

**THE DALLAS POST** *Established 1839*  
*"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution  
 Now In Its 133rd Year"*  
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When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address.

Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscriptions to be placed on mailing list.

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 for announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

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Member Greater Weeklies Associates, Inc.

**Editorially Speaking:**  
**Unjustified Kid Gloves**

One of the difficult domestic problems with which the last Congress wrestled was the huge post office deficit. The result was a Postal Service Bill creating increases in various classifications of mail rates. Newspapers, for example, will pay three 10 per cent increases with the first to take effect on the first day of the coming year.

However, Congress wore kid gloves when it came to publications of the Rural Electric Cooperatives. Formerly, according to Editor and Publisher, these publications paid a one half cent rate. The new bill gives them a special rate of about one-eighth cent per copy.

The general manager of the American Newspapers Publishers Association states that there is "no justification for this special privilege." Another comment says, "So REA groups will now be able to enjoy a financial advantage for propagandizing against their prime target, the investor-owned private power industry. Meanwhile, the publications of the private power industry will be compelled to pay the regular rates to tell their side of the story."

There are 28 REC publications. Their circulation is about 3 million. They carry advertising. They are all actually engaged in attempting to extend the REA scheme. And no one can say the REA co-ops, or anything connected with them, are poor and struggling enterprises in need of special help. The REA movement is big business—and it is a big business conducted with government loans at below-cost interest rates, plus other special privileges, including tax advantages, which are denied to private enterprise.

The least one can ask is that the REA co-ops operate on precisely the same basis as do comparable utilities in the production and distribution of electric power. This means paying the same costs — whether those costs be taxes, interest rates on borrowed money, or the mail charges on their publications. This country's rural electrification problem, was solved long ago — more than 95 per cent of all farms are using central station power or have it available. There is no longer an excuse for giving the co-ops special privileges.

**THERE WAS NO ROOM AT THE INN**

And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David.) To be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said, one to another, let us now go, even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord has made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger.

From the Gospel according to St. Luke.

**Only Yesterday . . .**

**It Happened  
 30 Years Ago:**

Dallas Post was hard up for news. It advertised that "King of the Jungle" would start as a serial the following week.

Andrew J. Sordani was elected head of Lake Protective Association. McKendree Grange defeated Bloomingdale Grange in play competition at Dallas High School, with its play, "Dead Expense," becoming representative of Luzerne County at Harrisburg Farm Show.

F. D. R. selected Dr. Raymond Moley of Columbia University to act as his advisor, in an audience with President Herbert Hoover, prior to inauguration.

Dallas Township seniors gave "When a Woman Decides" at the Himmler Theatre. In the cast were Arthur Keefe, Marjorie Kitchen, George Shultz, Jean Bogert, Peggy Lancia, Elizabeth Girvan, Robert Girvan and Anne Cobleigh.

Shavertown was still talking about becoming a Borough. Officers suggested were: Burgess, Charles Dressell; tax collector, Harry Bogart; Councilmen, Herman Bauman, Albert Belford, William Hunt, Charles Huff, Rev. W. H. Stang, Ernest Keller, A. George Prater; constable, G. Harold Lloyd.

Anyone who wants to hear the entire story of Thomas Bennett and his son Andrew, who with Lebeus Hammond were captured by Indians following the murder of Lt. Boyd after extreme torture, will find it in issues of December 9 and 16, 1932.

Drawn for jury duty were Peter Staub, Ray Knecht, Charles B. Gregory, Lee C. Hessler, Ernest Johnson, Simon Schneider, Marvin Johnson, Ira D. Cooke, Eugene Lazarus, Adam Stock, Clyde LaBar, Doyle Roberts, and William Yinger. The State was painting crosswalks in front of rural schools, to remind traffic of the children.

**It Happened  
 20 Years Ago**

Donnie Beseker's part in Dallas high school scrap drive made headlines in THE SCRAPPER, national publication of the War Production Board, with 600,000 circulation.

Mr. and Mrs. James Franklin celebrated their Golden Wedding.

George Anderson, captain of Harveys Lake steamboats for many years, died of a stroke.

