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Editorially Speaking:

Reaching Into The Past

Life magazine recently ran a lavishly illustrated article on the boom in the antique business. Apparently the dealers have never seen anything like it before. The problem is to find enough supply to meet the surging demand. All manner of old wares are eagerly bought, from knickknacks that go for a few dollars to great rarities valued far into the thousands.

Also, in late years, the book publishers have found an extraordinarily large audience for works of history. Books dealing with some historical periods—notably the Civil War—have appeared in torrents and have been enthusiastically received. Many have become runaway best sellers.

It is not hard to understand the reasons for this reaching back into the past. For one thing, we live in a disordered, violent, unpredictable world. The past provides a measure of assurance.

And the past does much more than that. It is the source of a nation's strength and principle. In yesterday, we may find the guides to tomorrow. The character of those who live is in large measure molded by those long dead—by their deeds, their thoughts, their arts and crafts, their victories and defeats. The past is pride, and it is hope for the future too.

Price of Liberty Has Not Changed

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover observes that the nation faces a dual menace—"the communist conspiracy attacking from within and from abroad, and a criminal conspiracy made up of the lowest dregs of the lawless who are attacking our statutory and constitutional safeguards."

He adds this all-important observation: "Our forefathers fought to gain liberty; our struggle in this, the nuclear age, is to maintain and perpetuate it." Many Americans, perhaps even most, seem to think liberty is a fixed and eternal principle which can be taken for granted. All through history that attitude has made possible the destruction of liberty by its enemies. The price of liberty, now as ever, is eternal vigilance.

Christ's Scars Conquered The World

by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen

SCARS are never pleasant things to look upon, but the scars worn by the risen Christ on Easter Sunday paint a vivid portrait of His battle against sin. They tell a story which every Christian must try to understand if he sincerely wishes to call himself a follower of Christ.

First, the scars of Christ prove the law of Christian life that no one shall be crowned unless he has struggled; that no crowns of merit rest suspended on those who do not fight; that unless there is a Good Friday in our lives there will never be an Easter Sunday.



Sheen

Secondly, His scars prove His love for us. True love seeks not its own good, but the good of the other. True love is proven not by words but by offering something to the one loved, and the greatest offering one can give is not what one has, but one's very life. Every scar of Christ tells the story: "Greater love than this no man hath."

Thirdly, His scars solicit our love. Christ rose from the dead not with wounds which would be tokens of weakness, but with scars, glorious medals of victory on hands, and feet, and side. Our Lord shows us His scars to tell us: "I did this all for you!"

But there are some who would have an unscarred Christ; the cowardly Christ who shuns sacrifice; a Christ who would have a victory without a battle; who nev-

er mentions hell, the devil or divorce.

TAKE your cheap, soft image of Christ from our midst! We need the Risen Jesus of the Scars for our times. In this hour of longing, when men are broken in heart, alone, and impotent—to us no soft Christ can speak! Who can speak to those behind the Iron Curtain, except Him who once suffered under Pontius Pilate! Who can give courage to the Poles, Hungarians and the other dwellers in the catacombs of Eastern Europe, except Him Who was once in the underground to give to this earth its greatest wound—AN EMPTY TOMB!

THIS is not an age of wars, but an age of scars! We all have scars! Everybody! Scars on bodies; scars on souls! Scars of hate, fear, anxiety, melancholy, bitterness! Who can give us hope but Him who can match our wounds with His scars? Where shall we find courage except in Him Whose life reveals that though the devil has his hour, it is God who wins the day.

To all who in their agony shout: "Does God know what it is to suffer? Was He ever abandoned? Was His body ever racked with pain?" Christ can answer softly, "Yes, I know what pain is. My agony on the Cross was for you."

IF He Who is God took pain upon Himself it must be that pain fits into His plans. That is why He could promise us our sorrow shall be turned into joy. We may be the nail-torn Christ cry out: "Through my death and resurrection I have conquered the world!"

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SUCCESSFUL INVESTING...

by ROGER E. SPEAR Investment Advisor and Analyst

Q. From Pennsylvania, "Would you kindly advise me on Curtis Wright stock? We are an aged couple, retired, with no income except from what dividends we get. Although Curtis-Wright pays a pretty good dividend, our stock has dropped \$1500 in value. We would like to know whether we should keep it or not. We also own Bethlehem Steel. What is your opinion of this stock? If possible, recommend some road dividend paying growth stocks, not too high in price."

