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Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

Remember Shirley Temple? Here she was on the front page, holding hands with Harold Lloyd, Jr., aged 3. The midjet star, complete with curls, dropped off an entire year somewhere along the line, to keep her the sweetheart of the films. She earned a fabulous amount of money. Exit Shirley Temple, hail to the Beatles.

Frank P. Douglas, explorer, talked to Dallas High School students about his adventures in the Gold Rush in the Klondike.

World attention was centered on the Bruno Hauptmann trail in Flemington, N. J. Hauptmann was charged with kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby.

Mrs. John Girvan deplored crowded conditions in the Dallas Township school. Mrs. Harvey Kitchen was PTA president.

A Harveys Lake man, caught distilling liquor in a washbub, was cleared when it appeared that imprisonment would be a hardship for a man 75 years old. He had been paying his helpers with do-it-yourself whiskey.

Robbers Roost was ending in the Dallas Post, When Worlds Collide about to begin as a serial.

20 Years Ago

The White Church on the Hill celebrated its Centennial.

Two column picture of Irvin C. Davis, missing in action in Europe.

Harry Bean, Noxen, was killed in action in France. His wife received a letter from him written the day before he died.

Christmas boxes were on the way to the boys in the service. Mail early.

Amos Swire, 25, was badly wounded three weeks after landing in France.

Ten killed in action, four died in service, eleven missing in action, seven prisoners of war, from this area. And 1002 free Dallas Posts to service men and women.

Heard from in the Outpost: Roy Schultz, New Guinea; Bill Gensel, England; Jimmy Wyant, Pacific; Dick Phillips, Little Creek; Harry Randall, Hawaii; Harold Spencer, ski-trooper training on a torrid Texas plain; Bud Nelson, Fort Meade; Phil Cease, Alabama; Howard L. Platt, France.

Died: Stanley Miner, 63, Pikes Creek. Betty Cowan, 3, Alderson.

Married: Alberta May Klein to Thomas Reilly. Olive Lee to Robert J. Sutton. Sgt. Kenneth P. Jones wounded in action in Germany.

10 Years Ago

Wallace Wakefield, Orchard Knob Farm, president of First National Bank of Wilkes-Barre, was instantly killed in a head-on collision near Harter's Dairy.

Melvin Frantz, Huntsville, collapsed and died while clearing brush from his grounds.

Hurricane Hazel roared into the area, tossing trees like jackstraws. A cyclone cut a 300 foot swathe at Point Breeze. Alderson was practically untouched. A silo was blown away at Sweet Valley. Date of Hazel's visit, Friday, October 15, 1954. Porch roof of Country Club ripped from its moorings.

Married: Agnes Astor Zolko to William Doberstein. Margaret Strayer to Charles B. Strome.

Himmeler Theatre was showing **Magnificent Obsession**; Shaver Theatre, **The Student Prince**.

Aerial photo of somewhere in the Back Mountain, but nobody knows where.

Political advertising was picking up. President Eisenhower, Dan Flood, Congressman Bonin.

SHAVERTOWN CUBS ORGANIZE GROUP

Shavertown Cub Pack met Thursday night, at 7:30 p.m. in St. Theresa's auditorium, Shavertown. Joseph Precone, cubmaster presided.

Den 3, with Mrs. John Mihalick as Den Mother, opened the meeting with the flag raising ceremony. Den 2, Mrs. John Gebhardt Den Mother, closed the meeting with prayer and the cub song. The following awards were made: Wolf badge, James Hughes; gold arrow on wolf, John Mihalick.

Plans were discussed for the coming year. Fred Kroll, neighborhood commissioner from Forty Fort was a guest. The following are the officers for the year: Joseph Precone, cubmaster; Michael Sille, asst. cubmaster; John Mihalick, secretary; Robert Boylan, treasurer; Eugene Brown, chairman; Peter George, asst. in charge of Webelos and Mrs. James L. Brown, publicity. Mrs. Andrew Ondish and John Woychick are in charge of ideas for the coming year.

The next Pack meeting will be held Thursday night, November 19.

RED LIGHT

Red light means go when you cover the lens of your flashlight when you are picking up night-crawlers at night. Red somehow doesn't scare the rapid little scals as much as white.

