

Frederic Anderson Writes From Lutheran Mission On Formosa

In the following article, Fredric W. Anderson, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Fredric W. Anderson, Shavertown, tells of his experiences in Formosa.

Fred is spending a year there under a scholarship provided by Dr. Bruce Hagan of Primghar, Iowa, by special permission of the Chinese National Government. His job is to live, work and study with the University Students. At present enrolled at Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, Fred plans to enter the mission field upon graduation from Theological Seminary. He sailed June 29th from San Francisco aboard the Chinese freighter, S.S. Hai Chiao.

He refers often to Taiwan which is the Chinese name for Formosa. He is working with Pastor Don Baron, Lutheran missionary stationed at Taipei whom he mentions in his letters as Don. Fred had the opportunity of working previously with Pastor Baron when the latter had a parish in New Jersey.

One of his many tasks is writing a newsletter to many churches and organizations back in the U.S.A. This is his first official newsletter, Dear Friends.

It is hard for me to believe that I have now been in Taiwan for almost two months, yet my calendar tells me that September has passed and October is here. It seems that it was such a short time ago that I stood on the deck of the Hai Chiao, a Chinese freighter, watching the Golden Gate Bridge fade into the mist of early evening. That was the first day of July and it was to be 36 more days before I would set foot on land again.

During our voyage the sailing was generally quite calm until we neared Japan, where we received warning of a typhoon approaching the area. This was the first of three typhoons that caused delays in our voyage between Japan and Taiwan. While it passed the area we were forced to shelter for three days in Tokyo Bay. During the second we spent four days anchored in the bay of a small Japanese island called Amami O. Shima. However, because water and food was growing dangerously short we made an attempt to outrun the third typhoon and reached Keelung, Taiwan's northern seaport, a half day ahead of it.

At the pier I was met by Don Baron, an old friend and the instigator of my program that brought me to Taiwan for the year. Because I was over ten days late in my arrival we had to leave the same day for the work camp at the Taichung Lutheran Theological Seminary. Taichung is about a third of the way down the western coast of Taiwan and the trip gave me a good chance to observe the new way of life that I was already becoming a part of.

At the work camp there were about twenty students who had given two weeks of their vacation to the work of building a basketball-volleyball court for the seminary. It was a rich two weeks of joint work-

ship, Christian fellowship, and hard work. At the end of the camp one of the students, who was not a Christian, testified that through this experience he had come to see how shallow and empty his life was without Christ. And I might add, what a rich experience it was for me to see Christ so actively at work in the lives of these people, most of whom had only known Him for a matter of a few years or even months.

At the end of the work camp two Chinese students, Don Baron, and myself left on a trip that took us around the island. We traveled south from Taichung to Chiayi, where we visited a new Lutheran Hospital and clinic that had just been finished and was to open within the month to the overwhelming need in the area.

From Chiayi we headed further inland to Alishan, a beautiful mountain area, whose peaks actually rise above the clouds. As we again continued south we made several stops at the homes of students, one of which was a farm home in a typical Taiwan farming community. From there we traveled to Tainan, where one of our Lutheran Student Centers is located. This center has a story that makes witness to what can be done through the effort of concerned Christians working together, even though they may be thousands of miles apart.

A small congregation in Montana wrote to a missionary, who had originally been a member of their congregation, asking what they might do to help the work in Taiwan. His answer was that there was a great need for a student center to facilitate student work in Tainan. Because the cost of building is so much cheaper here in Taiwan, a four room center, he said, would cost only \$2000. It was not long before he had the money and work was begun. I could not help but wonder how much might be accomplished here if there were more such concerned congregations and individuals willing to give a helping

hand to their younger brother church in Taiwan.

It was at Kaushung, Taiwan's modern, southern seaport, that we changed our course from south to east. However, this was only after a visit to another active arm of the church in Taiwan, the Lutheran Bible Institute. We then left by bus and traveled through the beautiful southern mountains of Taiwan to the east coast and followed the narrow coast line north to Taitung, where we briefly visited another Chinese friend's home and were again on our way northward to Taipei.

One of the most spectacular sights of our trip was the Cliff Road, by which we traveled for part of our trip north. It is a one lane road that was blasted out of the side of the sheer mountains that rise directly from the Pacific Ocean for a distance of approximately a hundred miles.

