

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889 "More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution Now In Its 71st Year"

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association Member National Editorial Association Member Greater Weeklies Associates, Inc.

The Post is sent free to all Back Mountain patients in local hospitals. If you are a patient ask your nurse for it. We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 84c per column inch. Transient rates 80c. Political advertising \$1.10 per inch. Preferred position additional 10c per inch. Advertising deadline Monday 5 P.M.

Advertising copy received after Monday 5 P.M. will be charged at 85c per column inch.

Classified rates 5c per word. Minimum if charged \$1.00. Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

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.

Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

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.

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

Only Yesterday Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

A pocket of natural gas was struck at Jenks, at a depth of 2,000 feet, pressure 750 pounds to the square inch. The drill was lost, halting operations.

Dallas Township issued a Citizens Ticket, with these candidates: Michael Wallo, J. P.; Curtis Anderson, constable; Nelson Whipp, supervisor; Honeywell, overseer of the poor; Upsyke, school director.

Officials started work on checking of 490 county voting machines at the Sheldon Axt Plant. Trucksville women opened a canning kitchen for processing of fruits and vegetables for distribution to the needy during the winter.

Work was started on a sidewalk in front of Shavertown Methodist Church.

Three banks failed in Wyoming Valley, mostly due to mob psychology. Depositors made a run on the banks, with disaster the result.

No Back Mountain bank was affected.

Two Wilkes-Barre women were seriously hurt when the car in which they were riding struck the stone bridge at Outlet. Both Mrs. Russell Taylor and Mrs. Claire C. Kohl were admitted to Nesbitt with broken legs.

Anthracite production in Wyoming Valley was taking its seasonal upsurge.

West Wyoming took Dallas 13 to 5.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Father Harold C. Durkin, pastor of St. Therese's Church in Shavertown, was written up in a Know-Your-Neighbor column. This was before Gate of Heaven parish was founded, and during the time that Father John J. O'Leary was ill.

Dr. Schooley suggested a combination Fire-Hall and Community Center building for Dallas.

James Franklin announced his retirement from the post of secretary of the IOOF, a position he had held for 31 years.

Kiwanis Club offered to equip Dallas Borough school-boy patrols with Sam Brown belts, hats, and raincoats.

Ditching and resurfacing of Lehman Avenue was completed after two months of work.

Madge Space became the bride of Richard Johns.

Charles Homingway and Bertha Bender became man and wife. Announcement was made of the marriage of Florence Heitsman to John R. Hughes.

Mrs. Herbert Lundy presided over the first meeting of the season of the Dallas Woman's Club.

Lehman PTA made the final payment on band uniforms, clearing up a debt of \$1,000.

Robert Garbutt finished his course in mechanics at Hickam Field, Honolulu.

Millie Robbins became the bride of Harold Evans.

Bill Snyder, with the Air Force in Oklahoma, said drills were increasing but that none of the fellows thought the United States would get into war.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Lake Township first grade, the largest on record, made necessary as a temporary measure opening of the Loyallville School, an arrangement which delighted many of the mothers whose children were then within walking distance of their classroom. George Taylor reported an overall enrollment for Lake-Noxen Schools above the usual number.

A 1947 club coupe stolen from the Oliver's Used Car Lot was recovered at Red Rock.

Back Mountain Library Annex was officially opened, with a luncheon served to the Book Club.

The library authorized extensive improvements, including painting of both buildings, grading and seeding. LaRue M. Swayze, Fernbrook, died of polio.

American Legion, under Commander Robert Williams, planned a busy season.

Independent Republicans endorsed Democratic candidates: Charles J. Roberts for school director George Shupp, Justice of the Peace.

Harold Major of Lehman, polo victim, was making progress.

Redskins were ready for their tussle with Dupont. Coach Bob Thomas had nine lettermen back on the squad.

Jeanne Ikeler was wed to Theodore Reed.

Jim Huston started his senior year at Brown University.

Carol Price and Joan Oliver represented Lehman-Jackson Home-Making department at Athens.

