

THE DALLAS POST *Established 1889*

"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution  
Now In Its 73rd Year"

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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.

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Editor and Publisher—HOWARD W. RISEEY  
Associate Publisher—ROBERT F. BACHMAN  
Associate Editors—MYRA ZEISER RISLEY, MRS. T. M. B. HICKS  
Sports—JAMES LOHMAN  
Advertising—LOUISE C. MARKS  
Accounting—DORIS MALLIN  
Circulation—MRS. VELMA DAVIS  
Photographs—JAMES KOZEMCHAK

## Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

## It Happened 30 Years Ago:

Dallas Borough Council elected Leonard O'Kane chief of police, and took over two new streets, Laing and Terrace. The question of permitting sewage to flow into Toby's Creek was again raised and discussed.

Nelson Ace, father-in-law of Ira Frantz, trained a 74 year old marksman's eye on a wild police dog which had eluded bullets, and got him smack in the middle. The dog had robbed the Frantz henhouse of eighty chickens over a two-month period.

Dallas school board voted to pay teachers their back salaries. A rash of anonymous letters on the bus systems had Dallas Township directors scratching.

Wyoming County Fair at Tunkhannock was looking for a big turnout.

Andrew VanCampen celebrated his 82nd birthday.

Beaumont clinched first place in Rural League.

Kingston Township playing-field was being graded for football and baseball.

An editorial called attention to the police season, said sewage problems along Toby's Creek might well start an epidemic.

Elberta peaches were 79 cents a bushel.

## It Happened 20 Years Ago

Borough Council entertained a suggestion that waters of Toby's Creek be dammed up during the night at the foot of Machell Avenue, and be released with a whoosh the next morning, to sweep accumulated filth down stream. Job of closing the floodgates at night was to be given Chief Walter Covert; of opening the gates in the morning, to the street department wearing a clothespin on its nose.

Firemen were collecting metal scrap for the war effort.

Lt. John P. McNeill, Dallas, was assigned to active duty with the Marines.

A 200 pound black bear was keeping Ruggles Hollow stirred up.

The thieves were active at Harveys Lake.

Joe MacVeigh was named head of the area Red Cross.

Farmers up Tunkhannock way were selling off their livestock because it was impossible to get help.

Dallas area businessmen and representatives of service clubs met to outline a campaign to get an industry for the Back Mountain.

Pvt. Bertram Hayner, Ketcham Corners, was taking boot training as a Marine.

Edith Blez, javie aiche, were still on the editorial page.

Whole page devoted to War Bonds. In the Outpost: Robert Somerville, Fort Jackson; Earl Williams, Georgia; Stewart York, California.

Married: Alice Newman to Fred Stevens. Elaine Miller to Rev. Clark W. Hunt. Esther Ruth Culp to Anthony P. Mauro. Edith Coleman Griffith to George Vernoy. Wilma A. Brace to Sgt. Edgar Atkinson.

Died: Corey Allen, 86, Sweet Valley. Ralph Lindemuth, Wilkes-Barre.

Reunions: Frantz; Casterline; Bear.

Liquid stockings were growing in favor, as women were unable to buy hosiery. Housewives were asked to save drippings for use in making explosives.

Frank Kaymor was at officers training school after a year in Puerto Rico.

## It Happened 10 Years Ago

Dallas Township supervisors voted to continue rent control.

Miss Frances Dorrance resigned as librarian of Hoyt Library.

Gate of Heaven opened with 233 pupils, and added a seventh grade.

Lou Banta was under fire by Kings-Town Township supervisors for not making proper report of arrests and accidents, but he retained his job as chief.

Rev. Frederick Eidam was installed as pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran.

William Kern, Idetown, on thirty-day leave from Korea, died when his car catapulted into the pond at Natona Mills.

"A survey was made to determine need of a kindergarten in Dallas Township.

General Eisenhower started his campaign for the presidency by saying, "There is only one issue in this campaign, and that's the mess in Washington."

Myrtle Martin, teacher for 35 years, tax collector for 26, died at her home in Beaumont.

Insurance against polio was advertised. No Salk vaccine yet.

Humane Society opened temporary quarters in the Parks barn.

will be a 90-minute video version of "Calamity Jane." Another may be a telecast of the one-woman show which she has been doing on tour this summer. Everyone seems to feel that Carol was smart in refusing all offers for a weekly TV show.

