

THE DALLAS POST Established 1839

"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution Now In Its 123rd Year"

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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.

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 subscriptions to be placed on mailing list.

The Post is sent free to all Back Mountain patients in local hospitals. If you are a patient ask your nurse for it.

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.

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Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

Carol Burnett has been offered the lead role in a Broadway musical about the late comedienne Fanny Brice.

Carol has been hesitating because she thought she would have to do a lot of the old Fanny Brice songs. But after she read the script she found it was a straight love story about Fanny and Nick Arstein.

The show's songs are written by Jule Styne who did the music for "Gypsy" and many other Broadway hits.

Offers for appearances have been pouring in to Carol. She's been asked to do a Jack Lemmon movie and she hasn't yet made her decision on this.

Danny Kaye wanted her to do a movie this summer but her upcoming stock tour to Pittsburgh, Kansas City, Dallas, Indianapolis, Detroit and Las Vegas made it impossible.

She will do a Kaye TV special this fall. Red Skelton asked her to do his opening show but she had to say "No" again because of the tour. NBC is planning to do a big one-night program around her.

Busy as Carol is she still found time to attend her young sister's graduation from high school in Mendham, N. J. She flew her grandmother there for the occasion.

Christine goes on to Moravian College in Bethlehem next fall.

Walter Cronkite, at 46, is quite happy about his New York TV job-reporting the day's headline news for 15 minutes, five times a week. For twenty years he has been telling the news from all over the world.

His reason for taking the job was not fatigue but a desire to spend more time with his growing family. He is married to a Kansas City girl and they have three children, ranging in age from 14 to 5, and live in midtown Manhattan.

Classroom TV—South Carolina has the most complete commitment to classroom TV in the U. S.

Started four years ago in a converted Columbia supermarket, South Carolina's classroom TV now reaches 65 high schools (20 Negro) in 27 of the state's 46 counties. Another 65 schools (35 Negro) will join up next fall and the goal in six years is six courses daily throughout the state's 413 high schools, plus other courses in the 1,200 grade schools.

Education-wise South Carolina has a terrible record. 54.4 per cent of all state registrants fail the Selective Service mental test, and no other state has fewer median years (8.7) of schooling completed by adults. More than 20 per cent of South Carolinians are "functional illiterates," for one out of five has less than five years of schooling.

In an effort to correct this situation, South Carolina is putting 50 per cent of its present tax dollar into its schools. Since teacher's salary in South Carolina is below the average the state lacks able teachers.

So to be able to present their best teachers by means of TV is a real blessing. The state figures that

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

For over a hundred and forty years, the Warden Family has owned property along the north-west side of the present Center Hill Road, but the ownership has not been continuous that long for the present holdings. Much land formerly owned by the family is now owned by others. Like the central part of Dallas, it was originally covered by two land surveys, one authorized by the Province of Pennsylvania and the other by the Connecticut Susquehanna Company.

Thomas Mifflin, Governor, issued a patent to William Coates June 21, 1798 for a tract named "Trim" which included over 407 acres, now in the main part of the town. The Connecticut Susquehanna Company laid out the Township of Bedford with lots laid off abutting on a Center Line, approximately the present road. Prior to 1810, Abraham or Absalom Roberts, or one of his predecessors, had been clever enough to foresee the dispute in titles and had secured title from both sides for the land now included in the present Coates Farm.

This was deeded Apr. 2, 1810 to Daniel Smith, who later sold it to John McCauley, a coppersmith of Philadelphia.

On Jan. 14, 1818 McCauley sold it to Nathaniel Worden and John Lines, apparently under a mortgage as McCauley got it back through the sheriff on Jan. 3, 1825. About a year later three sons of Nathaniel, named Abraham, Samuel, and John Worden again bought the property from McCauley, which was held undivided. When Abraham died, his brothers Samuel and John, and their wives, signed over their shares to Hannah, the widow of Abraham, who had nine children. Some other deeds were issued to others at the same time.