Pennsylvania had the third smallest potato crop in 51 years. Stanley Post, 74, died in Sweet Valley.

Mildred Disque, Pikes Creek, entered the Air Corps as second lieutenant.

Lyman Williams, 60, Harveys Lake, died of a heart attack. A feature story on Job Hadsall related his experiences in over a half century of store-keeping in Besanmont.

Mrs. Lillie Fritz died at 68 at her home in Noxen.

Basil Dennis, 24, a veteran of World War II, died at Veterans Hospital.



Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

The modern supermarket is a very efficient establishment for the distribution of merchandise. By having many outlets under the management of a single chain or corporation, a very large volume of business is transacted. This large volume makes possible favorable purchasing contracts, a wide selection of grades and brands of a large number of items, and a relatively low cost of operating and overhead.

Particularly advantageous is the sales system "cash and carry." The former eliminates much expense of bookkeeping, having a lot of capital tied up in unproductive bills receivable, and loss by unpaid bills. The latter saves all delivery expense, once a large item for local stores.

But the supermarket, while very good for consumers, is not the same for the town as a whole as the former individually owned stores. Present employees, while courteous, are simply cogs in a machine, here today and gone tomorrow. The market is usually run in a leased property, likewise liable to be gone at any time. There is no continuity of persons or business such as we formerly had, when sometimes a single family of prominent men ran a store for generations.

Now the country store, which was the regular thing outside of the cities, and to be found at almost every country crossroads, is a museum item, and brand new ones are being built to take in money from tourists. Dallas was a trading center from fairly early days, and over maybe a hundred and twenty-five years had a wide variety of stores and storekeepers, most of them being in a single block on Main Street.

In his "History of Dallas Township," W. P. Ryman, whose father Abram, started a store on the Huntsville Street farm in the 1840's, states that he personally knew of the following articles being brought to the store to be exchanged for merchandise: grain of all kinds, butter, eggs, cows, calves, sows and pigs, game of all kinds, fresh fish, poultry, furs and skins, lumber, shingles, township orders, horse, yoke of oxen, beef cattle, and many other articles. The local store was thus a market, without which the local people would have had great distress, as cash was scarce.

And the local merchant, outside of a few who lasted only a few years, was usually one of the most important men in the community. Frequently he was also postmaster and justice of the peace. He acted as a private banker, and held offices in the municipality, the churches, and other organizations. He knew his customers and all their families by their first names. When a young couple got married he was quick with congratulations and sometimes a gift. He did the same when the children were born, many times making a practice of giving each an orange, a few shiny pennies, or a little gift at Christmas time. The late John J. Ryman even gave presents to graduates from high school. If a person died, the merchant was quick to offer condolences, and not infrequently sent flowers. He was adviser to the community on most items of business. He allowed credit, a distinct advantage to many.

This is already getting too long to allow mention of individuals as they deserve, but a few can be mentioned, all resident taxpayers. The Ryman family had a store from about 1840 until after World War I. John Ryman, remembered as the last of the family to run the store, was active in building the first telephone line in Dallas, was a subscriber when the first high school west of Wyoming Avenue was built, signed the petition for the borough and held borough offices many years thereafter, was an organizer of the Cemetery Association and the Water Company of which he acted as manager for a pittance, was a principal stockholder of Dallas Broom Co., was a trustee, regular attendant, and heavy contributor to the

Methodist Church, served as school director when the first old high school was built about 1878 and when it was remodeled in 1916, and held various other offices about town.

About 1848, Jacob Rice bought an existing store where the Boyd White building is now and ran it up about the time of the Civil War in which he served as a lieutenant. His common title, "Captain Rice" was in the militia. He was a stockholder in the high school, a signer of the borough application, an incorporator of the Dallas Fair, a stockholder in the Broom Company, superintendent of the Sunday School, trustee of the church, and held other offices. Present generations of both the merchant Ryman and Rice families do not live in town. Residents of the same names are probably related, not closely.