**EVEN BEFORE THE SHOW**—The new season hasn't even started, and already there's talk that Ruth Roman's performance in the Sept. 15 premiere of "The Defenders" is of Emmy-award talents. Ruth plays an accused murderer in this show. It is slated to be a dramatic argument against capital punishment.

## Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Walters

Just over the State line in Delaware on Route 52 is a magnificent estate owned by the duPont Family for over a century. In 1839, James Antoine Bidermann, husband of one of the daughters of the original duPont in the country, built a mansion and named it Winterthur, from a city in Switzerland, his homeland. Successive additions have made it a house of nine floors and over a hundred rooms, resembling a grand European Chateau.

Mr. Henry duPont, who had been collecting furniture, ceramics, metalwork, textiles, paintings, and prints for decades, inherited the property and made it his home until 1951. His own family had the place furnished, including a large library. Gradually he moved out family items and rebuilt the property to make a place for everything he had collected and then began to assemble the greatest collection in the country. Entire rooms were moved and installed, side walls being pushed out, or other building changes made to accommodate them in their original conditions. False floors were put in to make the low ceilings needed for the New England Exhibits. The earliest one is the loft room from the 1640 Hart House in Ipswich, Mass., which we saw last summer. Other rooms cover a period of two hundred years, and the entire eastern part of the country.

Every room is complete in itself. Wall covering is of the period which the room represents, sometimes having been taken off the wall and moved. When original furniture is not shown, other pieces authentic to the period are installed, together with rugs, draperies, clocks, paintings, china and silverware, glassware, fireplaces, books, pottery, chandeliers, etc. The whole is lighted with electric candles designed to resemble real candles.

Special alcoves were installed, one in the form of an arc to show a single settee. A free-standing spiral staircase from the Montmorenci Estate in North Carolina, 1822, was moved and built in a special place for it.

Other southern plantation rooms have the high ceilings and elaborate furnishings then in use. Some of the rugs are as old as 1550 and one of the few restrictions is that you walk on the special runners and not on the old rugs. Other restrictions forbid smoking and touching or handling anything. Even purses carried by ladies have to be checked in lockers to prevent theft of valuable small

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## Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

FALL IN!

There comes a time in every boy's life when the opportunity presents itself to him to become a member of the world's proudest fighting organization, Yesiree.

All my readers will be happy to know that I was called for my physical examination Monday. I've decided to take my service in the form of straight draft, having always been a hard-guy. Every time one of my buddies volunteers for one of the army's 3-year educational opportunities, he finds that his papers made a wrong turn in the Pentagon, and he winds up learning some useful trade like "Associate Gas-Mask Tester" or "Tank-Driver."

Joe Volunteer then runs back to his Recruiting Sergeant, who pretends that he never saw him before in his life. If Joe registers emphatic distaste for his job of having sole charge of the candy-bar supply for Company A, the Sergeant will say: "Son, the first thing you gotta learn is, you don't bargain with the US Army."

So I think I'll take what I get. Red-tape in the service is such that it's better to wait till you're in the middle of the operation before you decide to volunteer for some school. By that time the new recruit has learned an even more famous maxim than the one about bargaining with the army: "Don't volunteer for anything."

TALK IT UP

Recently a Wyoming Valley newspaper got a flaming letter from a veteran of World War I because one of its syndicated columnists, Robert Ruark, landed a few punches on veterans' pensions.

Ruark in case you don't read him, is one of the nation's leading "everyman-for-himself" thinkers—big on self-reliance. He isn't too deep, but he likes to be plenty tough.

This veteran praised Jack Pritchard, RD 1 Dallas, for his rebuttal of Ruark's opposition to boosting veterans' pensions through a new bill in Congress. Pritchard said what he thought of the columnist in no uncertain terms, and wondered if he had ever been in the service.

The paper replied that Ruark served on a munitions ship during the Second World War.

Now the writer of this recent letter warns that he is going to organize veterans to put up a united opposition to papers "that are bold enough to unjustly defame veterans of all ages."

The way I see it, Pritchard is to be praised for speaking his mind, even to the point of calling names, without fear of libel law trying to muffle his opinion. A man should be able to say what he thinks.

