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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.
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Editorially Speaking

It's A Matter Of Proportion

It is all a matter of proportion.
This area was thunderstruck when it was referred to as a pocket of poverty. What do you mean, poverty?
This land does not know what poverty means. It has no conception of actual want.
If poverty means that a house doesn't have in it an automatic washing machine or a dishwasher, we could point out plenty of houses that do not boast these inconveniences of the broader life. Nice folks, too.
On television some months ago a picture appeared of a laborer's home in the deep south, a veritable shack, high on stilts, with a colored family in residence. It was on a farm owned by Mrs. Lyndon Johnson.
And right in the middle of the room was a television set.
Poverty? Well, maybe. Could be the TV set was about to be repossessed.
Compared with the rest of the world, this country is unbelievably wealthy.
We see children on TV, their ribs plainly visible, their eyes imploring, hoping to be fed, starving slowly.
But these are not children of our own land, they are safely overseas.
Nobody in the United States has any business to go hungry. There is food and to spare.
In this Back Mountain, apples rot on the ground, tomatoes are discarded from the packing plants at the first hint of pinkness.
Compare our fields with those of countries where every twig is valuable, where wastage is a crime.
The average householder scrapes into the garbage bucket each day enough food to nourish another adult, adult.

Why Question Private Fortunes?

What's this pitch about investigating the private fortune of a presidential candidate?
Can't a man invest wisely and build up a comfortable barrier against destitution in his old age without having the voting public complain?
Neither Mr. Goldwater nor Mr. Johnson are suffering the pangs of hunger.
The late President Kennedy was at no time wondering where his next meal was coming from, and Nelson Rockefeller is not a pauper.
This condition is now OK, because he no longer aspires to the presidency.
The plain fact is, that a man who does not have private means, is in no position to run for important office.
This country is built upon the assumption that it is a praiseworthy thing to be a good businessman, increase small holdings to larger holdings, and in general make two blades of grass grow where one blade grew before.
Being born in a log cabin was once a prerequisite for running for high office, but that was before the days of the high cost of campaigning.
To be brutally frank, a poor man cannot run for election to any office higher than that of a dog-catcher.
So, it is assumed that all candidates must be well fixed, or they would not be candidates.
Then, why not take it for granted that all candidates have money, and let it go at that?
Mr. Goldwater can afford to campaign, and Mr. Johnson can afford to campaign against him.
Their private fortunes are their own affair.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

THIRTY YEARS AGO
Judge John S. Fine promised that a concrete road would be built between Tunkhannock and Dallas within a year. The promise was given at a meeting of the Wyoming Motor Club, which had been in the forefront of the move to reconstruct and pave Route 92.
Upton Sinclair was Democratic candidate for governor of California.
Construction of the new Harveys Lake fire house and community building was ready to start. Daniel C. Roberts, summer resident and retired Woolworth executive, at first offered \$2,000 toward a building fund, and later assumed responsibility for the entire cost.
Light frost failed to damage crops.
Fifteen ministers gathered to pay tribute to a fellow minister, Rev. W. H. Stang, 83, who was buried from Shavertown M. E. Church, where he had once been pastor.
Dallas Township registered 500 pupils, a record for the district.
The Dallas Post, in an editorial, saluted Judge Fine for his work in getting a new highway, while retaining its right to differ with him in manipulations of the Fine machine.
The editorial page had a poem by Mrs. John Girvan, titled "If Wishes Came True."
Secret Service men were constantly on guard to protect F.D.R. from possible assassination. William Moran was chief.
The sun had returned to the South Pole, and Admiral Byrd was recovering from his long siege of illness.
Reunions: Kocher, Hoover.
You could get 10 pounds of onions for two bits, or 7 pounds of sweet potatoes. Butter was two pounds for 61 cents, pot-roast 17 cents a pound, smoked hams 23 cents.

