either too dumb or too lazy to split a ticket in the General Election. They have attempted to persuade voters that they will "get mixed up" or "lose their vote" if they do anything but pull a straight lever. That's ridiculous and indicates the regard the career politician has for the intelligence of the voter.

It's as simple to select and vote for individual candidates as it is to pull a straight party lever and vote "for the devil himself" so long as he has a major party nomination.

Voters who have selected individual candidates for party nominations in the Primaries, know how to do the same thing in the General Election. It is as simple as that.

If you want to pick men rather than parties refrain from pulling either of the party levers at the left of the voting machine. Simply pull down the little levers over the names of the men you want to see elected. In that way you can avoid voting for the "devil himself."

This Would Be Something

A writer in this week's Safety Valve comes up with a suggestion that should appeal to every loyal Back Mountaineer - the revival of an old tradition—the annual Thanksgiving classic between two Back Mountain football teams.

Such a game between Westmoreland and Lake-Lehman would give this region an opportunity to strut its stuff in a splash color unrivaled by any other community get-together with the exception of the Library Auction and Lehman Horse Show.

It would bring together all our bands, cheerleaders, twirlers, football teams and student bodies in a fitting climax to the football season.

In spite of rivalry, this community is mighty proud of both of its schools and their products. It might be hard for many of us to decide on which side of the field to sit, but win, draw or lose we would have all had the fun of seeing the whole Back Mountain family in action.

My Eyes Will See Again

Why am I going to donate my eyes to the Eye Bank? Because, when I have finished using them, someone else may see with them the things that I have loved, and I shall have a continuing share in their delight.

Because there are so many people in the world who cannot see:

The marvel of the flaming hills in October.
The blue shadows on the drifted snow in February.
The wonder of the first orange crocus spearing through the sodden earth in March.
The sunshine of the daffodils in April.
The giant lilac bush, heavy with scented bloom, in May.
The rocky pasture rosy with laurel in June.
The dancing light and dappled shadows on a brawling mountain stream in midsummer.
The lake at dawn, soft summer mist rising from reflected trees, and waterfowl rocking gently in a freshening breeze.

I shall not need my eyes after I have closed them for the last time.
They will avail me nothing during my long sleep.
But, implemented by the miracle of research and modern surgery, they can enable a mother to see her child for the first time.

They can give light where there was darkness.
They can bring to life the green of the grass and the blue of the sky, the boundless ocean and the eternal hills.
It is a gift which costs me nothing.
But it is a gift which will spill the riches of the living world into the lap of the fortunate person who receives the gift.
My eyes are not mine to keep.
They are mine to give.
This is a beautiful world.

SUCCESSFUL INVESTING...

by ROGER E. SPEAR
Investment Advisor and Analyst

READER IS ADVISED TO HOLD GOOD PAPERBOARD STOCK — OUTLOOK FINE

Q. From Pennsylvania, "I am wondering about selling Federal Paper Board and if I sold, what to invest in. What is your opinion of his stock, and do you think I should make a change? I need income and can't rely on growth."

A. I have just taken a look at my group studies. During the general market decline from the high of August 3 to the low of Sept. 22 the Dow Jones Industrial Average declined 9.9%. For the same period, the paperboard stocks gave up only 2% and Federal Paper was an outstanding performer with a gain of 2 points, or 4.4%.

I believe this action indicates that the market is putting a pretty strong appraisal on the future of the paperboards generally and your stock in particular. Federal Paper Board is the third largest company in its field. It has an above-average earnings record and has covered the present \$2 annual dividend by a wide margin since 1950. Earning this year should come to about \$4 a share. I can see no reason for you to dispose of this issue. I like the excellent long-term outlook here and the satisfactory yield, and I would rather buy than sell the stock at current prices.

A MIXED BAG

Q. From a Kentucky reader, "What do you think of Lunn Laminates, American Dryer, Burrus Mills, General Waterworks, American Hospital Supply?"

A. This is a mixed bag, if ever I saw one. I assume you own these stocks and would like to know if you should hold or sell. With Lunn Laminates you haven't a great deal of choice. My latest quotation was 1 3/4 bid, and unless you hold a great deal of stock, you may as well stay with this one and pray that it will work out some day. Earnings have been negligible in this situation for years. I have little information on American Dryer, but I don't like the action of the shares. They were recently selling for around half their level of seven months earlier. On this one, my advice would be to get out while you can.