At the same time, to pretend that Ruark has no other motives for what he says than that he is a consummate rat, is to ignore reality. Sure, every body knows two things about veterans' pensions: They are an added burden on our nation's budget and the tax-payer. And they are a just and unflinching reward to the men who fought for the tax-payers. War is no picnic, and lots got hurt. The pensions are the least we can do.

I say, both Ruark and Pritchard are to be defended to the end, for if neither said what he felt, in plain, certain terms, no reader could get both sides of the question.

What is not to be defended, is for someone to get insulted that a paper presents an unadulterated opinion for him to get mad at. We're supposed to have controversy in this country. What with government regulation, and anti-everything laws, we don't get much anymore. But we're supposed to.

Pravda, the Russian news-organ of "Truth," restricts its "Letters To The Editor" column to readers' opinions about shabby street-car service and juvenile delinquents. Try to write a letter to Pravda about government bills, and you'll be writing letters from the middle of Nowherestown. S.S.R. in between shifts at the salt mine.

I am going into the army myself fairly soon. I assume that if I ever have to do any fighting, it will be for the American principle that a nation's success arises out of the right of all people to say somewhere, someplace what they think, even if they have to wait out government moratoriums.

If I'm wrong about that, correct me.

IN REPLY

Dear Editor:  
Now wait a minute! I feel compelled to defend myself. I'd like to know, first of all, what points of the teachers' meeting I missed. I called 'em as I went 'em, but I'm sporting about it. I'll give you fifty cents for every misquote you can find.

I did not intend to make our schools look inferior. Rather, I mentioned that Marilyn Eck and Marv-alice Knecht found real deficiencies in foreign schooling.

I left two things out of the report: the teachers' technical observations on new methods they learned in summer school. That material was summed up in the interest of public understanding. I also left out Mr. Dolbear's thoughts about the proposed Association so as to allow teachers time to think it over without public pressure.

The idea which seems to gripe teachers is that which they chose to ignore at the assembly: namely, that many European countries are racing their kids through courses in technology and advanced foreign languages, while ours are oodled

with Latin and Greek.

Charge it up to a Cub's interest in youth rather than you know what... Editor

One of your "long lasting" reporters,  
Oce Boryl

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## Pillar To Post...

By Hix

It does seem as if the first light frost came a little earlier than usual this year, but maybe not. Out at the Pump House thirteen years ago, a frost wiped out a very promising array of cucumbers one night, reducing the vines to lace work and the long slender cucumbers to pulp.

Any time you have to grope around in the middle of the night for an extra blanket, the summer is over, any way you want to slice it. Maybe it will be hot in the daytime for a little longer, but there will not be any more breathless nights (there were only two such nights all summer out here in the hills) and it's only a month until we find the first ice on the windshield.

What do you know? The old fashioned curling iron has been brought up to date. Your great-grandmother likely heated a curling iron in the kerosene lamp chimney, and your great-grandmother used an electric job before cold waves and chemical waves superseded the complicated web of electric wires that used to go with an old fashioned permanent wave.

Probably very few of the present generation ever saw the octopus that used to hang over the beauty operator's chair. A permanent wave was something to approach with fasting and prayer. Once you were hooked up to the works, you couldn't get out again without uprooting the entire apparatus, and victims held their fingers crossed that the beauty shop would not burn down while they were still attached and helpless.

At the turn of the century it was not considered sinful to frizz bangs with a curling iron, but bleaching and tinting of the hair, as well as rouge and lipstick, were reserved for ladies of easy virtue.

But then, so were silk stockings.

When peek-a-boo shirtwaists came in along about 1910, the whole civilization started going to the dogs, and the sky was the limit.

These days, you don't know from one day to the next, what color hair your best friend is going to model. Folks don't take hair so seriously.

It used to be considered a woman's "crowning glory" and it was a sin to monkey with it. Women thought long thoughts before they had it scissorsed off, even with the example of a very popular dancer to encourage them.

Bobbed hair was viewed askance. If you could sit on your hair, your stock went up, and the Seven Sutherland Sisters were greatly admired.

Nowadays, if you're tired of being a brunette, you can be a blonde after a few hours in the Beauty Parlor. The reverse is probably true, but who ever heard of a blonde preferring to be brunette?