20 Years Ago

Circumstances surrounding the death on May 23 of Pvt. Samuel Galletti were conveyed to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Biagio Galletti of Outlet Road. Sam, serving with the 13th Armored Regiment in Italy as a tank driver, was hit by a shell and instantly killed.
Sam was one of eight area boys killed in action. Nine were missing in action, six were known prisoners of War, four died in the service.
Alden LeGrand was wounded in action during the attack on Guam. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis LeGrand, received word that he was in the hospital in Hawaii, following the landing of the Marines.
William Krause, 30, had a fractured skull. He had been hit by a car while walking on the highway near Shady-Side Dairy.
Lt. Warren Hicks was recovering from a serious attack of malaria in the CBI theatre of war. The fighter pilot had flown 115 missions in his P-40. He held the Air Medal and the Distinguished Flying Cross, each with oak leaf clusters.
Between 700 and 800 people attended dedication of memorial trees at Lehman High School.
Lt. James Davies, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Davies, Dallas, was reported missing in action.
College Misericordia was expecting the largest enrollment in history. The former Baur property was converted into a temporary dormitory.
In the Outpost: Ralph Antrim, overseas; Ted Schwartz, in the Navy; Harry E. Thomas, New Guinea; Glenn Kitchen, Fort Custer; Harold Lamoreaux, Camp Blanding; H. R. Williams, China; Bill Carroll, Florida; Marguerite Darrow, Sampson, N. Y.; Harvey Bottoms, South Pacific; at Fort Oglethorpe: Lt. Antonia.
Married: Thelma Updyke to Walter Tworek.
In the funnies: Nappy, Detective Riley, Mary Worth and her Family, Regular Fellers. Entire page of pix from India Burma, China.

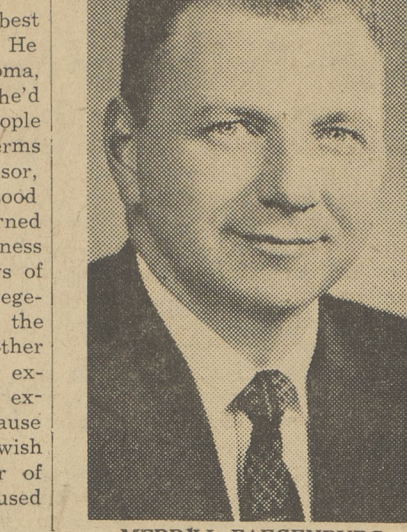
10 Years Ago

Dallas Borough-Kingston Township joint schools enrolled 1102.
Rolland Bulford caught a whopper of a mud turtle at Posten's Pond. Took him four hours to land the 43 and one half pound monster. Two years ago he caught another whopper in that same pond. That one was a bass weighing nine pounds five ounces.
Three employees of Denmor's went into the service: Warren Denmon, Eugene Brobst, and John Voight.
Nancy Fitch was operated on for a tumor of the brain.
Council was still hassling over creation of a parking lot behind the borough building. Installation of parking meters was an alternative. Nothing like giving the death blow to a struggling business district.
Back Mountain Jubilee minstrel show was begging for men in the

At Eighty, John Coon, Carverton, Continues Active In Dairy Farm

by Rev. Charles Gilbert

John W. Coon, well known and highly respected around these parts, has lived his full eighty years in Franklin Township, within half a mile of his birthplace. Born on the old homestead, September 3, 1884, where his brother Harvey lived for many years, John took up residence in 1906 in the home he now occupies.
Not alone, however, for on September 5, 1906, he married a young woman at the parsonage in Kings-ton by the Rev. Leonard Murdoch. Mr. and Mrs. Coon became the parents of six children, four of whom are still living. After many years of active life in her home, in the Grange, and in the Carverton Methodist Church, Mrs. Coon became blind and died on September 10, 1951 at the age of sixty-nine.
It was during the pastorate of the late Rev. Clark Calender that John Coon, age fourteen, united with the Carverton Methodist Church. He had been a steady church-goer in childhood, but in mid-teens felt he should register his religious convictions by uniting with the church and giving it his loyal support. For a longer time than he remembers, he served as a trustee of the church and in more recent years has been recognized for his faithfulness by being listed among the church officials as "honorary trustee." A few years ago when extensive repairs were being made, it was John Coon's joy to help in the mortgage-burning ceremony.
To go back a little: On May 29, 1903, John Coon received a diploma (It's made of genuine sheepskin!) from Wyoming Seminary School of Business. The names of Professor Kuhns and Willis Dean are inscribed on it. I remember those gentlemen very well myself. John must have done well in business penmanship, for his signature to this day is even, clear and beautiful. John declares that the time and money spent in that Semin-