Burrus Mills has been an erratic earner for some years, although 1958 was surprisingly good. I think you would be justified in staying with this situation for the present in the hope that recovery may be prolonged. General Waterworks is a good, small situation that is showing considerable growth. Dividends are paid in stock. There is not a very broad market for the shares, but I think this investment should work out well for you over a period of time.

Last But Not Least

The last stock listed is one of the strongest growth situations I know of. American Hospital Supply has emerged as the dominant company in a field with almost unlimited growth prospects. The sale of hospital and medical supplies was formerly the sole province of relatively small, independent dealers. There is certainly tremendous expansion ahead for the big national distributor, and plenty of room for the small ones as well. I would hold this stock, by all means.

I'm going to offer you a piece of gratuitous advice. The holdings you have listed constitute a rather aimless portfolio. I don't know whether they result from buying indiscriminately on your own, or from the advice of dealers. You badly need a definite plan of investment. It is up to you to decide whether you need income, growth, or just want to speculate. If any one broker put me into all those stocks, I would change my broker, or at least tell him to keep me out of slow market, relatively obscure situations. If a particular broker or dealer suggested American Hospital Supply to me, I would concentrate on that dealer and explain my problem to him.
(Send your investment questions to Mr. Roger E. Spear, c/o this paper.)

Fin, Fur & Feather

By John Kopstas

Wandering Bear

Myron Moss of Broadway saw a large black bear last Saturday ambling through a cleared field behind his home. He estimated the bear weighed at least 300 pounds. The bear stopped a few minutes in the field and sat down, but seeing the spectators he was attracting, wasted no more time getting to the protection of the woods.
Last year Mrs. Moss said she saw a bear and three cubs out in the same field.

Don't Be The Cause

With the hunting season at hand the threats of forest fires are the greatest. The leaves are dry, so use utmost care. Smokers who stop to have a smoke should make sure cigarette and cigars are out before discarding them. If a camp fire is started, clear the area of leaves first and don't leave until it is completely out. A few seconds of fire prevention can save years of reforestation.

Winter Vacation

Flocks of Canadian Geese are now making their Autumn routine flight south. Like precision trained air squadrons they make the formations against the heavens.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

The first big real estate development in Dallas was the John B. Reynolds Plot of the Robert Norton farm in the area from Huntsville Street westward to the Machell Street arm over the top of the hill, and extending from an angle back of the present Bank property southward to the top of the hill.

The first section plotted began at Lehman Avenue, then a long established road, and extended down to the northern angle. Norton Avenue was laid out as a new street. King Street was laid out to reach the outer end with one lot on each side running along the back of the Norton Avenue lots and a big triangle on each side at the bottom corner. The Frank Bulford family lived for years in the house built on the west side, for many years and up to the present occupied by Eugene Fiske.

The triangle between Norton Avenue, Machell Avenue, and Spring Street was cut into irregular portions and contained no buildings at all until fairly recent years. On Spring Street three lots were laid out, two of which were soon occupied. West of Machell Avenue, East Terrace Street and North Terrace Streets were laid out with lots facing each. The triangle along Machell Avenue below Terrace Street was cut up into smaller portions. On top of and over the hill reaching to the Machell farm was an unplotted area of woods named, "Reynolds Park."

Sales got off to a slow start due to the Democratic panic of 1893. The plot dated Feb. 2, 1894 was recorded Feb. 21, 1894, signed by P. Butler Reynolds and Charles H. Cooke, surveyor.

There was a small spring run down through the lowest portion and the ground at the lowest part of Norton Avenue was soggy. The run was opened up and a stone arch bridge built early in this century when the writer's father was borough street commissioner. The bridge was built so high that there was criticism from the drivers of the horse drawn vehicles that they had to drive over a high hump when there was no necessity for it. After a few years the bridge had settled so that there was no evidence of it whatever.