KEEPING POSTED

- October 14: NOBEL PEACE PRIZE for Martin Luther King.
- October 15: HURRICANE ISBELL lashes across Florida and out to sea.
- October 15: KHRUSCHEV VANISHES. Did he fall, or was he pushed? And where?
- October 15: CARDINALS WIN SERIES.
- October 16: WILSON BEATS HOME in close election. Labor now in power.
- October 17: RED CHINA explodes nuclear device.
- October 18: PRESIDENT JOHNSON addresses Nation on Red China and Krushchev. Goldwater demands equal free time over the air waves.
- October 19: AMERICAN MOTORS strike ended. General Motors still on.
- October 20: FORMER PRESIDENT HOOVER, elder statesman, is dead, at age of 90.
- October 21: SUMMER OLYMPICS in Tokyo sees U. S. team doing fabulously well, stacking up gold medals.

Better Leighton Never

We found out why the prowler was leaving Dallas fairly quiet last week; He was out toward Lehman, specifically near Huntsville Dam. Same description—white hair, white clothes, and middle-aged. I'm late in telling you this, because that was apparently what all the state police activity was, the state police activity that nobody knew anything about, except the Dallas Post.

Oh, well, in two years I've been in the newspaper business I've come to accept the fact that people are basically sympathetic with police efforts to sit on "adverse publicity" (20th century phrase meaning "news") that might cast a "bad light" on one's neighborhood.

SEEN AND HEARD
Word has it that the Grobleski brothers will build a doctors' clinic this side of Idetown, probably starting in the spring.

Caddie LaBar tells us it's been the best bow season ever.

Len Crawford tells us we ought to make more of the fact that there is going to be a ski-run above the Outlet, as it will pep up local economy at the Lake in a year when things haven't been all that good.

Pete Lange has a new orange raincoat he is pretty proud of, and it will make him extremely visible at night in precarious traffic. In the dark he resembles a burning barn.

We were glad to have the state pave Church Street, but submit that it was nowhere near as bad as up-

per Demunds Road, which is a vicious tank-trap, full of antique axle-busting drain pipes which become evident only at the precise moment they send a shuddering whack through the entire car. Let's fix that one.

Expect hunting season to eclipse the November elections as far as public interest goes. There will be a lot of routine voting for the established administration, and shoo-in Republican candidates around here may find tough sledding if Johnson busts up the straight ticket.

A light blue TR-3 roadster seen busting around the Lake in past months seems to have busted its last for a while, having been observed adorning the stern of a wrecker recently.

The guy who hit the medial strip in Trucksville and cracked up is probably forerunner of many similar instances, especially this winter. Dave and Nik Fritz climbed Schooley Mountain Sunday, and took one of Cal Strohl's boys along. While the kid climbed a tree to see Harveys Lake even better, Dave pondered their trip back down dubiously. On Market Street, Dave met bearded Al Goble, said he was going back up, and asked Al to climb along. Al said: "Hardly."

Several political figures stood on the breezy shores of Harveys Lake last week, sniffing the wind, more or less after the fact, but before the election. Popular reaction I encountered was not euphoric.

MY HEART LEAPS UP
With Autumn and "October's bright blue weather"—here in the gorgeous Back Mountain countryside—our thoughts turn to these two spirited bits of verse by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Bliss Carman. Both poems so filled with the joy of living—yet both poets dead!

GOD'S WORLD
*O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!*

A VAGABOND SONG
*There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.*

*The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.*

*There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.*

Book Club Members See Themselves As They Were Fifteen Years Ago

It was a totally unexpected program, but members of the Book Club called for more and more on Monday afternoon, demanding returns of their favorite Library Audio scenes.

Miss Miriam Lathrop, Back Mountain's first librarian, sent on some color slides taken at former Auctions, after she returned to Sun City, Arizona, following her summer trip to Dallas.

Book Club members gasped as they saw themselves on the projector, looking fifteen years younger and with grandchildren, now in college, clinging to their skirts. They all agreed that Mrs. Paul Gross could not have arranged a more interesting program.

