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Editorially Speaking:

In Tribute To Thurber

James Thurber is dead and the world is a little lonelier for many people. Thurber was the gentle and sardonic man from Columbus, Ohio, who brightened the lives of millions with works like "Men, Women and Dogs," "The Middle Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze," and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty."

In the last, a whimsical masterpiece reprinted for the second time in the November Reader's Digest, he described a man—much like all men—who dreams of flying a plane through a storm, performing a miracle of surgery, and facing a firing squad without a handkerchief over his eyes—but who has trouble remembering to buy puppy biscuit at the super market.

But James Thurber was no Walter Mitty. An arrow cost him an eye as a boy and the sight of the other failed gradually and in his last years he was completely blind. But the growing darkness did not dim his wit nor cloud his courage nor impede his fame in many fields.

"Most writers," a colleague once wrote, "would be glad to settle for any one of Thurber's accomplishments. He has written the funniest memoirs, fables, reports, satires, fantasies, complaints, fairy tales and sketches of the last twenty years, has gone into the drama and the cinema . . . and has littered the world with thousands of drawings."

We are not likely to see his equal soon.

Curious Arrangement

The tragic death of 70 young Army recruits in a flaming airliner near Richmond, Va., has thrown the spotlight on a curious and long-standing acceptance by the Defense Department of the objections of the commercial airlines to allowing the military to fly its own personnel.

Assuming there would be no difference in the safety factor, it may be hard for the taxpayers to understand why they paid out \$2 million last year, for instance, for such commercial transport with the skies full of service planes whose pilots were rolling up required flying time—going nowhere. Investigation is indicated.

Outdoor Tips

HUNTING

No one who has hunted for long will deny that deer are wary and tricky critters. Just when you think you're one up on 'em, the smart buck will come up with a few more tricks that aren't in the book. If you hunt in hilly country, here's a tip to put you one up on the next whitetail or mule you see. A buck that's been shot at will usually head for a ravine to hide out. Instead of tracking right after him, walk along the ridge of the ravine, and chances are that you'll see old Mr. Big down below waiting for you to give up and go home.

Nothing is more uncomfortable than a bootful of snow. Your feet and legs get wet and you feel like giving up right then and there. Here's an idea that will give you added protection when you're hunting and traveling in snow. Cut two rubber bands from an old inner tube. Place your trouser legs on the outside of the boot and wrap the rubber band around to hold each trouser leg. Now snow won't be able to sift over your boot tops, and your feet and legs will keep dry for the whole trip afield.

Here's still another idea on keeping warm and dry afield. This one is especially for hunters who use blinds. Duck or goose blinds can be mighty damp and chilly places on a frosty morn, but an old coffee can filled with charcoal briquets will warm things up in a hurry. Place some mud underneath the can so it won't burn the floor and you're all set for a comfortable shoot.

FISHING

Small screws and stuff have a habit of disappearing when you're cleaning and oiling a fishing reel for storage. But the situation can be kept in hand if you take a few precautions before you start to work. Get hold of a board and scribe a circle the size of your reel on it. As you begin to take apart your reel place each part on the circle. (An indentation would help hold it in place, or you can use cellophane tape.) Now you'll have every nut and screw in reach as

you need it, and there'll be no more hunting on hands and knees for fishing equipment parts.

When the Little Woman is doing her nails, take careful notice of where she stores the emery boards. Then when she's out shopping, borrow a few. Why take this risk? Well, there's nothing quite like an emery board for sharpening fishing hooks and keeping them in fighting condition. Get the point?

(Try for a \$50 prize. Send your A.A. tip to A.A. Contest, 959 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

FISHING

Fishing rods are a man's best friend (it says here) and deserve to be treated gently when they're put away at the end of the season. Cork handles have a tendency to split and dry out over several seasons' wear. You can prevent this by coating the cork with glycerine or a similar liquid before storing your rods for the winter. The coating will wash off easily next spring and your rod handle will be as good as new.

Fishing where rocks are always has its problems. Lines and particularly sinkers hang up more often than not. A piece of chain of several links makes a practically no-snar sinker for rock fishing. Use as many links as are needed for the correct weight.

A magnet placed in your tackle tray can be a mighty important item. It won't attract more fish to your boat or hooks, but it can keep your hooks in good shape for the fish when they do come around. A magnet will prevent the hooks from rattling or spilling and keep them right handy.

Night crawlers can be kept crawling and lively until it's time to put them to work if you keep them in a container filled with peat moss instead of dirt.