The house at the east corner of Spring Street and Lehman Avenue is the original Robert Norton farmhouse, or at least the last one. For many years it was the summer home of Judge Jesse Fell. For over thirty years it had been occupied by the Harris family. On the opposite corner was built the home of Jefferson Riley, occupied in my time by him, several daughters, and several grandchildren. Only one of the family still in Dallas, as far as I

can recall, is the former Belle Riley of Claude Street, one of the grandchildren, who was married to Frank Lauderbach and at the present time has about a dozen grandchildren of her own. At the corner of Huntsville Street stood the residence of Reese D. Isaacs, presently occupied by the editor. For a long time the three houses mentioned were the only ones on that side of the street.

On the south side of Norton Avenue, Alexander Preston resided in what is now the middle house between Spring Street and Machell Avenue. Only other house on that side for many years was the home of William A. Cook, commonly from his occupation called, "Painter" Cook, nearly opposite King Street.

On the high side of Norton Avenue at the corner stood the house of Fred M. Gordon, carpenter and contractor, presently occupied by Bruce Moe. On the low side, was the property of W. H. Capewell, editor and publisher of the Dallas Post. The actual corner was occupied by the POST building, later moved back by Paul Shaver to make room for his residence. Capewell resided next door in the house presently occupied by Mrs. Margaret Hildebrand. The only other house on that side of the street for many years was the Merton Coolbaugh residence. Here grew up two families of children. The first included Hannah, deceased, Ben, an engineer not residing here since he grew up. The second family, children of Ada Shaver, the second Mrs. Coolbaugh, included Antoinette, now Mrs. Mason teaching in the borough schools and Edward, James, Alan, Richard, Irwin, and Jane. For many years Mr. Coolbaugh was chauffeur for Bank President George R. Wright.

Around the corner on Spring Street lived in separate houses two partners in what was probably the first Dallas Bakery, Unley and Bartlett. Later for some years E. A. Corey lived in one of the places. Reynolds plot No. 2, extending from Lehman Avenue to the top of the hill was recorded May 7, 1912. Again the Huntsville Street frontage was not included. It included Pinecrest Avenue, western end only, Wood and Arbutus Avenues, and Grove Street along the Susan Welch estate. The old Hoover house, adjoining the residence of Ralph Rood, was not included in the plot. This was formerly occupied by the ancestors of Mrs. Bertha Gordon, for many years a resident of Norton Avenue. It was the only house on that side of Lehman Avenue for many years. On the south corner of Huntsville Street was the residence of Vincent Hoover, father of Mrs. Gordon.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From The Issue Of October 28, 1949

Dallas Township's proposed zoning code is meeting opposition. Harry Goeringer, at a citizens' meeting, opposed it, and former Governor Arthur James came out against it. Col. Dorrance Reynolds and Robert Dickinson approved zoning. Supervisors were instructed to appoint a committee of five to take further consideration.

Fred Merrill, Lake Township PTA president, was elected first president of Back Mountain PTA Council.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kuehn celebrated their silver wedding on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Jeter are on their way to California to attend the Bankers Convention.

Mrs. Harry Major, Shavertown, observed her 82nd birthday on Sunday.

Marjorie Hilbert, Beaumont, was married on Saturday to Herbert Goodwin at a home wedding. Rev. Carl Brandon officiated.

Jane Weiss, Lehman, was married October 23 to Charles C. Mekeel of Dallas.

Dorothy Mitchell, Shavertown, became the bride of Edwin A. Wright of Lehman on Saturday. Rev. Howard Harrison performing the ceremony at Shavertown Methodist Church.

Mrs. Bessie V. Casterlin, 61, Machell Avenue, died at Nesbitt Hospital after a three weeks illness.

Huntsville Reservoir is the lowest it has been in years.

From The Issue Of October 27, 1939

June Colwell, 8, and her chum Ann Peterson, 7, furnished the editor with material on the World's Fair which they visited with their parents last week. They went by plane, and the stewardess gave them gum. And a funny man, wearing five suits, peeled off the suits one by one, taking a high dive into the tank after each suit was shed. And June got sick once.

College Misericordia will be hostess to the Catholic Peace Association.

Local farmers agree that there is too big a gap between what they get paid for their milk, and the price the consumer has to pay in the store or through home delivery. Fluid milk nets the dairy farmer five cents a quart, costs the consumer twelve cents. A penny increase in prices to the consumer is in the air. C. W. Space of Dallas thinks prices per quart to consumers could be clipped by four cents.