At the brief business meeting, the list of new books was presented. They include: "Anyone Got A Match?" by Max Shulman; "The Blessington Method," by Stanley Ellin; "The Clocks," Agatha Christie; "English Moon," San San; "The Eyes Around Me," Gavin Black; "The Flagg of Doney," Harris Greene; "The Ice Saints," Frank Tuohy; "The Mark of Murder," Dell Shannon; "My Autobiography," by

Charlie Chaplin; "Question of Loyalty," Freeling; "Recluse of Herald Square," Joseph Cox; "Sixpence in Her Shoe," McGinley; "Tomorrow's Fire," Jay Williams; "Markings," by Dag Hammarskjold.

Secretary's report was presented by Mrs. Ornan Lamb; treasurer's by Mrs. Herman Thomas.

Mrs. George Gregson and Mrs. Guy Faust poured from a tea-table gay with autumn coloring, gold and rust chrysanthemums and yellow twist candles.

Present, other than those already mentioned, were Mesdames Edgar Brace, Hilda Levy, Dana Crump, James Hutchinson, Stewart Ferguson, Arthur H. Ross, J. Stanley Rinehimer, George H. Montgomery, Thomas E. Heffernan, Arch G. Rutherford, Stewart Ferguson, and Miss Mary Jane Faust.

REFLECTING BEANS

Buy a quarter's worth of white dried beans at the store on your way to the ice fishing grounds. Sprinkle below holes. Fish show up against the white bottom. Fish are attracted to the cloud of small stuff in the water.

DAYLIGHT SAVING ENDS SUNDAY A.M. SET CLOCKS BACK
Daylight Saving will end Sunday morning at 2. Set clocks back one hour before retiring Saturday night, to insure arrival at church at the correct time, not one hour early.

Guest Speaker At PTA

Dr. Aaron Lisses, Dallas optometrist, was guest speaker at a recent meeting of the Northwest School Jointure PTA.

Son Of Tannery Founder Dies

Robert K. Mosser, son of George Mosser, original founder of Mosser's Tannery in Noxen, died aged 77 Sunday at his home in Trexler-ton.

For a brief time as a young man, he helped his father with operation of what was later the Armour Tannery, but his main interest was always in the field of bricks. He retired some years ago from operation of the Lehigh Brick Co. in Allentown.

Old-timers of Noxen remember that the Mosser children went away to school, patronizing locals schools for only the first few grades. It was a great day when the boys came home from military school, and took out the horses during vacation time.

Social life picked up speed, and Noxen was in a whirl. The stables were always a mecca for youngsters of Noxen. The family owned one of the first automobiles in the area, a marvel at the time.

During World War I, Mr. Mosser, a 1905 graduate of Pennsylvania Military College, served with the U.S. Army.

He was manager of the Commonwealth Building, Allentown; was treasurer of the board of trustees of the Good Shepherd Home, and on the board of Lehigh Valley Trust Company and the Sacred Heart Hospital.

He served on the Muhlenberg College board for fifteen years, and in his prime was active in the Community Chest in Allentown.

Church affiliations were with St. John's Lutheran, where he was a member of the vestry, and was a member of the Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

His parents were the late George J. and Ida Hausman Mosser, of Allentown.

An older brother Fred died some years ago.

One sister survives: Mrs. Dewey Fuller, Krocksville.

Burial was on Wednesday, with services from St. Johns conducted by Rev. Arnold S. Keller. Interment was in Allentown.

Rotary Women Introduce Officers

First Fall Dinner Meeting of the Dallas Women of Rotary was held recently at Irem Temple Country Club. Mrs. Hanford Eckman, president, introduced these new officers:

Mrs. H. R. McCartney, first vice president; Mrs. Stanley Hozempa, second vice president; Mrs. Archer Mohr, treasurer; Mrs. Marjorie Krimmel, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Robert Graham, recording secretary; Mrs. Andrew Pillarella, chaplain.

Committee chairmen: Mrs. Robert Bodycomb, wheel chair; Mrs. Joseph Sekera, shut-ins; Mrs. Earl Phillips, cards; Mrs. Walter Mohr, hospitality; Mrs. John G. Konsavage, publicity; Mrs. Archer Mohr, budget; Mrs. Mary Jennings, ways and means; Mrs. W. B. Jeter, auditing; Mrs. Dale Parry, Mrs. Jack Landis and Mrs. Willard Seaman, welfare.

Mrs. Spencer Martin was appointed chairman of the Christmas dinner dance to be held December 5th at Irem Temple Country Club.

