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Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

CALORIE CONSCIOUS viewers should watch CBS on Thursday, Jan. 18, at 10 p.m. The program is entitled, "The Fat American," an examination of why Americans eat too much.

Dr. Paul Dudley White, the famous heart specialist, will be a guest, and Harry Reasoner is the commentator.

DAVE GARROWAY was back for a one-time visit on the "Today" show to celebrate the show's 10th anniversary.

In the six months since he left the show, Dave has sold his house—the narrow, six-story brownstone where his wife, Pamela, so tragically met her death from an overdose of sleeping pills last April.

Garroway is also fighting a legal suit. The owners of J. Fred Muggs, the chimp he had on the show, are suing him for half a million dollars.

How has Dave recovered from the shock of his wife's death? "About half-way," is the way he describes it.

"I haven't gone out with anyone simply because I don't feel like it."

"I took Betty Furness to dinner one night to discuss business and the next day all the columnists had us engaged," he said.

ARTHUR GODFREY is joining the nightclub parade, as headline of the Stardust Hotel bill in Las Vegas, Feb. 19 to March 4. One thing is certain, he isn't doing it because he needs money.

THE DANNY THOMAS SHOW has been renewed by its sponsor for next season—which quickly ends all the speculation that Danny would get out of regular television after this year.

SID MELTON and Pat Carroll, who play the night-club owner and his wife on the Danny Thomas show, are developing into quite a team.

Danny, whose production company has launched Dick Van Dyke and Joey Bishop, is said to be interested in Jan Murray for a show of his own next season.

CAROL BURNETT describes the Carnegie Hall concert she's doing with Julia Andrews on March 5 as the "poor man's Mary Martin-Ethel Merman Show." CBS is taping it for an hour-long TV special for a later telecast.

The whole idea was born when Julie appeared as a guest on the Garry Moore show sometime ago.

Bob Banner, who produces the "Garry Moore Show" and "Candid Camera," was quick to realize what a perfect combination they'd make.

Julie and Carol will carry most of the hour, with a male chorus of singers and dancers for support.

Carol is giving up her CBS radio show at the end of this month.

"I'm a visual comic," she explained, "and I just don't like radio. It's not my medium. And I spend 10 minutes doing something I'm unhappy about, it seems longer than 70 hours doing the work I like."

Carol has been offered several series of her own.

"But she's turned them all down. 'I have all the best of TV on the Garry Moore Show,' she explained, 'and none of the headaches.'"

But everyone, even Garry Moore is wondering if Carol will come back to the show which she helped make such a success, next season.

Garry didn't expect her back this season but he's very happy that she is happy with his show.

Carol has two responsibilities—bringing up her sister, Christine, a senior at St. John the Baptist School in Mendham, N.J., and supporting her grandmother who lives on the Coast.

Former Dallas Girl's Husband Is Promoted

Appointment of William Nicoll, 41, as manager of Sears, Roebuck and Co. in Brooklyn has been announced. He is the husband of the former Cynthia Poole of Dallas.

A native of Pittsburgh, Nicoll joined the merchandising firm in a management training program there in 1946, following three years service in the Air Force.

He held a variety of supervisory posts in stores there and in 1952 accepted an assignment as operating superintendent of the company's Fenway store in Boston. Two years later he became operating superintendent of Buffalo area stores and in October, 1958, came to New York as manager of Sears Fordham Rd. store.

Nicoll is a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh. He won his degree in business administration in 1942.

He has been active in Bronx civic affairs. His chief interest lies in scouting.

The couple have seven children, Marie, 12; Andrea, 11; Christine, 9; Germaine and Maureen, 7; Cynthia, 6, and William, 2.

Today's youngsters don't leave footprints on the sands of time—just tire tracks.

Specialist Rogers, a pole lineman in the battalion's Company B in Karlsruhe, entered the Army in September 1960, received basic training at Fort Dix, N.J., and arrived overseas the following February.

The 20-year-old soldier is a 1960 graduate of Westmoreland High School.

If you can't hear a pin drop, chances are there is something very wrong with your bowling.

Sell Quickly Through The Trading Post

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

Never let a personal journal lie around. You never know who may read it a hundred years hence, or even later.

Recently the Editor handed me a small book which turned out to be a description of a journey from Liverpool, or nearby, to London, and other points in England in May 1836.

