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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:

Franklin D. Roosevelt swept 42 states. Herbert Hoover carried the Back Mountain.

Kingston Township was seeking status as a borough.

Mrs. C. Roscoe Lee was appointed Major for the area in the Welfare Drive. Captains were: Mrs. Lee Scott, Dallas; Mrs. S. R. Schooley, Shavertown; Mrs. William Thomas, Mt. Greenwood; Mrs. Wilbur Manning, Shrine View and Kunkle; Nellie Leach, Trucksville; Mrs. Homer Teale, Parrish Heights and Huntsville; Mrs. L. A. Tompkins, Pinecrest; Mrs. Grover Anderson, Harveys Lake; Mary Veitch, Hillside; Kenneth Woolbert, Trucksville stores.

An editorial called attention to the golden opportunity for pooling efforts and finances in all school districts of the area, with an eye to future efficiency.

Another editorial called the country to rally behind the new president. Five thousand banks had failed, millions of workers were idle, farm prices had plummeted, life-long savings had been swept away. It was the time for everybody to pull together to build a new era.

Pork loin was 10 cents a pound; lamb chops 14 cents; evaporated peaches 10 cents pound.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

L. L. Richardson burned his hands painfully when he snatched red hot wires from the motor of a used car he was testing.

Surplus from the Halloween parade was \$2. After due thought it was given to the fund for the observation post.

The Dallas Post had a supply of Victory flags for use of families having men in the service.

A young buck which had been a pet of the Stock family on Sorber Mountain was found bleeding to death by the side of the road, shot by a hit-run sportsman.

A New Milford driver swung his heavy lumber truck into a field to avoid collision with a train near Fernbrook. Clarence Lawrence scattered his load all over the fields, overturned his truck, but escaped injury.

Dr. F. Budd Schooley urged Dallas Borough to establish a board of health that would institute needed measures.

Motorists who failed to file tire inspection reports were denied gasoline.

Fifteen men were called in the draft: James Coolbaugh, Dana S. Campbell, Cyril J. Betsko, Ernest W. Strohl, Earl W. Mason, William H. Welch, Lester W. Fiske, Frank S. Smith, Wayne Schmolz, and Edward Fielding.

Fort Benning, Georgia, and Fort Bragg, N. C. were getting their green tomatoes from Dallas crops grown by Michael Kozemchak and Ray Castlerline.

Jiggs Elston was playing in the Marine Band at Parris Island, S. C. John N. Staub, Trucksville, died at 87.

Smelts were 12 cents a pound; standing rib roast 33 cents; veal roast 29; bread, two loaves 17. Must have been a glut of cabbage, with 50 pounds for 75 cents.

Heard from in the Outpost: Larry Yeager, Texas; Chester Tutak, South Dakota; John Sidowski, North Carolina; Alva Jones, Sioux Falls; H. B. Roberts, California; Palmer Lewis, Fort Monmouth; Elwood C. Ide, Parris Island; George Yaneik, Tucson; Richard Templin, Seattle; Robert Price, Mississippi; Lawrence K. Ide, England;

Joined up: Ignatius Kozemchak, John Joseph, Charles Warden.

Women's fashions on the social page looked very odd, with padded shoulders.

Martha Hadsel's script club for service men was going great guns. Captive barrage balloons were guarding California factories.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Clyde Myers, principal of Lehman High School in 1913, was assigned to set up a school system in Iran.

One of Mrs. Z. Platt Bennett's white English bull terriers placed first in the Back Mountain Kennel Club show.

Lehman-Jackson cancelled its veterans program, to permit vets to enroll in a similar school at Dallas-Franklin without duplication of program.

Lake Township bought a new cruiser, and reconditioned the combination ambulance and prowler.

Commonwealth announced an increase in rates, to take effect in January.

The new Dallas Post Office was nearing completion.

Hunters were being peppered, as usual, with shotgun pellets from anonymous sportsmen. No casualties to date.

Redskins took Seminary Squires 25 to 6.

Married: Ada Morgan to Lawrence Brown. Carol M. Isely to Peter Roushey.

The body of Captain Alfred James, who was drowned in the Hudson River in a plane accident, was recovered.

