

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889
*"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution
 Now In Its 73rd Year"*
 A nonpartisan, liberal progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations
 Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association
 Member National Editorial Association
 Member Greater Weeklies Associates, Inc.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 a year; \$2.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-State subscriptions; \$4.50 a year; \$3.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 15c.

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Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance at announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

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National display advertising rates 84c per column inch. Transient rates 80c.

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Advertising copy received after Monday 5 P.M. will be charged at 85c per column inch.

Classified rates 5c per word. Minimum if charged \$1.00.

Single copies at a rate of 10c can be obtained every Thursday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas — Bert's Drug Store, Colonial Restaurant, Daring's Market, Gosart's Market, Towne House Restaurant; Shavertown — Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville — Gregory's Store, Trucksville Drugs; Idetown — Cave's Market; Harveys Lake — Javers Store, Kockers' Store; Sweet Valley — Adams Grocery; Lehman — Moore's Store; Noxen — Scouten's Store; Shawanee — Putterbaugh's Store; Fernbrook — Bogdon's Store, Bunney's Store, Orchard Farm Restaurant; Luzerne — Novak's Confectionery.

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Looking At T-V

With **GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE**

Arthur Godfrey — Pain is something that most of us have experienced either in a big or a small way. Knowing what it is we can better appreciate the kind of man that Arthur Godfrey is.

Three years have passed since Arthur Godfrey signed into a Boston hospital for an operation for lung cancer. For three years every two months he has visited the office of a skilled doctor for that terribly important check-up. Each time he has waited with the same intensity that all patients experience until they hear the words, "You're okay."

Godfrey's philosophy is "There's only one way to grapple with constant pain and that's to accept it as part of the life you live."

When Godfrey says, "Everything I do hurts. My knees kill me." He really means what he says.

He didn't go back after his auto accident for the additional surgery he needed. He got bursts in both shoulders. The incision in his chest still gives him a great deal of pain.

When he came home after the operation he was worried about his lung becoming enlarged. It looked as though his activities might have to be curtailed. Day after day he forced himself to breathe deeply.

Godfrey says, "Everything I do hurts. But pain is all a part of pleasure. It may kill me to ride a horse or swim or dance but I get an enormous satisfaction out of being able to accomplish these things."

As a viewer you may not care for Godfrey as an entertainer but you must admire him as a man.

Footstepping—If you spot a little bongo drummer in the children's orchestra on the new Lucy show who looks familiar, look again because he is Desiderio Arnoz and he can bongo like his dad.

Jackie Gleason is back on television with a show that makes one feel he never left. He is a remarkable entertainer. Producing "Jackie Gleason's American Scene Magazine" is Jack Philbin, who has been Jackie's manager, friend, confident and business associate since 1947.

In 1949, they came up with "The Life of Riley" on television with Jackie as the star. In 1950, they teamed for "Cavalcade of Stars" on television for two weeks with options, as Philbin puts it, adding "we stayed on until 1952."

In 1952, Gleason was getting set to really go, along with him went Philbin when Jackie signed a long-term contract with CBS. This was the elaborate "Jackie Gleason Show" which came on with beautiful girls and precision dancers. Later, there was the famous "Honeymooners," which established the loud mouthed bus driver Ralph Kramden as a national character and made Art Carney and Audrey Meadows famous.

Philbin also became a business partner in Gleason's other enterprises and their friendship continued to grow. When Gleason decided to return to television this fall it was only natural that Philbin would be his producer.

"Once Jackie gets to know you and feels he can trust you," says Philbin, "his heart knows no bounds. Although he's been a top star for many years, he has never forgotten the long lean days starting in 1935 when he knocked around small clubs for peanuts."

"You don't have too many real friends at times like this," he continued. "So nowadays, Jackie isn't fooled; he's realist enough to know that many people who flock around him today are just basking in his glow or hoping to catch a few sprinkles of stardust."

In the matter of curfew, we feel that the personal dignity of the teenager should be considered. Here we have a creature undergoing transitional changes, preparing to assume the problems and responsibilities of adulthood.