Ira D. Shaver, grandfather of Claude Cook, Mrs. Carrie Caperoon, and Mrs. Grace Rustine, and great grandfather of some of the Harters and Clare Winters, ran a store in the same location as the Rice store, but in a newer building, for forty years or more. He was a carpenter and contractor who built the first high school and many other buildings, treasurer in Dallas Township, a stockholder in the high school, a signer of the borough petition, an incorporator of the Fair and the Broom Company, a borough councilman, and Democrat postmaster of Dallas in Cleveland's time.

C. A. Frantz, father of Marguerite Frantz and Mrs. Harold Titman, took over the Shaver store about the turn of the century, built the new brick building, and maintained the store until his retirement. He arose early, drove a horse to the valley for fresh produce, and kept personal charge of most of the store operation. He served as councilman, was a trustee of the Methodist Church, and was active in various other public affairs.

Mr. Ryman was an early director of The First National Bank of Dallas of which two other nearby merchants were also directors: Isaac G. Leek of Ketchum and William R. Neely of Lehman. Mr. Frantz became a director a little later, then vice president, and upon the death of George R. Wright became president.

We do not have men like these in the supermarkets.

Exploding Satellite Was NASA Sodium Test

Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson, from their lawn on Oak Hill Wednesday evening at around 8, saw what they took to be an exploding satellite, bursting into a bright red circle twice the size of the full moon. They saw the bright object, streaking across the sky before it exploded.

National Aeronautics and Space Administration fired into the upper atmosphere from Wallops Island, Virginia, at 7:53 DST, an Argo D4 rocket which ejected brilliant orange and yellow sodium clouds. Ejections of the vapor occurred first at 118 miles altitude, the second ejection at 230 miles. The four-stage rocket contained a 145 pound payload, a thermite compound ignited by an electrical charge which vaporized the sodium. A similar rocket had been shot into the upper atmosphere before daylight that same day.

Helen Gross To Show Brush Stroke Work

Helen Gross will demonstrate brush strokes and foundation painting at the Fall meeting of Esther Stevens Brazer Guild of the Historical Society of Early American Decoration at the Treadway Inn at St. David's, September 21, 22 and 23. There will be an exhibit of fine originals and decorated articles by members and applicants September 22, 10 to 5 p.m. Mrs. H. A. Smith Jr. will serve as one of the hostesses. Herb is one of Mrs. Gross' star pupils.

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

Dave Garroway may return to TV early next year. He has received offers from two networks and has been in conversation with another. He is bound by contract to the National Broadcasting Company until December 31, but after that he is free to work for any network.

According to Garroway, he is interested in alerting people to where we stand and how short the fuse is. He says he feels guilty about not doing anything.

He had an offer last week to work on "Masquerade Party." He declined because he is not interested in a show that is purely entertainment.

He may do some work for Edward R. Murrow, director of the United States Information Agency. This would be in the nature of special programs for the Voice of America, but he has no plans to accept a permanent assignment.

According to Dave, he would like a program that would have elements of his former "Today" show and elements of other things. He would eliminate interviewing because he considers it time-wasting.

"Every guest has a message or a cause, and if anything he or she says is challenged by the interviewer then you have an argument. I would like to have a guest talk directly to the camera for two or three minutes while I sit off-camera. Then I might put on someone with a different point of view. In between I could ask a few questions."

Garroway's first mike job was KDKA in Pittsburgh, where he turned a routine special events reporting job into a tour de force. Armed with a microphone and a pack transmitter, he conducted a one-man exploration of the Monongahela River in a canoe, (it capsized); announced a steeplechase from the back of a horse (he couldn't walk for a week); explored a deserted coal mine, (almost was lost); and broadcast from a submarine at the bottom of the aforementioned river.

Born in Schenectady, N. Y., July 13, 1913, Garroway attended 13 different grade schools in 13 different cities before his father, a trouble-shooting electrical engineer, settled his family in St. Louis. He attended high school and Washington U. there, majoring in English and psychology.