A. I don't consider Curtis-Wright a suitable holding for anyone who is not able to assume considerable speculative risk. The company is an aircraft engine maker. Right through 1957 they made a great deal of money with their turbo compound engines but failed to get into jet engines in time to make the big orders that the airlines were giving out in succeeding years. Chairman Hurley is a very able chap and he is making tremendous efforts to diversify the company's business. Meanwhile, Curtis-Wright is not earning its dividend and it wouldn't surprise me at all to see payments reduced to \$2 annually.

It is very hard to advise you what to do about your holdings and the big loss you have. Even if the dividend is cut back to \$2 your yield at the present price of 30 would be an over 6.6%. I can't suggest any sound stock that will even approach that for yield. The question really comes down to how well you sleep. If this holding is worrying you, I think I would dispose of it and attempt to make up my loss in a better and stronger situation.

Perhaps you would be wise to sell half of your holdings and keep some for the large income the stock affords. I don't think the company is going to collapse, but I can't see it doing much good for you either over the next year or two. Bethlehem Steel in a strong stock and I would certainly retain it.

Twice-Tested Growth Stock You asked for a list of growth stocks, not too high in price, and I'm going to give you one. I recently had a study made in my office of about a thousand industrials to try and come up with a list that would satisfy some rugged requirements. First, I wanted growth stocks that showed increased earnings in 1956, 1957, 1958 and 1959 and that seemed likely to do well next year. This was a very severe test and not too many companies passed it. The recession started in 1957 and lowered earnings in many industries. 1958 was even tougher. I felt that stocks that passed this earnings test should do well even if the economy stumbles in the next year or two.

I came up with about 50 stocks that passed the earnings test. From this group I eliminated all issues selling for more than 15 times earnings. Of the dozen or so left, I threw out a few for reasons of my own and then found myself with just 5. These were Colgate, selling at 12 times earnings, to yield 3.2%; Columbia Broadcasting, at 12 times earnings to yield 3%; Lehn & Fink, at 13 times earnings to yield 4%; James Talcott, at 13 times earnings to yield 3%; Drackett Co., at 13.5 times earnings to return 3 1/2%. I think that these stocks can be bought for safe yield and continued growth and that they are relatively cheap under present market conditions. Colgate is a big soap maker and is developing new income from foreign sales. Lehn & Fink puts out cosmetics and proprietary drugs. Talcott is a financing company which has been growing like the dickens in recent years. Drackett makes household chemical specialties, such as Drano and Windex. All of these are on the Big Board except Drackett, which is unlisted but has a good market. (Send your investment questions to Mr. Roger E. Spear, c/o this paper).

Misericordia Is A Community Institution Misericordia's pattern is American: it is of the nation and of the world, but it is also of the local community. Dallas is in every part of it. Misericordia is Dallas just as strongly and loyally as every other organization and citizen of the Dallas community.

Each year College Misericordia spends approximately \$150,000 in the area of Dallas. The majority of its employees live in the community. Thirteen faculty members reside there: Miss Marie Louise Baumin, Dr. Claude Cirtautas, Miss Mary Gilda, Miss Helen Lipinski, Miss Agnes Loughlin, Mrs. Dorothy Malloy, Dr. Carla Peirone, Miss Kathleen Piazzi, Mrs. Elizabeth Titus, Dr. J. Alfred Young, Mr. John Pilar, Mr. Clifford Balshaw, Mrs. Eileen McDowell.

Eight Dallas area residents serve on the Advisory Board of College Misericordia. This Board is composed of civic and business leaders from Northeastern Pennsylvania. The local Advisory Board members are: the Honorable Harold E. Fleck, Goss Manor; Dr. Harry Gallagher, Lake Street; Dr. William J. Kennedy, Machell Avenue; Mr. W. B. Jeter, Lake Street; Mrs. Willard Garey, Lehman; Dr. A. A. Mascali, Machell Avenue; Mr. Stephen J. Tkach, Hilldonia Avenue; Mr. George Ruckno, Shrine Acres.