By 1875, it was estimated there were sixty-three parts to the undivided inheritance and the Wordens then living got together, exchanged some money, and transferred lands and interests to each other by deeds. William Hunter and his wife Mahala Worden, Spencer Worden and his wife Jane, Levi Reed and his wife Ura Worden, and Perry N. Worden, all signed deeds to their Brother Sidney. The others likewise deeded lands to George and to Perry, who in the meantime, for the family but in his own name, had acquired another

closed-circuit TV can eventually cover the state at a yearly cost of only \$14.00 per pupil.

The teachers spend six to eight hours developing each lesson. Supervised by one teacher and two assistants, a group of 230 students in a large high school watch the TV lesson, plane geometry, on the half dozen TV sets suspended from the ceiling. The lesson lasts for thirty minutes. Then 15 minutes is spent discussing it. The results are amazing. The bottom two-thirds of this year's students recently tested higher than the median of last year's separate classes. Even more impressive, the statewide median scores of TV algebra students have precisely matched the median of such top prep schools as Andover and Exeter.

IMPRESSED WITH TALENT Dear Mrs. Hicks, You no doubt know that I have resigned my position as art teacher at Junior High and have joined the art staff at Wilkes College. This is just a note to thank you for the kindnesses that you have extended to me while here at Dallas. I really enjoyed the experience and am very pleased with the unusual creative talents these children possess and the amazing work they have done for me. Thank you again.

Sincerely Phil Richards

We'll miss you, Phil. You were tremendously popular with the kids, and with the adult classes you taught in the evenings. It's nice to be liked as well as to know that you're doing an outstanding job of teaching.

How Many Beans...

Perhaps you, too, stood outside a store window in your youth and tried to estimate the number of beans in a display.

Guessing the circulation of a newspaper was once quite a game for advertisers, too.

But the Audit Bureau of Circulations took all the chance out of this game. A.B.C. auditors don't stand outside and estimate—they come inside the publisher's office and count.

When the auditor is finished and his precise findings published, well there's just no room for guessing.

It's all there in his report—how much circulation, where copies were circulated, how much people paid, and some of the reasons why the people bought our paper.

There's no reason to guess about the circulation audience you get when you advertise in our paper. The facts are down in black and white for you to see.

Ask for a copy of our latest A.B.C. report.



Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Honor students at Dallas Borough High School commencement were Margaret Oliver and Foster Sutton. Awards were presented by J. F. Bessecker, school board.

Elsie, Warren and Calvin Culp, Walter Potter, Bobbie Moore, Marion Elpper and Rhoda Thomas, were rehearsing a play, "The Naughty Boy" written by Elsie Culp, who also was leading lady and coach. Tickets retailed for a penny apiece.

Stull Brothers, up and coming young hardware dealers, enlarged their quarters on Union Street, Kingston.

Claude Siglin, 27, formerly of Noxen, died after surgery. Closer cooperation between local Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs was urged at a joint meeting.

Eleanor Staub, Dorothy Hay, and June Palmer won awards at Kingston Township commencement. Edwin Hay, president of board of education, made the presentations. Spencer Tracy and Ralph Bellamy were starring in "Young America" at the Himmler.

Dr. Charles Lealem, the first physician to reach President Lincoln's side when he had been assassinated, died aged 90 in New York. Fishermen were asked by Governor Gifford Pinchot to preserve the bass.

It was another four-page issue.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Two local soldiers serving on Corregidor at the fall of Bataan were still unheard from, their fate unknown. They were Sgt. Donald Freeman of Jackson Township and Corp. Clarence H. Morgan of DeMunds Road. Freeman was an anti-aircraft gunner, Morgan an anti-aircraft specialist. They enlisted together, and both travelled in the same troopship to the Philippines in October, two months before the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The Army listed them as missing in action, not being able to ascertain whether they had been killed or taken prisoner.

Chief Walter Covert was awarded a gold badge for dependability, Joseph MacVeigh making the presentation.