After college, the family went on the move again, and since the general direction was Eastward, Dave came on to New York. For a few months he dabbled in selling, first books, then piston rings, the latter with a conspicuous lack of success. In four months of trying he didn't get rid of a single one.

He decided to try radio, and for the sum of \$75 a month, he went to work for NBC as a pageboy, attending announcing classes that the network makes available to its beginning employees. Within a year, despite the fact that he had placed 23rd in a class of 24, he was hired by KDKA.

In the Navy as a lieutenant, j.g., during World War II, he started an evening record show for a Honolulu station and there began the development of the "relaxed" Garroway style. The Navy permitted personnel to take outside civilian jobs in off-duty hours, but after a day in the Navy Dave was too tired to plot out a show. Instead, he just played records and said whatever came into his head.

After the war he returned to Chicago and began a midnight disc jockey stint. When NBC television opened its lines in that city in 1949, one of its first presentations was "Garroway at Large."

In it, the Garroway technique was translated into television terms and a production resulted which took critics and public by storm.

Years later after he began work as an NBC page boy, Garroway reflects: "And to think that the only ambition I had then was to be a good commercial radio announcer."

Charles A. Hayes, Jr. Enlists For Army School

Charles Alfred Hayes Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Alfred Hayes Sr., 78 Wyoming Ave. has enlisted in the U. S. Army for three years under the "Guaranteed School Program." He is listed for the Photographic Laboratory Operation School which is located at Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

Stamp Collectors To Meet Saturday

Stamp collectors will find a Stamp Bourse, open each day of the two-day Northeastern Pennsylvania Philatelic Society Exhibition at the Scranton Chamber of Commerce Building Saturday and Sunday. The annual banquet is scheduled for Saturday at 6:30 at the Scranton Club. Henry L. Jones 2nd., will exhibit "Nyasso." Exhibitors from several States will display stamps equal to those shown at National Stamp Shows. Admission is free. Collectors will have a chance to purchase stamps at fair prices.

From Pillar To Post...

by Hix

After your forty-fifth wedding anniversary is safely in the bag, you can afford to sit back and relax. Who ever heard of a forty-sixth or a forty-eighth or a forty-ninth wedding anniversary?

It takes five years after the forty-fifth, to get yourself braced for the fiftieth.

For the years in between, you can afford to exchange modest offerings of Klutch, heating pads, one-shot vitamins, and aspirin.

And if you are very, very smart, you will take off on your Golden Wedding Day, leaving unobtrusively well in advance, to avoid having the kids gang up on you and arrange a celebration, which will keep you in the kitchen for a solid week.

This is the correct procedure, followed by my father and mother on their Golden Wedding Day. They saw to it that they were on the road all day long, and never got to where they were going until that night, when it was far too late to bake a cake.

That, in the face of their having arranged an elaborate ceremony for Grandpa and Grandma away back in 1914, deep in the heart of Maryland and bludgeoned all the living children into appearing in the midst of the hottest summer on record.

Maybe it was the thought of the thirty-six people gathered around the table three times a day, and the drain upon the water supply that caused Papa and Mama to exchange glances and swear a solemn vow well in advance of their own anniversary.

They appeared at dusk that night, having negotiated the Cape Charles ferry, and the long trip up through Delaware at a reasonable rate of speed, far more slowly than was Papa's custom. Papa, leave us face it, drove like the classic bat. But this time he was in no rush. The slower, the better. Mama, for the first time in auto-mated history, had a good look at the scenery, and enjoyed a leisurely lunch.

Papa looked like the cat that et the canary when he barged in just as the family rose from the supper table.

"Just a little snack," he said, "we've had plenty to eat along the way."

Later that evening he relented and called my sister, up in Chautauqua County, Katherine Mary bawled when she heard that she had been foiled in her ambition to stage a celebration, but Papa was firm.

He'd drive up the next day, he announced, but NOT if there was anything like a party in the wind. He'd stay in Kingstons, and go right back to Virginia Beach tomorrow unless she would promise that he would not be led like a lamb to the slaughter.

