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Now In Its 73rd Year"

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Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Dallas Postmaster Ruth Waters recommended changes in the mail schedule to speed mail from the area.

Frank Lauderbach, manager of Orchard Farms, died at 45 following an operation.

Burglar alarm on First National Bank, sounded off at 4 a.m. followed in close timing by the Dallas fire siren. Police, officials, and alarmed citizenry gathered in pajamas veiled by raincoats. False alarm. Everybody went back to bed after the burglar alarm had been throttled.

Jane Herdman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cragg Herdman, was badly shocked when she tried to turn off the electric meter after it had been broken by a falling limb during a severe thunder storm.

A big barn on St. Nicholas Cemetery property was completely destroyed by fire, but custodian Metzger was able to save all the livestock.

The condition of Toby's Creek was the subject of an editorial. Deploable. Just like now. Still deplorable. Why don't the State fathers rief it over, confine it to a conduit, and forget it, is what everybody wants to know. Make a fine level stretch for a new highway, with all the smells buried deep. It hasn't changed a bit in thirty years except to smell a little higher as more sewage is added.

John A. McParan, secretary of agriculture, urged farm families to take in urban dwellers who were on the lookout for a quiet rural vacation.

Dallas Water Company moved from quarters in the Dallas Dairy to the Himmler Theatre.

Sliced bread was 5 cents a loaf, ham 14 cents a pound; potatoes 17 cents a peck; veal chops 15 cents a pound.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Third set of twins in the Alderson area within a month. Mr. and Mrs. John Denman followed the example set by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Newell and Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Beam.

Dr. Charles A. Perkins of Trucksville was the first local medical man to join the service. He left on Labor Day for training at Carlisle Barracks.

William Moran, Latin instructor in Dallas, got his call to the service, the second faculty member to be inducted. Clarence LaBar was the first.

A. N. Garinger's racing pigeons came in first in a 100 mile race from Harrisburg.

John Snyder, while working on the Nesbitt Farm, broke his back in fall from a hay wagon.

Leo George broke a stranglerhold and saved a frantic swimmer from certain drowning in Harveys Lake. The other swimmer in difficulty was also saved.

Jack Roberts spotted 89 abandoned auditorium chairs outside a school building in Arcade, N. Y., and arranged through Dallas schools to have them purchased and delivered for extra seats at basketball games.

Elwood Ide enlisted in the marines.

Oliver's garage was new headquarters for the ration board. Fred Kiefer, Gordon Mathers, and James R. Oliver comprised the board.

Head from in the Outpost: Glenn Kitchen, Camp Wheeler; Joseph Hudak, Fort Benning; Henry Miller, Camp Livingston.

Paul Mainwaring, formerly of Dallas, died in Philadelphia.

Ruth Gould joined the Army Nursing Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hoover were treated to an old fashioned skimelton.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Kingston Township supervisors condemned the frame bungalow where a family of a mother and two children stepped off the porch into a raging torrent during a flash flood along Trout Run.

Rev. William McClelland was elected rector of Prince of Peace, succeeding Rev. William Williams.

Married: Virginia Stroud to Daniel Steadle, Rossie Hoyt to Leo Anthony, Barbara Peters to Donald McGowan.

Rev. and Mrs. David Morgan were given a farewell party, on leaving Alderson Charge.

Died: Fred Booka, 96, Trucksville. Mrs. Catherine Wilson, 67, East Dallas. Mrs. Elizabeth Miller, 62, Noxen. Mrs. Emmeline Bodle, 93, Franklin Township. Emory Kliggling, 49, Trucksville.

Big Labor Day storm. Dallas Five and Ten changed hands, from Eugene Sick to his cousin James Sick.

Respectfully submitted, Elmer Daley, 48 Powder Horn Drive.

Fall Festival

(Continued from 1—A)

ficers to explain the set-up.

Mary Lou Castorline was chosen Queen of the festival for selling the most tickets. Runners-up were Elaine Boyce, Donna Parrish, Donna Cole, and Ann Moehn.

