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Now In Its 71st Year"

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Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 a year; \$2.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months.

Out-of-State subscriptions: \$4.50 a year; \$3.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 15c.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address.

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Single copies at a rate of 10c each, can be obtained every Thursday morning at following newsstands: Dallas—Berts Drug Store, Dixon's Restaurant, Helen's Restaurant, Gosart's Market; Shavertown—Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store, Trucksville Drugs; Idetown—Cave's Store; Harveys Lake—Marie's Store; Sweet Valley—Adams Grocery; Lehman—Moore's Store; Noxen—Scouten's Store; Shawanese—Paterbaugh's Store; Fernbrook—Bogdon's Store, Bunney's Store, Orchard Farm Restaurant.

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A non-partisan, liberal progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Editorially Speaking...

Problem Must Be Faced

Judgement and good sense are needed in the present controversy over the construction of a new high school and the repair of old buildings in the five-way Lake-Lehman Jointure.

Nothing can be accomplished by uninformed argument or by an attempt to bury the school problem under a batch of petitions signed by taxpayers who do not know what they are talking about.

All any enlightened citizen needs to do is travel over the area served by the Lake-Lehman School District, observe the new homes, note the automobiles in the drive-ways, count the number of young families and the number of children in those families. He will conclude that something has to be done now or in the very near future to expand school facilities.

There seems to be little sense in bedeviling school board members—local men who likewise pay taxes—and school administrators who should know their jobs better than the average uninformed citizen.

Enlightened citizens, parents who really take the education of their children seriously, can be of real service in helping the school board to solve its problem; but no amount of heat and misguided obstruction is going to help the situation.

It would be useless to say that we are not going to have to pay the fiddler in increased taxes. And it would also be useless to say the school directors and architects are infallible.

The best approach is to admit that there is a problem. It has to be solved—it cannot be evaded. It is going to cost money!

Now let's get down to business to see how it can be worked out to the best interest of all.

Some of those who are now crying the loudest are the very ones who have been willing to accept every handout of a Federal government and to advocate still further handouts, without seriously considering that there really is no Santa Claus.

When it comes to local government and local schools—there ain't no Santa Claus. Maybe that's what hurts!

The Non-Floating Space Capsule

A space capsule that lets in the sea water as soon as the hatch flies open, obviously needs re-designing. Three gallons of water can lower the center of gravity dangerously, and from there on, it's curtains for a luckless astronaut if the helicopter is not close and the crew completely capable.

Gus Grissom would have been a casualty if rescue had not come immediately. Any man who rockets off into space is literally taking his life in his hands, from the time he lies down horizontally atop a tall tower of destruction, to the moment when he emerges from the hatch.

Any capsule which cannot ride the waves with the hatch open until rescuers come, carries with it into space its own death sentence as well as that of its pilot.

WORDS OF A GREAT AMERICAN

Theodore Roosevelt, who died forty-two years ago, had much to say to Americans—not only to those of his own time but to us today as well. Here are some examples of his philosophy of life:

"America will cease to be a great nation whenever her young men cease to possess energy, daring, and endurance, as well as the wish and power to fight the nation's foes."

"Peace, like freedom, is not a gift that carries long in the hands of cowards, or of those too feeble or too short-sighted to deserve it, and we ask to be given the means to insure that 'honorable peace' which alone is worth having."

"No piled-up wealth, no splendor of material growth, no brilliance of artistic development, will permanently avail any people unless its home life is healthy, unless the average man possesses honesty, courage, common sense, and decency."

"I wonder if you recall one verse of Micah that I am very fond of—to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God. That, to me, is the essence of religion. To be just with all men, to be merciful to those to whom mercy should be shown, to realize that there are some things that must always remain a mystery to us, and when the time comes for us to enter the great blackness, to go smiling and unafraid."

"So far this lack of rainfall is remarkable for two things. Agriculture Secretary Freeman doesn't have a remedy for it and it hasn't been blamed on the Eisenhower administration."

"Heard anything lately on how our prestige stands abroad?"

Only Yesterday
Ten and Twenty Years Ago
In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Dallas Township School Board rejected an offer to hire certain teachers on a part time basis in co-operation with Dallas Borough School District.

Judge William McLean, speaking to the Dallas Rotary Club on "The United States and Its Relation to the World Court," said the recent Hoover plan and moratorium showed clearly that the United States could not remain isolated from world affairs. The depression was but another example of the complexity of international economies, he said.

Mrs. Gertrude Thomas and Mrs. Carl Auvil were in the race for Noxen Township school directors.