Lee Ohlman, Machell Avenue, lost his grip while reaching for a stirrup and when he fell off his horse, the horse stepped on his ear. Laceration required eight stitches to close.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

he late Dr. Harry A. Brown 877-1957).

(IV) Dr. Brown grew up at Lehman, attended Bloomsburg State Normal School, taught school at Jinkill School, then attended the University of Vermont and Medical-Chirurgical College at Philadelphia from which he was graduated with M.D. degree in 1903. He served his internship at Wilkes-Barre City (now General) Hospital and practiced in Lehman over half a century. In 1953 he was awarded a plaque for fifty years service by the Medical Society of Pennsylvania. For many years he was a staff member at Nesbitt Memorial Hospital. He married Kathleen Major, daughter of Isaac Benscoter Major and Emma Jane Beck. Isaac B. Major was a grandson of Pioneer Thomas Major, his father being David Major whose second wife was Elizabeth Benscoter. Mrs. Brown also was a teacher, graduated from Bloomsburg, and once a teacher at Linskill School.

Dr. Brown and wife had three children all of whom are living. Emerson, born 1912, is an aeronautical engineer, a civil employee of the navy at Washington, residing at Arlington, Va. He is married to the former Helen Gorcham, a nurse. They have three children. Eleanor Louise, born 1914, is a medical technologist at New Rochelle, N.Y. Her husband is Juan Ferre, a native of South America. They have no children. Harold A. born 1920, is an electrical engineer, residing at San Diego, Cal. His wife is the former Ruth Hackett of Long Beach, Cal. They have three children.

Answer to Inquiry How do we get the information for family articles? Principally from the following local histories: Dallas Township, W. P. Ryman; Certified Township of Kingston, William Brewster; Luzerne County, Bradys; Luzerne, Lackawanna, and Wyoming Cos., Munsell; Old Luzerne County Families, H. E. Hayden; and various records of Wyoming Historical and Geological Society.

We also receive help from older residents and some former residents, sometimes from present resident members of the families. In other cases present residents were surprised to learn about their own families.

For my own family, much information has been learned from property titles, deeds, wills, cemeteries, and military records. There are always local and family historians willing to lend assistance. We are not going to accept the hint that we undertake the job of working up a free genealogy for anyone who happens to speak to us on the street. These things are a lot of work.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From The Issue Of November 18, 1949

Dallas and Kingston Township high schools are preparing to lock horns in the annual Thanksgiving Day classic. Stung by recent defeat, both teams are out for blood. Redskins bowed to Forty Fort last week, 35 to 18, and Kingston Township to Wyoming, a crushing defeat of 27 to 7.

Zoning in Dallas Township is getting nowhere. A committee composed of residents Clarence Laidler, Paul Warriner, Walter Elston, Charles Lee, and Archibald Brooks has been superseded by a committee formed of residents and nonresidents, Harry Goring, L.A. McHenry, Clarence Myers, Harry Martin, and Ted Wilson. Action followed a town meeting at which Governor Arthur James and Harry Goring spoke. All work done by the former committee has been tabled, and Charles Cella, representative of Local and State Government of University of Pennsylvania, found nothing to do when he arrived with his team to make a survey.

Lee Ohlman, Machell Avenue, lost his grip while reaching for a stirrup and when he fell off his horse, the horse stepped on his ear. Laceration required eight stitches to close.

Dallas Legion's License is still held up, likewise the exercise of the option on Castle Inn. Action awaits outcome of State Superior Court, in spite of approval of Judge Aponek. In the meantime, John Panco is still serving food and liquor.

The new cafeteria at Kingston Township will start serving meals next week for 15 cents for students, 25c for faculty. Plans are to extend service to Shavertown and Trucksville grade schools eventually. The cafeteria kitchen was planned with this in mind. The dining room seats 150. Senior high school students will be served at one sitting, junior high school students at a second. Cafeteria staff is headed by Morris King, assisted by Mrs. Elizabeth Billings, Mrs. Dorothy Culver, and substitute Mrs. Bess Grant. Mrs. Anna Mae Pagnotti home economics teacher, will direct.

