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Editorially Speaking

Fire Is A Frightening Thing

If there are danger spots in our schools, we ought to know them, talk about them, and do something about them. Rubber mats become frayed or scuffed with the daily passage of many feet. A curled mat could cause a frightened youngster to fall, and be trampled by other frightened children. More deaths in school fires are caused by trampling than by any other single circumstance. It is absolutely essential that no carelessness be condoned, and no lack of constant vigilance tolerated. The recent fire drill pinpointed some danger spots which could result in disaster if flames were roaring at the heels of desperate children, fleeing for their lives. All of the danger spots have ridiculously easy cures. Probably, after the report of the firemen, they have already been taken care of. Not because this is fire-prevention week, but because it is commonsense to make everything as safe for children as humanly possible. The only school that burned down over here in the Back Mountain was the old Trucksville school, and that at night when there were no pupils and no children inside. Parents in Trucksville breathed more easily when they learned that the old firetrap was gone. With the advent of modern school buildings, most of the hazards have been overcome. But if there is one single thing which can trip a child, no amount of careful planning of safety devices, no blueprinting of escape routes, can ever be enough to insure that children will live.

SUMMER'S END

Summer sheds her crown of verdant green And now the lacey ferns that once adorned her hair Are withered, brittle, drab; the sheen Of summer radiance is gone; now frosty air Lies crisp and cold and in the flower bed The marigolds await the noonday sun— With drooping head. The stalks of peonies along the garden path Whose springtime glory dazzled every eye, In drooping disarray now wait the winter's wrath And turn a withered face to windswept, autumn sky. Yet lingering here, amid decay, there grows, With springtime fragrance still— A single, lovely rose. A lonely robin searches vainly on the lawn Then, brushed by falling leaves, takes southward wing, The sun is late and lazy bringing dawn And arches high and cold on westward swing. But oh, the glory of the night, when all the world is still And harvest moon spills silver beauty— O'er the hill. Summer fades and autumn woos the hills and vales With dazzling raiment; russet, scarlet, brown and gold And then, with fickle disregard, sends whistling gales, Till, stripped of brilliant garb, the earth stands bare and cold. But now, on bleak, bare branch, a cardinal returns to sing That just beyond the winter's blasts— Lies yet another spring.

—WILLIARD G. SEAMAN

Lehman Township 1963-1964 School Audit

Table with columns for REVENUE and EXPENSES. Includes items like Net Amount Taxes Collected, Property, Per Capita, Delinquent, Tuition from Patrons, etc.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

Municipal ownership of the local water company was discussed at Dallas Borough Council meeting Tax-payers Association was pushing the idea. Harveys Lake new municipal building was well under construction. Stone was being quarried. Architect was L. V. Lacy. Cost was \$13,500, donated by summer resident Daniel C. Roberts. Cardinals were world champs, Dizzy Dean pitching, and Tigers losing 11-4. Valuable clay deposits at the foot of Schooley Mountain at Noxen, were expected to be worked before too long. Milton Hetteshimer, former owner, had been convinced of their value in manufacture of rubber tires. A high school band was organized at Dallas Township, and Dallas Borough was planning to form a similar band. Jim Beseker stopped being the local Ford dealer, and became the local Chevrolet dealer. Local relief office moved to new quarters two doors away on Main Street. A. H. Rainey was local representative. A 40-foot tower was being erected on the mountain near Shickshiny to be used by engineers re-mapping Pennsylvania. Hiram Blizzard, 64, died of a heart attack at his home in Noxen. Mrs. Lucy A. Williams died in Shavertown. Back Mountain Democratic Club was well attended. Leo Mundy and William C. Griffiths speakers. The Queen Mary, second largest ship in the world, was launched at Glasgow.