CAMPING

Plastic is practically taken over the household these days and now it's beginning to move out-of-doors. The next time you go camping and haven't the room or ambition to carry a tarp take along instead a

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

The Hermit of Huckleberry Mountain, hale and hearty, stated that the report of his death some weeks earlier in the Dallas Post was grossly exaggerated.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kytte, Sweet Valley, observed their Golden Wedding.

George Stroh, 82, died at his home in Shavertown.

Bears were plentiful, and game commissioners anticipated a banner hunting season. Ten bears were killed the first day.

The anthracite output was decreasing.

Sliced bacon was 23 cents a pound, oyster crackers 2 pounds for 25 cents.

An Editorial deplored the billboards along the highways.

An item stated that by applying early for motor vehicle licenses, a rush just in advance of 1932 could be eliminated.

Wilson Garinger's little black hen laid 351 eggs in the course of a year, a record for a Black Minorca.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Willard Garey was building new sidewalks in front of the IOOF building in central Dallas.

Warren Hicks, senior at Syracuse University, won the intramural golf championship, shooting a 75 against his opponent's 79.

Bundles for Britain organization completed ten bomb-shelter kits.

WPA completed work on six streets in Goss Manor.

Mrs. Mesch Roberts died quietly in her sleep at Hillside.

An anonymous donor contributed \$100 to purchase of additional band uniforms for Dallas High School.

Captain Harry Lee was in the hospital at Fort Bragg, ill of exposure following a truck upset involving the 109th Field Artillery, in North Carolina on maneuvers.

Dr. Borton's dog, Buster, took three first prizes at the American Dog Show in Hazleton.

Dallas Borough Council rejected a proposed bond issue of \$20,000, since income had been boosted by collection of delinquent taxes.

Sam Woolbert sat for a pen portrait in a "Know Your Neighbor" column.

Forty-nine new members were inducted into Dallas Woman's Club. With membership at an all-time high, the matter of formation of a senior and a junior division was proposed.

Twenty-four men were examined for military service. Induction was postponed until after Christmas.

Lehman, Dallas Township, and Dallas Borough bands played in the Armistice Day Parade in Wilkes-Barre.

Alarm clocks were going off the market, due to priorities.

Andrew Hourigan was seriously suggested for Governor by a Philadelphia paper.

Mushrooms were 25 cents a pound; apple-butter, large jar, 10 cents; tub butter two pounds, 73 cents; boiling beef, 12 cents, chuck 23 cents.

Doris E. Little, of Kingston, became the bride of George Scovell, Lehman.

Ernest Gay and Ruth Ross became man and wife.

Marion Eipper married Allen Ockenhouse.

Announcement was made of the wedding of Dorothy Hughes to Robert Royer.

Mrs. Jennie May Honeywell, widow of Dr. Eugene Honeywell, was buried from the Brickell Funeral Home.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Bishop Hafy dedicated Gate of Heaven parochial school.

Glenn Carey, Westmoreland, was Senior of the Month, honored by Dallas Rotary Club.

Norti Berti, later Burgess of Dallas, was the subject of a "Know Your Neighbor" column.

Four new vestrymen were elected at the annual meeting of Prince of Peace. They were Joseph H. MacVeigh, Allison Simms, John F. Sheehan, and Arlean T. Bowman.

Asa L. Day was elected to the board of American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages at the convention in Washington, D. C.

Joe Wallo, driver for General Soule, sailed from Japan.

The Redskins lost to West Wyoming, Lehman lost to Wilkes-Barre Township, Mary Jacobs became the bride of Curtis Conklin.

Himmeler Theatre was showing "Kind Lady" featuring Ethel Barrymore; Shaver Theatre, "That's My Boy," with Jerry Lewis; Remembrance?

Mrs. Ella Major of Lehman completed 57 years of Sunday School teaching, and was the subject of a feature story.

Rev. Charles Frick took a fall in his own home, breaking two ribs.

"One thing I have always admired about my brother Cecil, the movie producer," William De Mille once said, "is his ability to bite off more than he can chew—and then chew it."

9 x 12 sheet of plastic. Draped over a lean-to frame, the plastic will provide shelter for as many as five campers. What won't they think of next?

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

We are astounded sometimes when apparently well-reared children from highly respected families land in juvenile court. And frequently we never do find out just what was wrong to make such a result.

Just what does make a delinquent? An instance has come to our attention several times during the past fall where delinquency is just as assured as if deliberately planned and arranged, bought and paid for in advance.