Frank E. Wesley, the hermit of Fernbrook, died at 73. Living in a small house in the middle of a densely wooded tract, he had one of the most beautiful gardens in the community, but did not welcome visitors.

Rice Cemetery, at the crest of the hill on Huntsville Road, was chosen for an observation site for air raid observers. Big doings were planned to mark the opening of the new Harveys Lake highway July 4.

Dan and Chet Rusiloski, high school athletes, enlisted.

Wesley Baer home on Center Hill road was damaged by fire.

Private George Swan was in Ireland with the AEF.

Heard from in The Outpost: Robert Sommerville, Fort Benning; Alan Kistler, Texas; Tommy Evans, Lakeland, Fla.; Joe Hudak; Georgia; Capt. Larry Lee, Fredericksburg, Va.; Don Dunn, Mineola, L. I.; Lawrence K. Ide, APO, New York; Herbert H. Updyke, Virginia; Emmett Hoover, Fredericksburg; M. W. Krieger, Fort Knox, Ky.

Lt. Hillman Dress, Beaumont, was instructing at Fort Benning, Georgia.

A former Dallas Post employee, Pvt. William E. Helmbold was married in Florida to Neola E. Wood of Kingston.

Fred Osborne, Noxen Tannery employee for forty years, died at his home after a long illness.

Byron Carpenter, father of Mrs. Stanley Doll, died at 91 in Factory-Barred wire and guns were re-leased for sale at Gay Murray's.

Visitors to New York were being hustled along the waterfront as they slowed down to observe the Normandie, lying on its side in the water.

Robert S. Watkins, 20 Shavertown, enlisted.

Enrollment for canning sugar was continuing.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Walter was the last of Rose Kozemchak's ten children to get married. His bride was Nancy Smith.

Mrs. Margaret Jennings, 55, was critically injured when struck by a car in Idetown.

Sgt. Herb Dreher, formerly with the Dallas Post, was stationed in Omaha, Neb.

William Higgins, manager of Stone Acres, died suddenly of a heart attack aged 68.

Bruce Zeiser, nephew of Mrs. Howard Risley, was college director of Youth For Eisenhower, travelling widely in support of the Republican candidate for president.

Back Mountain students graduating from Wilkes College were Earl C. Crispell Jr., Walter E. Elston, William E. Evans, Charlotte A. Gregory, William G. Hart, Mary I. Lamoreaux, Robert V. McFadden, and William G. Nelson.

Poultry was twice as expensive as it is today in local markets, turkeys 73 cents a pound, fryers 85 cents.

From

Pillar To Post...

by Hix

Aw, come on, folks, quit getting me out of bed to tell me how to get on the Northeastern Extension of the Turnpike! Honest, I DO know how to get on the Turnpike, and off it, too.

What I really need to know at this point, is how to get gas at 1:30 a.m., when barreling along over Effort Mountain, with the gas gauge showing empty and empty, and the filling stations all fast asleep.

And nobody needs to tell me to stay off the highway at that hour of the night. It's the best possible time to travel in hot weather, with no traffic over the lonely hills.

The only drawback, as in paragraph 2, is the lack of gas. I'm getting allergic to running out of gas. There's no excuse for it, even with an Austin that has to be filled only once in so often, and each time takes so small an amount that you feel sensitive about asking for couple of quarts. You develop a feeling after awhile that it will keep on running on hot air, and you forget to inspect the gauge.

When this gauge says Empty, it means business. No three gallons of grace such as there used to be in the Chevy and the Olds, and away back when, in the Buick or the Packard. There was one ancient Buick that had a trick gauge. If the needle began to dip dangerously toward the bottom of the indicator, it was always possible to give a thingummy a twist and there you were with half a tank of gas, a very soothing development when climbing those high spots in Yellowstone Park fifty miles from nowhere.

The Austin has run out of gas twice this year—once within a half block of home, and the other time down in Kingston within half a block of a filling station, a piece of sheer luck, and much better than deserved.

