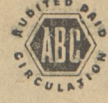


THE DALLAS POST *Established 1889*

*"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution
Now In Its 71st Year"*

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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; \$5.00 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.

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 . . .

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

School Director contests were steaming up, with the front page of the Dallas Post, featuring a spate of letters giving the points of view of taxpayers and candidates, signed by the usual initials, "Rate Taxpayer", and in a few instances by a name and address, denoting a man willing to stand up and be counted.

Earl Booth was running for Road Supervisor of Lake Township. Clare Winters was a candidate for Dallas Township constable. John Jeter for school director in Dallas. Richard Hoover, Overseer for the Poor at Lake.

Chuck roast was 15 cents a pound, veal roast 15. Butter was two pounds for 67 cents, rice 6 pounds for 25 cents.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Several residents protested that they had listened all evening for air raid signals the week before, had heard nothing, and had left their lights burning because they

did not know the practice alert was being sounded. Anyhow, it was a good practice, and showed what could be done in a hurry by way of relaying information to out-lying areas from a central control room in Wilkes-Barre.

Harold Titman had his fingers grazed by a rifle bullet shooting rats on the banks of Toby's Creek.

Dorothy Moore was appointed secretary of the Civil Service board in Dallas.

A. J. Sordani offered a gift of \$500 toward erection of a community building in Dallas.

Louise Roushey was appointed director of Girl Scouts in Bloomsburg.

Jim Hutchison, farm agent, urged farmers to adopt measures to halt soil erosion.

Margaret Roberts became bride of Jacob Harris, Rev. David Morgan performing the ceremony in the Alderson parsonage.

Mary Chersin was wed to Robert Mathers in St. Theresa's Rectory. Rita Beardsley and Earl Nielson were married by Rev. Francis Freeman at Dallas Methodist Church.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Hoover and Milbrodt bulldozers were moving tons of earth, grading the library grounds. A terrace, created to the rear of the lot, provided space for parking of 100 cars.

David Jenkins bought eighty acres for a housing development.

Gerald Jeff Schultz arrested in Maryland solved the mystery of four robberies in Dallas, including that of Henry the Jeweler.

William Dobson, 87, died at Sweet Valley.

Open house at new Huntsville Christian Parsonage, with Rev. Charles Frick receiving the key from H. J. Major.

Back Mountain Welfare drive was falling short of its quota of \$7,600, with only 79% subscribed.

E. Sterling Meade was honored on his 40th anniversary with the Bell Telephone Co. and his approaching retirement on pension.

Flannigan's Furniture Co. erected the largest neon sign in the Back Mountain.

Mary Durbin became the bride of Dr. Michael Bucan.

Five generations posed for a picture: Robert Snyder, his mother, Mrs. Charles Snyder; his grandfather, Robert Culp; his great-grandmother, Mrs. Rose Culp; his great-grandfather, Mrs. Bertha Jenkins, 87.

Georgia Johnson became the bride of James Bescker Jr. Rev. Ralph Weatherly performed the double ring ceremony at Grace Episcopal Church.

Westmoreland crushed Tunkhannock 30 to 0.

Singing Stars Honor Mrs. John Roberts

The Singing Stars, choral group of Dallas Chapter No. 396 Order of Eastern Star honored Mrs. John Roberts with a farewell covered dish dinner at the home of Mrs. Joseph T. Battison, Sweet Valley, October 23.

After dinner the group enjoyed singing and playing bingo. The guest of honor was the former president of the choral group and soloist for the Dallas OES. All members of the Chapter regret her moving to Northumberland.

Mrs. Roberts was presented a lovely gift of appreciation. Guests were: Mrs. John Roberts, guest of honor; Mrs. Raymond Garinger, Worthy Matron; Mrs. Daniel Meeker, Associate Matron; Mesdames Madeline LaBarre, Charles Gosart, Burton Riley, Harry Allen, Otis Allen, Calvert Birnstock, Joyce Ward, Evelyn Hauk, Cletus Holcomb, Earl Johnson, Russell Transtue, and Fred Swanson. Mrs. Russell Ide was unable to attend.

Taking your wife to a party is like fishing with the game warden. No matter what you catch, you have to throw it back.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

At an unpretentious crossroads restaurant in the northeastern corner of the state, we settled down in a dimly lighted corner booth and observed on the wall a menu, the most striking line of which read, "Regular dinner 12 cents". Prices of separate dishes were listed in two columns, which for convenience are grouped in paragraphs below:

For ten cents: Ham and eggs, hamburger steak, roast chicken.

For five cents: Liver and bacon, roast beef or veal, roast mutton, veal cutlet, chicken stew, fried eggs.

For four cents: Beef or mutton stew, corn beef and cabbage, fried fish, beef steak, pork chops, pork and beans, sausages, pudding.

For three cents: Fried liver or heart, hash.

Pies four cents, half pie two cents, soup two cents, one cent crullers coffee or tea one cent cup, bowl two cents.

Then we happened to think we had seen this before somewhere and looking up to the top it turned out to be a reproduction of the menu (New York City) issued in 1834. Lorenzo Delmonico is credited with being the first to issue printed list for his customers.