A childless husband and wife adopted two small children, and shortly thereafter were divorced, each taking one of the children. To the man was given a little girl, now four years old, whom we will call Susie. Rearing a four-year old girl without the help of a wife would be a major responsibility for any man, and in this case was made more difficult by the fact that his employers sent him to a South Sea or other distant location to be gone for months or even years, where the child could not be taken. He finally placed her with a relative of his former wife, making a verbal agreement to pay for her support a stated amount, which was very liberal. This was several months ago and no payments have been received.

The woman who has Susie did not want her in the first place and tells everyone so, in the presence of the child, any time, anywhere. And since there is no money forthcoming she is getting very decided about it. In the meantime she has a baby boy to which she gives all her love and attention. Susie cannot fail to understand the glowing face and gentle admiring talk, compared to the treatment she receives. As a result she takes off around the neighborhood, unrestrained, to get some attention and amusement.

She has no conception of property or privacy, for which she is not to blame. She will pick up anything in sight, and take over any unused toy, regardless of location or ownership. If ignored she will ride off a concrete step or fall somewhere and raise an uproar simply to attract some attention.

Any unlocked door means free access to her and she has no sense of privacy. She moves quietly like a little animal and neighbors are likely to find her standing behind them in any room of the house, entirely unsuspected. She rummages around everywhere undetected. In one instance she got

into a neighbor's basement and among other things, pulled the plug out disconnecting the freezer. She was found in the basement but the freezer change was not detected until sometime later when a gallon of ice cream was found melted and running down over the contents of the freezer, most of which had started to thaw.

Presumably Susie has an adequate place to sleep, and probably has enough food, but in these respects is about as well off as many a family dog. She gets no affection, attention, training, or discipline. What she will do when winter prevents roaming around like a little human animal remains to be seen.

What is her outlook, say ten years from now? Before leaving Susie, perhaps we had better say that Susie is not her real name. And lest any of my own neighbors be subject to suspicion, it is only fair to say she does not live in Dallas.

In this column recently, danger to children on the streets was discussed and within a week of publication an outstanding case was presented. In very heavy two-way traffic on Northampton Street, Wilkes-Barre, almost bumper to bumper, two cars in front of me stopped dead, and there opened to my left an opening where traffic moving in the opposite direction had likewise stopped suddenly.

Then coming around in front of the stopped car could be seen two little girls, dressed in their best, probably about three years old, the oldest certainly not over four. And behind them six or eight feet came the mother leading a toddler. She released his hand to dust off her skirts which had evidently been soiled when she came between parked cars in the middle of the block nearest to Pennsylvania Avenue. They all crossed between parked cars on the north side and continued on their way. All observing drivers heaved a sigh of relief and proceeded.

And what is going to happen to those children? A little less attention to the appearance of all members of the family, and a little more common sense in not crossing in heavy traffic in the middle of a short block would have been in order.

Correction

Through an error at THE POST last week, the name written "Porace" Bealer was printed "Horace" Bealer.

... Safety Valve ...

THE PHILHARMONIC

Dear Howard,

Many Back Mountain people are ardent boosters of the Wilkes-Barre Philharmonic Orchestra, including Mrs. Stefan Holersperk who is secretary of the board this year, and Patty Davies into whose shoes I have stepped as publicity chairman. Sometimes I think the audience is mostly Back Mountain—at least the people I see at the concerts seem to be mainly from there.

They will be interested to hear about the remarkable young man who is soloist at the first concert on November 20th.

Joel Rosen, the brilliant young American pianist who is as well grounded in the sharps and flats of international diplomacy as he is in Chopin and Mozart, has recently returned from a third triumphant tour abroad. Under the auspices of the U.S. Department of State, he performed 65 concerts throughout Latin America during a four-month period. Last year, he traveled around the world, giving concerts and lecture-recitals from Greece to Japan, reaping lavish public and critical acclaim wherever he went.

The aesthetic emissary-musical includes among his diplomatic and musical credentials some rather unique qualifications. Simultaneously enrolled as a full-time student in two colleges—Mr. Rosen acquired a strong education both in music (from Juilliard) and political science (from New York University). And an intensive interest in world affairs—plus a close social relationship with many members of the United Nations delegations—and one may appreciate the young pianist's desire to "utilize his art toward the goal of greater world understanding and friendship." This and the fact that he speaks French, Spanish, Portuguese and German fluently add to his ability to develop friendships with people in other countries.

The articulate Mr. Rosen has already crowded considerable success into his young life. In addition to numerous American hearings, including two major solo performances at Lewisohn Stadium with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, he has attained unusual international prominence as "a brilliant artist and an exceptional goodwill ambassador" to quote the U.S. State Department reports of his work.