Robert Steltz, 80, Shavertown, suffered a fatal heart attack.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Much of the color and glamor goes out of college football in this latitude shortly after the flaming foliage leaves the trees. By early November the season is two-thirds over and every game is a "must" for both sides, either to maintain a winning streak or to get out of the loser's column. By this time, most of the players are well drilled in their respective positions, and the team clicks in good plays, but injury to key players frequently upsets the best plans.

And then the cold November rains, sometimes mixed with heavy melting snow, come along. In spite of advance precautions the field becomes wet and slippery. Uniforms become wet, soggy, and muddy. Players hands are wet and cold. And the football becomes wet and slippery even though the officials wipe it off or exchange it frequently. In snow, particularly, top ball carriers fall down with no opponent in five or ten yards, and an ordinary routine pass becomes a marvelous performance.

And the spectators seem to be affected even more. Some crackpot pantywaists come with big umbrellas, seemingly to block the vision or poke out the eyes of those next behind, also to drain off their own fair share of the water down the necks and shoulders of the people in front or on the knees and feet of those behind. A few coeds will come out with bright smiles and spike heels, but most of the crowd is definitely colorless and seems to become progressively more exhausted as the game goes on. Sometimes half the spectators will give up and leave before the game is nearly over. Even this raises difficulties. Steps are slippery. Pools and streams of water flood supposedly flat walks, and good roofs discharge a cold stream, here and there, at the most unexpected places.

The recent Penn State-Maryland game lived up to all the above with snow in good measure, with a few noticeable refinements. A punter from Maryland, Pete Brody, in line with his fair-weather procedure, removed the shoe from his kicking foot and kicked the ball with wet foot encased only in a wet sock. He was not as effective as usual. The Penn State punters averaged about six yards more per punt. Dick

Shiner, before the game the leading college passer in the nation, completed only 5 out of 13 for a total of 33 yards. His understudy, Jim Corcoran, completed 2 out of 5 for about the same in the closing minutes.

Maryland lost the ball three times on fumbles, to none for Penn State, and intercepted one pass against three interceptions by Penn State. Two of the State interceptions by Don Caum, defensive quarterback, set up State scores. The State passers did not shine in the snow either, completing only 4 out of 12 for 22 yards. On the ground, however, the State ball carriers stayed on their feet better and made 201 yards against 123 for Maryland.

In the beginning the only score for a long time was a field goal by Penn State. Maryland scored a touchdown in the second quarter and scored the extra point, holding a 7-3 lead so long that the home fans became worried. But the State team tightened and dominated the game thereafter with three touchdowns but only one two-point conversion.

There was not as much snow in State College as in Dallas over the Saturday. It was very heavy and wet and froze during the night in some places. Coming home, the snow increased this side of Williamsport.

The winter-tread tires I had put on in the trunk and had put on at State College were highly useful in backing in at home. The general look around the place was not one, "Where every prospect pleases," The Key Club having defaulted at Halloween time in removing cider apples on account of a mere sprinkling of snow. I had expected to see them removed by others in my absence. Instead I am now faced with the necessity of getting them up myself or trying to run a power mower through them next summer.

Last spring I spent hours raising and wiring limbs on our big pine, to get them out of my face while moving without cutting them off. It was a mistake. The supported limbs, and those to which they were attached, all broke. If left alone they might have sagged and survived.

We get too soon old and too late smart.

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

ODE TO A GREAT MEAL

I ate three full plates of turkey dinner at Jackson Fire Hall Thursday night. It was delicious, and the service by the Rotarians was wonderful.

I wasn't that hungry, but wanted to go on record as never one to endeavor anything half-heartedly.

Among those Rotarians we didn't immediately recognize in their chef's clothes were George Jacobs, Dr. Robert Mellman, Warren Stanton, Myron Baker, and Jim Besecker.

There were others you wouldn't have recognized either, but I'm just mentioning those near my table. Practically everybody in the Back Mountain was there, and those that weren't were thinking about going, but couldn't make it.