Used automobile tires were still flooding Lehigh Valley express office in Dallas.

Pvt. James Smith, whose annual pre-New Year dip in Harveys Lake always got him front page recognition, expected to forego it. He was in

just delighted that you are so keenly interested in Trinity. Mr. Edwards sends his personal regards. We look forward to hearing from you soon. If you have any questions, please get in touch with us. Sincerely yours, F. Gardiner F. Bridge, Director of Admissions.

**Admission To College Make Nice  
 Christmas Present For Local Boy**

He will also receive a scholarship. Ricky received his notification this week from F. Gardiner F. Bridge, Director of Admissions, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., where he will be enrolled in the Class of 1967 for four years of liberal arts and a graduate degree in Electrical Engineering.

Active in church work he is organist at Prince of Peace Church and representative from the church in the Episcopal Young Churchman group.

In high school, he is student manager of the Basketball Team and has charge of Visual Aids. He has played bass for four years in the High School Band and is a member of the American Guild of Organists.

His real hobby is electronics and for a number of years he has had charge of the loud speaking system at the Library Auction and has made himself an indispensable part of the Auction set-up.

The gracious note he received from the Director of Admissions at Trinity is reproduced here.

Trinity College  
 Hartford 6, Conn.  
 December 13, 1962

Mr. Richard W. Ratcliffe  
 Shavertown, Pennsylvania

Dear Rich:  
 This is one of the most pleasant things I have been able to accomplish recently. In keeping with your request for an early decision on your application, I am just delighted to bring you good news.

I am happy to inform you that the Committee on Admissions has accepted your application for admission to the College in the Class of 1967. On behalf of the Committee, I offer you my congratulations. You are indeed a fine candidate, and it was a pleasure to review your credentials.

I know that you will continue to have an exciting and successful year at Dallas Senior High School. However, in fairness to you, I should mention that your admission is granted on the condition that you complete your work during the remainder of the academic year at the level you have accomplished up to this time. We will expect to receive your midyear grades at a later date. These will be reviewed as part of our normal procedures.

We in the Admissions Office are

Married: Fern Anderson to Sgt. Richard Templin. Mrs. Mae Curtis to Thomas Bunny.

Died: Mrs. Mazie A. Cook, 78, Dallas. A. A. Neeley, 82, Idetown. W. Penn Saxe, 69, Carverton.

Service men heard from: Floyd R. Young, Texas; Chuck Lamoreaux, Fort Bowie; Albert Salansky, Camp Hood; Tom Temple, Fort Knox; Antonia Kozemchack, Iowa; Paratrooper John Sydowski, Marine Barracks, N.C.; Willard Shaver, Guadalcanal; Frank Matukitis, San Antonio; Harry Rogers, England; Bill Renshaw, Raymond Kuderka, New York; Lewis Button, New Cumberland; Joseph Elias, Colorado; Jack Pembroke, Fort Sill; James Knecht, Fort Knox; Neil MacIntyre, Pacific Coast.

**It Happened  
 10 Years Ago**  
 Kingston Township Ambulance Association elected Martin Porter president of the newly formed group, arranged with Louis Cottle to instruct thirty volunteers in techniques.

Plans for switching some rural mail deliveries to house-to-house delivery in Dallas were under way. City mail delivery was scheduled to start early in 1953.

Commonwealth Telephone Company was showing a film, "Your Magic Messenger," the story of the company's advancement in this area.

Dallas Bank declared an extra dividend. Clifford Space was named vice president.

Dr. Michael Bucan, direct from the North Pole by way of Labrador, was the subject for a Know Your Neighbor.

Humane Association was planning to move its quarters from Huntsville to the William Lance barn at Chase.

The Library installed an Anthra-Plo furnace.

William L. Philo, 64, Huntsville, dropped dead in Dr. Mascoli's office, victim of a heart attack.

Little Bill Phillips, working over the radio, had already passed the \$10,000 mark for benefit of Betty Petroski, Luzerne high school girl whose back was broken in an accident near Lehman, when twelve high school students struck a bridge in a borrowed truck.