He will play with Wilkes-Barre Philharmonic Orchestra on November 20th at this season's first performance of the Orchestra. It is hoped that Irem Temple will be filled to capacity to hear Wilkes-Barre's very own orchestra and such a distinguished soloist.

Perhaps you would include this letter in the Dallas Post, from an

ex-native who remains always a Back Mountain enthusiast.

Sincerely
Ruthie

P. S. The day after the S.P.C.A. Newsletter went out, someone contributed \$100 for the Statue for the Pet Cemetery—and another person offered to since then. Editors Note: Mrs. Schooley's S.P.C.A. newsletter appears on page 1 section C of this week's Post.

IT WAS OUR JOB

Dear Sirs:

Let me take this opportunity to thank you for your assistance during our recent 1962 Torch Campaign.

The cooperation we have received from you and your staff throughout our community-wide effort was excellent. The rugged task we faced would have been much more difficult without your support, especially in the Back Mountain area where your paper is so widely circulated.

Again, my deepest appreciation for a job "well done."

Sincerely yours,
J. J. O'Malley
1962 Torch Campaign
Chairman

FOR ALL OF US

Dear Sirs:

Please accept my thanks for your cooperation during the United Fund Torch Campaign.

Support by papers such as yours does much to make our effort a truly area-wide program to be supported by all.

Cordially
Peter Fava

AROUND TOWN WITH LOUISE

THREE GRAND OPENINGS scheduled this week . . . On Sunday the Robert Laux Agency will stage a first showing of the MAINLINER home in this area. Located next to the bowling alley on Memorial Highway . . . it should be creating a big flurry of interest, especially when folks realize how inexpensive the home is . . . and that it is surprisingly large! Bob wants all of his friends and neighbors in the Back Mountain to meet him at THE MAINLINER. Check his ad for correct time and details.

WHITESSELL BROTHERS are also holding "OPEN HOUSE" . . . at their latest home in Midway Manor. "THE ASHWOOD" boasts some really special extra features, plus furnishings by Town & Country Furniture Galleries, Draperies, Curtains and Spreads by Bergman's Dept. Store and Rebenack Appliances. The furnishings, they tell us, are in keeping with the cost of the home, which will

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

FOLLOW THE SUN is rapidly sinking as a TV series. This should not be a surprise to anyone who has watched this program.

Robert Sarnoff, chairman-of-the-board of NBC made this statement, "The schedule offers something for everyone. If you disagree, I respectfully suggest you employ the best little program regulator ever invented, the foregoing and thumb."

"Grasp the switch of your set firmly, snap it off and your message will come through and clear. Sponsors, like nature abhor a vacuum."

Viewers seem to be following Mr. Sarnoff's advice this season. Programs in trouble because of lack of viewer's interest are "Father of the Bride," "Window on Main Street," "Bus Stop," and "Ichabod and Me."

TIME SPOT helps many a rating. A perfect example of this is the Joey Bishop Show. Undoubtedly it is a poor show but rating-wise it is doing okay because it is between Wagon Train and Perry Como. "Hazel," which comes on right after Dr. Kildare and before "Sing Along with Mitch," also seems to be doing nicely in the statistical department.

"The Price is Right" has slipped quite a bit in the rating department since it moved to its new Monday-night spot.

LAWRENCE WELK was one of those who lost their beautiful homes in the California fires. Many memories must have gone up in the blaze.

HOWARD K. SMITH, former CBS news correspondent will be the host for "Great Decisions-1962," a series of eight half-hour programs to be distributed to educational stations. The series will be sponsored by the National Educational Television and Radio Center in cooperation with the Foreign Policy Association.

GOING MY WAY is going to be made into a TV series with Gene Kelly playing the role of Father Chuck O'Malley, the role that Bing Crosby made famous.

There will be some changes in the TV series. A Protestant minister will be added to the cast.

The TV series is described as drama with strong comedy overtones—based on the 1955 Paramount movie.

It tells the story of a Catholic priest in New York and his relations with his parishioners and his minister friend.

The role of the minister will be an important one with the big-name actor chosen for it sharing co-star status with Gene Kelly.

Gene Kelly's own packaging company, Kerry Productions, will produce the weekly series with Revue Studios, which is owned by the Music Corporation of America.

Kelly arrived in Hollywood this week from Paris where he directed Jackie Gleason's new movie "Gigot." Although production doesn't start until early 1962 he's already started to look for a producer, a director and writer.