Mrs. William Gregory, aged 49, died at the family home at Kitchen Heights.

Theodore N. Major, 78, died at Tunkhannock.

Sister Harriet Vincent, formerly Harriet Stoker Fisk, head of the Junior English Department at Wyoming Seminary for 18 years, died at Bay Side, L. I. She was the author of the Wyoming Hymn.

The State Highway Department put six high-speed boats in the Delaware River in an effort to stop smuggling of gasoline into Pennsylvania.

William A. Austin received a Bachelor of Arts degree at Susquehanna University.

The twenty-first reunion of the Crispell family was held at Kitchen's Grove, Idetown. John Crispell was elected president.

Dr. Kemp advertised a super special plate of nature-tinted porcelain teeth for \$12.50.

Former residents of Ricketts, once a prospering lumber town, held their annual reunion.

Robert Eck was seriously injured when he fell asleep driving home from work at the Woodlawn Farm Dairy plant, Wilkes-Barre.

Excavations were started for the First National Bank building.

Beverly Beseker fell off a swing and broke her arm for the third time.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

The Post printed its first brown issue which included 40 pages of community promotion. The issue advocated progress, prosperity, and specific improvements such as centralization of police protection in the Dallas area, the installation of fire plugs, emphasis locally on activities which would train men and women in national defense measures, and permanent and legible street markings and numerals on all homes.

Howard J. Hallock resigned after five years as music supervisor at Dallas High School.

Margaret Holdredge married Ted Niczkowski.

Mrs. Mae Townsend directed Red Cross canteen classes to prepare for war emergencies. Ninety women were enrolled.

Margaret Barnard wed Sergt. Andrew J. Sordani, Jr.

The Noxen tannery handled 90,000 steer hides a year.

A bill was introduced before the state senate to keep billboards off open highways.

Dallas Post Office netted \$10,000, the required number of receipts needed for approval of a new building.

Noted for their Ayrshire herds were George Rice, Dr. G. L. Howell, the Shoemaker brothers and Waldron Frederick, all members of the Luzerne County Ayrshire Bull Association.

Coad-O-Matic stoker plant was established in Hillside and employed 15 skilled workers.

James R. Oliver was dean of Back Mountain businessmen and owner of the second oldest automobile agency in Luzerne County.

Many pages were devoted to Sordani Enterprises and their contribution to the community.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Raymond Hedden was awarded a \$266,000 contract for construction of an addition to Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Hospital at Wellsboro.

Susie Lamoreaux and Carol Sutton, polio victims, were reported making good progress at the Wilkes-Barre Contagious Hospital.

Betsy B. Platt, Wallingford, Md., who frequently visited her aunt and uncle Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McVeigh, was killed instantly in an automobile crash.

William F. Cairl, Sr., was reported holding his own after a serious operation.

From Pillar To Post...

by Hix

The current poll of favorite hymns brings to mind forcibly an earlier day when families gathered around the piano Sunday evenings and went through the hymn-book as a matter of course, the children asking for their favorites, Mamma pressing the yellowed ivories softly, and Papa adding his bass voice to the childish trebles.

Nowadays, it is apt to be the T-V that the families gather round.

But offhand, has anybody ever heard a more beautiful rendition of the "Ave Maria" than Perry Como can produce, or a more soul-shaking performance of a negro spiritual than Tennessee Ernie Ford can launch toward millions of listeners?

Ernie sings with his entire body, and he gives an impression of earnestness which few can equal.

Perry looks completely dedicated when he sings the "Ave Maria" or the beautiful and timeless words of the "Lord's Prayer."

But for many of us oldsters, hymns mean a little white church; Christmas carols; an untrained choir battling its way through the intricacies of an unfamiliar hymn, breathing a long sigh of relief as the organist swung into "Old Hundred" or "Faith of our Fathers."

Something which everybody in the congregation knew, and could sing right lustily, mercifully drowning out the choir, but feeling mightily uplifted in the exuberance of song.

"Lead on, Oh King Eternal!" "The Church's One Foundation," "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" "Rock of Ages!" "Away in a Manger," and always, "Lead Kindly Light," my mother's favorite hymn.

The last night of the reunion, when the family was already packed, ready to scatter to the four corners of the earth. The gathering around the piano, for an hour with the old Treasury of Song, ending always, by tradition, with "God be With You Till We Meet Again."

Miss Mary, eons ago, in the infant class in Sunday School, singing her heart out in "Bright Gems for His Crown," as small children gathered round her knee to learn the words.

Adeste Fidelis, in the original Latin, learned during high school days. "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," in the German class.