Is the enactment of a curfew compatible with his growing sense of becoming an important part of a bewildering society?

Why not give the teenager an opportunity to express himself on this subject? He is the one affected. What better use, for an issue or two, than to give over a column to a Teenager's Vox Pop?

Certainly, we think there is a certain amount of tolerance to what we may call "harmless mischief." However, we cannot justify deliberate acts of vandalism, and while we are on the subject, we, speaking as the board, do not intend to.

We should like to give notice at this point that the Township will have its police force on duty thru the Halloween season and they will be augmented by the Auxiliary Police. Any act of vandalism will be summarily dealt with, and youth and parent will be taken before a Justice-of-the-Peace, and adequate fine or punishment meted out.

The Board meetings are always open to the public and anyone may be heard on any subject affecting the good people of the Township. Wm. H. Krimmel, Secretary

CORRECTION

Dear Editor: Warden Kunkle says that the widow Kirkendall married Philip Kunkle not Conrad Kunkle. Philip was the father of Wesley and Conrad Kunkle, and the marriage made him the step-father of Wheeler Kirkendall. Philip Kunkle lived on the present Chris Zipper farm. There

Only Yesterday . . .

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

A Nescopeck farmer, Ray Briggs, was a member of the 400 Bushel Club Acre yield of potatoes for the 11th consecutive year, in spite of drought and frost. He missed the 400 mark by a mile, in the right direction, an average of 533 bushels.

A greater part of George R. Wright's estate was bequeathed to Wilkes-Barre Branch Pennsylvania Association for the Blind.

Service clubs of Dallas and Wyoming Valley joined to push construction of the new Dallas-Kingston highway.

Lyman Moore, manager of Nesbitt Farms at Lake Catalpa, died following surgery.

Featured on the front page was a picture showing a lovely blonde on the deck of a ship, an assistant looking over the side, and half a mile down in his bathysphere, and hence completely invisible, Dr. William Beebe.

The area was so hard up for news that a Funny Hat Social got front page prominence, and that old chestnut about age and not frost causing change in autumn coloring of trees, got a featured position.

And fish were biting better as the weather cooled.

An editorial advised folks to stop screaming about The Forgotten Man and buckle down to some honest effort.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Twenty volunteers signed up for Dallas Borough Auxiliary Reserve. Companies in Kingston, Lake-Noxen, and Sweet Valley were proposed. Full strength of reserves was to be 250.

George Budd of Shavertown was harboring the Wyoming Seminary goat.

James Murray, Dallas, was appointed ticket agent at Lehigh Valley Station.

Mrs. Margaret Dodson, Trucksville, parted with a historic griddle, donating it to the scrap drive, so that the Axis could have at least one shell hot off the griddle.

The family heirloom was cast in 1794 at a forge set up by Epaphras Wadsworth in Huntington. Epaphras was a descendant of Captain Joseph Wadsworth, who spirited away the Connecticut charter and hid it in the Charter Oak, when Sir Edmund Andros attempted to take back the charter at Hartford. The lights went out, and when they were kindled again, the charter had disappeared. Bethlehem Steel Co. promised that the griddle would be turned into steel for a 75 mm armor-piercing shell for an anti-tank gun.

Only farmers know how to get

the most from the soil, was the basis for a "Don't draft the farmers' movement. Food was vital for the war effort."

George Gregson, Shrine View, was an important cog in the construction effort, making weekly visits to Annapolis shipyards.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Elston were not disturbed by tire rationing. They were using the old grey mare hitched to a buggy.

"Ours" for the duration of the War: Filler up, please pass the butter; two pounds of steak, please; one or two lumps?; all wool and a yard wide; I was only doing fifty.

Leslie Kitchen, 57, Noxen, died after being struck twice on the highway.