MICKEY MOUSE CLUB will be seen again as re-runs. This means that former Mouseketeers will get rich on residuals.

THE NEW BREED is finding it rough going, not because it is a poor show, but because the competition is just too good.

It is up against Red Skelton and "The Dick Powell Show" a situation ABC-TV hopes to remedy by moving it into an 8:30 p.m. time slot starting on Tuesday, Nov. 14.

GARY MOORE and his cast make it difficult for any show on their time slot. Each week they seem to put on a show more clever than the previous week.

surprise you, I'm sure.

THE LAST . . . BUT CERTAINLY NOT THE LEAST . . . GRAND OPENING . . . will be Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, when Bernice and James Blackmer, E. Center St., Shavertown, open the first store in the newer section of Dallas Shopping Center. Next to the A&P, THE NEW DALLAS CLEANERS is offering a "TWO FOR ONE" special for these first three days (check their ad) Do step in and make the Blackmers welcome in our community. They plan to stay with us a long time.

A BIG, BIG WELCOME BACK to Katherine Scholl at Forty Fort Ice Cream Co. Katherine was the victim of an automobile accident and has been suffering for many weeks. She's on the road to recovery . . . and pretty as ever!

THE LUCKY WINNER . . . of a Refrigerator Freezer from UGI in Kingston was Mrs. J. Letis, Stafford St., Trucksville.

TALKING ABOUT WINNERS . . . its kind of late, but Charlie and Helen Gosart were recent recipients of a wonderful trip to Jamaica and Panama (all expenses paid by Gibson Refrigerator Co.) They're still enthusing and Helen brought back the most beautiful handmade blouses we've ever seen!

DON'T MISS the big 3rd Birthday celebration at the Back Mountain Shopping Center in Shavertown . . . it's always a SAVING EVENT and there's Birthday Cake and Coffee too!

Next week's paper should be the start of CHRISTMAS ADVERTISING . . . we're publishing EARLY . . . so that THANKSGIVING FOOD ADS will be in plenty of time for family gatherings.

From Pillar To Post...

by Hix

Just before the polls closed on election night the phone rang, and I dragged myself away from reminiscences of Ephraim Tutt, that wily old scoundrel fathered by Arthur Train away back when Mr. Tutt had just borrowed a yaller dog from the pound and smuggled it into the court room to illustrate a point.

The phone call was ill-timed, but a newshen always answers the phone. Could be a crash down the highway, maybeh at a church supper, a fire out at Carverton.

No use commenting mentally, "If I weren't here in the house, I couldn't answer it, so what's the difference?"

(The judge leaned over the bench and whispered, "Eph, where did you get that dog?" Mr. Tutt enlightened him.)

I answered the phone. An accusing voice at the other end of the line said, "Don't you know what day this is?"

Heavens, had I missed somebody's birthday? Failed to attend a school board meeting? Promised to go to somebody's turkey supper? Missed out on a hair-dressing appointment?

The Voice waited patiently. "You Do know it's Election Day, don't you?"

That was elementary. How anybody on the staff at the Dallas Post could possibly escape knowing that it was election day, was a mystery.

"Yes, of course it's election day." "Well, weren't you planning to vote? In ten minutes the polls will be closed. Do you need transportation?"

"For Pete's sake, I voted at 10 a.m. I wouldn't DREAM of not voting. I'm the breed that gets up out of a sickbed to vote. What cooks?"

"Not according to our list," stated the VOICE firmly.

"You're sure you're calling the right phone number?"

"What phone number is this?"

"Orchard 4-2811"

"Oh-Oh."

I returned in a daze to Arthur Train, and more of Mr. Tutt's shenanigans.

Mr. Tutt is about the best antidote to a tough day at the Dallas Post that I have ever encountered. Whether he is selecting a jury composed entirely of small and henpecked husbands weighing no more than 110 pounds apiece, in order to effectively cook the goose of a large and amorous lady weighing 195, Mr. Tutt is entertaining.

In fact, Mr. Tutt constitutes about the best escape reading I've been exposed to in many a day.

He lives at the Back Mountain Memorial Library, and is to be had for a simple signature on a card.

Combat Training

PARRIS ISLAND, S. C. (PHNOC)—Marine Pvt. John A. Nekrasz, Jr., son of John A. Nekrasz, Sr. of 52 Monroe Avenue, Dallas completed recruit training, October 17, at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island, S.C.

The 12-week training course includes drill, bayonet training, physical conditioning, parades and ceremonies, and other military subjects.

Upon completion of recruit training at Parris Island, new leather-