

Editorially Speaking: THE LIVING FLAME

The hollow and alien sound of hooves on Pennsylvania Avenue. The six grey battle horses and the rider on the seventh.

The flag-draped casket on the caisson. The riderless horse with its empty saddle, dancing feet spurning the pavement, restive under the rein, but obedient.

The Navy Band—Hail to the Chief—America the Beautiful . . . The Navy Hymn.

The unending procession of mourners filing past the bronze casket, high on the catafalque in the vast and echoing rotunda of the Capitol, the same catafalque where Abraham Lincoln had lain in state almost a hundred years ago.

Dark faces among the grieving multitudes and among the chosen service men who guarded the casket, North and South and East and West, at the four points of the compass.

Notables from other countries, heads of State, delegations, arriving at Dulles Airport during the evening hours of the day before the State Funeral.

Royalty joining the family and the new President of the United States, the Cabinet, and high officials of the government on the symbolical walk behind the caisson from the White House to St. Matthew's Cathedral, The Mass of Requiem.

The procession from St. Matthew's to Arlington Cemetery, sleek black limousines creeping behind the caisson.

The Funeral March. Anxious secret service men guarding the new President.

The Lincoln Memorial at the entrance to the bridge spanning the Potomac.

The endless procession, reaching back as far as the eye can see.

Onward Christian Soldiers — And again, the muffled drums.

The caisson, emerging from the shadows of the buildings into eternal sunshine.

The Memorial Bridge, and the grey horses laboring up the hill to the yawning grave.

Dry leaves scudding before a freshening breeze, in the bright November sunshine.

The Black Watch, and the wailing bagpipes.

Two colored boys, young and dignified, in the uniform of their country, helping six other service men to carry the coffin from the caisson to its final resting place.

The solemn ceremony.

Jet planes screaming overhead in formation, saluting their fallen chief.

The Irish Guard, saluting and leaving the site of the grave.

Haille Sellasie, the Lion of Judah, from Ethiopia, small and somehow pathetic in his bedizened uniform, dwarfed by General DeGaulle, imperturbable in his Field Marshall's cap.

A breathless hush.

Cardinal Cushing . . . I am the resurrection and the life.

The twenty-one gun salute, echoing over the graves at Arlington, and over the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, where the President of the United States had placed, so short a time ago, a wreath in memory.

And over the grave of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

The firing squad, three short bursts of fire.

Taps.

The flag, held taut above the casket by eight service men, folded now with beautiful precision, and passed ceremonially from hand to hand, to be presented formally to the black garbed widow.

The Navy Hymn — Almighty Father, strong to save.

The eternal flame, kindled by Mrs. Kennedy.

The decorous departure of visiting dignitaries, foreign heads of State, the new President of this Nation, and two former Presidents.

The lengthening shadows, throwing into stark relief the white gravestones of the Nation's heroic dead.

The "little people," filing past the casket, still not lowered into the kindly earth.

A cathedral hush, long light slanting through the trees.

Dusk, and a newly mounded grave.

The living flame.

For Modern Printing. Try The Post



WINTER WOES by Purson
A modern day Billy—no kid—
Knows the danger whenever cars skid.
He tests out his brakes
And makes no mistakes
Like spin-around, sad Katy did!

PREVENT THOSE WINTER DRIVING WOES
The Safe Winter Driving League presents this safety tip from the National Safety Council for driving on snow or ice: "Know the condition of the road surface. Get the feel" of the road by trying your brakes gently when away from other traffic. This tells you how slick the road surface is. Then adjust your speed and driving habits accordingly."

Gary Smith Is Pledged

Gary M. Smith, son of Garvin Smith, Harveys Lake, has been pledged to the Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

Sports were expected to bring many visitors to the Back Mountain, so the Country Club laid plans to remain open for the winter.

Wilkes-Barre Transit Co. put into effect a lowered rate between Dallas and Public Square, twenty cents if bought by strip ticket, 24 cents cash.

Junior Misson, son of Harley Misson, Main Street, was injured when a .22 calibre rifle bullet, accidentally discharged by a schoolmate, went through his lower jaw. Dr. Fleming treated him.