Heard from in Outpost: Chaplain Don Warmouth, New York APO; Dale Warmouth, Al Siperko, Bill Phillips; Howell Rees; Don Dunn, North Carolina; Louis Culp, Camp Crowder; Bruce Crispell, Fort Sheridan; Charles Mekeel, Howard Johnson, Victor Canzani, Harry Howell Jr., Palmer Lewis, Roland J. Bellas, William L. Conyngham, Coral Cheney, Alfred Davis, Philip Cheney, Howard Culp, Herman Baltimore, Hedley V. Lyne, Joseph Elias, Charles Gorton.

Trucksville Methodist Church burned its mortgage, Archie Woolbert as chairman touching the match. Former pastors Savacool and Crompton were present. The original church burned to the ground in January of 1910.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Trucksville won its gold star for safety, to sew to the green pennant flying under the American flag.

Harveys Lake Lions gave another audiometer for use in Lehman-Jackson schools, supplementing the 1951 gift of an audiometer for use in all Back Mountain schools.

Caterpillar bulldozer crashed through a bridge spanning Trout Run, shortly after conclusion of safety exercises at Trucksville grade school. Same bulldozer, same driver for West Side Construction Co. upended in Toby's Creek during grading work earlier in the year.

Fernbrook Mill started a six day schedule, following upturn of business conditions.

Mustangs took Wilkes-Barre Township 7 to 0.

Married: Donna Lou Cravens to Robert D. Caryl.

Pvt. Edward O. Stewart, formerly of Shavertown, was instantly killed in a jeep accident in Germany.

Died: James L. Williams, 76, Ricketts Glen. Mrs. Eekley Kocher, 58, Trucksville. Harold E. Steele, 53, Goss. Mr. Louise Hunter Zeiser, Providence, R.I. Hendrick Williams, 79, Lake Township Mrs. Alice R. Hoag, 83, former resident of Noxen.

church was celebrated with a social hour in the social rooms of the church. Mrs. Gordon James brought a birthday cake in the form of the church building and bearing 119 candles. Rev. Thompson is speaking at the church each evening this week except Saturday.

Birthday Parties
 Mrs. Agnes Spencer, Franklin Street, Shavertown, celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday anniversary on October 5 with dinner at the home of Mrs. Marvin Moss, Mt. Airy Road, Shavertown, and an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Moore, East Dallas. Mrs. Moore is a niece of Mrs. Spencer.

Anniversary Meetings Continue At Huntville
 Rev. E. L. Thompson, State Secretary of the Christian Churches, is speaking each night this week at Huntville Christian Church. A large delegation from the Wyoming Christian Church came on Monday night. Their pastor, Rev. Edmund John, led in the chorus singing of Welsh hymns. The 119th birthday of the

is a tradition that the Dallas Methodist Church was organized in his house.

Showing the wrong Kunkle was my error.

THE OLD TIMER DANIEL WATERS

Save On Your Printing Have It Done By The Post

Wyoming National's New Quarters

The 134-year old Wyoming National Bank opened its doors to the public Friday and Saturday from 9 to 9 for inspection of the recent complete renovation.

Refreshments were served, and there were flowers for the ladies and souvenirs for everyone. The Bank is also offering premiums for the next month as inducements to open an account.

This famous old institution has been serving Back Mountain residents since it began in 1829, and has been in the present Market Street location since 1860.

The present building was erected in 1914, receiving its first complete new contemporary alteration in the last two years. The entire interior has been changed, with a drop-

ping of the ceiling to add one complete floor.

In addition to the structural alteration, new paneling and lighting has been built into the lobby, and carpeting and draperies are all new. There is also music from a high fidelity sound system.

A lower level has been constructed, equipped to operate under nuclear attack, according to Federal Reserve designs. The building is completely air-conditioned.

Proud of the record of the old bank, and the face of the new one its many Back Mountain employees as well as customers.

Board members who reside in the Back Mountain are: George L. Ruckno, Bernard C. Banks, Rulison Evans, and Judge Thomas M. Lewis.