Al Gould cracked his third cervical vertebra in a football scrimmage October 4, and ever since that time has been wearing a plaster collar. Al and several other

young men were playing in a vacant lot on Machell Avenue. Al has played a lot of football in the five years of his Army service, but this is the first time he has ever been injured.

William J. Martin, father of coach Robert Martin of Lehman, was killed in a mine accident at Woodward Colliery Wednesday afternoon, when he stepped into a mine chamber just as six charges of dynamite were touched off.

Prince of Peace Auxiliary has given a check for \$300 to the building fund.

A turkey dinner with all the trimmings will be served next Wednesday in Lehman cafeteria for 15 cents apiece.

Margaret Laity, Harveys Lake, will become the bride of George May also of Harveys Lake, at a simple ceremony in the Lehman parsonage next Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. George Learn, Huntsville, are celebrating their Golden Wedding at an open house in Huntsville Methodist Church November 23.

Frank Edwards, Sweet Valley, observed his eightieth birthday on Tuesday at an open house. Mr. Edwards is a fruit grower.

Mrs. Forest Kunkle was elected president of the Kunkle Silver Leaf Club. Mrs. Clyde Hoyt vice president.

Pennsylvania turkey crop is the largest in years. Second prize for prettiest baby, chosen from pictures taken at Dallas 5 and 10 cent Store, went to Rita Ruth Rice, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rice of Orchard Farms.

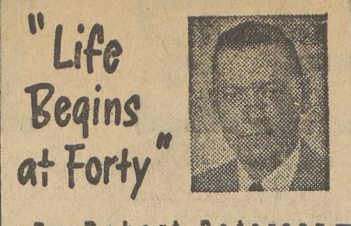
Local hunters report plenty of rabbits and pheasants.

Mrs. Catherine Stoeckel, Huntsville, observed her 88th birthday Wednesday.

From The Issue Of November 17, 1939

Residents will pay a price boost of one cent a quart for milk. Governor James signed an order to give dairy farmers \$2.96 per hundred-weight for 4% butterfat grade A milk.

Elwood Ide won the spelling bee staged at Dallas Borough High School Alumni Association meeting, by beating everybody on the spelling of "catechist," which has floored many an excellent speller.



MARY PICKFORD, 66 PROUD OF HER YEARS

Beverly Hills, Cal.—The stately white gates swung open and I drove into the driveway of Pickfair. This abled forty room home of Georgian and modern design sits in quiet splendor on a hilltop overlooking the city.

Mary Pickford, small and graceful in a trim black suit, greeted me in the drawing room with its exquisite French paneling and handsome objects d'art. One warm smile from her and I sensed the competence and down-to-earth charm of this Canadian-born woman who has become a legend as an actress, businesswoman, and humanitarian.

Our conversation drifted to geriatrics. "Ever since I was a child I've held a deep respect and affection for older people," said Miss Pickford who, with her fluffy blonde hair, dark eyes, and meticulous grooming was a vision of mature loveliness. "I'm touched by the loneliness and insecurity which afflict many of them and I wish we could rouse the nation to take a greater interest in the aged."

"I'd also like to see people take greater pride in their years," continued Miss Pickford who has no qualms about saying she's 66. "Age is a perfectly natural phenomenon and we shouldn't be ashamed of it. We may lose some of our physical attractiveness but that's a small price to pay for the privilege of a long life."

"One of my pet interests is the American Society for the Aged which I serve as honorary chairman. We operate Emeritus Hall in Palm Beach, Fla. where professors and scientists who have been forced to retire elsewhere because of age can continue their research. We feel that with all the ills and needs in this world no competent scientist should be deprived of research facilities because of age."

As we talked I became aware that Miss Pickford is considerably more complex than I had anticipated. One facet is amusing and gay. Another is vitally concerned with furthering scientific research. Still another displays a deep religious conviction in which God plays a very important and meaningful role.

Since retiring from pictures a quarter of a century ago she has kept busy managing varied business interests and serving on many charitable and scientific boards. She and her husband Buddy Rogers have an adopted daughter of 17 and a son of 23, and have financed the care of half a dozen foster children.