When we arrived back in Taipei we were tired, but greatly enriched

by our two weeks of travel. We had visited most of the varied areas of Taiwan and their people and seen a good representation of our church's work here. As I recount the trip there are many memories. I think of the beautiful new Lutheran hospital in Chiayi, and give thanks that the hand of God can so reach out in mercy, but at the same time I remember that this hospital can only partially meet the great physical and spiritual need of the area. I think of impressive Alishan, rich in natural beauty, but at the same time I remember the one small, narrow gauge track train that connects its poor villages, only once every two days with the outside world, upon which they depend for every facet of life, including most medical care. Yet, of even greater importance, there is no Christian Church or even active mission work going on in this area. I rejoice at my memory of the Tainan Lutheran Student Center that stands as a witness of what Chris-

tian love and sharing can do, and for the Lutheran Bible Institute in Kaushung, that for the past ten years has been steadily supplying trained layworkers to assist the church in its tremendous task. This indeed demands a prayer of thanks to the God, who is daily reaching out to bring new souls into His love and grace.

How I wish that space would allow me to say more, for it seems that in this letter I have shared only a minute token of the experience that has been mine over these past three months. In my next letter I hope to tell of the work going on here at the Lutheran Student Center in Taipei.

I ask that you pray with us here in Taiwan, that many may hear and accept the Word of Life and that God may continue to strengthen, guide, and supply the work and laborers of His fields, that the harvest may be great.

Yours in Christ our Savior,
Fred Anderson

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Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Dedication of Kingston Township's new high school building drew 1,000 spectators. Herbert Hill was chairman. Speakers were Mitchell Jenkins, W. M. McIntyre, Fred Eck, William H. Bristol, Hon. Benjamin Jones, Mrs. Ollie Guyette, Mrs. Catherine Mundy. Rev. G. Elston Ruff gave the invocation, Rev. J. J. O'Leary the benediction.

John Yapple shot a silver-crested pheasant.

James J. Tunney, former heavyweight champ, spoke at a Democratic rally.

A fourteen year old Boy Scout from Idetown was killed in a hunting accident, Paul Kolesnikoff dying from a bullet wound in his lung. Accidental discharge of gun in the hands of his hunting companion, Philip Crispell, was the cause.

A man who helped to run the first batch of leather through the Tannery at Noxen, died at 72. John Ruff helped found Noxen, arriving by horse and wagon from Coopers-town, over mountain trails, through virgin pine woods.

The varied diet of a watersnake, tadpoles, lizard, brook trout, got front page billing.

According to present day standards, the school buses featured on the page of views of the new Kingston Township High School were odd looking, would be genuine antiques today, and highly prized in any parade.

Congressman Murray Turpin sent his regards to the school board headed by J. B. Schooley. Advertiser's D. R. Roosevelt dominated the election advertising. John Nance Garner's posters brought out that mossy old qualification for glory, born in a log cabin.

Leg of lamb was 19 cents a pound, chuck roast 11, pork loin, 10 cents. Butter was two pounds for 43, coffee, 17 cents a pound.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Chief Ira Stevenson was retired; Fred Swanson, assistant, appointed to take his place as Police Chief at Harveys Lake.

A highly treasured brass key joined other keys in the collection made at the Halloween parade, in aid of the scrap drive for metal. The key once opened room 25 in a hotel at Fairbanks, Alaska, at the height of the Gold Rush, when Mrs. Charles Wheaton Lee's father, John Robbins, was a prospector.

Louis Cottle, on his way to teach a first-aid class at Primitive Methodist Church in Fernbrook, fell from a culvert and broke his pelvis. Dr. Sherman Schooley attended him.

Antonia Kozemchak joined the WAACS, Byron Atkinson, the Navy. Philip Sorber, 14, Noxen, was admitted to Nanticoke Hospital with gunshot wounds of face, hands and legs. He was injured while hunting near Orangeville.

Elmer Phillips, 17, had his scalp lacerated by pellets from a hunter's shotgun.

Service men heard from: E. H. Evans, Parris Island; Michael Wallo, Texas; George H. Ray, Utah; Oliver Phebey, Florida; Donald D. Metzger, Camp Atterbury; Joseph Elias, Colorado; Durwood Spitt, Arthur Kemmerer, Bernard Blazes, Frank H. Rhoads, Charles Husband, Warren Johnson, Harry Spencer, Alan Kistler, Al Lamoreaux, Harry Rogers, Robert Girvan, William Girvan, William Fletcher, Howard Carey, and Glenn Ehret.

Married: Dorothy Jane Wendell to Eugene Laing Kocher, Jean Stickler to Robert Tryng.

Harold Flack led the Republican ticket with a three to one majority for the new congressman.

Because of a government order that no Halloween marcher over fourteen should wear a mask (because of danger of sabotage in some areas of the country) fewer adults than usual marched in the Halloween parade.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Eisenhower and Nixon swept the country. Back Mountain cast the

"ARMISTICE DAY"

This day, short years ago, the world rejoiced,
 The blood encrusted blade again was sheathed,
 And there, with tongue of high resolve, was voiced
 A promise, nobly made, still unachieved.