The officers of the Jonathan R. Davis Fire Company cordially thank everyone who helped make the event the great success that it was.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

Now is the time for all good taxpayers to come to the aid of the school district. And if the said taxpayers have not already faced up to the collector for borough, township, county, and institution district taxes, they will find the collector in the on deck circle ready to go to bat against them.

It is a very one-sided and frustrating baseball game that the taxpayer has to play annually with the tax collectors. He knows in advance there is no such thing as a called strike retiring the side. His side can never get at bat. It makes no difference whether the balls he has provided, entirely at his own expense, are soft or hard, small, average, or oversize. Likewise the result is the same whether he throws with the right or left hand, with an overhand, underhand, or sidearm delivery. The batter will latch on to the ball on the first pitch and with one wallop drive it completely out of the park, so that to all practical purposes it is a lost ball.

Taxing authorities prefer that the taxpayer appear in the mood of the Light Brigade in the charge at Balaklava, as described by Tennyson, one word being changed:

**Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and PAY.**

Reading of the preceding lines in the same stanza is not recommended. "Was there a man dismayed? Not though the soldiers knew Someone had blundered?"

No politician will admit a blunder in levying a tax. As youngsters, we were taught that you cannot escape death and taxes. This is as old in this country as Benjamin Franklin, who wrote in 1789, "In this world nothing is certain but death and taxes". He probably copied it from the ancients.

But as we grew up, we found this is not literally true as to taxes. In this country only, property taxes were allowed to accumulate, intermittently, for thirty or forty years. It was a lucrative racket for lawyers, filling the endless liens, and searching and clearing titles. And the proceedings in courts, as reported in the daily press, covering delinquent taxes in astronomical sums, make us wonder why the little fellow is pursued so relentlessly.

Every politician out of office criticizes those in office for the taxes levied. He makes a loud outcry about the existing taxes, or larger taxes he claims are threatened by those presently in office. Only a few years ago the control

of the courthouse offices was upset by a campaign against the new assessment. Now various municipalities, and others, are actually requesting the county authorities to go ahead and put out the new assessment.

In 1884, the Democratic Platform carried the resounding battlecry, "Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation". In 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt campaigned on a platform of reducing government expenses 25%. Then he proceeded to inaugurate the greatest spending spree in all history, which is still going with increased momentum after nearly thirty years. One of his advisors openly said, "We will spend and spend, tax and tax, and elect and elect" (some of the words may be interchanged, but this is the sense of it).

A great politician issue about the same time was "The Forgotten Man" a title stolen or borrowed from William Graham Sumner (1840-1910. What Sumner said was not the same as that used in the campaign. "The Forgotten Man" is delving away in patient industry, supporting his family, paying his taxes, casting his vote, supporting the church and school, reading his newspaper, and cheering for the politician of his admiration, but he is the only one for whom there is no provision in the great scramble and the big divide. Such is the Forgotten Man. He works, he votes, generally he prays—but he always pays—yes, above all, he pays". Ever since, the Forgotten Man has looked for something for nothing.

The late Henry L. Mencken summarized the situation:

"Unquestionably, there is progress. The average American now pays out twice as much in taxes as he formerly got in wages".

State politicians, being a little farther off, display the most brass in handling taxes with the most innocent explanations to be swallowed by the general public. They make us pay two years auto drivers license fees at once, supposedly to save a few pennies. The real object was to get a whole additional years license revenue to spend in advance. Then, the present summer, the sales tax normally remitted in the month following the end of a quarter was stepped up so that a remittance had to be made during the last part of the quarter, which gave them a nice balance to campaign on, nothing being said that the next administration would automatically lose about three months revenue.

Safety Valve

TROUBLE ON POWDER HORN
September 3, 1962.

Dear Editor:

As a resident and taxpayer in Dallas Borough I would like through your reader's column, to express my feelings and those of my neighbors, to the disgusting job that our Borough is doing on Powder Horn Drive.