Papa and Mama didn't like to have a fuss made over them. Their fiftieth school reunion had been a shattering affair, with all the gaunt old maids and well upholstered married women giving out with, "Well, who'd have thought it! I'd never have recognized you. And as for you, Mary, you've taken on pounds and pounds."

Folks in Chautauqua County tend to be devastatingly frank. They consider it noble. No padding of sharp corners, no smoothing of rough edges. You always know exactly where you are. No comforting little white lies.

But brother, are the women good cooks!

Looking back at it, it seems a pity that Papa and Mama passed up what would probably have been a neighborhood effort of real calibre. They make a maple sugar frosting up there that melts on the tongue like whipped cream. Applied to a twelve-egg cake it is irresistible.

I'm thinking of shedding a few pounds to make room for the maple sugar frosting, and inviting myself up to Chautauqua County when the hens start to lay again.

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

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

'Irish Brigade' Falls At Lexington, Mo.

Confederates Under Gen. Price Crush 3,500 After 2-Day Siege

LEXINGTON, Mo.—Sept. 20—A numerically superior Southern force today defeated the Illinois "Irish Brigade" and other Federal units after an epic two-day siege.

Rebel troops totalling some 18,000, commanded by Gen. Sterling Price, forced the surrender of the 3,500-man Union garrison on the grounds of Masonic College, in the heart of this sunny Missouri River town.

Southern losses were listed as 25 killed and 72 wounded. The Union forces listed 39 dead and 120 wounded, according to the commanding officer, Col. James A. Mulligan.

Price's men captured five big guns, 3,000 hand weapons, 750 horses and stores with a value estimated at \$100,000.

They also seized some \$900,000 in cash and gold that the Union troops had removed from the Lexington bank 10 days ago.

All of the Union troops were paroled at once, with the exception of the 31-year-old Col. Mulligan.

He and his wife, who had been in Lexington during the battle, were seen leaving town for the South in Gen. Price's private carriage. Presumably, he was to be held for exchange.

FROM BOTH sides in the battle came accounts of harrowing attacks, courageous defense and, for Union troops, a crippling hunger and thirst.

Mulligan moved his men into the Masonic College, converting a nearby house into a headquarters and hospital, as soon as their arrival here.

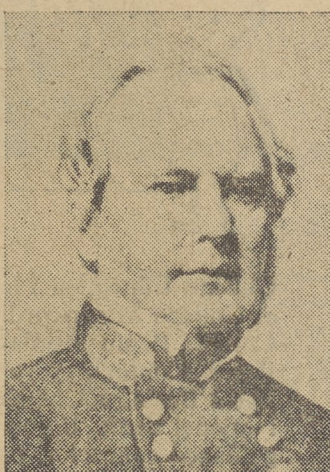
His "Irish Brigade" and support units moved Aug. 30 from Jefferson City, Mo., with 40 rounds of ammunition per man and three days' rations, with orders to march to Tipton, Mo.

There, they were to join the cavalry regiment commanded by Col. Thomas A. Marshall, with the two units proceeding to Lexington to capture it.

MULLIGAN'S troops searched for Marshall for ten days before finding them—already in Lexington. Word reached them that Price with his huge force was approaching rapidly from Warrensburg, 34 miles away.

Union craftsmen set up a foundry within the college, dug up its grounds to provide a sod fort 12 feet high and 12 feet thick, and dug in to wait for Price.

The 18,000-man Southern wedge struck the town at 9 a. m. the morning of Sept. 18 and the siege was on.



GEN. PRICE

Rebel riflemen captured the makeshift hospital. From perches on the roof and in windows, they rained a hail of lead on the Northern defenders.

By this time Mulligan's men were without water and with little food. Fighting resumed at dawn yesterday, with the Union's position worsening.

This morning, Mulligan polled his six officers on the possibility of surrender. Four voted to give in, and the capitulation was arranged.

★ ★ ★

Fremont's Aide Defends Seizure

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Sept. 22—An aide to Gen. John C. Fremont declared today that seizure by federal forces of funds from the Lexington (Mo.) bank this week was "absolutely legal."