Mrs. Mary Woolbert, 73, died at the home of her daughter Mrs. Frank Garrahan.

Howard Risley's grandmother, Mrs. Josephine Risley, died aged 85 in Sayre.

Pressure was being applied to Dallas Borough Council to get some of the money allotted by the Government for Public Works.

The recently organized dramatic club of St. Theresa's was selecting the cast for a minstrel show.

Adolph Eddinger was the mainstay of the 10th Artillery polo team.

20 Years Ago

Rolland Stevens, son of the one-time owner of the Raub Hotel in Dallas, became vice-president of Montgomery Ward, well-known mail order house with headquarters in Chicago.

Local schools collected 58,958 pounds of waste paper for the drive, worth about \$225 after deduction of prizes. The Womens Club sponsored area war effort.

Lester Humphrey, 17, president of Lake Township High School senior class, lost his life in a hunting accident in the woods near Loyalville, dying almost instantly when a gun in the hands of a hunting companion was accidentally discharged.

Mrs. Elizabeth Staub, 61, Carverton Doad, was buried on Thanksgiving Day.

A three year old Huntsville child was fatally injured when he fell from the beam of a barn belonging to his grandmother, Mrs. Nellie Sites, in Noxen. Little Howard was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Harrison.

Heard from in the Outpost: Don Metzger, England; Alan Kistler, South Pacific; Al Jones, California; Walter Meade, Fort Bliss; Mark Waltick, Colorado; Dean Kocher, Fort Jackson; Edwards P. Crake, Walter Reed Hospital; Gilbert Boston, North Africa; Glenn Kocher, New York APO; Stacy Schoonover, Fresno; Lloyd Garinger, Fort Eastus; Ken Davis, England; William Malkeemes, Camp Davis; Tony Yeager, New York APO; Harold Kittle, Italy; Bill Johnson, Macon, Ga.; Theodore Davis, Camp Polk.

Married: Mildred Bird to Paul Taylor.

Died: Mrs. Frances Hunt, 68, Shavertown, died Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Joseph Bertram, 66, Chase, was buried on Thanksgiving Day.

Tony Hudak, hunting alone in the Noxen Mountains, bagged a fine six-point buck and a red fox.

10 Years Ago

Borough Council held its first meeting in the new Borough Building on Main Street.

Famed surgeon, Dr. Leahy successfully operated on Mrs. Madeline Jackson Depkin at Baptist Hospital, Roxbury, performing the same surgery that had relieved Anthony Eden. Mrs. Depkin was progressing nicely, according to reports of her family in Beaumont.

PUC authorized an increase in Dallas Water Company rates.

The Herbert Atkins home in Dallas Township developed a smouldering beam under a fireplace. Dallas firemen excavated and doused the fire.

LaBar's was entered, thieves taking oil and two high powered rifles.

Died: Mrs. Anna Kelly, 51, Main Street, of a heart attack Thanksgiving morning. Mrs. Margaret S. McClean, Wilkes-Barre. William Hummell, 82, Loyalville. Asher Kresge, 71 Noxen. George Amaschick, 15, Lehman. Harry Bidwell, 66, Nathan Smith, 79, Carverton. Mrs. Ruth L. Seymour, 55, Fernbrook.

Married: Dorothy Schooley to Harry Smith. Regina Weller to Donald Wesley.

Retired: William Cairl, 88, custodian at Dallas Methodist Church for many years.

Key Club News

We held a meeting of the Dallas Senior High School Key Club, November 21. We are very happy to welcome a new club to the district, Lake-Lehman High School. They have nine charter members and we wish them the best of luck.

We will hold our annual induction meeting on December 16, at which time the following students will become official members of the club: Scott Alexander, Daniel Sini-crope, Lawrence Edwards, John Butler, Harry Cooper, Steve Kasch-enbach, Jack Simpson, Paul Campbell, Bradley Earl, Neil Martin, Kenneth Jones, Ernest Gay, Ray McClary, Robert Maxwell, Dale Pryn, David Hess, James Snyder, Donald Holdredge, Todd Richards, Robert Wiley, Russell Williams, and James Nixon.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Dr. John Carl Fleming (1884-1952), a native of Picture Rocks, Pa., came to Dallas to practice on the suggestion of Theodore Snyder, who was a cousin of the Doctor's father. He moved in 1909 into an apartment in the then new opened offices above the present Water Company offices, across the street from Dr. Henry M. Laing. The Snyder-Biesel family occupied the adjoining apartment over the Frantz Store. Mrs. Lulu Biesel was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Snyder.