MERRILL FAEGENBURG

ary business course was "the best investment I ever made." He brought out the framed diploma, and remarked that he guessed he'd hang it up somewhere so people could see it. He served two terms as Franklin Township supervisor, and his business training stood him in good stead. Also, he turned out to be a well-trained business man as a farmer in those days of diversified agriculture. Dairy, vegetables, and hay used to be the main crops. He and his brother Harvey grew heavy acreage of excellent potatoes. His brother exceeded him at this only because he had more storage space. I wish I could remember the number of bushels to the acre Harvey used to tell me he grew.
In more recent years, along with current agricultural practice, John has narrowed his farming down to dairy and some vegetables. He is still active in the dairy barn. That's where I found him when I went to call. His sons, Bertram and Herman, are co-partners in the total farming business. Herman has come to major in power machinery, and is an expert mechanic when it comes to repair and maintenance of tractors, hay-making tools, backhoe and harvesting equipment.
Besides Herman and Bertram, there is another son, John, Jr., and a daughter, Arla Charney. A daughter, Ruby Dixon, met a tragic death in 1952 after being bitten by a rabid fox. An older daughter, Madeline Riabua, who had considerable experience in music, passed away in 1962.
I am glad John Coon is still with us and active. Becoming an old-timer myself has caught me somewhat by surprise; I guess it sort of sneaked up on me when I wasn't looking. But, anyway, John and I had a good visit about the "old times." I'm glad to see him in fair health and strength, and able to work as he pleases and to stop and rest when he gets tired.

Know Your Neighbor

From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix
It looked like Old Home Week, down there at Station WBRE, with all those Back Mountain folks milling around.
Burl Updyke adjusting the camera, Livingston Clewell arranging things on the table for his broadcast for the United Fund, and an extremely cute little item from Franklin Street, Mimi Wilson, coming in and out.
And there was that aroma of fresh-brewed coffee in the air . . . but it was strictly non-drinking coffee, just coffee to look at over T-V.
It had been a long time since I had been down at W.B.R.E. In fact, it had been a long time since I had been to Wilkes-Barre, period, and things had changed.
Nobody had told me that WBRE was having its face lifted, and that the old entrance had been torn down, to give way to structural steel as in sky-scraper.
After all, when you're crawling up Franklin Street looking for a chance to turn into the Boston Store parking ramp or the Miners Bank Parkade, and three cars make it before you do, and the sign FILLED goes up in your face, you don't pay much attention to the surrounding scenery.
It was a blow to find nothing familiar about that WBRE front elevation.
Parking illegally and picking my way across the construction site, I tapped a workman on the shoulder. "Where," I inquired, "does a person go to get into this place? Up a ladder?"
The workman looked properly horrified. "No MA'AM," he reassured me, "you go right down that alley and you'll find a door. The door doesn't look like a door, but it is. And you can probably park back there if you don't plan to stay too long."
Plenty of parking space. And inside the door that was not a door, there was all sorts of business going on. All it took was to follow the nose around a couple of corners, hurdling a few obstacles, but getting there.
"The lettering doesn't show up very well," Mr. Clewell murmured, but maybe we can get a different angle."
"I wouldn't want to sling any monkey wrenches into the works," I ventured, "but a little charcoal rubbed into those letters would bring them out something noble."
Apparently, letting a bit of engraving sit for its portrait at WBRE is old hat. All it needs is an angle.
The plaque sat there on a chair waiting for the broadcast.
"Now don't look at me when you talk," instructed Pop, "just look right into the camera, and when the cameraman makes you a sort of a signal, wind up quick."
And that was the way it was.
Pop said, "Now that it's all over, I'll buy you a cup of coffee." My reaction to that was, "I gotta get back to the office. But quick. Bye now." and I was out the side door and away, back to the salt mines, with a fleeting thought that probably nobody saw me on T-V anyhow, and a further thought:
So what?