From fairy-tale days, it has always been the beautiful blonde princess who galloped off on the white charger with the handsome prince.

No justice. Some of us brunettes who were born thirty years too soon, have had to wait until nature converted us into platinum blondes.

And then the beauty operator comes along, clucks over the white thatch, suggests that it is getting a little yellow, and suggests a bit of bluing in the rinse.

It's the time of year when you have to decide whether to be five minutes early or five minutes late to work, to avoid getting hung up by the high school bus at the corner of Franklin Street and Huntsville Road. It backs ponderously into Franklin Street, and long before it has applied its brakes and groaned to a stop, the corner is filled with high school kids. You may as well turn off the ignition, instead of wearing out your clutch and your disposition.

But start five minutes early? Come now, that second cup of coffee never tasted so good on a chilly morning.

"Got held up by the school bus," with an apologetic glance at the office clock.

One of the most welcome personages on the television screen during the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant Saturday night was Michael Ellis, manager of the Bucks County Play House, producer of Broadway shows. Michael was one of the judges.

A native of Wyoming Valley he was born Meyer Abrahamson, son of a Wilkes-Barre businesswoman, Mollie Abrahamson, 32 West South Street.

While he was a Senior at Wyoming Seminary he was editor of the Opinator and a weekly visitor to The Dallas Post.

Later he attended my Alma Mater, Dartmouth, which is probably one reason why he is considered a capable judge of beauty.

Michael has frequently contributed to the Library Auction, and one year gave a fine collection of books, including a Dior illustrated leather-bound Rabelais.

A local couple who eagerly watched television and were anxious to have Miss Ohio win, was Shel and Almena Evans. When they were on vacation in Ohio this summer they had been advised by Shel's brother, William, former secretary of Kingston School Board, now of Sandusky, that Miss Ohio is a girl to watch and an almost certain runner-up. His daughter, Nancy, and Miss Ohio had been, in several Little Theatre productions together and the families were acquainted.

No one has done more to encourage the young people of this community through good times and thin than Don Clark.

We regret that he and Pauline, after 16 years in Dallas, have sold their home on Sterling Avenue and will return to Bethlehem to make their home at 925 North Seventh Avenue, after September 25.

A graduate of Hargrave Military Academy and Temple University, Don and his wife, Pauline, a graduate of Cornell University, have always encouraged young people to go on through college. Many local boys have entered Hargrave because of Don's prodding and many others are in college because Don helped them get there.

Although his duties as Northeastern Pennsylvania representative of Universal Atlas Cement Company, frequently kept him away from home, Don was an ardent follower of Little League, and High School baseball, football and basketball teams.

While he was a member of Dallas Rotary Club he suggested the establishment of the Old Shoe Football Trophy which is annually awarded to one of the Back Mountain High School football teams.

He was one of the original members of Prince of Peace Parish and first Treasurer of the Vestry. His enthusiasm as program chairman helped to swell and hold the membership of the Church Men's Club.

His hobby has been young people and getting them through school. We can't think of a finer one.

How lovely common things must seem to you Who have such lovely eyes to see them through.  
Sherry King

on a diet of binomial equations and Willa Cather. This is no reflection on Back Mountain schools, but on all American high schools.

And I didn't dream it up. It came out in the reports of those exchange students.

Leighton Scott

## Editorially Speaking...

## Will They, Too, Disappear

Will train whistles disappear as part of the Back Mountain picture?

Will the freight station at Dallas be demolished, and trucks roaring down the highway take the place of the locomotive?

These are questions which the Back Mountain is asking itself, as plans for the new highway take shape on the planning board.

Can the Lehigh Valley Railroad survive a change in its roadbed and its route?

Will it prove too costly a construction job to be feasible?

Is the imminence of change a welcome thing to the railroad or will this added burden deliver the final blow to a fading industry?

The sound of the lonesome whistle late at night is something that has been part of the American picture ever since rails were first laid in this country and the continent spanned. People wake briefly, glance at the illuminated dial of the bedside clock, and fall asleep again, secure in the knowledge that it is nowhere near time to get up, and treasuring those few more hours of darkness.

The horse and buggy have all but vanished.

The lake steamboats are gone forever, with the coming of the automobile and the construction of a road clear around the lake.