Married: Joan Anderson to Richard Houghwater.

Died: Patrick Curry, 69, Carverton. W. E. Robbins, 45 Birch Grove. Mrs. Bertha M. Strange, 65, Shavertown.

Fares on Wilkes-Barre to Dallas buses were upped to 33 cents, zones changed.

Mrs. Herbert A. Smith headed the Book Club.

**Poet's Corner**

I WAS DREAMING OF CHRISTMAS  
 I was dreaming of Christmas, Of years long ago. I could still hear the sleigh bells, As they moved on the snow. I was dreaming of Christmas, When I was a lad, And could see the Christmas trees And my dear old dad.

And my little brother, As he looked at the tree, And my dear old mother, As she looked back at me. I lived it all over, In just one night, When all the toys were kept out of sight.

We hung up our stockings, And then went to bed. Waiting for Santa, With sleigh bells and sled. Although Christmas comes, With snow and sleet, I would live it all over And think it a treat.

Submitted by  
 John A. Shotwell  
 Shavertown RD 5

**Honor Roll**

(Continued from Page 1 A)  
 Connolly, Thomas Conaghn, Nancy Crispell, Judy Dana, Peggy Darrow, Anne Davies, Erik Dingle, Daniel Dorrance, Lucy Fleming, Charles Garris, Cynthia Garman, Charlotte Gelb.

Matthew Gillis, David Haines, Sally Holvey, Robert Huttman, Donna Imatt, Thomas Jenkins, Karen Kaschenbach, Helene Kuchinskas, Sally Lancia, Joan Lawson, John Laysou, Eric Mayer, Carol McCoy, Rosemary McCuley, Michael Messersmith, Barbara Metzger, Jane Mitchell, Robert Nicol, Elizabeth Otto, Nick Perella.

Cynthia Powell, Richard Prutzman, Catherine Reese, Diane Reese, Susan Pattison, Jay Pope, Thomas Shaver, Judith Stasko, Karan Steinhardt, Cindy Supulski, Paul Turner, Sally Walk, Susan Weiner, Kathy Woychick, Dennis Wright, Albert Williams, Gary Williams, Susanne Wroblewski, Sharon Yalick, Gail Zekas.

**From—  
 Pillar To Post...**

By Hix

Anybody would think that a column about Christmas would be the easiest thing in the world to write, but that is not the fact. Everything has been said so many times, what is there left to talk about?

But after all, Christmas is always new, though in this family there are no new small white stockings this year to hang on the mantelpiece.

The manger remains, unchanging through the centuries. And the story of the Christ-Child, new to each generation.

When I was a little girl, everything centered about the starry skies and angels singing in the heavens, and the Star standing over the place where the Young Child lay, warmed by His mother's love and by the breath of the kindly animals gathered about His lowly resting place.

Poor little Baby Jesus. We children followed the travels of the Holy Family even unto Bethlehem, hoping that this time there would be room at the Inn for the weary young mother, but knowing, as Mamma neared that point in the story, that there would be no room, and that the Baby would be born in a stable and laid in a manger.

We pictured the gentle cattle, drawing back from the manger to make room for the Babe, and we followed the shepherds stumbling down the hillside pastures, following the Star. We heard the Heavenly Host, saw them appearing through a cleft in the heavens and hovering above the earth.

We swayed with the Wise Men of the East on their camels, journeying over the trackless waste of sand, following the Star, by-passing wicked King Herod on the homeward trek.

We wept with the Holy Family as Joseph guided mother and Child into Egypt when danger threatened. Would they escape this year? One more river safely crossed, with sanctuary ahead for a young mother and her Child.

Mamma left us, filled with radiance. My brother and I knew that in the morning there would be simple gifts in the stockings, but for tonight it was enough that the Story was the same Story, deviating not a particle, as old and as new as Time itself.

**Rambling Around**

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

We like to think of Americans as well nourished, particularly since we have a surplus of many wholesome foods. However these surpluses are sometimes built up by low consumption as well as by high production. One such item in surplus is milk.