We finished up by paying a dollar, plus four cents tax, for a hot roast beef sandwich with a scoop of mashed potatoes, a piece of pie, and coffee, all home cooked and very tasty. The tax stood out in 1834 it would have bought half a pie and two cups of coffee.

After returning home we dug out a pocket size "Complete Ready Reckoner" used by our canal-boat grandfather, printed in 1839. Five years later than the menu, when prices were probably about the same.

It showed wage tables from one-fourth day to twenty-six days at rates per week ranging from fifty cents to \$9.50, based on a six-day week. Taking a middle rate at random, it was found that at \$6. per week, one-fourth day paid twenty-five cents, or just about enough for two of Mr. Delmonico's dinners. These were probably long days, at least ten hours, and a quarter of a day would probably be at least two hours and a half.

Since what we paid would be just about the minimum at present for an hour of work and wages generally much higher than that, perhaps the good old days were not too different than at present. They handled much less money, but got much more for it.

The same book showed rates for board by the week ranging from \$2.00 to \$6.00, all based on a seven day week. For one day the table shows, for the respective rates, \$29 to \$86. Imagine getting board for twenty-nine cents a day or even the eighty-six.

Interest was computed at six per cent, one item not changed much. Apparently the oldtimers did not like to multiply, and the book gives over three quarters of its pages to the value of units up to a hundred and then by hundreds up to a thousand, at prices ranging from one-fourth cent per unit to five dollars.

The little book gives almost all the forms an ordinary person would need including, a note, note with security, bill of exchange, promissory note, note with interest, judgement note, inland draft, bill of lading, landlord's notice to tenant, laying out a road, review of a road, report of viewers, vacating a road, letter of credit, filing lien, lease of a farm, and assignment of lease. Apparently every man had to be his own lawyer.

And modern pupils might work out what 27 yards cost at "three five-penny-bits". Answer \$5.064.

"Receipted bills for the burial of well known Dedham (Mass.) residents, from 1837 to 1845, including coffin, attending the service and three tollings of the meeting house bell did not exceed \$11.50." (From the Dedham Transcript). Probably funerals were cheap elsewhere during the period.

The extremely high change in prices and wages today is not the result of a slow growth over a hundred and twenty-five years since the menu and little reckoner were issued, but most of the increase has occurred in our own time. Before the first World War, I worked on the local section of the Lehigh Valley for \$1.75 per day for ten hours, having quit that summer another job

which paid \$1.50 for ten hours. But with some of my earnings I went down to the old Simon Long's Sons Store on South Main Street, Wilkes-Barre, and bought a good wool suit that I wore for years for \$13.50. In fact most of their business was in two grades of suits, \$13.50 and \$16.50. And a really good, large oyster stew then cost fifteen cents and a breakfast a quarter.

And taxes all along the line, piling up one upon another, are responsible for much of the increase according to research made by competent people. No doubt unions have had a large influence in wage increases in this country.

Our national government, also in our own time, deliberately devalued our money which fooled no one in the world excepting the American voters, who were persuaded that the government was getting and therefore would give out "something for nothing". This philosophy still prevails.

SAFETY VALVE

AS IT SHOULD BE SAID

Dear Editor:

It occurs to me that there is a crying need for letter-writers in the Peace Corps. It should be not only a lucrative position but a well-chattering one as well. I think how the diplomats would be clamoring for my services. Young people wanting to describe foreign living conditions to their folks back home could send their impressions and I could then translate their well-phrased, honest, first-hand reports into the words I know they really meant to say in the first place. As the old saying goes, "It ain't what you say, it's the way that you say it!" The recently publicized letter waylaid in Nigeria could have read thusly:

Dear Robert:

All the interesting little courses we took, we were really not prepared for the conditions which exist in both the cities and suburbs — so quaint, so unsophisticated — untarnished by modern science and unfettered by ridiculous material comforts.

We had no idea what "underdeveloped" means. It is a revelation to know that Nigeria could hardly be classified under this heading. It is a rewarding experience to live in a country so abundant in everything good and with none of the evil one might find even in the United States. Would you believe that the people here have adopted the American cook-out as their very own, and are so delighted with their barbecues that they hold them every day regardless of the weather? They scorn the use of houses and joyfully commune with nature twenty-four hours a day. And I simply must tell you the cleverest thing of all. These ultra-modern people have completely dispensed with the bathroom, thus saving all sorts of small change for better uses 'han wasting it on rolls of toilet paper. They make me feel so old-fashioned and extravagant I am almost ashamed of myself.

The university is very enlightening and I feel completely at home here being the only white student in an all-African university.

I do hope they do not repeat last year's little squabbles over Lumumba. One does so dislike to hear any voice raised above a lilting speaking tone, doesn't one? You must feel so cut-off from the world back in the states, that instead of just corresponding with me, why don't you leave what you foolishly consider the comforts of home and come work with me in this great modern land of opportunity and nature lovers. From this day forth I absolutely refuse to live in my room any longer — you will find me on the corner of Main Street cooking hotdogs over an open fire.