20 Years Ago

Irving Davis, son of the Shavertown postmaster, was missing on the Aachen front. He was commander of the 109th Infantry. Drag-racing on the highway was as prevalent then as now. Alan Hoyt, 18, Charles Goodrich, 17, racing against Clyde Campbell, with passengers Lester Campbell and Dorwood Kocher on the Dallas-Idetown highway. Two of the youths had been involved in a fatal hit-run accident when David Roberts was killed in Fernbrook. Lester Hoover, Idetown, and Floyd Wolfe, Pikes Creek, were serving together in the Signal Corps in France. Never met until they entered the service. Berlin station announcer broadcast news that Paul Nulton, Beaumont, was a POW. Brokenshire's farm shipped a carload of cabbage from Dallas freight station. (Railroad is ancient history now.) Frank Perry was reelected Legion Commander. In the Outpost: William H. Parsons, Pacific Fleet; John Szel, New Guinea; William J. Fletcher, Pacific; George B. Turn, Pacific; Charles Murph, Cherry Point; Richard Gibson, California; Paul Snyder, Gulfport; H. W. Bogart, Marines; Wilbur Loveland, Georgia; George Sorber, Alabama; Thomas Cadwalader, France; Frank and Marvin Morgan in England; William A. Johnson, France; Calvin Culp, 8th Air Force; Robert Davis hospital in Philly; Douglas Riddell has the Distinguished Flying Cross. Served as nose gunner, transferred to Texas as instructor. Married: Nora Lally to Lean M. Austin. Eagle Scout awards for James Huston Jr. and James Walters.

10 Years Ago

"Should the charter of Dallas Borough be annulled?" was the burning question on the ballot, coming up for a vote in November. It was to be discussed at a Town Meeting moderated by Eugene Farley. Dallas ambulance was receiving gifts: oxygen, crowbar, blankets, folding wheelchair, rope. Lehman was within a hair of meeting standards set by the State for schools. Clarence Boston, Nicholson, died after an 8-week battle for life. Himmier Theatre was presenting "The Robe," in cinemascope, newly installed. Boston Store opened its new parking ramp. Married: Rita Petroski to Edward Stempion. Clara Patton to Harry W. Wells. Lois Jean Ide to Fred P. Hughes. Died: Mrs. Sarah Carey, 74 formerly of Beaumont. Mrs. Kate Grasser, 85, Dallas. Mrs. Isabelle Cook LaBarre, 93, Orange. Librarian Cooperates The new librarian at Back Mountain Memorial Library spent hours looking up books to help along a project in the Dallas Post, searching for information about the vanished lumber industry. Mrs. Mary Gale finally located two ancient volumes, not even catalogued, hiding back in the magazine room, that contained what the Post needed for the forthcoming tabloid.

— READ THE TRADING POST —

For They're The Secret Weapon Of The United States Marines

by Lt. Col. Thomas M. B. Hicks III

And here, the Wilcats finish off their saga of the landing on the Island of Angaur twenty years ago. Trained by the Marines for their amphibious maneuvers, the men of the 81st composed a wicked little parody on the Halls of Montezuma, not to mention the Shores of Tripoli.

The fourth installment of the battle that began September 17, 1944:

The entire island—2 1/4 by 1 1/2 miles—was of coral, covered with intense tropical growth. In some places we had to leap from rock to rock to go forward.

It took us ten painful, bloody days to root out the enemy from the bowl itself and the cave positions along all but the north side. We were attacking from east, west and south. The coral and jungle were so difficult that engineers drove their bulldozers right up among our leading platoons, making trails for handcarrying food and ammunition and taking out the wounded. We had to use nearly half our men in carrying parties. Sitting high on their tractors, the engineers were excellent targets for snipers.

While we were fighting for the bowl, our Colonel Benjamin W. Venable had gone well forward just behind a tank. A Japanese 47mm cannon fired at the tank—Uncle Ben's arm was almost severed by shell fragments and his radio operator was killed. We laid Colonel Venable on the aid station table where he calmly discussed the situation with his executive, hulking Lieutenant Colonel Ernest H. Wilson.

While the surgeon bandaged him, Venable impressed on Wilson the important points of the battle situation and turned over command. He was in great pain, but never mentioned it. Then we carried Uncle Ben to Red beach and sent him out on a boat to a ship. (Twenty years later I shook hands with Venable. He gave me his right hand—the arm had been completely restored. I also met our wounded surgeon of the beach, whose right wrist had recovered.)