The money—\$960,159, including \$165,659 in gold—was recovered when Southern troops routed a Union force two days ago at Lexington.

Confiscation of funds that possibly could be used for Southern arms was well within the bounds of warfare and was being done all over the nation, the aide said.

Copyright 1961, HEGEWISCH NEWS SYNDICATE, CHICAGO 38, ILL. PICTURE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Editorially Speaking...

THE CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL

BY JON GREENWALD

The Years of the Civil War Centennial are upon us. That they will have a deep effect upon American society is almost certain. From what can be seen at a still early date, however, this effect may well be deplorable.

A few items will perhaps document this belief. Last month several hundred young Americans dressed in replica uniforms of the Northern and Southern armies performed an elaborate reenactment of the Battle of Bull Run. Tens of thousands of their countrymen brought bleacher seats to view the spectacle. Still others set up stands to sell programs and souvenirs for the big show. Several dozen of these extravaganzas are scheduled for the next three years.

Within the past year the television networks aired half a dozen new serials set in the Civil War period. All of these relied heavily upon scenes of fighting between the contending armies. Yet, recent testimony before Congress has deplored the fact that so much of television's evening air time is devoted to violence.

Princeton University Professor David Donald, a noted scholar of the Civil War era, commented in a story for the New York Times that the public's interest in the period was so great that a number of publishing firms were devoting all their funds earmarked for history into the reissue of memoirs authored by Union and Confederate generals. As a result, Professor Donald noted, little or no money was available for the publishing of original scholarly works on the Civil War or, for that matter, any other aspect of history.

The Civil War was probably the greatest single experience this country has known. The military aspects of the conflict are certainly interesting, but they are also relatively unimportant.

So many phases of the American story owe their development to the period that it would be folly to attempt to isolate a few of them. But when we realize that the racial question which was so important to Lincoln and his contemporaries is, in only slightly altered form, still one of the most challenging problems facing the twentieth century, or that the industrial revolution of the past century, was greatly accelerated and channeled by the war, we see that the maneuvers of Lee or Grant at one of their many battles are little more than an interesting sideshow to a truly monumental bit of history.

We can draw many rich lessons from the 1861-1865 period. Indeed, sober reflection on the lessons and examples of those years is essential if America is ever to come to an understanding of what it is she is about in this world.

But what is truly important in the Centennial can and will be lost if battle reenactments and military memoirs are allowed to dominate our interest. Study of the military side of the struggle is rewarding to an extent. For example, many of the follies of the First World War can be better understood with a knowledge of the tactics employed in the American conflict. But we must be very careful not to allow the battle smoke to blind our eyes to the more important lessons which emerge from the war.

Our Civil War was not a glamorous incident in our history. It was a tragic period, tragic for our ancestors and tragic for us. It did much to forge, and in some instances warp, our souls. The Centennial is far too serious a matter to become a national hobby.

... Safety Valve ...

ANOTHER FLYER

Hello, Mrs. Hicks: Enjoyed your story of your helicopter ride over Dallas and vicinity. Perhaps you remember on June 4 I had a ride over Harveys Lake and vicinity in Mr. Smith's seaplane, and enjoyed it so much. I was surprised also, to see so many ponds on people's property, and so much woods. We don't realize how much woods we have until we see it from the air.

This was how I celebrated my 27th wedding anniversary, and next year I want to go again and pick out places I didn't have time to look for this trip.

Happy Flying, Mrs. Esther Armitage Sept. 15, 1961

ENJOYED ARTICLE

Mr. Risley: Our family enjoyed—"The Seasons"—By Mrs. Mary L. Craig printed July 27—61 very much, so true to life.

Always looking forward for your paper. Sincerely, Mrs. John Montross 436 Main St. Luzerna, Pa.

A close friend of ours was shocked about his own death, in the weekly newspaper. He promptly phoned the editor, identified himself and said: "There's a story about my death in your paper." "I see," said the editor calmly. "Where are you calling from?"