P. S. Please bring the mustard. Hix's Youngest, Persis Scogins

FROM CALIFORNIA

Dear Editor:

People of the world had better spend less time fighting one another and pay more attention to fighting the forces of nature, such as insects, water shortages and diminishing resources, things that have the final say about how we live.

William R. Sullivan
1116 S. Flower
Los Angeles 15 Calif.

It Was A Long Cold Hike For Hilda, But She Did It, And In Record Time

By Hilda Newberry

Last Monday morning at dawn I drove to Tunkhannock to place the Cadillac in the capable hands of the Caddy in the garage there.

When I left, the head foreman said, "Want a ride?" "Nope," I answered, "I'm hiking today."

It was cold, I tucked my heavy fur-lined jacket tighter, and swung my grey-flannel clad legs briskly along. Air was brisk, clean, and showed signs of clearing.

I kept an eye out for rare birds. Heard the lowing of just milked cattle; farm dogs came out barking, sniffed, went back satisfied I was no enemy; horses feeding at a trough, and finally I was well on my way toward Beaumont. Squirrels ran up cornstalks, excitedly grabbing a cob and hurrying to the burial ground with it. A raccoon took off fast and a lowly opossum waddled across the road.

At the high ledge of rocks near Kloyd Meyers' restaurant, the birds took over, greeting me in turns, very bold and very busy cleaning bark of insects. Chickadees, cardinals, song sparrows, cedar waxwings, blue-jays, gold finches, red-

wings, meadowlarks, wrens, barnswallows, kingfishers, and last a family of crested tit-mice (tiny grey birds with crest like a cardinal).

Here I was picked up by Bob Smith and Ed McDougal driving the school bus drivers home to Beaumont.

Letting me out at their last turn (I asked to walk the rest of the way) I started out again. Suddenly a great black bird was hit by its quivering body, and lo, it was no crow but a granddaddy raven! I whispered, "You had many more things to do, didn't you? But that's life — and death."

I settled it in my arms baby-fashion, and hiked on. Bob Smith came along half an hour later with his coal truck, and took me along to my own driveway. Then I hustled to the phone and the nearest taxidermist.

Free Methodist Evangelist This Weekend

Rev. Howard Artz, Spring Arbor, Michigan, will be guest minister at Trucksville Free Methodist Church Friday and Saturday, in evangelistic services 7:30, and Sunday morning at 10:30.

Saturday afternoon at 1:30 Rev. Artz, denominational Director of Field Services for Free Methodist Sunday Schools, will conduct a workshop. Rev. Artz is an authority on the Sunday School. While pastoring the Pontiac, Michigan, Free Methodist Church, that church won the National Christian Life Sunday School contest. The next church Mr. Artz served received Honorable Mention in the same contest.

The workshop is open to the public, regardless of denominational affiliation.

Following the Workshop, a Fellowship Supper will be served in Trucksville Firehall.

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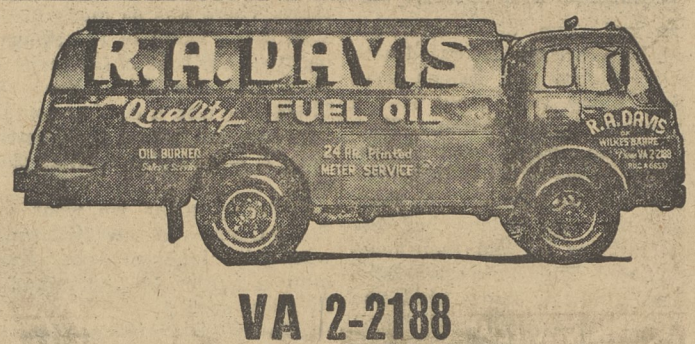
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To Leave For Germany

Mike Dutil, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Dutil of Huntsville will leave tomorrow for Fort Dix from where he expects to be sent to Germany with the U.S. Army for a two year stretch. His wife, and little girl, Dawn Michelle, will stay with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams, Kingston, until they are able to join him.

Doctor at the bedside of a dying patient: "Have you any last wish before you die?" "Yes. I wish I had called another doctor."



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#1 CAN **Tastewell Pork & Beans 10 cans \$1.**

8 Oz. Jar **Wishbone Russian Salad Dressing 33^c**

GAVY'S Market

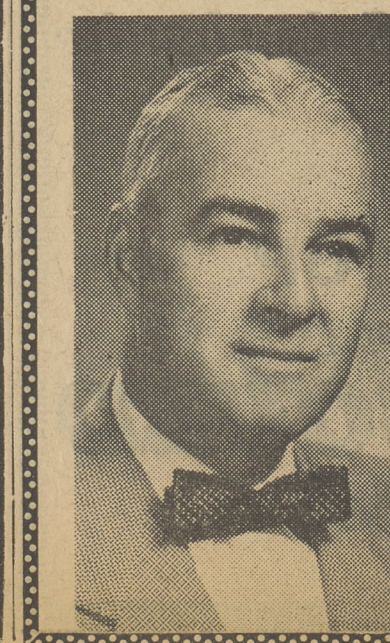
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FOR

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OF

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