The writer, Mary or May Vorty, was evidently an unmarried girl reared under the general manner described by Jane Austen. She refers to herself as an old woman of eighty-one (backwards) which may mean eighteen. The only name mentioned which is familiar now locally is Boyd.

The family members started out in an omnibus (which we thought was a modern word), then rode in a phaeton, a coach, a gig, a cockle shell boat, on a donkey, and walked and walked and walked.

Occasionally the walking is varied a little by such words as rambled, but the meaning is clear. Apparently the people visited had plenty of this world's goods, at least their houses and pursuits sound like it.

The country houses were all large with ancestral picture galleries, large gardens, parks, shooting preserves, musical entertainment, etc.

They were on intimate terms with the clergy, some of whom were relatives.

At Somerset house they saw paintings of The Battle of Trafalgar, The Battle of Corunna, The Wreckers, The Field of Waterloo, and several others with the comment "What a warlike taste is it not?"

They took a lot of interest in an arcade or museum in which was exhibited a microscope, then new, which would make a common flea look as big as an elephant, and show a drop of water filled with moving living things.

There was a lecture and experiments on oxygen and hydrogen, and a player piano forte.

A ride in a cockle shell boat on the Dover Strait proved disappointing. The water was calm and very dirty. The scenery was mostly black boats and dirty warehouses.

They visited an orphan asylum and an infant school. A Sunday school maintained by the generosity of some elderly ladies was particularly interesting.

Every Whitmonday they gave the children a dinner of hot pudding, beef, with mustard and pepper and horseradish, which was new to them.

They were permitted to visit the outer part only of a mine working.

On one of the estates they were keenly interested in some bees kept in hives. In a group of young folks they played games including, "Catching wild horses around the Mulberry Tree, Dorset the glove, and Thread the needle".

Evening diversions were playing billiards, warming by a bright fire, singing, and playing cards. For the latter, the pastor turned up one evening with his long legs encased in zebra silk stockings. He played cards with them and appeared to enjoy it.

But the greater part of their interest was in the churches. They visited one over a thousand years old and climbed a dark and dusty tower. The view was flat and uninteresting and they had to put in a lot of time brushing off the cobwebs and finally had to go home. It rained the last five miles they had to walk and they were "sopped".

They attended numerous services where there was good music by orchestra and organ. On one Sunday she reports two indifferent sermons.

But she was thrilled by a service in Saint Pauls. Seven thousand children sang, then with choir and organ, they all sang the 100th psalm, Coronation Anthem, Hallelujah Chorus, God Save the King, Psalms 113 and 104. They were so far away that they could not hear a single word of the bishop's sermon.

She carefully enumerates members of the royal family in attendance. Being specific in denying that she had started it, she recites various pranks she terms Mischievous, which were played from time to time.

By present day standards, they would be too simple even to mention.

Why was this old journal kept 125 years? Probably for something else originally in the same book. The journal, written in ink, which is somewhat faded and hard to read took only a small part of the book. The owner then turned it over and started paging from the other cover.

Seventy-two pages are missing. Maybe the writer wrote more exciting incidents later in life, too hot to keep.

Then on page 73 starts a recipe for Black Currant Cordial" written in ink in an older or a different hand. There are over forty pages of recipes one of which is entitled "Recipe for Sweet Dreams" signed Mary Vorty 1873 who may be the original author.

Various other names appear below recipes, apparently the source. The later ones, one dated 1915, are written in pencil in another, or even several different kinds of handwriting.

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

THOMAS SCORES HEAVILY Union Victory At Mill Springs

Zollicoffer Dies in Battle; Rebels Lose 425

LEXINGTON, Ky.—Jan. 19—A decisive Union victory has been scored at Mill Springs, a crossroads hamlet on the Cumberland River some 40 miles to the south.

First reports to reach here were that Union troops under Brig. Gen. George H. Thomas routed an entrenched Confederate force under Maj. Gen. George B. Crittenden, with Southern forces estimated at 125 dead and 300 wounded.

Among these dead was Brig. Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, recently relieved by Crittenden of command of the 4,000 Southern troops still in Kentucky.

Zollicoffer reportedly was shot from his horse after getting too close to Union troops he believed were his own men.

These ratios were consumed on the spot by the Union soldiers.