Dallas Dairy offers a prize of a quart of milk daily for thirty days

to the Dallas Township PTA, to be awarded at the Halloween Party.

Eugene Lazarus, Dallas, is on a DPA committee which will hear dismissal cases of Civil Service.

Kingston Township schools will stage their Fifth Annual Home-Coming on Saturday. Highlight of the day will be the Dallas Township - Kingston Township football classic.

Edwin Wallo, 15, and Elmer Weaver, 17, may be on their way home. They disappeared last week after starting for school. Cards have been received from Sunbury, Baltimore, and Georgia. The last card indicated that they were fed up with their adventure.

The link between Evans Falls and Lutes Corners on highway 92 is now open. Paving project on Main and Bennett Streets in Luzerne has been delayed because of bad weather, but it is nearly completed. State Highway engineers are surveying tentatively for three more major highway improvements in this area.

Republican Rally next Wednesday in Dallas Township gymnasium.

There will be a full eclipse of the moon tonight at midnight, the last until 1942.

Kate Parrish became the bride of J. Lloyd Drake on Wednesday. Rev. Francis Freeman performing the ceremony at Dallas Methodist Church.

Mrs. Mary MacDougal, 65, died early Tuesday morning at her home in Beaumont.

Roast Turkey Highlights Dallas Rotary Dinner

Dallas Rotary Club dinner next Thursday, November 5, will start at 5 p. m., in the Jackson Fire Hall. All you want to eat.

Back Mountain roast turkey from Bertram's is the main attraction, stuffed and roasted to a turn, flanked by cranberry sauce, plenty of rich brown gravy, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, crunchy celery and carrot sticks, peas, pickled cabbage, rolls, hot coffee and ice cream.

Rotarians say don't miss it. A big crowd is expected this year. Get tickets right away from any Rotary Club member, for the big event of the season.

What America really needs is more young people who will carry to their jobs the same enthusiasm for getting ahead that they display in traffic.

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

Arthur Godfrey, in Boston with the rodeo, is as rugged and healthy looking an individual as you'll find anywhere. But in his interview with the press he showed one thing you won't lose in a cancer operation is fear.

Nagging fear is his constant companion in spite of the assurance that his doctor gave him.

"I get a little pain anywhere and I start thinking 'Oh, my God, where's the cancer now?'"

"I start to fret and to watch the scales closely. Then, I'm off to the doctor's for a checkup. Well, you know what he says?"

"Get the devil out of here. You're fine."

"That little pain starts right up here," he said pointing to his head. "In my subconscious."

"The doctors told me I was pathologically free of this thing. Yet every time I get a pain anywhere—in my arm, my side, my leg—that gnawing fear comes back."

Cancer-sufferers should get renewed hope when they read Arthur's schedule. It is a schedule that would tire anyone.

He tapes a radio show every day. He puts in a half-hour of trick riding on his horse, Goldie, in the rodeo.

He will in January ride in a Texas rodeo and in February will appear in another rodeo. He is working on the second hour-long television show, which is scheduled for January 18.

Every afternoon he must rest for an hour and a half.

"I can't skip that," he grinned. "or I find the doctors are right and I get a pain that goes clear from my shoulder across by my chest and around my back."

He still tires very easily and although he's signed up for four TV hour-long specials he may not fulfill the commitment. "It depends on how I feel," he said.

All his TV shows are being taped now because doing them "Live" according to Godfrey is just too rugged.

Godfrey plans to continue introducing new, unknown talent on his radio and television shows.

He said, "I'm never going to take any big names on those TV shows."

"The way I feel is if a man who's been in business 30 years can't get an audience he should quit."

Siobhan McKenna, Claire Bloom, Rod Taylor, Robert Morley and Kenneth Haigh are in the all-star cast of "Playhouse 90" production of "George Bernard Shaw's Misalliance" tonight from 9:30 to 11.

This is a witty comedy of love, marriage and the rivalry between the aristocracy and the middle class in the Playhouses third production of the season.

The Moon and Sixpence will have Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy portraying the tragic couple Dirk and Blanche Stroeve.

Since they were married in 1942, the Cronyns have become one of the busiest and most successful husband-and-wife acting teams in show business.