Asa E. Lewis, bachelor principal of schools, who had formerly lived on Lake Street with the Barton Mott family, also moved in, and lived with the Snyder family in various locations until his death. The Doctor became a very close friend of Mr. Lewis and both were friends of Harry W. Croop, then a teacher in Dallas Schools. Shortly thereafter, Croop entered medical school, was graduated and interned at Wilkes-Barre General Hospital. He is still practicing in Kingston.

This was in the horse and buggy days, and the Doctor drove a light team around the rural area, but used his automobile when roads permitted. Later, the doctor, the Snyder family, and Mr. Lewis moved into the Jesse Albertson house, in front of the Methodist Church, where the Doctor had offices for several years. Subsequently, probably just before World War I, he purchased the former Harry Mott residence and enlarged it, in which the family still resides, adjoining the Library.

The coming of an unmarried 25 year old doctor, created quite a stir among the unmarried and unmarried girls, of whom there were not very many in town. In 1918 he married Miriam Harris, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Harris, who lived between Kunkle and Alderson. I knew Miss Harris, very well, having taught school with her at Kunkle only a year or two before. Mrs. Fleming died in 1921, leaving

a small son, Robert, born in 1919. The doctor later married Grace Miller of Wyoming, who still resides here, a teacher in the Dallas District schools.

About 1925, Dr. Fleming discontinued general practice, and upon training, specialized in eye-ear-nose and throat. He did a little emergency practice and adviocted former patients, but made no outside calls. Since our family was served by Dr. Laing at the time, I never had much professional treatment by Dr. Fleming, but was in a few times. He painted my throat once and I did not have another sore throat for at least thirty years.

Dr. Fleming, as far as recalled, never ran for any public office and was not active in service clubs and similar public activities. He was a member of Dallas Methodist Church, talked to young people in his young years, served as trustee and for a time sang in the choir with a good bass voice. He sometimes sang in impromptu quartets. He was active in Masonic organizations and was master of George M. Dallas Lodge.

Of all the Dallas Doctors, Dr. Fleming was the only one to leave descendants, of the same name, still residing here. Attorney Robert Fleming is married to Eleanor Dunslike, who came from New England. Their oldest daughter, Susan, is a student at Queens College, Charlotte, N. C. Other children at home are: Margaret, Jean, Lucy, John Carl, Nancy and William, the youngest, who is three.

Dr. Herman C. White, son of Chester White and his second wife, Mrs. Cora Shaver White, was a half brother of the late Mrs. Grace Snyder Rustine. He grew up at the corner of Main and Huntsville Streets, in the house in which the daughters of Mrs. Rustine still reside with their families. He was trained in Philadelphia, and always practiced in that area. He visited here occasionally.

The Powder Horn, Area's Newest Antique Shop, To Open Tomorrow

Three staunch Library Auction antique fans are opening the area's newest antique shop, The Powder Horn, tomorrow at 90 Main Street, Dallas, almost opposite the Back Mountain Memorial Library Annex.

Mrs. Charles Frantz, Mrs. Frank Parkhurst, and Mrs. A. Harden Coo, Jr. have had a shop in mind for some time. Mrs. Parkhurst has had experience in the line of selling antiques, and Mary Frantz is an expert at doing Early American decorations, one of Mrs. Paul Gross' prize pupils.

The reason for the name The Powder Horn, is because Mary has a powder horn. On Monday, she was painting a sign.

The location is one that is accustomed to antiques. Primo Bertini had a shop there for a time, with a workroom where he refinished furniture beneath, opening onto a sunken terrace.

The three girls have a direct pipeline to all worthwhile antiques in the Back Mountain, and have a host of friends, all primed to buy, sell, or barter.

The League shrugged when Mr. Waters asked them if it was their figure, and said they knew nothing about it, naturally, although it seems strange that they would never have heard of the standard established by the state government for the subject matter of their specific research.