Those fugitives who eluded Union gunfire escaped across the Cumberland by boat.

The victors captured more than 150 wagons and about 1,000 horses and mules, along with 11 pieces of heavy artillery, a variety of garrison equipment and five stands of Confederate colors.

GEN. THOMAS, the victor, is an 1840 graduate of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. Although a Virginian by birth, he remained loyal to the North after Fort Sumter.

He served as a colonel of volunteers in the Shenandoah Valley before making brigadier and taking command of the Union's Kentucky force.

Crittenden is the son of Sen. John J. Crittenden of Crittenden Compromise fame, who remained loyal to the Union at the outbreak of war.

Gen. Crittenden's brother Thomas also stayed with the North and is now in the Union army. Like Thomas, Gen. Crittenden is a West Pointer, graduating in 1832 and later winning honors in the Mexican war.

The alert Union pickets who broke up the advance were

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Drilling was abandoned on a gas well on the John Monross property in Eaton Township.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Hoyt lost a fifteen month old child, the third time in four years that the parents lost a son as a result of pneumonia.

Rev. G. Elston Ruff, pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, had an article in the Lutheran, official magazine of the church.

Orange took Trucksville 33 to 20, the fourth straight win for Orange in the Rural League.

Dallas High School eagers sported new uniforms in blue and gold.

Repeat of the Eighteenth Amendment was stoutly advocated as a money-saving proposition.

Church roast was 12 1/2 cents per pound; butter, 25 cents; potatoes, 49 cents a bushel; eggs 23 cents a dozen.

The barn of Andrew Stoltz at Maple Grove burned to the ground, endangering Maple Grove Church and parsonage.

Rev. Rasmussen preached his final sermon at Beaumont Baptist Church before leaving for Chicago.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

James Mason, husband of a Dallas girl, Ila Mason, was shot down by a Japanese plane over the Pacific, and invalided home to Fort McDowell, California.

First National Bank of Dallas re-elected all officers and directors. It was a highly successful year, its assets reaching a million during August. Shavertown firemen ordered \$1,000 of new equipment for fighting possible fire due to raids. Stanley Davis was installed as president.

Fred M. Kiefer was guest of famed Arctic explorer Anthony Fiala at the Explorers Dinner in New York.

Below zero weather delayed installation of fireplugs in Dallas Borough.

The epidemic of measles at Ide-town and Lehman was tapering off.

Rev. Russell May left his Shavertown Methodist pulpit to enter YMCA work at Fore Sloucum.

Mrs. Asa Holcomb, 87 years old, recalled that cranberries once grew in the marshes at Huntsville.

Hamburg was 25 cents a pound; chuck roast, 25; coffee 32 cents; bread, 2 large loaves for 17 cents; oysters, 31 cents a pint.

Skating was fine at Harveys Lake, no snow on the glare ice.

Married: Alma Emma Crispell, to Ernest Samuel Brown. Rose Darcy to Nolan Montney.

First Aid Classes were being set up, and everybody was knitting sweaters and socks for soldiers. Air raid drills were held in the schools.

Alonzo Bailey Center Moreland, died at 75.

Mrs. Elizabeth Erb, Trucksville's oldest resident, celebrated her 92nd birthday by starting to knit another pair of warm socks for the Red Cross.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Dial conversion was under way at Commonwealth Telephone Co., and hundreds of people visited the new building on Lake Street. More than 650 telephone executives, civic leaders, bankers, businessmen and executives of Sordoni Enterprises gathered for a dedication dinner.

In a supplement, all members of the Commonwealth Telephone Company were pictured, illustrations forming a huge A, and J, with a linesman up a pole for the dot. Splendid pix of Andy himself on the front page, and an editorial.

Emory Kitchen was believed dead. He was presumably drowned in the Coosa River in Alabama when the speedboat in which he was riding capsized.

Joseph Podrazick was employed by the Dallas Borough-Kingston Township school board to teach industrial arts.

Rural Building and Loan elected E. J. Staub president.

The January thaw was in full swing, after some record breaking sub-zero weather.

Groceries were just about as expensive as they are today, meat slightly less, but not noticeably.

Married: Dorothy Mae Davis to Kenneth Cosgrove. Gloria Gretchen Krampf to James Work. Florabelle Brown to Joseph Smith.