In a list of per capita consumption of milk and dairy products in seventeen countries in 1960 and prior years, prepared by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the United States ranks third from the bottom. The difference in consumption is substantial. In Ireland, which shows the highest rate, the consumption is well over twice as much as ours. New Zealand and Denmark show about twice our rate. Sweden consumes about 50% more than we do. In seven of the seventeen countries the 1960 rate is an increase over their pre-war average. Our rate is declining.

In this country, statistics covering the use of dairy products are available for over fifty years. During that period there has been a big change in the milk business. In the early part there were a lot of family cows, we had one as recently as about forty years ago. It is possible that the official statistics might show a rate too low for those years. In recent years milk business is highly organized, with the number of people accumulating records greatly increased, which ought to make for more accurate records.

In computing per capita consumption, it is necessary to use an estimate of the number of people as well as the amount of milk products they use. Changes in either may account for more or less fluctuation from year to year. In general, fluid milk consumption increased up to a peak of 335 lbs. annually, per person in 1945, since which it has declined steadily to 287 lbs. in 1960. This is an overall estimate for the whole country. There is a wide variation between sections of the country, between states in the same sections, and between different cities in the same state. Consumption of some other dairy products has also declined.

No official explanation has been seen, showing why the rate has dropped, but a few reasons are apparent to anyone. One of these is a substantial increase in price of all items over the years. While it may be argued that all other prices are up, this does not encourage a family with children to buy a lot of high-priced milk, especially if the parents recall when it was cheaper. Average retail prices have moved up and down with big changes from time to time.

Fresh milk, delivered, sold for 8.9

**Babson Was 86 Percent Accurate**

The Dallas Post will publish "BABSON'S BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL FORECAST FOR 1963" early in January.

A careful checking of the Babson Predictions made in the BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL FORECAST FOR 1962 upholds the remarkable average of the past years by being 86% correct! Below is the score for the last twenty years. It holds the best and highest record for Annual Forecasts on U. S. Future Business.

Forecast For	% Accurate	Forecast For	% Accurate
1962	86	1952	88
1961	83	1951	86
1960	80	1950	81
1959	84	1949	80
1958	86	1948	91
1957	88	1947	93
1956	85	1946	95
1955	84	1945	87
1954	86	1944	91
1953	84	1943	94

**IMPRESSIONS**

by Robert G. Aldrich

It was in hope of another good story that I headed for the Inn on the edge of the city last night.

It was unusually quiet, much more so than the night several years before when I stopped.

As I stepped into the dimly lit interior, several occupants at tables looked cautiously at me and returned to their evening meal.

Making myself comfortable at a table near the open fire place, I ordered something to eat from the innkeeper.

As I ate the others left, one or two at a time, presumably to retire and I found myself alone, drowsy from the day's travel, the food, wine and warmth of the fire.

I was aroused by the Innkeeper who inquired if we hadn't met before. I told him that we had, several years before on a very memorable night.

His eyes lighted and I knew that he recalled.

Eagerly he pressed me to tell what I saw and heard as if he doubted that it could have happened in his humble surroundings.

Knowing that Archelaus was King now and did not share the vengeance of his father for the event of that night, I felt for the first time I could tell the story that I feared to report years before.

I recalled that on a night similar to this, I came to the Inn early and was the last to secure lodging because of the numbers pouring into the city to pay a tax recently imposed by the Emperor.

Each of us pushed and shoved in the noisy crowded Inn for the services that we wanted and failed to notice at first the discussion going on at the door. However, as I circled the crowd, I overheard you (the Innkeeper) telling another dust-laden traveler that there was no room in the Inn.

I noted the traveler's weary wife outside, astride a donkey and obviously borne down with the weight of an expected child.

It was obvious that even though one of us were to sacrifice our bed, this would be no solution since several of us shared every available bed in the place. Taking up a lantern, the travelers were directed by you to the stable where some warmth and dry straw were available.

After most of the occupants of the Inn had settled down for the night, there was a slight commotion in the yard outside and I went out to learn the cause.

I was met by men in the simple dress of shepherds but who seemed unusually excited. They had come from the stable and all talked at once. I finally quieted them and the one who appeared to be the leader began to relate a most unusual event.