"My Ain Countree," a Scotch hymn, which, played softly as the voluntary before a church service by a much loved daughter, can bring tears unbidden. Papa used to sing it in his beautiful bass, and before him, my grandfather.

"Cyril Rhonda," the grand old Welsh hymn that brings spontaneously to their feet all of Welsh descent at a Library Auction dinner. How can anybody pick a favorite hymn?

Poet's Corner

COALTOWN

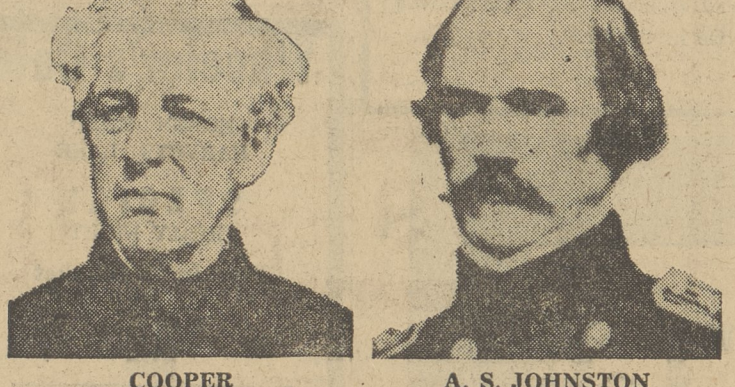
The city, set on dwindling piers, Pursues its daily round; Too busy to remark the few Alarmists of a prudent view Who've moved to higher ground.

What matter if a street or two May show a cavity? They'll bypass portions that subside And with their neighbors still reside (In loyalty and civic pride) Defying gravity.

CARRIE ATYDD

100 Years Ago This Week... in THE CIVIL WAR

(Events exactly 100 years ago this week in the Civil War—told in the language and style of today.)



COOPER A. S. JOHNSTON

Rebel Brass Stewing Over Cooper's Clout

RICHMOND, Va.—Aug. 5—Top Confederate Army brass is in a collective tizzy over appointment by President Jefferson Davis of his old friend, Samuel Cooper, as highest-ranking general in the military.

Cooper is adjutant and inspector general with the title of full general, outranking all other officers in seniority.

He is a Northerner by birth—his home is Hackensack, N.J.—but married a Virginia woman and for years has had numerous friends in the South.

He resigned from the Union army, in which he had served since graduation from West Point in 1815, and immediately volunteered for duty with the South. His appointment to the key adjutant's post by Davis was seen as a reflection of his service with the Federal army as adjutant general, a job he assumed in 1852.

AS RANKING general, Cooper—who has seen little actual warfare—is ahead of several combat-hardened general officers. He is followed in seniority by Generals Albert S. Johnston, Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston and Pierre G.T. Beauregard, all of whom were fighting men before the outbreak of the current hostilities.

It is within this quartet of outranked generals that the resentment over Cooper's exalted status is said to be sharpest.

Congress OKs Harsh Law Authorizing Confiscation

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Aug. 6—Congress today passed an act authorizing seizure by the Union of all property used for "insurrectionary purposes" against the federal government.

The measure also voided ownership of any slave who, with his owner's consent, joins the Confederate armed forces or works for the South's war effort in any other capacity.

Under the controversial new law, all property confiscated would be the subject of condemnation proceedings in a U.S. District court.

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER will soon be entering its fifth season on television. The outstanding characteristic of this show is its reasonably realistic and naturally whimsical family relationships involving Hugh Beaumont and Barbara Billingsley as parents and Jerry Mathers and Tony Dow as their sons. Another reason is that the supporting cast rings true.

During the past season the Beaver program has been using as regular cast members the only teen-age villains on television.

The villains in the eBeaver gang—and they certainly add spice to the weekly happenings—are Eddie Haskell, a thin, blond, wisecracking type, and Lumpy, a slovenly fatty who enjoys picking on kids smaller than himself. The two poles are played by Ken Osmond and Frank Bank, who chummy Larry Mondello, a pre-teen villain of earlier Beaver episodes, left off in his role of Rusty Stevens.

KEN OSMOND, who plays Eddie, first turned up on the show as a pal of Tony "Wally" Dow. His first line to little hero Beaver was "Get off me, squirt," and he has remained obnoxious ever since. Although he feigns politeness to Beaver's parents, who can't stand it, his attitude to the youngster invariably is one of utter disdain.

"I always call Beaver 'squirt,' 'creep' or plain 'kid,'" says actor Osmond who interprets his role of "wise guy" Eddie thusly:

"Eddie's father is always kicking him in the seat of the pants, and the kid figures the whole world is just this way. You've got to pull angles to get ahead. You're looking for a catch in everything."