Standing in line downstairs in front of an already sold-out bake sale, Howard Risley and I greeted a number of well-stuffed friends on the way out, including Mr. and Mrs. Robert Maturi, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Alexander, Mrs. Louis Marks, Mrs. and Mrs. James Lacy, all with families, and Mr. Bart Collett.

Hats off to the Rotarians, who refused to take the food away until we sagged in a stupor. For some reason Howard, Gilbert Tough, and Mr. and Mrs. John Wardell thought they were supposed to talk instead of eat, and missed out on most of the meal.

The Wardells, had with them their two sons, who go in for high school wrestling, and one had to keep his weight down. So he missed out, too.

How can sports be good for a kid if they don't let him eat right?

Incidentally, the potatoes were mashed at Dallas High School, and the consistency was unimpeachable. Pleading to the High School for doing a fine Mashed Potato.

I was thinking afterwards, if one could find two or three such meals every week somewhere nearby, he wouldn't have to get married. But even so, my balloon was punctured. The Fireman's Auxiliary was supervising the kitchen.

Republican candidate to carry the Back Mountain Area (exclusive of Lake and Lehman Townships), by at least 3,000 votes, West Pittston by at least 600 votes, Wyoming by at least 200 votes and Forty Fort by at least 1,200 votes. I came very close to the necessary figures in West Pittston and Wyoming, but fell far short of it in the Back Mountain Area and in Forty Fort. This is nobody's fault but my own, since I failed to campaign actively in either the Back Mountain Area or in Forty Fort, feeling that it was imperative that I spend the bulk of my time in other areas. This proved to be a mistake, and I am confident that the Republican candidate for this legislative seat two years hence will be more successful than I was if he starts a little earlier and campaigns throughout his entire district.

I am thankful that, despite my own failure to do my part as effectively as I should have, the voters of this area contributed materially to Bill Scranton's success in carrying Luzerne County.

Very truly yours,
 Robert L. Fleming

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DEDICATED WORKERS

To My Cancer Crusaders:

A short time ago, I was the recipient of the American Cancer Society's Silver Sword for Volunteer Service.

I accepted this with mixed emotions and humble heart, for those who know the agonizing suffering which accompanies this disease, work only in a small way to help relieve and eventually stamp out this mysterious killer. There is no thought or desire for award.

As I accepted the symbolic sword, I knew that it represented the combined efforts of the Cancer group in the Back Mountain area, for one does not work alone on a project like this.

To all my cancer dressings groups and volunteers, past and present, to my former board members and to my present aides; Mrs. John H. D. Ferguson, Mrs. Lloyd Kearn, Mrs. William Pethick, Mrs. Jack Barnes, Mrs. Harold Flack, Mrs. Sheldon Bennett, Mrs. David Perry, Mrs. Charles Gosart, Mrs. Mabel Evans, Mrs. Charles Michel, Mrs. Frederick Eidam, Mrs. Charles Hartman and the Ruth and Hannah circles of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, I say a most sincere thank

you.

As we continue our combined efforts, it must be our goal to greatly expand the American Cancer Society's educational program. We are happy that our text books are already in use at Dallas Area and Lake-Lehman Schools.

But there remains so much more to be done. Your friends, family and neighbors must be made aware of the early detection methods used in recognizing the onset of the disease, for herein lies our salvation.

Most sincerely yours,
 Dorothy B. Anderson
 November 9, 1962

THOUGHTS ON ELECTION

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate it if you would publish this letter as an expression of my thanks and appreciation to all those in the Back Mountain Area who supported and voted for Bill Scranton and the other Republican candidates.

To all of these people, I wish to state further that I am sorry that I was unable to win the Sixth District Legislative seat for the Republican Party. Because of the large percentage vote given a Democrat candidate in certain areas within this district, it is necessary for a

Barnyard Notes

In a square envelope bearing one of those new Dag Hammer-skiold stamps and bearing my name in hand writing strikingly resembling my late mother's, comes the nicest bit of news I have received in a long time.

The letter, from my devoted friends, Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur H. Fleck, invites Myra and me to supper Saturday night honoring Mable Scott March and Sterling Wandell who will be married Saturday, December 15 in Kingston Methodist Church.