Better Leighton Never From—

by **Leighton Scott**

REBUILDING

Two neighbors at Sunset, Harveys Lake, burnt out over the summer, have made some plans for rebuilding after due deliberation.

Police Chief Joe Ide lost his house in Idetown in a big blaze early in June, and Peter Ambrose watched flames consume his Top Shelf several weeks ago.

Over the summer Joe lived in a rented place on Carpenter Road behind the Top Shelf, while clearing rubble up at his old home and making plans for doing his own rebuilding.

It was Joe who turned in the alarm to the fire companies to try to save the nearby restaurant when it burned half way to the ground.

Now the chief and his family have moved into a house next door to their Idetown property, which they bought recently, and it looks like building will be restricted to alterations on the present home.

Joe maintains, however, with traces of perpetual contractor's zeal, that there is still a good chance that a new home will rise upon the remains of the old.

Meanwhile, back at the lake, Pete is designing a new Top Shelf, a one-story affair to be built on the old foundation. He and his wife will live in a different building.

This family deserves a lot of credit for being able to make plans for the future so soon. They lost all their possessions in the fire, and readjustment hasn't been easy.

I hope Pete gets the place rebuilt good and soon so I can have some place to go Friday nights. Right after the Top Shelf burned, Mitch Miller moved to Friday night on the tube, doubling the disaster.

Nowhere to turn. The family can't live without that show.

THE THINGS THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY
 It's good to have money for what it will buy
 So long as you're modest and don't live too high;
 And do not overlord your neighbor next door
 Because he has less or maybe is poor.
 Money is handy, I grant you, my friend.
 It opens the door of many a dead end;
 But it's good to check up and take stock here and there
 For money and ruin will claim their own share.
 But always make sure that you don't lose the things
 That money can't buy and that happiness brings;
 It's good to have money and they're good reasons why
 But don't lose the things that your money can't buy.
 Don't lose the love of your neighbors and friends
 But keep their respect until your life ends.
 The deeds that you do and the help that you give
 Will aid you much more than your money to live.
 You cannot buy love at the grocery store
 Or exchange it for fur coats or for jewelry next door;
 You cannot buy happiness and do you know why
 There are just certain things that your money can't buy.
 —ALBERT W. BROBST

Save On Your Printing Have It Done By The Post

Pillar To Post...

By **Hix**

It probably due to that autumnal urge to clean house . . . but everybody in the Back Mountain seems to be finding chair frames to cane. Usually I don't bite.

But when a good friend approaches me with, "I know you cane chairs for the Library Auction, but DO you ever cane chairs commercially?" I'm in no condition to resist. I hedge my bets, however, with a few adroit questions.

"Is it an antique chair?"
 "Yes, it's an antique chair. It belonged to Grandma. She used to rock the children to sleep in it in front of the kitchen stove."

"Does it have curly arms?"
 "Well, yes. Sort of curly. Sort of like a snail shell."

This is when I begin to melt. With one eye on the six chairs waiting to be caned on the back porch, I say "We'll see, I don't have TOO much time. How much of a rush are you in?"

"No rush at all. Shall I leave it on your porch?"
 Chair-caning is occupational therapy. After a tough day explaining how that line got added to the classified ad, or how the telephone number happened to be left out or have its digits reversed, a bit of work with the fingers, no brains required, is recommended. It is very relaxing.

And it can be done on a card table in front of television, with enough attention paid to Ben Casey and the patient on the operating table to keep up with the thread of the plot, and enough devoted to the patient on the card table to keep up with the pattern of diagonals.

Caning offers no bar to polite conversation.
 It is doubtless the lowest form of craft, scraping the bottom of the barrel, and is paid for accordingly.

I can't afford to cane. Nobody can afford to cane. But it's fun. There is a certain satisfaction in doing it correctly, instead of just putting a seat in a chair.

Anybody can put a seat in a chair.
 But after that lamentable display up at the Haymarket Antiques Show a few weeks ago, where one out-of-state dealer showed some superbly grained dining room chairs decorated with the most unfortunate caning I have ever seen, probably most people shouldn't try . . . until they have practiced up a bit, and studied the underlying principles.