Penns Woods Notebook

With the 1963 small game season now in full swing, hunters everywhere have taken to their favorite hunting grounds in hope of bagging their limit.

Hunting is enjoyed by young and old alike, no matter if it be small or big game. In all sports there are certain risks that must be taken into consideration. In hunting, that risk is the hunter himself in respect to how he can handle a loaded gun.

- 1. Every year we try to show hunters how to make a safe and more enjoyable sport. One of the easiest ways to bring safe and sound hunting about is to follow ten simple rules which we conservationists believe could make hunting a safer sport, the "TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SHOOTING SAFETY":
- 2. Treat every gun with the respect due a loaded gun.
- 3. Watch that muzzle! Carry your gun safely; keep safety on until ready to shoot.
- 4. Unload guns when not in use, take down or have actions open; guns should be carried in cases to shooting area.
- 5. Be sure barrel is clear of obstructions, and that you have ammunition only of the proper size for the gun you carry.
- 6. Be sure of target before you pull trigger; know identifying features of game you hunt.
- 7. Never point a gun at anything you do not want to shoot; avoid all horseplay.
- 8. Never climb a tree or fence or jump a ditch with a loaded gun; never pull a gun towards you by the muzzle.
- 9. Never shoot a bullet at a flat, hard surface or water; at target practice be sure your backstop is adequate.
- 10. Store guns and ammunition separately, beyond reach of children.

If you have any questions on hunting or conservation, send a post card or letter to PENN'S WOODS NOTEBOOK, BOX 408, DALLAS, PA., OR PHONE 674-3529.

We discussed our needy family projects, the food drive for Thanksgiving, the Christmas clothing drive and going to Lake-Lehman on a goodwill journey to help them get started. We also formed a new committee for interclub relations.

Walter Shutt Buried At Hanover Green

Walter Shutt, 65, resident of Bethlehem, but for the past several months a guest at the home of his sister, Mrs. Irene Moore in East Dallas, died Saturday morning at Nesbitt Hospital where he had been admitted two weeks earlier. Burial was at Hanover Green, Rev. Russell Lawry officiating.

Mrs. Moore recovered her brother June 12, when his wife, hospitalized because of an accident, was no longer able to care for him. Mr. Shutt spent all of the month of July at Nesbitt, then returned to East Dallas until mid-November. Before coming here, he had been a patient for several months at St. Luke's Hospital in Bethlehem.

Daniel R. DeRemer, 77 Rests At Carverton

Daniel R. DeRemer, 77, Sweet Valley, who died early Wednesday morning, November 27 at Nesbitt Hospital was laid to rest Saturday afternoon in Carverton Cemetery.

Services were conducted from the Bronson Funeral Home with Rev. William Hughes, Sweet Valley officiating.

Mr. DeRemer, in failing health for some time resided in Sweet Valley for the past fifteen years. He was born in Altoona, son of the late Penn and Malvina Hubel DeRemer. He also resided in Dallas and Wyoming for a number of years. He had been employed at Glen Alden Coal Company and Dale Parry, Dallas, prior to retirement.

He is survived by his wife, the former Mabel Emil; children, Wilbur, Courtale; Mrs. George Bedford, Doylestown; William, Fountainsville; Robert, Somerville, N.J.; Mrs. Daniel Rittenhouse, West Nanticoke; Mrs. Robert Whitney, Marathon, N. Y.; Mrs. Richard Scholl, Blooming Glen; sisters: Mrs. Mary Clark, Plymouth; Mrs. Gertrude Bunn, Truicksville and brother Harry, Rahway, N. J. Also 29 grandchildren and 87 great grandchildren.

Jim Besecker Wins Trip To Florida

James F. Besecker, East Dallas, winner of one of the top awards in the recent sales contest staged on an international scale by Monroe Calculating Machine Co., will start for a bonus trip to Florida next Wednesday. Accompanying him will be his wife Georgia.

Jim is manager of the Scranton office. The couple will go by jet, and be housed at the Doral Beach Hotel and Country Club at Miami Beach. Date of return is December 16th.

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

SEEN AND HEARD

West Dallas convertible bearing in its front license bracket the much needed answer: "Is Bad!" (Depends on your taste?)