The luck couldn't be expected to last. This was surely IT. And then, all of a sudden, a bright light, an attendant in a white coverall, and half a dozen thankful motorists converging upon the welcome sight.

Usually, on the road, I buy only what I need, saving the filling of the tank for my own service station. But this time, I sat back in a happy daze, listening to the gurgling of the gasoline into the tank, and revamping my ideas of how to spend the night alongside the shoulder of the road, with doors locked, widows rolled within an inch of the top, and a pillow comfortably arranged in the back seat.

Just think... another hour, and I'd be in bed.

It's always a mistake to fill the bottom of the tank. Filling the top of the tank is something that was ingrained into me by a father who ran out of gas just exactly once in the course of fifty years of driving. Papa never waited for gas to run up to him. He not only kept his tank filled, he carried an emergency five gallon can, along with water for the radiator and two quarts of oil. Nobody caught Papa napping more than once. Other less provident souls might thumb a ride late at night to get a can of gas at the next service station, but not Papa.

I'd hate to have him know that I ran out of gas last February. "Oh sure, I've got lots of gas," I reassured a daughter, while bidding her goodbye at the turnoff to Route 11 in West Nanticoke.

"That gauge is showing almost empty," she said sternly. "You stop at the first filling station."

"I can't," I acknowledged. "I forgot my handbag."

"Charlie will stake you to a dollar, and you STOP AT THE FIRST FILLING STATION."

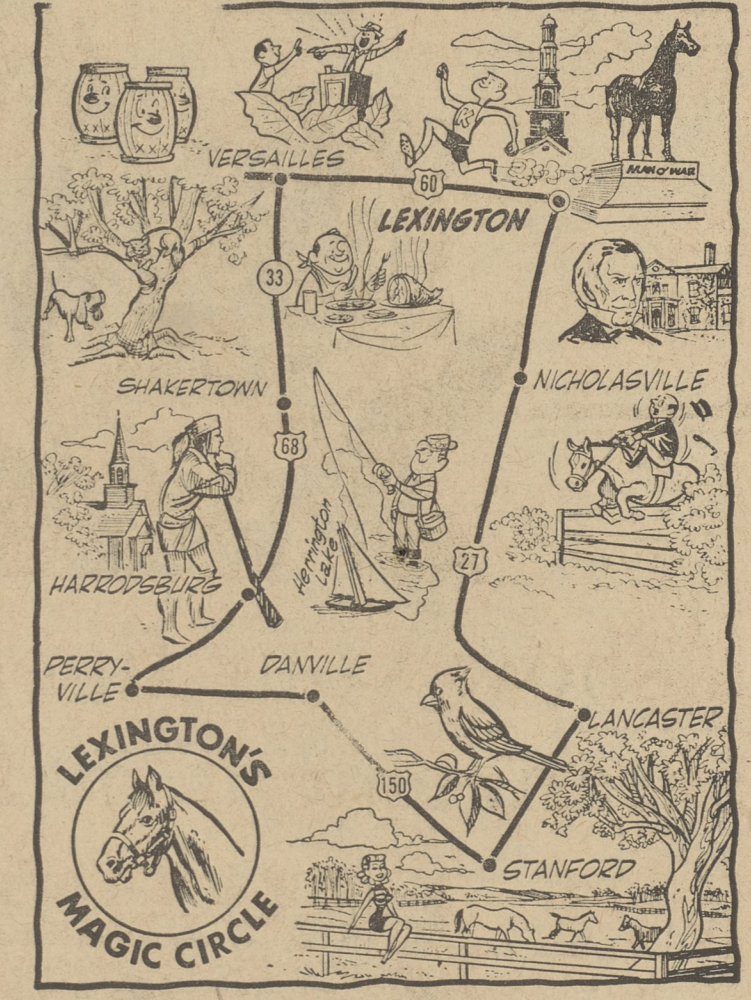
Money changed hands. "I won't need the dollar, I'll enclose it in an envelope and send it back. There's always enough in an Austin to get you to where you're going."