Because it isn't just a matter of crossing diagonals over double verticals and double horizontals. There is more to it than meets the eye, and considerable judgment is required in tricky spots.

The trouble with being able to do a reasonably good job of caning is that every time you go to a sale of antiques, or nose around in an antique shop, you're embarked on a busman's holiday. You can't keep your eyes off the caning, and you have to think fast when the proprietor inquires suspiciously, "What are you mumbering about?"

"Just wondering if I can afford to buy that chair-frame."

And there you are, stuck with another chair frame, which inevitably needs to be caned . . . for the Library Auction.

The High Sheriff, The Preacher, And The Snakes

By **Lynn W. Tallmadge**

The neighbors had gathered to welcome us home again in a little town near Winston-Salem, and were reminiscing eagerly with my grandfather when George Fontaine joined us.

When my grandfather came north fifty years ago George was a small boy. Once since, he had cadged for grandfather near Greensboro, one of his most happy days, he said.

Now a giant six feet tall and weighing some two hundred and sixty pounds he came over to pay his respects in the old southern manner. He came from a family that was sort of aristocratic, but not an ardent student he had gravitated along easy ways and ended up by being a deputy sheriff.

Smiling he apologized for this career. He had married early and maybe this was why he had settled to the enforcement of the law. He was the personification of courage and of gentleness. We had heard many times of his bravery and conscientious doing of his duty.

Soon he asked if we had ever heard of his encounter with the snake-preacher . . . We had not, and we urged him with anticipation to tell us of it.

"You have read about how the holiness preachers of our Carolina mountains like to carry snakes around with them to prove their faith," said George, "for the courts have tried cases with them over freedom of speech. Anyhow, one such preacher came to the southside of Winston and set up a tent to preach a revival, which our people like; and soon he was drawing crowds to see him handle snakes along with his texts."

"The High Sheriff of Forsyth County and his assistant (that's me) were interested only in theory until one day a committee of neighbors came to see, to remonstrate. One old lady, a spinster, said she had enough of trouble with being afraid of mice but if she had to look under her bed every night for a possible wandering snake it was unbearable.

"Some of the preacher's snakes had got in the sorry habit of leaving their cages where he supposed them to be and taking off to see our fair city. This endeavor of the snakes to be missionaries was not appreciated by the citizens and they urged us to put a stop to it.

"The High Sheriff and I were fed up by now. It was not pleasant to grab this fanatic, struggle with him and carry him off while we were called names far from complimentary, but we arrested the preacher, the third time.

"He came along too easily, I thought, after a few tussles, and he had his hands in his pockets. The Squire laid on a fine of \$3000 and remanded him to jail. Then the High Sheriff said to me, 'George, you frisk him.'"

"High Sheriff," I replied, "you know I am not afraid of men or of anything much, but I have an allergy about snakes. I do not like snakes! You frisk him." "George," said the High Sheriff, "I suppose I'll have to frisk him. But if one of his snakes bites me, I'll shoot this so and so!"

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Poet's Corner
Life's Mirror

*There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
 There are souls that are pure and true;
 Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best shall come back to you*

*Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
 A strength in your utmost need;
 Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
 Their faith in your word and deed.*

*For life is the mirror of king and slave,
 'Tis just what you are and do;
 Then give to the world the best you have,
 And the best shall come back to you.*

—Madeline S. Bridges.

... Safety Valve ...

IN APPRECIATION

Dear Editor:

John and I wish to thank not only the Back Mountain residents who responded to the Red Cross Blood-months of May, June and July. It was the many Wyoming Valley residents who came to our aid during the months of May and June and July. It was very comforting to know that people really do care and want to help in an emergency.

I could go on mentioning names of people and organizations to whom we are very grateful, but in so doing, I might miss someone, and such an error I wouldn't want to make.

May God bestow his blessings on these wonderful people for making this sacrifice.

Sincerely,
 Ann Chesnovitch