This street has been torn up all summer and now is in a deplorable state. With our children going to and from school, they must walk through fields of high grass and weeds to get to and from home.

Early this summer they put in a drain pipe to carry off the surface water from the hill above us, this trench was open for at least five weeks, due to the tractor shovel breaking down. Then along comes the gas company and opened the other side of the road and laid gas lines, this was a one-day job, they filled their trench and were gone.

Now along comes the Borough truck with loads and loads of field stone and dump it all over the street. Now comes two or three or four Borough men with sledge hammers to crack up this stone, this kind of labour was done away with over fifty years ago.

Does our Council know that crushed stone can be obtained at a quarry less than five miles from Powder Horn Drive? Does our Council know that the Borough trucks could haul this stone from the quarry cheaper than they can haul in an old stone wall?

Now when this street is paved and our driveways are a foot or more below grade, what do we do about that?

We were given no grade at the time we put our driveways in. I am wondering how many of our Council have seen this job going on and what steps they are taking to correct it.

Something has got to be done without delay. It would not be possible for an ambulance or fire truck to get to us in case of an emergency. This would be of interest to fire insurance companies.

I am not trying to knock any man out of a job, but for the sake of the people of Powder Horn Drive get rid of the sledge hammers and get this street finished.

Respectfully submitted, Elmer Daley, 48 Powder Horn Drive.

"This month, a miracle kitchen knife that cuts frozen foods is being advertised. We'd prefer one that cuts frozen prices."

"This is the season when anglers of all weight categories are trying to land a hook to the jaw."

"Vacations aren't so hard to plan. Your boss tells you when and your wife tells you where."

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

I was sitting in a local cabaret the other night, waiting for the band to arrive. The place is packed with dancers on certain nights. It seemed funny, the place deserted, the waitresses sitting around gossiping, and the house record player grinding out the old songs from the thirties and forties while the help sang along.

Generally, the walls of this place rattle with live rock 'n roll, but I was early. "They don't make songs like that any more", murmured one of the women to the bartender. "You said it", he returned dolefully.

The owner finished putting some checks in order, and joined me at the bar. "It's a shame", he reflected, "when a few kids mess it up for others who have a right to a good time. Young people have it tougher and tougher, trying to enjoy themselves."

"Oh, I don't know", said I. "It seems to me that with increased wages, less demanding school work, and all that, kids have more time to enjoy life, such as it is."

"I mean young people over 21", he explained. "I presume you know we had a raid here not too far back, and several under-age kids were caught."

"Well, I take every precaution for checking age-cards that the State inspectors require. In fact, my standards of checking are the same as theirs."

"Unfortunately, you're not elected."

"Exactly", he nodded. "Another thing. The State inspector told one of the kids who was caught that I, as bar-owner, was responsible, and that it wasn't the kid's fault at all, even though he lied about his age and signed an affidavit saying that he was 21."

About those affidavits: I know the state inspectors permit the use of them, if in the bar-owner's discretion, the person in question looks old enough to drink, but doesn't have an age-card. This invites the owner to take chances, because I'm pretty sure they're not, strictly speaking, legal.

If, according to old Common Law, the kid can tell "right from wrong", and signs an untrue statement—then the kid assumes responsibility for his misrepresentation over and above the innkeeper's illegal act of serving a minor.

On the other hand, there is a statute which says: "An innkeeper cannot serve alcoholic beverages to somebody under 21."

Now which is law—the plain meaning of the statute or this age-old "right and wrong" business. Well, every time two lawyers fight out a case the same question comes up. And the judge decides which law is more important, i.e., which one he happens to like.

But it seems stupid to expect a kid to respect the law, if he doesn't know what it is. And it seems equally stupid to expect the bar-owner to know better than to serve minors, when he is not perfectly certain just when his responsibility ends, and the perjuring minor's responsibility begins. All business involves taking some chances.

About the only thing that doesn't seem stupid about such a deal is being a lawyer for either the innkeeper or the lying minor, since the more confusion, the more money he'll get paid in fees.