Persis sniffed. As she waved from the car window, I could see her making the words Filling Station.

Stuff and nonsense, I reassured myself. And then, half a block from home, the engine made a half-hearted attempt to run, gave up, and I coasted to a stop by the side of the road. And in case my next door neighbor is still wondering why I parked in front of her house, this is the lowdown.

And Persis will be glad to know that I DID run out of gas, just as predicted.

But not, praise be, on top of Effort Mountain in the middle of the night, surrounded by man-eating herds of deer.



By Edward Collier Curving south, there is the Pride of the Bluegrass quaint old village of Shaker-country is Lexington, horse capital of the world, noted for its showplace mansions, the handsome University of Kentucky campus, tobacco auction warehouses and Ashland, home of the Henry Clay, noted statesman of pre-Civil War times.

The Magic Circle auto tour of the countryside continues with the plush horse farms, miles of white board fences holding frolicking thoroughbreds, pillared mansions and barns fit for the equine turf kings and Keeneland race track. Near Versailles fancy dogs are raised for coon and possum hunting and visitors are welcome at the bourbon distilleries.

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Invite Your Guests Now! for the SIXTEENTH LIBRARY AUCTION RISLEY'S BARNYARD JULY 5 - 6 - 7

Editorially Speaking:

THEY DO IT WITH MIRRORS

Hurray for the folks who have belatedly discovered that a charge for parking at Avoca Airport is a very poor financial investment. Why didn't they discover it two years ago, when the fiasco first started.

The operator of this concession gives you a ticket. If you can dash into the grounds, find a parking spot within walking distance, scramble into the terminal, get your passenger delivered to the proper counter, watch him get his baggage weighed in, wait for the plane to land, escort him to the plane, and wave him goodbye in the space of fifteen minutes, you don't have to pay a quarter. They do it with mirrors.

Airplane travel requires a passenger to appear half an hour before plane time.

The complaint of most airport customers is that not only is it impossible to park without paying a fee, but that the parking facilities are stupidly arranged, involving a long walk across a wide field which is banked with snow in winter. Swimming with water in a summer shower.

If the travelling public is to be held up for a parking fee when dropping a passenger, it has a right to expect a run for its money.

Maybe that wide open space with a fringe of parking is handsome from the air, but it is not efficient.

So, while the matter is up for discussion, why not switch the positions of the fringe and the space, allocating the central and easily reached portion to parking of cars, and the outside areas for pretty grass and drive-ways?

Who wants to waste ten minutes while the plane warms up and the parking ticket does likewise?

A SERIES OF EYE-SORES

The sight of closed and boarded-up dwellings and business places along the highway in Kingston Township does nothing to improve the scenery for summer visitors. It gives the impression that the community is down at the heels.

Lagging in plans for reconstruction of Highway 309 is a blow to residents who felt that they could put up with inconvenience and a series of eye-sores if something could be expected to come of it within a reasonable time.

It appears now that nothing will be done on the highway until next year, doubtless just in time to interfere with normal traffic to and from Harveys Lake.

SCHEDULE FOR RECEIVING NEW GOODS AT BARN

Table with columns for name, day, and time: RALPH POSTERIVE Saturday June 16 Noon to 5 PM, SYLVIA HUGHES Friday June 22 10 AM to 8 PM, BOWDEN NORTHRUP & LOUISE MARKS Saturday June 23 10 AM to 8 PM, TOM HILLYER Thursday June 28 Noon to 8 PM, JIM ALEXANDER Friday June 29 10 AM to 8 PM

EVERY LITTER BIT HURTS

Don't be a litterbug! Drop every litter bit in the nearest trash container or your car litterbag. That's how to prevent the pile-up of trash that costs \$50 million a year to pick up from major highways alone. Remember, every litter bit that lands in the litter basket helps KEEP AMERICA CLEAN AND BEAUTIFUL!