The 32nd Infantry was now the only regiment fighting to overcome the Japanese defense of Angaur. The 321st Infantry had been sent on September 21 to Peleliu to attack alongside the 1st Marines, who were suffering very heavy casualties. We still had not driven the enemy from their main battle position, even though we had cleared the natural bowl and our artillery had blasted away the jungle foliage.

But now we had an urgent deadline. Just south of the enemy's main position and immediately to our rear, hundreds of aviation engineers were leveling the coral to make a mile long airstrip. It was needed for a bomber group to attack the Philippines in support of MacArthur's landing in October, and for cargo planes to airlift supplies to his troops.

If a Japanese fleet should attempt to use the Palau group as a base for counteraction against the U. S. fleets, our bombers would attack the enemy ships. We had to eliminate the Japanese on Angaur island so that air operations could be conducted in security. We had less than a month to complete our fight.

For another week we continued to attack the north cliffs, shooting large 155mm howitzers directly against the caves. We uncovered a big concrete command post of the enemy commander, Major Goto, and blasted it while he and his staff retreated.

We worked small groups of men through crevices to positions where they could snipe at enemy machine guns and foxholes. We discovered that we could attack at night just as well as the Japanese, and we began to blow in caves during the dark. We had to do this during a week of continuous heavy tropical rain. We all were covered with slime, but the wounded suffered from it the worst.

Wiles and Stratagems Now we decided to change tactics. We had whittled down the enemy-held cliff position to a 500 yard front, and the pinnacles and

In Pied Piper



VIRGINIA BURKE

Misericordia senior Virginia Burke will play Tonicie, a nice mouse-character in THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN which the Wilkes-Barre Junior League in cooperation with College Misericordia will present on October 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, and November 1. The play tells the story of Hamelin town fifteen years after the children had been led into the mountain by the Pied Piper.

Directed by Gerald Godwin, author, Misericordia Players will give eight performances: Friday, October 23, at 7:30 p.m.; Saturday, October 24, at 10:30 a.m. and at 2:00 p.m.; Sunday, October 25, at 2:00 p.m.

Leading parts will be played by Joe Kelly as Thomas Williebold Piper and Bob Hensley as Mayor Ludwig Von Grimmelhuffelhausen. Other cast members are: Leslie Rose, Donna Salameda, Anne Giacalone, Bonnie Glennon, Anne Hurley, Flo Dorsam, Jan Beveridge, Jeanne Gallagher, Kathryn Bohn, Bonnie De Rose, Andrea Glod, Charlene Smith, Mary Pat McGeehin, Sandra Postupack.

An original music score is being written by students of Misericordia's department of music. Annette Oshinski and Anne Giacalone. Costumes have been designed by Theresa Pacewicz and Bonnie Glennon, seniors. Sets were designed by Mr. Godwin and George Roberts.

SPAGHETTI SUPPER SATURDAY

Don't forget the spaghetti supper Saturday night at Idetown Fire Hall for benefit of the Jonathan Davis Fire Company. Serving starts at 5, ends at 8. Tickets at the door or from any fireman.

orous assault on the Japanese positions there. The Marines had killed 6,200 enemy and lost 800 killed and another 4,500 wounded. There were still 5,000 more stubborn Japanese in the fortified peaks and valleys of Peleliu.

Our Wildcats took until November 27 to exterminate 5,600 enemy and capture 300 others with losses of 400 of our men killed and 1,400 wounded—but we simply moved more deliberately than the marines' youngsters, and so our casualties were lower.

Off to New Caledonia

Then we began to move by ship to New Caledonia to rest. A lot of our men were sick with dysentery. In fact, we found we were literally riddled with amoebic dysentery. It took until May 1945 for enough of our men to recover so we could go back into action mopping up Japanese units around Ormoc, Leyte in the Philippines. We were then under Douglas MacArthur's command and after the surrender went to northern Honshu, Japan as occupation troops until we were inactivated in January, 1946.

We were Army troops again, but we still sang our own parody of the Marines Corps hymn: "From the caves of Angaur island, To the shores of Peleliu, The Marines, 'tis true they took the beach, But soon met Waterloo, Then they sent the Wildcat soldiers in To stop those Banzai screams, For we're the Secret Weapon of The United States Marines."