"I'm A GREAT believer in the life begins at 40 philosophy," she said thoughtfully. "I think most of us forget how emotionally trying it is to be young. As I've grown older I've become much more contented and increasingly aware how precious life really is."

If you would like a free list of "Tips on Increasing Your Attractiveness in Later Years" write to this column c/o The Dallas Post enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Luzerne County's bumper crop of apples is estimated at 2,500,000 bushels.

Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company's pumper can throw 455 gallons per minute, according to recent tests. The test was carried out under difficult conditions, using a single hose and drawing from a pond.

Mrs. Royal Lyne, Trucksville, is way out in front with 62,000 points in the current subscription contest sponsored by The Dallas Post. Runner-up is Don McDermott, Dallas RD, with 61,000.

An American flag was stolen in broad daylight on Armistice Day from in front of the Dallas Post Office by two youths in a green car. It was found later, tossed along the roadside near Kunkle.

Mrs. John Blackman, who heads the Back Mountain Drive for Community Welfare Drive, says that the goal is \$1,745.

A Chase farmer was bamboozled into parting with sixty cents for a ride home from Wilkes-Barre to Chase, and ended up in the police station. Seems a chance acquaintance offered to run him home for sixty cents, collected the money, pointed out the car, and then ducked - with the sixty cents - just as the real owner of the car appeared on the scene. The real owner thought Ignatz Drapinski was making off with his property. Police pursued the fleeing acquaintance. A pleasant time was had by all.

Mrs. J.B. Schooley, Harris Hill Road, has made thirty gallons of apple butter out of doors in a huge copper kettle, starting with the boiling down of gallons of cider to get the foundation for the preserve. The region has had its first real snowfall.

From Pillar To Post

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

Not many women of ninety would face up with equanimity to travelling 250 miles and taking over a household of children while the parents went on a vacation, especially after having lived for many years in a small apartment with few household obligations; but three years ago Grandma did it.

Grandma died last Sunday, and her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, who considered her indestructible, were appalled. They knew that she had been ill, but she had been ill before, and had made phenomenal recovery.

This time it was final. Alice Cheston Hicks, nearing 94, died quietly in her sleep, and was laid to rest in the cemetery in Williamsport where her one little daughter is buried, and her husband Thomas M. B. Hicks Sr., and her son Cheston, and a tiny daughter of the T. M. B. Hicks family in Dallas, who died at Grandma's home forty-one years ago. Grandma loved the babies. Each time one was expected, up until the last years of her life, Grandma visited the gift shop and bought skeins of feathery wool for booties and matching sweaters and little caps.

For her first grandchild forty-two years ago, she made a complete outfit of the most enchanting little things, the shell pink sweaters trimmed with white angora, and the more masculine blue sweaters trimmed with contrasting bands of white. The booties were shaped cunningly to accommodate a plump little calf and cover the knee. Each of her twenty-nine great grandchildren until the very last (born October 31 of this year) wore the same pattern in booties, lovingly blocked and pressed by the veined hands before being sent to the family.

It was Grandma who hungered so yearningly for children about her, that when her own grands and greatgrands were far away, she offered to baby sit for her young friends, so that they could have time off, knowing that their babies were in experienced hands.

Grandma, who for over fifty years held the position of Pine Street Methodist Church Sunday School's Children's Superintendent. Grandma who never relinquished her interest in people, so that when her own contemporaries passed on, she was still well endowed with friends of the younger generation.

She was a remarkable woman. She was charter member of so many organizations in Williamsport, that it would be difficult to list them. And up until a year ago, she was active in all of them.

It is a poignant thought that her final illness stemmed from her love for the great grandchildren. Oblivious of subzero temperature, she went downtown on the bus to select Valentines for their delight. Waiting for the bus on a windy corner on her way back, she was thoroughly chilled.

A neighbor would have taken her to the store to buy the Valentines, but Grandma feared that they might be delayed in the mail. And Grandma liked to do things for herself. She did not regain her strength after a bout with pneumonia, but was able in time to return to her apartment.

Lycoming College faculty hoped that she would be present as usual for graduation and alumni festivities in June 1958, something which she had never missed since she graduated from Dickinson Seminary in 1884. A member of the Board of Directors was on the way to her apartment with a spray of orchids and a photographer, a few days in advance of Commencement, to get the annual picture for the Williamsport Sun, when she suffered the stroke that was to leave her shorn of her strength and no longer her accustomed self.