Well, the only solution I can see is to forget about those affidavits, and accept age-cards or nothing. Let's face it: There isn't a kid in the state who knows he looks younger than 21, or might be borderline in looks, and still forgets his age-card when he steps out at night. He'd rather forget his shoes than his card.

So, if you accept such an explanation as "I left it in my other pants", you're asking for whatever trouble you get when you serve a minor.

the hour long "Gunsmoke."

MEDIC BLOUSES have been selling like mad in variety stores which only prove that Ben Casey can sell the shirt off his back.

THE VERDICT IS YOURS received the death sentence. This has been a good daytime television series for five years. It did very well in the afternoon time slot but moving it up to the morning didn't suit the housewives.

Replacing it will be reruns of "The Real McCoy." To avoid confusion with first runs on the evening show the daytime reruns will just be called "The McCoy."

Jack BENNY, who is now 68 years old has no idea of quitting working. He will return for another television season on Sept. 25. Formerly presented on Sunday evenings, his show will be scheduled on Tuesdays from 9:30 to 10 p.m.

Jack, who has been working without a network contract for several years, has made a new two-year pact with CBS.

NEW TREND—Television studio lots which formerly were jammed with cowboys now are teeming with actors in military uniforms. This is because of the new trend to military shows, both serious and comic, among which are "The Gallant Men," "Combat" and "McHale's Navy," "McKeever and the Colonel," "Ensign O'Toole" and "Don't Call Me Charlie."

THIS OLD HOUSE—One of the most watched programs in England these last few weeks is the renovation of an old house!

The program, "Bucknell's House" is an enormously popular do-it-yourself series. Early this Spring

Barnyard Notes

Alan King 'Defends' Suburban Living

Exposes on suburban living, describing wild orgies, nude swimming parties and mad drinking sprees, annoy comedian Alan King. The sage of suburbia says he'd "like to know where this wicked, immoral community is supposed to be. I want to move there."

In "defending" suburbia in the current (September) issue of McCall's magazine, King insists "middle-class suburbanites are just as moral as the folks who live in big cities. Get involved with lawn mulch, Cub Scouts, storm windows, fund drives, car pools and the PTA, and see how much orgy time you have left."

King also makes the following points about the advantages of suburbia!

1. HEALTH: "No chalky complexion or city pallor here. From May through September, the kids are brown as berries. Sunburn? No, it's charcoal. There's so much smoke in the air that if my wife wants to make a clear soup, she has to cook it in the fallout shelter."

2. MODERN CONVENIENCES: "There are radios that turn on the radio, and remote-control windows that open and shut no matter whose head is sticking out of them."

3. ECONOMY: "In 35 years, I'll own my house free and clear. When I'm 75 years old, it won't cost me a penny—with a few exceptions. Like \$10 a month for insurance, \$30 a month for maintenance, and \$650 a month for taxes."

King invites doubters to see the wonders of suburbia for themselves, before they start criticizing. "Come in the fall," he suggests, "after the hay fever plague."

From Pillar To Post...

Picking up the pieces after the vacation was about like picking up the pieces after a hurricane. It involved clogging taxi service from the kids around the plant, borrowing the decrepit station wagon on occasion, and finally an overnight jaunt to Richmond, Virginia, by bus, followed by a trip up over the road after picking up the car from the car hospital in Richmond.

"You been riding that clutch," announced the mechanic sternly. "I have NOT been riding that clutch. I don't ride clutches."

"Then you've been going into gear too slowly instead of all in a lump."

"Come on, now, the thing leaps like a jackrabbit unless I ease it into gear."

"Well, you better cut it out, unless you want to pay for another clutch."

With the receipted bill for one clutch, installed in one English Austin in my hand, I reflected that an English Austin is a lovely thing to drive, stick shift and all, but that there are drawbacks.

Buy a Chevvie, or a Plymouth, or a Ford, and you can find replacements in any garage, and a mechanic who can install the stuff.