From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix

It is clearly marked over the Speed Counter at the market: six items or less.

So the lady plunks down fifteen items on the counter, hesitates over whether to go back and get more oranges, decides that it's dark rye she wants instead of vienna bread, makes the switch, fumbles around in her handbag for bills, and settles for writing a check.

The four other people in the speed check-out line-up shift from one foot to the other.

They're all in a hurry . . . that's why they snatched up a couple of items they simply had to have for supper, and made for the speed exit instead of lining up behind the truck traffic in the other check-outs.

The lady can't find her fountain-pen, and one is procured for her.

She makes out the check, waves to the young boy with her to pick up the bulging sack of groceries, and sails out, completely oblivious to the swollen glares of the hoi poloi.

The next four customers go through the check-out in record time, one minute per customer.

It's exasperating to be stymied behind a hundred jars of baby food, but it's even more exasperating to be held up in a speed-up exit.

One nice thing, however . . . she wasn't using food stamps. Nor did she cash in any coupons. That would have been the pay-off, probably leading to justifiable homicide.

KEEPING POSTED

- October 7: CARDS TAKE first game of World Series. October 8: CROWD BOOS Prime Minister at rally, police escort necessary. October 8: TSHOMBE LEAVES Cairo, not admitted to conference. October 8: YANKS CLOBBER CARDS. October 9: ISBELL FORMING in Hurricane cradle. October 9: OLYMPIC GAMES open in Tokyo, 10,000 pigeons released, spectators duck. October 10: QUEBEC COLD-SHOULDERS QUEEN. October 10: KIDNAPPED in Venezuela, United States Army Officer. October 11: THREE MEN IN SPACE, by the Soviet, in technical. October 12: CARDINALS AND YANKS neck to neck. October 12: LT. COL. MICHAEL SMOLEN released by Terrorists, unharmed. October 13: YOU-TOO, say Republicans and Democrats, biting in the clinches.

Mrs. Reynolds' Daughter Has Fatal Heart Attack

Nancy Buckingham Dorrance Reynolds Coffinberry, "Nan" to all who knew her well, died suddenly Monday evening while hiding farewell to guests at her home in Kent, Conn.

She was buried today in Kent. Mrs. Coffinberry and her husband had recently moved from Larchmont, N. Y. to Kent, purchasing a historic home, and looking forward to years of retirement.

They had both been extremely active in Larchmont, where they belonged to St. John's Episcopal Church. Mrs. Coffinberry was the first woman to be elected to the vestry. Mr. Coffinberry served as Mayor. The couple took a vital interest in civic and cultural affairs.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, daughter of Mrs. Dorrance Reynolds and the late Col. Dorrance Reynolds, former president of Wyoming National Bank, Nancy entered Vassar upon graduation from Wilkes-Barre Institute, obtaining her AB Degree. She was a member of Colonial Dames and the D.A.R.

Her husband John Brooks Coffinberry of Cleveland, was Mayor of Larchmont.

Surviving, in addition to her husband, are: her mother, living now at Goodleigh Farm, Dallas; two daughters: Mrs. Peter von Storch, Greenwich, Conn.; Mrs. S. Napier Smith, Couthbury, Conn.; two sisters, Patricia Reynolds of Goodleigh Farm; and Mrs. C. Welles Belin, Waverly.

Advertisement for O'Malia's Laundry & Dry Cleaning. Features a cartoon of a man in slacks with the text 'SLACKS LOOK NEAT NOT BEAT'. Includes contact information: 288-1496, Enterprise 1-0843, Main Plant and Narrows Shopping Center Branch Store, Luzerne-Dallas Highway.

Advertisement for Harold C. Snowdon Funeral Directors. Text: SERVING RESIDENTS OF THE GREATER DALLAS AREA. A funeral home should be carefully selected . . . before the need arises. Back Mountain residents are invited to compare Snowdon facilities . . . services . . . prices. Contact: HAROLD C. SNOWDON, HAROLD C. SNOWDON, JR.