Ernest L. Reese was on Midway Island as a radio man.

Chauncey Shaver, 73, died at Harveys Lake.

Mrs. Marv Sutliff died in Lehman aged 83.

Mrs. Mitchell Jenkins headed the Book Club.

Shavertown topped the Church League.

SAFETY VALVE A DESERVED SPOT Dear Editors,

Thank you for the coverage you gave to our Christmas Cheer Basket project. It made our hard working committee very happy to be featured on the center of the front page.

Sincerely, Mrs. Wilfred A. Ide, Pres. Harveys Lake Women's Service Club

From Pillar To Post...

by Hix

Repercussions from Pillar To Posts: About that Bull Durham column—

Henry Ward, manager of Dallas Acme, remembers the Bull Durham tobacco and the hand-tailored cigarettes, but not in relation to cowboys. When he was a kid in Maryland, the engineer in the cab of a locomotive used to wave to him with a bag of Bull Durham, tightening the string with his teeth as he puffed past, up the long grade. Mr. Ward thinks the engineer probably lit the cigarette in the fire-box. You couldn't do that on a modern Diesel," says Henry with a nostalgic gleam in his eye.

Mrs. William Lloyd, Shrine Acres, says she's fed up on hearing about the high cholesterol level of husbands in general, and is delighted to read about a husband who is not only permitted but encouraged to work on his own woodpile, just because he wants to do it.

Mrs. Lloyd, dropping by the Post the other day, recalled to mind an incident better buried. She said, "Remember that time you appeared in my T-V program? That was the all-time show-stopper."

Will I ever forget it? She wasn't a married woman at that time, but she was just as good looking as she is today, no more, no less.

She sprung it on me, right in the middle of an interview. "Is your husband still living?"

With a mental eye on that agile and rambunctious male, I faced the camera and blurted out, "God, YES." Given time to think, I might have softened it slightly, such as "Not only alive, but kicking, constantly," or even a mild, "Dear me, yes."

It is a tribute to the future Mrs. Lloyd that she did not get heaved summarily off the air, along with her guest, but she stood well at the broadcasting station, and after all, she could not be held responsible for a guest's derelictions.

Misled by a thatch of wild white hair, and a deceptively serene appearance, she had no way of knowing in advance that the owner of the thatch had been exposed to life in the Army as well as life at the Dallas Post, and was apt to revert to type in times of stress.

"Can't you EVER stop writing about your children and your grandchildren?"

Come now, what else IS there to write about? Ask any grandmother of twenty-one grands, and just be thankful that this grandmother does not carry around a flock of snapshots with her, and ram them down your throat.

"Writing must be such a delightful hobby." Hobby, my eye. It's what keeps the wolf from baying too loudly at the door.

How do you get started on writing a column? Elementary. You stick your neck out, the axe descends. If you're smart cookie, you don't ever start.

Then there are those people who say, "Reading Pillar to Post is like sitting in a rocking chair in front of an open fire, with a cup of coffee handy."

This is likely to result in a feverish exchange of recipes, "How do you make your rice pudding creamy? Do you start with cooked rice or uncooked, and do you use a little nutmeg or just vanilla? How about raisins?"

Or, "Well, you don't want to roll out your molasses cookies, you get too much flour in them that way. Just drop them on a well greased cookie sheet, flatten them slightly with the sugared bottom of a tumbler, and be careful not to bake them too long. They ought to turn out light and puffy."

(And if you don't recognize Mrs. Joseph Cranbooley's touch with molasses cookies, you've missed something.)

"You know, you ought to get your slang up to date." Oh rats, what's 1962 slang got that 1922 slang didn't have? Twenty-three and a big skidoo for you.

"Why don't you SAY something about the current craze for doing the Twist? It's nauseating."

Lady lady, The righteous folks who used to do the Charleston, the Bunny Hug, the Turkey-Trot, and Shake the Shimmy, are now complaining because their grandchildren are disconnecting their backbones doing the Twist. For my money, these acrobatics work off a lot of steam . . . and in public.

"Next time you write something about a large man hauling a back from the brink of a precipice by means of a large car, just mention that the car was a Dodge, will you?"

OK, L. L. Richardson, here's a spot of free advertising for you. And so it goes. You can't win.