He told how that very night as they were settling down on the hillside, suddenly a brightness shown in the sky, and a figure appeared out of heaven. To quiet their fears, he told them that he was an angel of the Lord, and not to be afraid. "I bring you and all people good

news of great happiness. In the city of David, today, for you is born a Savior who is Christ the Lord. This will be a sign for you; you will find the babe wrapped in loose clothing, lying in a manger."

The shepherd went on telling how the sky was suddenly filled with heavenly people praising God, singing "Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace and good will to men." After the angels left the shepherds went from the hillside into Bethlehem and seemed drawn to this Inn where they had just seen the babe lying in a manger, as the angel had predicted.

The shepherds were anxious to tell others of this great wonder and I could detain them no longer. I glanced at the stable which appeared quiet now and seemed not to invite my intrusion. As I returned to the Inn, I glanced at the sky in wonder for the heavens were brighter than usual and one star most prominent appeared suspended over the Inn.

A sleepless night remained before me as I pondered the mystery of what I had heard and seen. Of one thing I was sure, this was not a story I could report, for few if any would believe it.

I stayed on at the Inn to report news surrounding the collection of the Emperor's tax. A few nights later I had the good fortune to interview three wise men from the household of the King.

They spoke of following the star after reading the predictions of the prophets and of seeing the babe. They knew this was the child foretold by the prophets, and had paid homage to him, and brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh and were now departing from the Kingdom. When I asked why they were leaving, they would only say that "Herod the King, also knows of the child who will be King over all. Herod fears for his position."

As I left the Inn the next morning, I met and introduced myself tremulously to the occupants of the stable who were hastily preparing to leave.

The man, Joseph, and his wife, Mary, appeared endowed with some great responsibility of which they were unsure of how best to handle but yet there was the glow of some divine guidance about them.

In the conversation, Joseph would only say that an angel had appeared to him the night before, directing him to leave the country to escape the wrath of Herod. As Mary rode away, tenderly holding the child, with Joseph walking beside them, I realized that for their safety I could not report this story.

I looked across to the Innkeeper who had intently listened to me and I asked him if he thought this child would return to guide man to his destiny.

As he nodded, he faded from my eyes and I realized that the brightness of day shone into my room. I had been privileged to take part in the Christmas story through the medium of a beautiful dream.

**How To Enjoy The Holidays  
 Without Injury Or Dying**

"Care, Courtesy and Moderation —  
 But mainly these three,  
 Will get you safely through Christmas  
 Into 1963."

1. Don't over indulge in food or drink.
2. Don't ride with drinking drivers and don't drink-drive yourself.
3. Encourage the kids not to drive on slippery roads.
4. Follow fire precautions with your Christmas tree and decorations.
5. Keep the garden hose hooked up in the basement, and the fire extinguisher in handy reach.
6. Keep your tree in water; dry trees are fire bombs.
7. Watch out for sledders.
8. Never leave young children alone or with immature baby sitters at Christmas.
9. Keep matches out of reach around the tree.
10. Have the firemen's phone number handy, plus a plan for escape from the house — just in case.

But most of all: "Care, Courtesy and Moderation . . ."

**The Average Man**  
 When it comes to a question of trusting  
 Yourself to the risks of the road,  
 When the thing is the sharing of burdens,  
 The lifting the heft of a load,  
 In the hour of peril or trial  
 In the hour you meet as you can,  
 You may carefully depend on the wisdom  
 And skill of the average man.  
 'Tis the average man and no other  
 Who does his plain duty each day,  
 The small thing his wage is for doing  
 On the commonplace bit of the way.  
 'Tis the average man, may God bless him!  
 Who pilots us, still in the van,  
 Over land, over sea, as we travel:  
 Just the plain, hardly average man.  
 So on through the days of existence,  
 All mingling in shadow and shine,  
 We may count on the every-day hero,  
 Whom haply the gods may divine  
 But who wears the swart grime of his calling  
 And labors and earns as he can,  
 And stands at the last with the noblest—  
 The commonplace, average man.  
 —Margaret E. Sangster.