Mable is the sister of Durelle T. Scott of Dallas and the widow of the late Prof. Charles March, beloved by every student who ever sat in his English classes at Wyoming Seminary.

—And they don't come in a better mold than Sterling Wandell, long associated with financial institutions in Wilkes-Barre and Pennsylvania, devoted to his mother, his church and his community.

My congratulations to both of them!

Another note from a former Harveys Lake, girl, Mrs. William Kiler Richards, now of Vestal:

"We have brought my father up to Vestal to spend the winter with us.

I am enclosing a check. Will you please arrange to have his Post sent to him here and discontinue the one going to the Lake.

"We just hope we can keep him contented here away from his shop and his friends.

"If the check isn't enough, let me know. If it is too much, just drop the change in one of your various 'good deeds' boxes on the counter." — R. R.

Time makes many changes in this community and we can think of no one we'll miss more this winter than Frank Jackson whose frequent telephone calls about the arrival of new birds have cheered otherwise dreary days and whose fine example of Christian living has been an inspiration to all of us. Frank would want the "extra change" to go in the "good-deeds box." This time the pup that guards the coins for the Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty to Animals!

Editorially Speaking:

The Mess Gets Messier

Eight days of sea and air "blockade" of Cuba — in which no ships were ordered to reverse course and no submarines forced to surface — were interrupted by two days of US inaction to allow UN Secretary General U Thant and a covey of aides to fly to Cuba and fly back again, after Castro (Khrushchev's newest Charley McCarthy) told them where to go.

Two days of loss for the US — loss of face and loss of initiative, at very least — and two days of gain for the Reds sum up the ignominious score for the President's bold action of October 22 as the blockade effort (if it really is one) is resumed.

It seems certain that American military action to contain Cuba and to prepare further steps necessary to remove the threat of Soviet missile attack from those shores jolted Khrushchev into his offer to pack up his ballistic playthings and take them home. What is still very unclear, however, is whether we would be expected to do likewise in Turkey, and why President Kennedy pledged — for the whole Western Hemisphere — that there would be no invasion of this island satellite, if only K would take those missiles away.

As for the U Thant turn-around, which was to have promptly established procedures for UN inspection of the Russians, dismantling of their bases and removal of weapons, it apparently accomplished no more than to provide Castro with a sounding board for the "five points" he says must be fulfilled before there can be any UN inspection. In spite of the fact that an unspecified "UN spokesman" reported "general agreement" with Fidel on UN participation in settlement of the Cuban threat, it is noted that the Thant aides who were expected to remain in Havana hurried back with him. And in Washington there is talk that perhaps we can check up on the Russians fairly well without UN inspectors on the ground. Mr. Thant said he would talk further with the Cubans in New York.

We just wonder, somehow, whether this ridiculous development of Castro's idiotic demands — such as giving him Guantanamo, for example — could possibly be a part of Khrushchev's game. He is eager, of course, to do as we wish — but Castro won't let him! What could be more tragically absurd than for President Kennedy's monumental effort at a bold front to lead us once more into an interminable UN clamor — while our enemy proceeds with his original plans?

Resumption of our blockade — in real earnest — may prove differently. But events are trending toward another talkathon in the New York Tower of Babel.

Stranger Than Fiction

Few tears will be shed, we suspect, over Nehru's firing his old pal Krishna Menon out of the job of India's Defense Minister — even though it is said to mean the political demise of the man most talked of as Nehru's successor.

It seems Menon was pretty terrific at strategy, logistics and the rest of the military arts when it came to wiping out the defenders of the tiny, 400-year-old Portuguese enclave of Goa. But it also seems that he fell on his face when it came to defending his country from the Red Chinese invasion over the Himalayas.

The Indian troops, according to report, were so poorly equipped they didn't even have blankets with which to fight the bitter cold of the world's bleakest mountains. Thus, Prime Minister Nehru, in a charming display of Indian logic, has now made Menon Minister of Defense Production — and voted again to seat Red China in the UN!

Krishna is remembered in the UN as a champion of India's present enemy and a particularly nasty foe of the West — from whom he must now secure guns to shoot Red China.

If it makes no sense to you, it may be because it makes none to us either.