This day, conceived in hope, baptized with joyful tears
 That scattered rainbow hues o'er skies of peace
 Takes solemn pause and in the pulsing silence hears
 A far, thin bugle call speak sad release.

This day of memories "that bless and burn,"
 When little winds of sorrow stir the heart,
 Knows fear as "blood and sweat and tears" return
 And distant thunder rumbles, lightnings dart.

This day when love, with tender hands, bestows
 Its tribute to the gallant loved and lost
 The storm clouds lower and the darkness grows
 (Though endless rows of crosses speak the cost).

This day, mid solemn stillness, prayers arise
 "Dear God grant courage to men's groping minds
 That they may do Thy will, be strong and wise
 As hands grasp swords and hate, calm reason blinds."

"Another Calvary looms dark ahead
 Guide us, lest we betray these dead."

W. G. SEAMAN

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott
FISHING PROSPECTS

Out of a lot of political hoo-ha about which legislator is responsible for what, come several important facts about Back Mountain fishing prospects.

One such item is the announcement by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission that a public boating and fishing access area on Harveys Lake "is being expedited as rapidly as possible."

With the new highway opened to traffic, the summer-traffic to such an area, combined with the usual swimming crowd, could mean a renaissance of what they call at some resorts the "shoe-boxer" trade. "Shoe-boxers" come for the day, bring food and clothes in a shoe-box.

What area is planned for boating and fishing waters has not yet been released by the Commission's real estate and engineering department, but will be as soon as arrangements have been made with the owners.

The other fact about the local fishing scene which may raise some eye-brows is that public fishing access to North Lake is reputedly very limited.

Recently one Chester Zaleski wrote a public letter in reference to this, among other items, as a blatant oversight on the part of Representative Curwood and the Fish Commission, of which Curwood was alleged to be a member.

Bill Robbins, prominent exponent of effective game and forest conservation, Trucksville, responded Tuesday with a letter saying that, when the original stock was put in, the shoreline was about 70 per cent open.

He recommends that Harveys Lake Rod and Gun Club, which first pressed for a stock for North Lake, lobby for more access area if it is needed.

Actually, despite the rapid increase in cottages around North Lake, there is one access area which is, and has been, absolutely public, according to Fish Commissioner James Yoder. Also, there are three other areas on the lake which he knows to be open.

If "No Trespassing" signs are up on public lands, then, they should, to my way of thinking, be ignored. After all, it does no harm for a resident who dislikes people near his land to put up a few signs to see who he can scare. You'll see a few.

The fish were stocked by the Commonwealth, paid with your money. Go ahead and enjoy yourself.

MAD VEGETABLE-TROWER

I think there may be a mad vegetable-trower terrorizing Dallas Township. In one week, a frozen head of cauliflower went flying through a Tastee-Freeze stand plate-glass window, and a pumpkin dropped from near-by Overbrook Road overpass through the windshield of a moving car.

Maybe we can get him up to Dallas. Brought to throw a little hubbub about slowness of business on Main Street, and down to Trucksville to raise a little came about the water supply.

Cynthia Ann Monka

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Monka, Pioneer Avenue, announce the birth of a six pound, fifteen ounce baby girl, Cynthia Ann, at Nesbitt Hospital. This is their first child.

Mrs. Monka is the former Loretta Ann Shonk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Genton Updyke of Courtdale. Mr. Monka is son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Monka of Fernbrook.

Mother and baby returned to their home on Saturday. Grandma Updyke is taking care of them.

with the Cadillac folks in Washington, endorsed Lincolns instead.

Wilson Garinger's pigeon, making it from Miami to Dallas in six days, got a trophy, presented to Garinger by Potentate Harry Ohlman.

Space was enlarged at Shavertown Postoffice, giving postmaster Irvin Davis more room for sorting and additional boxes.

Pennsylvania potato harvest was at an all-time low.

Except for bread, which was lower, food prices were not far different from those of today. Chickens were higher.

West Pittston trimmed Westmoreland by a close score, 19 to 13.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Printed in FARM AND HOME, a national magazine, February 15, 1899: "I am six years old and go to school every day. I am in the second reader. I have a bicycle and I love to ride it. We have a fair ground near our home and sometimes I ride around the track. I have a little sister two years old. Her name is Florence. I am learning to jump rope, and the other day I fell and skinned my nose. We live in a village in the country, about six miles from the anthracite coal mines. Ruth Gordon, Pennsylvania."