Eddie doesn't hesitate to lie to wiggle out of a tight spot, and he can be depended upon to keep his mouth shut if he pulls a stunt for which Wally is blamed. Since the girls can't stand him, it's Wally's mission in life to get him blind dates.

"I'm too mean to have a girl," Ken pointed out with a grin. "There isn't a girl in our tenth grade who likes me."

When not making lie Eddie Haskell, Ken Osmond attends North Hollywood High School where he earns above-average grades and is treated as just one of the gang.

FRANK BANK or Lumpy is actually a UCLA theater arts major with a high IQ.

REASONABLE FACSIMILE - While they're not to be emulated, there's seems to be an Eddie or a Lumpy in just about every crowd. This explains to some extent why "Leave It To Beaver" continues to be a show which stands apart.

SPIKE JONES has returned as a summer replacement on CBS-TV. But if you tuned in hoping to hear music with horns, bells, buzzers, sound effect and screams you were disappointed. Spike is playing it straight this summer.

The reason for abandoning the City Slickers idea on television is because it's so difficult to shoot a band show on TV, particularly when there are gimmicks. It requires a tremendous amount of practice and timing and rehearsal time is an important factor on TV, especially when the sponsor naturally expects that he'll be able to trim the budget to the bone.

Instead of washboards and whistles the program will have more variety to the show.

BETSY PALMER met her husband because of a bad case of laryngitis. Betsy visited her own doctor. He, not only cured her, but tossed in a surprise by telling his friend, Dr. Merendino, a very successful doctor, about his lovely blond patient. Several days later he phoned her for a date.

They were married four months later on May 8, 1954.

Irem Women Golfers Held Tournament July 28

Irem Women Golfers held a Member-Member, Better Ball of Partners Tournament on Friday, July 28th. The winning team, captained by Mrs. Gordon Guyler, with a net score of 70, was Mrs. Gordon Guyler, Mrs. Warren Unger, Mrs. William Wicks and Mrs. William Pack.

The second team captained by Mrs. Russell Havey, with a net score of 73, was Mrs. Russell Havey, Mrs. Charles Phillips, Mrs. George Dean and Mrs. Howard S. Jones. There were two teams tied for third place with a score of 75. Mrs. Tom Welch, Captain, Mrs. Henry Davis, Mrs. Jack Roddy and Mrs. Mitchell Jenkins. The other team tied for third place was Mrs. Lloyd Kear, Captain, Mrs. Earl Hungerford, Mrs. A. G. Rutherford and Mrs. Robert Spencer.

Irem Women will not play Friday, because of the Dr. Jerome B. Marshall Sr. Better Ball of Partners Invitation Tournament.

On the following Friday, August 11th, the first round of the Irem Women Golfers Championship contest will be played. The second round will be played on August, the 18th.

"At last the American people know what information the National Security Agency collects. After disappearing from his post in the security department, William H. Covington did not run to the enemy with his information. He went to the race track."

Barnyard Notes

If you want to get ahead in the world—try school teaching! That would be my advice to any gal who isn't yet ready to become a housewife and isn't quite sure what career she'd like to follow.

A demure little school ma'am just knocked off one of the real catches of the country—top man in the Class of 1959 at West Point, all-American halfback—Peter Dawkins.

The rain was pouring down our necks and all the world had a doleful look Saturday afternoon when we pulled up to the U.S. Hotel Thayer at West Point. There wasn't a spot on the big parking lot or along the street where a couple of historians—one of them an unwilling historian—could have parked a kiddie car—let alone an automobile.

The MP at the door, a boy from Tamaqua, gave us the reason when he asked "Are you part of the wedding party?" Of course we weren't!

"What wedding?" we asked as he directed us to a temporary unloading zone.

"Pete Dawkins! This is his wedding day. And the reception is being held here."

"Who got him?" Myra inquired, more interested than she had been in anything since we left home.

"I don't know," was his glum reply, "but she sure got a good man. Half the Army is here, most of his class—and from the looks of the license plates—half the State of Maryland."

For the first time since we've been travelling places together Myra needed no urging to go in and ask the prices of rooms, sign the register, and make arrangements for a night's lodging.

Under other circumstances, she always complains that registering is a man's job, though I have observed over the years, that where the man is really head of the household, the wife performs this inksome chore.

Well, here we were right in the middle of the biggest wedding that has hit West Point in a generation, and Myra comes up with a dandy room overlooking both the Hudson and the reception—and it seems for once we are both satisfied. She has a beautiful wedding party to watch and I get a chance to learn why Benedict Arnold wanted to give the place to the British.