Nice basin of water in the new bridge on the highway widening just below Hall's in Shavertown. There, meanwhile, sits the new drain high and dry in the middle of the road as rain collects in the mysterious sinkhole at the side.

It was crazy, I know, but I could have sworn that I bought a cup of coffee for a nickel at the Lehman Odd Fellows Auction Saturday afternoon.

Don Bulford is looking for a small motorcycle to use for trailing and so forth in rough country. Ought to be somebody who'd like to get rid of one right about now. I took mine out mid-day Sunday, and the air felt like I was splashing my face with dry ice.

Pennsylvania Game Commission officers have been putting in a lot of time cleaning the woods of poachers before deer season opened this week. That includes staying up just a couple of days straight with just coffee for company, says Ed Gosky.

Hearing from the other side, one lad who got clipped for nailing a buck and doe out of season near Loyalville recently told me we got his last name wrong in the write-up. "I'm not asking for a retraction," he added.

First legal deer of the season was bagged by Reuel Lasher near Harveys Lake, a reindeer about five inches tall — bright red with white horns.

I see by the evening papers where they must be cutting down on those cushy state jobs. After the first snow this weekend, the report went, "State Highways Department placed 2 men and 54 pieces of equipment in operation to clear country roads."

(Officer, I tell you I was run off the road by 52 snow-plows, running on free will.)

WHERE RESTRAINT COUNTS
A figure of \$547 published as the average expenditure for educating one child in the United States in a report of Dallas School administration was strongly disputed by D. A. Waters in this paper some weeks ago.

Thus, Dr. Robert Mellman has been doing a slow, quiet burn, and not totally without justification, since, if he had merely been consulted ahead of time, he could have cleared the thing up by showing that not the figure, but only the source was wrong.

Because the printer of the book left out a piece of cut-off rule, the figure, which was standard computed by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, looked to be part of some data submitted by the Economy League.

The League shrugged when Mr. Waters asked them if it was their figure, and said they knew nothing about it, naturally, although it seems strange that they would never have heard of the standard established by the state government for the subject matter of their specific research.

In any case, it goes to show that it doesn't do any real good to wave facts and figures around in isolated instances, because people just do not have the memory of a computer.

On the whole, I would say that a certain segment of the public has been just as obnoxious as they could be to the Dallas School Administration, probably for the sheer recreation of it. Dr. Mellman has gone out of his way to avoid responding publicly to every happy heart that decides to brighten its long day by pretending to know something at his expense.

Dallas Couple At Kennedy Rites

Miss Florence Billings and her fiancé, James Finn both of Dallas, while guests of Lt. Col. and Mrs. Harry Lattimer, Washington, D. C., unexpectedly were in that city when President Kennedy was tragically slain.

They witnessed the funeral cortege from the White House to the Capitol and were close to the stricken family as they walked behind the caisson.

Miss Billings said it was an occasion she would never forget with the strong atmosphere of sorrow and respect touching all present. She never expects to witness again such a tribute to any individual.

At Arlington Cemetery, the couple stood a hundred yards from the spot where Mrs. Kennedy and her family alighted from their car to approach the grave site.

Although they arose early in the morning to file past his bier in the Rotunda, the lines of visitors were so deep they were unable to reach the spot where he lay.

Pearl Harbor

Saturday is the anniversary of Pearl Harbor. Twenty-two years ago, December 7, Japanese planes all but destroyed the Pacific fleet based in Honolulu, at the moment when Japanese envoys were conferring with President Franklin D. Roosevelt in Washington.

Bombs rained on Pearl Harbor, and the United States of America was at war.

Home From Hospital
Sheldon Drake, Lehman, is home again after many months spent in Nesbitt Hospital, following auto accident injuries.

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

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. Students away from home \$3.00 a term; Out-of-State \$3.50. Back issues, more than one week old, 15c.

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A non-partisan, liberal progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held for more than 30 days.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address.

Allow two weeks for change of address or new subscription 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 that 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 other publications.

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

Political advertising \$85, \$1.10, \$1.25 per inch. Preferred position additional 10c per inch. Advertising deadline Monday 5 P.M.