Ruth Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Gordon, grew up here and married Lou P. Taylor. They recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. For many years they have lived in Atlanta, Ga. Mrs. Taylor recently was in Dallas visiting her mother, Mrs. Bertha Gordon, age 91, and her sister, Mrs. Florence Phillips, of Norton Avenue.

The above letter appears in a combination scrap and writing book kept by Nora C. Gordon, a school teacher, sister of Fred M. Gordon. It contains clippings from THE DALLAS POST, WILKES-BARRE TELEPHONE and other sources not marked, particularly selections of poetry.

Latest dated clipping from THE DALLAS POST, June 16, 1900, reads as follows: "Mrs. Susan Loomis, nee Morgan, has left Ed Ferguson's at Meeker and gone back to live with William Steel, since which the Dallas poor master has refused to longer support Mr. Steele." (Clipping probably kept as Ed Ferguson was a brother-in-law of Nora Gordon.)

There are a number of selections from The People's Column, being letters to the editor on various subjects. In 1898 there were several spirited letters regarding a new schoolhouse at Demunds, which the directors built in spite of protests that the old one was good enough.

Another letter, January 15, 1898, shows the bitterness still prevailing following the formation of the borough about twenty years before. "It is hinted by some that there is a scheme under way by a few Dallas borough men by which they hope to get the borough back into the township. But they will have a hard time of it, for it will be fought by the township. We had an expected largest vote on record.

Dallas Fire-fighters could be reached on a seven-firephone hook-up. Jim Besacker and Norti Berti, Jim Gensel, Tom Kingston, Al Shaffer, Evans Restaurant, all had phone installations in addition to phones at the Borough Building. Contracts for the new pump were signed, with delivery expected in late February.

Raymond Kuhnert, supervising principal of Dallas-Franklin schools, announced resignation of Mary Mulderig, teacher of French and Latin.

Westmoreland Football Mothers asked for medical attention at games.

Schooley fund got an additional \$700.

From—

Pillar To Post...

By Hix

It was a winter wonderland Saturday night, but it left a lot of people very cold indeed. It was hard to remember how beautiful the scenery was, under its heavy white blanket, when the furnace was off and life went on by candlelight.

A lot of people missed their favorite television shows, too, but the flickers on Pioneer Avenue suffered only a minor flickering of the lights, and were able to enjoy every minute of "The Defenders."

This constitutes an unwarranted plucking of the ego. It would be a pity to rub in the unhappiness of the folks who missed it, by reenacting the plot, but it was well up to standard, and another in a long series of superior broadcasts.

When Sunday morning dawned, however, it developed that all was not as it should have been. That last glance out of the window into the swirling white, should have tipped us off. The lilac bushes were already bending beneath the weight. It would have been simple to step outside — in galoshes and a hunting jacket and a pair of mittens, — to shake them off.

The white lilac bush that had just this summer reached high enough so that its blossoms could look into the sleeping porch windows, was a sad spectacle, its main stem splintered. There were other branches that were still intact. A rope let down from the sleeping porch, firmly tied at one end to a bedstead, slowly hoisted up the remaining branches, and a saw relieved the bush of the worst of the pressure.

That is the bush the downy woodpeckers perch in, before approaching the suet feeder. They still have a few little sprigs to cling to, but it must have been a shock to them to find the suet feeder nakedly displayed Sunday morning, without a sheltering branch from which to reconnoitre.

And as for the bird feeder with its freight of crumbs and sunflower seeds, it was so obscured by the overhanging dogwood branches, that no cardinal could find it.

But we know that we got off very easy indeed.

Plenty of folks lost beautiful shade or fruit trees. It is unusual to have such a wet, heavy snow, before trees and bushes had lost their leaves.

Trees with bare branches mostly took it in their stride. Bushes which had already shed their leaves, let the snow sift through their branches. The lilac bushes standing out in the open for the most part survived.

But anything that was at all sheltered, and still had most of its leaves, was a sitting duck.

At the Dallas Post, the clock registered ten minutes past two, when it should have registered ten minutes past eight. The beautiful Betsy Pryor roses were lying on the ground under mounds of snow. A huge apple tree had split down the middle.

A wild night, altogether. But providentially without wind. Winter again.

But it won't be many months before we see the first crows. Maybe it's worth it to live in a climate where the winter is so unkind. It makes spring that much more welcome.

... Safety Valve ...

MISSES DALLAS BUT LIKES SCHOOLS

Dear Editor:

Just a few lines to thank you for the lovely, though somewhat exaggerated article you wrote about me in the Dallas Post.

I was so surprised when I read it, and wondered who had written it. My son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Moore, and children Pattie and Keith visited me here over last weekend, and she told me you and she had talked over the phone.