KEEPING POSTED

September 2: FOUR BEATLES send 14,000 shrieking girls into convulsions in Philadelphia.
September 2: SERGEANT YORK, World War I hero, dies, aged 76.
September 3: ROBERT KENNEDY quits Cabinet to run for senator from New York.
LABOR DAY WEEKEND, traffic toll terrific.
September 8: HURRICANE DORA steaming up again into a monster, heading toward mainland. Ten-foot tides expected in Florida. Extremely large storm.
GOLDWATER PROMISES tax reduction, JOHNSON SAYS tax reductions are already in the bag.

More Divided Highway Needed

The new highway is going to be a first class headache for central Dallas.
Cars will come rocketing along a divided highway until they reach the junction where Route 309 runs off to the north.
Then they will suddenly be bottled-necked into a narrower highway leading to the Lake, where cars stack up at the inevitable red light.
People who saw a highway survey being made some weeks ago out near the bowling lanes, hoped this study was a preliminary to an extension of the divided highway, with conventional safeguards against collision.
Traffic presents little problem during the winter, but a resort area increases it tremendously during vacation months, which is the time when most accidents occur.

When Merrill moved into his new home he showed his artistic bent by doing a magnificent job on the landscaping, and his pride and joy is a silver maple which in a short space of time has had an amazing growth. Two sunburst locusts also greet the visitor as he enters the grounds and rambler roses grow prolifically in a blaze of color.
Possessing energy and purpose, Merrill Faegenburg assures the success of next year's auction and his faith in a growing prosperity for the Back Mountain should provide a stimulus for all of its residents.

Bird Club Tonight

Back Mountain Bird Club meets tonight at 8 in the Library Annex, Edwin Johnson presiding.
Fifty slides from Hawk Mountain will be shown, picturing hawks and eagles on their flight. Annually, birds take advantage of the thermals rising from the valley floor, to give them a lift on their fall migration toward the south.
For information on Hawk Mountain, call Mrs. Chester Nesbitt.
Politics has been defined as the art of the possible.

Better Leighton Never

Some people knew, and most don't, that there's a genuine ski-toad building on the ridge above Outlet, Harveys Lake, which will probably be ready this winter. This enterprise includes a motel, bar, etc., and should continue the Lake's development as a year-round resort.
Slope will be on the Lake side, Herman Kern tells me, to collect snow from the north. Keefe Enterprises is doing the construction work, the whole endeavor reportedly being set up by an outfit in Hazleton.
WHICH LEADS US—
to wonder about a possible epidemic of broken legs from skiing, in the coming year. Natural place to go with a broken leg would be the Lake-Noxen Clinic, but this old institution may be seeing its last days.
Both Doc Jacobs and Doc Moky-chic are building new offices, in Dallas and Shavertown, respectively. Question remains whether Doc Saidman will continue with two new aides.
SEEN AND HEARD
Mr. Solomon, please hurry and rick-pot the road crossings on the ripped-up railroad bed. I am killing my car and my nerves at the following places: Center Hill Road, Dallas, Harris Hill Road, and two chores.
Joyce Hoover was out of her cast, and on crutches. The report of her death in the traffic accident was greatly exaggerated (see Mark Twain.)
Died: Charles Wolfe, 86, Pikes Creek. Pearl Franklin, 66, Dallas. Raymond F. Lamoreaux, 56, Dem-nues Road, heart attack. Adam Karney, Dallas, killed in a rock fall at Buttonwood Colliery.
Hillside sold Pete Skopic a start-er flock of Dorset ewes.

Wins World's Fair Trip

Miss Jeanie Patton, Noxen, won a free trip to the World's Fair at the Dallas Outdoor Theatre last weekend.

At Geisinger

Elwood Nulton, R.D. 1, Dallas, was admitted to Geisinger Hospital on September 6 and Fred L. Williams, 155 Terrace Avenue, Trucksville, entered the Medical Center on September 7.

Enters Medical College

Miss Mary Lane Jerista, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Jerista, R. D. 1, Dallas, is among the sixty young women entering their first year at Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.
Miss Jerista is a graduate of College Misericordia, where she studied under a Sordani Foundation Scholarship and was an honor student at Westmoreland High School from which she graduated in 1960.

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