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

Classified rates 5c per word. Minimum if charged \$1.15.

Single copies at a rate of 10c can be obtained every Thursday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas — Bert's Drug Store, Colonial Restaurant, Darling's Market, Gosart's Market, Towne House Restaurant; Shavertown — Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville — Cairns Store, Trucksville Pharmacy; Idetown — Cave's Market; Harveys Lake — Javers Store Kocher's Store; Sweet Valley — Adams Grocery; Lehman — Stolarick's Store; Noxen — Scouten's Store; Shawanoses — Putebaugh's Store; Fernbrook — Bogdon's Store, Bunney's Store, Orchard Farm Restaurant; Luzerne — Novak's Confectionery; Beaumont — Stone's Grocery.

Editor and Publisher MYRA Z. RISLEY
Associate Editors—
Mrs. T.M.B. HICKS, LEIGHTON R. SCOTT, JR.
Social Editor MRS. DOROTHY B. ANDERSON
Business Manager DORIS R. MALLIN
Circulation Manager Mrs. VELMA DAVIS
Accounting SANDRA STRAZDUS
Advertising Manager LOUISE MARKS

From— Pillar To Post... By Hix

Too many children these days are being cheated of all the things that went with an old fashioned kitchen. The fragrance of apple pie cooling on the trivet; the indescribable smell of yeast dough rising under a tea towel, swelling to twice its original bulk in a big blue bowl; the sight and smell of freshly baked rolls tipped to a red-checked table cloth and wrapped lightly to keep warm for supper.

It wasn't too long ago . . . well, maybe sixty-five years . . . that I sat under the kitchen table and waited for an apple-skin to spiral from Mamma's expert knife, paper thin. The appleskins were mine, by long established custom. And with the last skin came a bonus of a slice of apple. Mamma explained that it simply wouldn't go into the pie shell already heaped with slices.

She floured the board, tossed a ball of pastry on it lightly, flattened it with the rolling pin, and extended it in all directions until it was a perfect circle. Then she drew on it with a case-knife a curving stem, punctuated with swift little dabs of the knife for fern leaves, and alongside the fern on either side, two more little pairs of dabs, to let out the steam.

Mamma sifted sugar on the mounded apple slices, sprinkled them with cinnamon, lifted the piecrust delicately and crimped it into place with thumb and forefinger.

She started the pie baking in a hot oven, its temperature gauged by an educated fore-arm, then reduced the heat slightly after the bottom crust was "set."

Browned and bubbling with juice, each little vent pouring forth fragrance, the pie was cooled on a trivet. Mamma always took the precaution of testing the bottom crust by touching a moistened forefinger to the bottom of the pie tin. If this maneuver was followed by a sharp hiss, Mamma would nod wisely. If there was no hiss, she would return the pie to the bottom shelf of the oven and step up the heat for five minutes. (It's the same procedure that women once used to test the heat of a flatiron before the days of temperature controlled electric steam irons.)

We always had to wait until it was lukewarm before Papa could cut the pie into six mathematically exact segments.

And that was PIE. Real pie. The kind of pie that Chautauqua County farmers used to demand for breakfast. Pie with a fragile flaky crust that disintegrated at the touch of a fork.

Not the pallid pie that emerges from the freezing cabinet at the chain store; nor the kind that slips solidly from a cardboard container, its crust undismayed by its travels through the bakery, in and out of the delivery truck, and that final heave onto the store shelf, along with the sugared doughnuts and the iced cinnamon buns in their cellophane jackets, untouched by human hands.

Mamma's apple pie was real food . . . food for the soul and for the memory as well as the body.

Safety Valve
REVEREND FRICK RESPONDS
My Dear:
When we read the Post after your telephone call yesterday, I noted that you are moving up your schedule next week so I felt I must get this to you on Monday. This is Saturday. Here goes!

The dastardly deed of yesterday muses my plans, and worst of all, it takes all the zest out of my speaking tomorrow night at the Union Thanksgiving service.

Hope the enclosure meets the requirements as to content and length. I counted and juggled it several times and I think I got it down to specifications. If not, the last few words of Jno. 3:16 could be left out and a couple of dashes used instead. If