They met backstage at the Biltmore Theatre in New York in 1940. Two years later they were married. Both were successful by the time they married. Cronyn was born in Ontario. His wife, the mother of three, was born in England.

Safety Valve

WE'VE LOST SOMETHING

Dear Editor:

When it was announced that there was to be a new high school, no one was happier than I. I have children who will be enrolled there someday, I hope.

But with the coming of the new school an old tradition has been sacrificed—the Thanksgiving Football Game.

Everyone I have talked to recently, who enjoys sports, mentions how much this game is missed.

I was hoping you could start a campaign or the likes to have another traditional game started, maybe between Westmoreland and Lake-Lehman, since they are our closest rivals now.

Whoever the game is with, I know it will be a great success—even more so than the past Dallas-Kingston Township games were, because of our larger size and greater, growing interest in sports.

Your paper reaches many people who can do something about this, also I have seen you and your staff at many games cheering along with the rest of us. Maybe that's why I decided to write you.

I've got my fingers crossed that the idea works.

A WESTMORELAND FOOTBALL FAN

You've come up with a good idea. See editorial. — Editor

GHOST OF MCCARTHY WALKS

Mrs. Hicks:

Did you notice that the ultra-conservative Luzerne County American Legion yesterday passed a motion labeling the United Nations Children's Fund as "Communist controlled" and ruled that children in the United States should be allowed to keep their trick or treat money

Barnyard Notes

ONE OCTOBER EVENING

At Hallowe'en dusk, all the witches fly
Up on their broomsticks, oh, ever so high!
Well, I hope they leave enough of the sky
To let the jet-saucers go hissing by.

The jack o' lanterns are real funny guys
With big wide grins and three-cornered eyes.
I like them a lot, although I surmise
Their smiles won't win any dental prize.

Black cats squatting up high on a wall,
Mee'ow and make faces at any and all,
Glaring green eyes, mouths opened to squall;
Frightening children; they're having a ball!

Bats and hobgoblins go swooshing around,
Moving so quickly, not making a sound,
Demons and warlocks, all of them bound.
To have a good time on any old mound.

Skeletons come clacketing down (they say)
The hill from the graveyard, just past the bay,
With long bony fingers to snatch you a-way -
... er... think I'll go home, let's call it a day.

—WILLIAM T. GRANT.

THE LISTENING POST

as overheard by
Miss Carrie Atydd

The Bat is something less than bird
And relative to Rat, I've heard.
Bats flutter up above the scene
Like mobiles hung for Hallowe'en.

Bystanders who are all unwary
Find sudden Bats a trifle scary,
For this is true about a Bat
One never knows where he is at.*

*[A bit of grammar which the school
May call contrary to the rules—
But random Bats, like prepositions,
Seek unpredictable positions,
Discrediting the stuffy myth
That "at" is a word to never, ever,
End a decent sentence with!]

From

Pillar To Post.

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

This is by the way of explanation to any news-hens who might have noted my absence at the regional conference in Shamokin last Saturday.

It was obvious that a ten o'clock start from Virginia wasn't going to permit much dilly-dallying along the way, Shamokin being quite a piece from Herndon. But until it started to rain buckets, it did look as if it might be done.

Swooshing through the outskirts of Harrisburg, thoughts of the cocktail hour preceding the luncheon bit the dust. But the ladies would be hoisting the elbow in an anteroom, and foraging for one last shrimp dipped in hot sauce at 2 p.m. and chances are the luncheon would be somewhat delayed.

It was exactly two o'clock when Shamokin smoked into sight on the horizon, five minutes past when I drove splashing down the main street.

And now, buoyed up by the note of invitation describing the location of the luncheon as on the main drag, I couldn't possibly miss it, just keep going, I eased up on the gas. It was in the bag. Five more minutes and I'd be there, ready for the chicken a la king and the sweet potato, the tossed green salad and the pingpong ball of vanilla ice cream garnished with a cherry.

Now lessee:
It was the Eagles Eyrie I was making for.
Nope, it wasn't a bird. Some kind of animal.

Lions Den?
Moose?
Bison?

This is ridiculous. That luncheon is being held right on the main drag (you can't possibly miss it).