But when you're going to pass a significant milestone on your next birthday, you don't even want to. You take it out in ordering a large slab of plywood to stiffen your mattress, you get out the heating pad to pamper your scatica, and you unlash with a whodunit, one eye on the alarm clock which will rouse you at the crack of dawn to grind out more priceless gems for the Dallas Post.

SO, IT'S 1962!

Signs of advancing age: An inability to stand on one foot and insert the other foot into an overshoe without wobbling.

A regretful goodbye to that midnight cup of coffee, unless laced with a couple of sleeping pills.

A realization that ham and cabbage, though toothsome, is not the recommended diet for a late dinner.

A farewell to steak, except when run through the food grinder.

A sigh of relinquishment when the deep dark chocolates are passed around, and a firm NO to the very idea of popcorn.

A retreating hairline. A candid look into the mirror: where DID those lines come from?

A pause at the foot of the hill. It is far steeper than it used to be and about a half mile longer. Counting steps helps: 980, 981, 982, one foot after the other. An arrival at the crest, completely blown.

A slothful attitude toward the television. After all, the program will change after awhile, and it is too much trouble to hoist a sluggish body out of that contoured dayvornet. It takes a series of rocks back and forth, like rocking a car out of a snowdrift.

Better to burrow into oblivion under a blanket of escape literature, closing the ears firmly to the commercials, swimming to the surface when the chosen program comes on the air.

A surreptitious look around and about, before removing the china clippers and relegating them to a chilly bath of Polident. (It is important at this point to stay away from the mirror.)

The horrible discovery that the grands think you danced with George Washington.

A reluctance to admit that you are middle-aged until you aren't.

An overpowering impulse NOT to stay up and welcome the New Year in.

Harry Bogart Elected Justice Of The Peace

Harry Bogart, former Kingston Tax Collector and Supervisor, has been elected Justice of the Peace in Berwick where he now resides. Mr. Bogart has also taken a position as toll collector for the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission.

For The Biggest Bargains READ THE POST CLASSIFIED

Every day may be the dawn of a new era, but at times it feels more like the morning after.

Editorially Speaking:

A NEW EYE ON ALL OF US

Want to know "What the Tax Collector has in Store for You?" U.S. News & World Report tells the story, under that title. It is based on interviews with officials of the Internal Revenue Service. And the gist of it, as a subhead says bluntly, is that "a real crackdown is coming on the man who fails to report and pay taxes on all his income."

In Secretary of the Treasury Dillon's phrase, we are on the verge of a "new era" of tax collecting. And a major reason for it is that modern miracle—the electronic computer. These machines can be arranged to do practically anything in the realm of mathematics and analysis—and now, it seems, they are going implacably to work on the taxpayer who chisels, practices fraud, or simply "forgets". In U.S. News' words, taxpayers' reports will be instantly "matched with other reports received on taxpayers' incomes. Offenders will be trapped—automatically."

This automation of the taxpayer will come into being on a gradual basis. First in line will be those in the South-eastern states, where machine processing will take affect next year. By 1966 the system will be extended to the entire country. So the big questions, as the magazine puts it, are these: "What kinds of unreported income will be found? How many taxpayers will be caught? What will happen to them? Will thousands go to jail? Would it be wise to check for omissions on past returns and pay up now?"

The answers to these questions run about like this: First of all, unreported income consists primarily of dividend and interest payments. Under the law, a firm paying you \$10 or more in dividends or \$600 a year interest must report it. The new machines will keep track of these payments, as well as others. According to one survey, more than half of the taxpayers involved had failed to report bank interest on their tax returns.

If you get caught for failure to report income, the minimum cost will be tax owed, plus a 5 per cent negligence penalty, plus 6 per cent annual interest. From there on, it depends on your degree of culpability. What is known as "civil fraud" brings a 50 per cent penalty. And you can be heavily fined and sent to the penitentiary. But criminal charges are brought only in flagrant cases.

As for the number of delinquent taxpayers the machines will reveal, comparatively few, says U.S. News, will be hit with serious charges. Most will be guilty of small offenses or unintentional oversights.

Finally, if your income tax reports have been less than adequate or honest can you clean the slate by confessing? As the magazine explains, it all depends on the circumstances. If it's a borderline case, and the delinquent taxpayer voluntarily discloses his error prior to an