Grandma walked in twilight for the ensuing year and a half. Nobody could have wished her to linger. Her sons, speaking quietly together on the day of the funeral, recollected that when they were children, Mother used to repeat the Twenty-Third Psalm as part of their bedtime ritual.

The solemn and comforting words, "Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I shall fear no evil," were pronounced by the officiating minister as she entered into her long sleep.

This was a woman who had an abiding faith, and a Spiritual endurance beyond comprehension.

FROM A LOYAL FRIEND

Miami Beach November 3, 1959

Dear Editor: I just don't know if I am going about this in a business way, however, you no doubt can assist me. I will greatly appreciate it.

As you know my son sends me the Post, has since I came from Dallas, aside from my mail from home the Post is my one joy, when so far away. I feel close to home as I go over its pages.

Naturally, some things I read give me heartaches but that's life. All in all it's very wonderful. When ever they inquire "Mom, what can we send that you don't have?" I always say, "don't forget the Post."

This may interest you, four generations in the Smith family "of which I am one" seem to feel it belongs in a big way to us all.

Could I get a form for donation of eyes, from Dallas Lions? I'd rather donate through my home town. I wonder also if you may be interested in another old school house picture. I have one of Chase-town School I can tell you definitely when I look it up but I believe it dates 1905. Thanks in advance.

Emma Smith 235 N. Shore Drive Miami Beach, Fla.

WAS IT SHAVER'S POND? Dear Editor: I may be mistaken but the picture you have in the Post of November 12th looks like the pond owned by Isaac Shaver of Fernbrook and where we all used to go to skate in the winter. He and his wife lived in home to the left by the road to the cemetery. We used to walk the railroad tracks together.

Looks like Toby's Creek to me. I am mistaken, there is only one other pond similar to that which would be near Stull, Pa. The car barn for the trolley cars used to be near it and Mr. Al Preston who lived next to Dolls was caretaker for years. The place had many blacksnakes near it.

Looks like the poles in the Woods to the right were on the Main Road to Dallas. Caroline Caperoon Franklin Street Dallas

SUPPORT THE HARNEY BILL Dear Editor: Will you kindly republish the following which is taken from the Lancaster New Era. I think a num-

ber of your readers will want to act upon it. In all the fuss over the budget, we hope the legislators in Harrisburg don't lose sight of another problem. Legislation is urgently needed to close loopholes that cost the state more than \$40 million a year in unemployment compensation.

Two bills are now in the Senate Rules Committee. One, backed by the Lawrence administration, would save an estimated \$10 million. The other, sponsored by Sen. Thomas P. Harney, of Chester County, would save more than \$40 million. The Harney bill would eliminate or greatly reduce unemployment compensation benefits to pensioners, seasonal workers, pregnant women and others who have no legitimate claim to U.C.

There has been considerable clamor to reform the state's U. C. law this year, both from employers and from the public. Yet, we understand, chances are at least 50-50 that the Lawrence bill, which raises benefit rates and makes only a token gesture toward reform will be reported out of the Rules Committee instead of the Harney bill. And the legislators, after hammering out a budget, may be in such a hurry to get home that unemployment compensation will be let go until 1961.

Sen. James S. Berger, Republican floor leader, is chairman of the Rules Committee. We urge you to write him in support of the Harney bill. Your letters may tip the scales toward genuine U. C. reform.

Berger may be addressed c/o the Senate Post Office, Senate Building, Harrisburg, Pa.

Respectfully, L.N.E.

GOOD TO BE HOME Dear Editor: Thanks very much for your very kind consideration. I really enjoyed reading The Post while I was in the hospital. I'm back to normal. Thanks again. Andrew P. Fischer

BACK HOME AGAIN Dear Editor: Thank you very kindly for sending your most welcome paper to the hospital. We all enjoyed it very much. Mrs. Bessie D. Thomas With all sincerity Dallas R. D. 3

Mrs. Thomas, who underwent eye surgery at Mercy Hospital has returned to her home. She adds the operation was a success — Editor.