Thank you very much.

I did not receive my Post last week, and sure did miss it. I wonder if it would be possible to send last week's along with this week's. I got the Wilkes-Barre Record, but The Post is my paper.

This place is huge, wonderful, and beautiful. Wish you could see it. I like my work very much, but I really miss Dallas and all my friends.

Sincerely,
 Irene Moore
 Carson Valley School
 Flourentown

Ed. note: Bet you're having a ball, teaching the children to cook. One thing is for sure, nobody could give them better instruction. There's a lot more to cooking than just joning up on it in a cooking-book.

THANKS FROM THE POETS

Dear Mr. Risley,

We all are glad that you put our poems in the Post. It was very nice to find them there, when we got the paper. My mother thought it was very kind of you to put them all in. Mrs. Colwell put them up on the board.

We all thank you very much.

Sincerely,
 Kathy Tillotson
 4th Grade

"A NIGHT IN THE VILLAGE"

All you beatnicks and straight lace folks too,
 We will tell you what we want you to do.
 Leave your pads and fine homes for a while
 And spend an evening Bohemian Style.

Grow a goatie, wear a beret,
 Leotards and dark glasses will be O.K.
 If you desire to come as a square,
 We cats don't care.

A night in the village we know you'll dig,
 A popular combo will play for our jig.
 A buffet lunch will be served quite late
 So, don't forget Friday, the November 23, date.

For a night in the village you need not go far,
 Out in the drive-way, jump in the car.

Down the highway take a spin, to the Continental Inn.
 Turn right or about face.
 It may be dark but, man that's the place.
 Don't hesitate to take your mate.
 The 23rd of November is the date.
 This night is sure to be a gas.
 Sponsored by the Junior Woman's Club of Dallas.

Looking At T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

Richard Egan's new TV status in "Empire" has prompted MGM to ask him to play the original Clark Gable role in the movie remake of "San Francisco." Shirley Jones already has been given the Jeanette MacDonald role, and Robert Preston is set for the Spencer Tracy part.

MGM's TV division hasn't abandoned the idea of an Andy Hardy series, and there's a chance that Mickey Rooney, Jr. will inherit the role originated by his father.

Marty Ingels is the newest TV star in his role as Fenster in the Friday night comedy series "I'm Dickens... He's Fenster."

He is a twenty-six-year-old, unknown entertainer. Marty is one person who didn't start out to be an entertainer but was pushed into it by the general reaction to his rasping voice, expressive face and natural talent for being funny.

According to Marty, people thought he was funny when he wasn't trying. He once was expelled from school for being an "instigator," although he insists he did nothing more than ask logical questions in class. When he did, however, the rest of the pupils laughed.

He has held a number of jobs since he gave up night courses at Queens College. He was a gas-appliance converter, a bookkeeper, longshoreman, bartender, greeting-card idea man and delivery boy.

One of his more permanent jobs was being in the Army. He was sent to Fort Dix, N. Y. One day in the mess hall an attractive young lady kept staring at him. Finally she said, "You have a funny face." She turned out to be a talent scout for the TV quiz show, "Name That Tune." He was selected and won \$6,000.

After Army duty he determined that he wasn't going to settle for any more hit and miss jobs, that he was going to concentrate on being in show business. His father, a restaurant supply man was disappointed, he hoped that his son would become a dentist. An uncle, cousin and two brothers were already successful dentists.

With his six thousand, Marty bought a car and went to California, where he enrolled in the Pasadena Playhouse. His first acting assignment was an Agamemnon, but the spectators found his portrayal of the character funny instead of tragic. He got the same reaction in a production of "He Who Get Slapped," and he was expelled from the school.

He made a number of appearances on television with Phil Silvers, Steve Allen, Jack Paar and others.

He filled in for vacation "Uncle Fred," the host of a children's program. He devised a game in which he would use a blackboard, writing down the names of animals as they were supplied by children in the studio audience. One day a youngster called out "giraffe." Marty misspelled. There were indignant letters from parents. His career as a children's entertainer was out short.

Next he had an unsuccessful engagement in a Las Vegas night club. He went back to Hollywood with no luck. Before he left for home and the dentistry course he decided to make one more attempt. He gained admission to the Paramount lot by wearing an apron borrowed from a waiter and carrying containers of coffee.

He managed to impress a receptionist, who persuaded Jerry Lewis to interview him. A contract followed and, not long afterward, he was signed for the TV show.

Home From Hospital

Mrs. Michael Sedler, after two weeks at Nesbitt Hospital, returned by ambulance to her home on Sedler Lane, East Dallas, Wednesday afternoon.