Myra, you see, is interested in current history—while I like mine a little more ancient.

Peter Dawkins, the son of a Royal Oak, Michigan dentist had the distinction of being the only West Pointer of this generation to be first captain and brigade commander of the Corps and at the same time captain of the football team and all-American halfback. A happy combination of brains and brawn! After graduation in 1959 he studied two years as Rhodes Scholar at Brasenose College, Oxford University, and expects to return there for another year.

A fellow of his proportions could have most any girl in the country, and many of them were presented to him during his undergraduate days; but Pete is hard to come by while he is in the United States.

But in England, there is a little girl from Maryland, Judith Wright, a graduate of the class of 1960, College of Home Economics at the University of Maryland, teaching kindergarten at the Brize-Norton United States Air Force Base near Oxford.

Well, maybe Pete is homesick and maybe he likes American girls better than British. Anyway, this little school ma'am throws the all-American halfback for a fifty yard loss and all bets are settled Saturday afternoon at the big stone chapel overlooking the Hudson.

While Myra is engaged in the extra-curricular activities, I have a chance to visit the Soldier's Monument where are engraved the names of all the West Pointers who lost their lives on the side of the North during the Civil War.

But as I read the lists, I can't get that fellow Peter Dawkins out of my mind. He led a little school teacher throw him!

Those who would like to visit West Point might be interested to know that it is just four easy-driving hours from Dallas. Take Route 6 from Tunkhannock and stay on it to Bear Mountain Bridge, a short distance south of the Point, U.S. Hotel Thayer, on the Reservation and operated by the U.S. Government, is good. Rates for two, double bed and bath \$8; Tower rooms, two exposures, double or twin beds, bath \$10. Overlooks Hudson River. Points of interest along the way. Trotter Museum at Goshen, N. Y., home of the famous Hambletonian; Museum Village, just off Route 6 at Monroe, N. Y.; West Point Museum, Campus, and Cadet Parades; Hudson River Valley and Storm King Highway one of most spectacular mountain drives in America; Bear Mountain State Park; Washington's headquarters at Newburg. Two days and a night are good but two nights are better.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

For about seven miles this side of Tunkhannock the foliage on the west side of route 309 looks as if it has been gone over with a flame thrower. Apparently the Telephone Company, which caused such devastation along the back roads last year with a chemical killer, has brought it out this year along the main highways. It has been sprayed upward along a solid wall of trees in places making a seared finish which will probably kill the entire trees sooner or later. This is evidently what they want.

And at other points even a single harmless little bush has been doused causing it to wither and die, notwithstanding the fact that much of the roadside shrubbery would never reach a height of more than six or eight feet in a hundred years. There is evidence of applications along other roads in the vicinity of Tunkhannock. Some places, where there is a single heavy covered cable along on poles, which ought to be impervious to any outside matter of all kinds, the killer has been used anyway, just out of pure cussedness.

Down the river and out in the central part of the state the Bell Telephone has gone along the roadsides with a shredding machine which takes an entire bush or small tree and cuts it up about like shavings leaving only a bushel or so of small pieces which will eventually decompose and mingle with ordinary roadside refuse. This is also done in places where its use is questionable, but at any rate it leaves a much better looking finished job.

With a billboard creeping in here and there, our beautiful scenery to the northward is threatened enough, without this planned destruction of the foliage.

Just how silly can teenagers get? As a matter of practice we deliberately overlook many things these days, feeling that times change and there is no use trying to bring back the days that were. However once in a while we observe something that is downright silly, and cannot be passed over as a harmless prank.

Not long ago a young man was observed walking across from the Heights section of Wilkes-Barre toward South Main Street on the top of the fence on the outside of the sidewalk, on the lower side of the South Street Bridge. Just how high this is above the railroad tracks below is not at the moment available, but it is high.

Several other young men followed along on the sidewalk a few steps behind, and when questioned said, "He is half loaded and we want a dollar he could not walk across." As far as we know he made it, but this exploit is certainly about as bad as going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Nothing can be gained, especially when one is partly drunk. And the danger to the walker of serious injury or death, and sorrow to his family, is too great for such recklessness. And this is not the first time for this exploit either.

What kind of parents and others we have around that would allow such a youngster to get "half loaded" might be of interest.

And it is almost a daily occurrence to see youngsters on bicycles going through red lights in the wrong direction on one way streets. Apparently we have made "freedom" too common.

Classified Ads Get Quick Results