Mette Krog Larsen, Rotary Exchange Student from Svolvaer, Norway, presently residing with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Steele, Oak Hill, and a student at Lake-Lehman School, gave a delightful talk on her native country and showed color slides of Norway.

From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix

Looking back over some of the Pillar Post written twenty years ago, I'm reminded of a lot of things I had almost forgotten.

Gasoline rationing, for one; and food stamps; and the impossibility of getting a seat on a train. If you were smart, you carried the kind of a suitcase that was sturdy enough to sit on, not a simple hatbox or a handbag which might collapse under your weight.

The trains pulling out of the Lehigh Valley Station in Wilkes-Barre were loaded to the gunwales with soldiers and sailors, and mothers of soldiers and sailors going to see soldiers and sailors somewhere down the line.

If anybody complained about the crowds and the confusion, the standard reply was, "Ain't you heard? There's a war on."

This explained everything. Why you couldn't get a berth on the Pullman, for instance. The porters made a pretty good thing of it along about half past midnight. A well-placed tip usually bore fruit, but it was a very hush-hush affair. The porter would be happy to sit up all night, and it just happened that the berth he had expected to stretch out in was vacant, and "Oh THANK you ma'am."

Some folks wangled extra gas, but it was frowned upon. It was a badge of patriotism to walk or borrow a bike, or even stay home.

When it came to food, it was every man for himself. Families with a number of children did pretty well. Food stamps were elastic, and most young children could pass up the coffee with ease.

But those meat counters, sparsely populated with a little Bologna and chickens past their first youth, did nothing to inspire a cook. By some miracle, housewives were expected to select delectable meals, but it was a struggle. If your family took to corned beef hash, you could every once in awhile find a can of corned beef on the shelves, and you could get potatoes.

Curly-cow was something for which you dressed for dinner. Curly-cow used to be a breakfast dish. Then it moved up onto the luncheon menu, served on triangles of crisp toast and garnished with sliced hard-boiled eggs, a sprig of parsley, and a dash of paprika.

During the war it came into its own, and appeared on the dinner table. Men in the service viewed it with disdain, but they got it every once in awhile, and it was a nice exchange from K-rations.

A can of pink salmon was a treasure. We used to eat it cat-salmon and buy it, ten cents a can, for the pussy-cat. Nobody ever thought of actually EATING it.

Then came the war, and pink salmon moved up into the luxury class. You fished out what bones you could reach, scraped off the skin, and then mixed the salmon with breadcrumbs, chopped onion, and baked it in the oven. If you wanted, to be downright fancy, you mixed in a couple of eggs.

Most of us forgot what to do with a standing rib roast. But the situation wasn't grim as it was in the First World War, because nobody in the Second World War suggested that you eat whale steak.

Whale steak, take it from one who knows, is THE MOST. It will support life. Let that be its epitaph.

An Elder Statesman Dies

Former President Herbert Hoover is dead, and with his passing dies the tradition that a great statesman must have been born in a log cabin, and of humble parentage.

Herbert Hoover's modest birthplace is preserved for posterity. Son of a blacksmith, Herbert Hoover's Quaker background placed no barriers in the way of his amassing a large personal fortune as a mining engineer.

Brought up in the quiet atmosphere of a Quaker household, where no unkind word was ever spoken, he was ill prepared to withstand the frustrations of the Great Depression, when the President of the United States was held responsible for the crash of the stock market which put an end to an economic cycle.

Seldom has a man in high office been more bitterly reviled, or more completely repudiated.

A huge dam which was to have borne his name, was re-named.

The word Hoover became anathema. The world forgot that it was Hoover who had organized the massive program of feeding the hungry during and after the First World War.

They forgot that every penny of his salary, and later every penny of his retirement pay, was turned over to charity.

But when another world-wide feeding program was found necessary, they remembered Hoover, and again called upon him.

During the past twenty years he was again accorded his status of Elder Statesman. Without rancor and without bitterness, he accepted this.

The Nation mourns his passing. Flags are lowered to half mast.

His body lies in state in the Capitol at Washington. Politicians who reviled his name, rise up and call him blessed.

Herbert Hoover was a victim of the times, the whipping boy for the Great Depression.

He was a great and worthy man, a magnificent humanitarian.

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