Drive an English Austin, and you're apt to get stuck somewhere out in the sticks. Hereabouts, it's simple enough. Danny Meeker is at the other end of the line, and he can diagnose the situation... and do something about it.

Unfortunately there was no Danny Meeker down below Richmond.

Back in Dallas, I consulted John Kupstas. "Johnnie," I inquired. "How do you get a car with a stick shift into gear without wear and tear on the clutch? Isn't that what a clutch is for?"

"What procedure are you using?"

"Depress the clutch all the way, shift the lever, and let up on the clutch, slowly enough not to jerk."

"Sounds all right," says Johnnie.

"Well, something happened to that clutch. The mechanic showed it to me, and it was worn down to a frazzle. And that didn't just happen overnight. Could be I better switch to another car with an automatic transmission."

It was quite a clamake Wednesday night. Richmond by bus, engulfed in a black tidal wave at five a.m., a soldier boy and I and one other, the only white folks on the bus. And I was ashamed of the one other. He became very vocal along about Fredericksburg, announcing how he would change the world if he had his druthers, and wondering how soon the bars opened in Richmond.

The colored woman three seats back, hushed her wailing child. The other dark men and women sat quietly, resting their heads on their hands, paying no attention to the vocal one.

The bus driver looked around briefly and hissed, "Let it rest now, huh? You can't get anything in a bar in Richmond anyhow, nothing but beer."

The wounded one moaned and subsided.

Came the dawn, and a stirring of the passengers.

Fifty minutes later, I was in the Austin and on my way back to Dallas after the longest week on record. The fresh morning breeze turned to a breath from a furnace.

Never has Dallas looked quite so beautiful.

It was cool that night, cool enough for a small fire in the Franklin stove.

And that bed. After a night sitting up in a bus, and a broiling day of driving north over route 301 and route 111 and route 11 and route something or other through Benton, and through Ricketts Glen, and Lehman, and finally Dallas, it was heaven to peel off the sodden clothing, plunge briefly into the tub, and fall into bed.

Nothing like sitting up all night and driving all day to make you appreciate small comforts.

the British Broadcasting Corporation searched for a house in the most miserable condition.

It found an eleven-room, semi detached structure. The house had enough problems to satisfy everyone. The roof and floors sagged, the walls were cracked, it needed work in the gutters, door frames, floors, staircases, ceilings, bathrooms and entrances. The wiring and plumbing was bad. The outside paint was only a memory. And to top it all off it had dry rot. It was a real "you name it and we have it" place.

The response has been as tremendous as the rebuilding job. In the first three weeks 30,000 viewers asked for information.

Barry Bucknell, the handy-man broadcaster who is responsible for the show provides the explanations by writing a weekly leaflet and a column in the widely-read Radio Times.

BBC Expects to sell the house in the winter. Already at least six offers are received daily.

It would be impossible to do all the work on television time so Mr. Bucknell rebuilds all week, sometimes with outside help, and saves the critical moments for the viewers.

The series is intended for people who want to improve or rebuild their homes without professional help.

Sounds like a very good show. Would enjoy seeing a similar show on one of our networks.

Exchange Students Meet With Teachers

(Continued from 1—A)

other people thought of Americans. The standard answer was: Once they got to know me as an individual, we got along fine. But they tend to believe Americans are crass and materialistic. A four-year-old asked Lynn Jordan if all Americans have color TV in their cars. America as a general image is not good, even in the eyes of our "friends."

All told, the meeting and the panel discussion served to illustrate Dr. Robert Mellman's opening remarks as being very true. "It would be a good thing", he thought, "if such an exchange program were open to our teachers, as well as our students." The audience was in favor of the idea.

Chief Updyke Has Busman's Holiday

Kingston Township Chief of Police Herbert Updyke had a busman's holiday in Chicago Police Headquarters to get a look at the newly installed IBM machine, a multi-million dollar job for sorting out criminals by means of their cards.

Chicago headquarters, says Herb, has 7,000 calls a day, and the IBM machine saves a tremendous amount of work.