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Editorially Speaking
A HALO FOR DR. SAIDMAN

The closing of the Lake-Noxen Clinic would be a severe blow to the community. It was always possible to get help from that modern medical center, far out in the rural area. With three doctors on call, the community was assured of help whenever it needed it. Take an injured child to the clinic, and an X-ray proved within fifteen minutes whether hospitalization was needed, or whether the youngster could be safely bundled into the family car and taken home to sleep it off. Many a grisly accident case was patched up in that clinic, and sent on its way to a city hospital in the Noxen ambulance. Now that both of Dr. Lester E. Saidman's associates have established practices of their own, looking understandably to their own future, Dr. Saidman is again alone, just as he was before building the clinic. For years in the Back Mountain, it was Dr. Saidman who turned out in the middle of the night to care for the injured, to allay the fears of a mother whose child was gasping with croup, to lay it on the line for a patient who was suffering from the results of not following directions, or to close the eyes of the dying. Dr. Saidman has been synonymous with rural practice, wearing the mantle of the time-honored country doctor who used to drive rural roads in a mud-splashed buggy, catching up on his sleep as the horse ambled along the familiar path to the barn. He can no longer cope with a waiting-room filled with people. He sees patients by appointment only. The community hopes that other young doctors will affiliate themselves with him. It would be to their advantage as well as to that of the people who have come to depend upon the Lake-Noxen Clinic. Watching a good doctor in action is an extension of internship and hospital residency. It acquaints a young doctor, as nothing else can do, with the problems arising when the equipment of a big city hospital is not immediately at hand, when split second decisions must be made in order to save a human life.

More Footprints For 1964

FEBRUARY 6, 1964
Dick Demmy heads Library Association, service expanding.
John Earl, 68, formerly of Carverton, dies by his own hand.
Rev. Charles G. Frick, 86, is badly hurt in New Orleans.
Died: Michael C. Getzman, Harveys Laks RD, 64. Mrs. Dorothy Malak, Shavertown. Alvin L. Scott, Outlet. Harry S. Sickler, Vernon native, 83. Mrs. Lizzie Franklin, Hunlock Creek RD. Marvin P. Everts, Five Forks. Married: Alberta Joan Goble to Robert Crispell. Shirley Williams to David Mikulka.
FEBRUARY 13, 1964
Pix of site for new Lake Post Office.
Heat at Ross School improved. Sekera made Commonwealth plume manager. Roger Hacklin gets Duke Scholarship. C. Wesley Lewis, Mt. Zion, candidate for Fifth District representative Republican.
Died: David Jones, 71, Trucksville. Ralph Nathaniel Cease, 73, Muhlenburg. Josephine Miller, 74, formerly of Dallas. Mrs. Esther M. Long, 72, Trucksville. James Franklin Hill Sr., 41, Hunlock Creek RD. Arthur Cobleigh, 83, formerly Pikes Creek. Mrs. Addie Goerlich, 94, British Columbia, formerly of Lehman.
Married: Regina Ricci to Darrell Cystian.
Anniversary: Mrs. Olive Titus, 85th birthday.
FEBRUARY 20, 1964
Three Dallas High School seniors have chance at West Point. Thomas Pierce appointed, Lee Philo and Carl Kaschenbach alternates, pending physical examination.
Kingston Township runs into snag in new building lot: one acre belongs to Clint Johnson, plunk in center.
Hit-run driver injures David Evans at traffic light in Dallas.
Heavy snowstorm immobilizes area.
Died: W. Fasset Crosby, 60, former Noxen resident, heart attack.
Allen Johnson, Shavertown, of injuries in fall from a ladder at the ... Mrs. Eliza Fielding, 82, ... Mrs. Ethel Crosby, 76, ... William Engel, ... Noxen. Robert Brunges, ... Mrs. Edith Knecht, 67, ... Mrs. Vernon Lasco, ...
FEBRUARY 27, 1964
Work at Carverton ... being cleared for U-

Only Yesterday
Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post
30 Years Ago

Lt. John Kirkendall and Major William A. Kepner, pilot of a recent National Geographic Society Stratosphere Balloon flight, visited Postmaster and Mrs. George Kirkendall. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Heiter and family were awakened by cries of their one-year-old in time to escape from fire which destroyed their Harvey's Lake home. Public Service Commission Engineer's report recommended immediate improvements to the Dallas water system, at an estimated cost of \$1.00 per year per consumer. Murray Ferrel and Isabelle Hock, Shavertown, were injured while coasting. R. H. Rood, Lehman Ave., had freshly ground buckwheat flour for sale. Mrs. Gertrude B. Watt, Texas, died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Gans, Dallas. Ham, 19 cents a pound; Swiss cheese, 29 cents; coffee, 19 cents; fish fillets, 10 cents; graham crackers, 2 pounds for 22 cents; tomato juice, four 15-oz. cans, 25 cents.

20 Years Ago
Photos of three servicemen on the front page: Cpl. Raymond Loveland, 20, Trucksville, died from bone infection resulting from an injury received in Army maneuvers. Cpl. William Garey, killed in action with the Marines on Saipan, December 12. Cpl. Edwin A. Burkhardt, 21, Hunlocks Creek, missing over Germany since December 17. The family of Lt. Herbert Culp, missing over Germany since July, learned that all other crewmen were taken prisoners. In letters to his parents, S. Sgt. Paul F. Nulton, Jr., praised work of Red Cross in the German Prisoner of War Camp where he was being held. He was awarded the Army Air Medal. Died: Fred J. Kromelbein, 65, Shavertown, killed when his car overturned on the Luzerne-Dallas Highway. Miss Jane Bravin, 84, Shavertown. George E. Poote, 57, West Dallas. Mrs. Myrtle Collins, 68, formerly of Beaumont, in Akron. In the Outpost: Carl Dykman, Columbus, Miss.; John Seletsky, Fort Dupont, Del.; Sterling Meade, Camp Livingston, La.; Nancy Ayre, Portsmouth, N. H.; Russ DeRemer, Camp Crowder, Mo.; Howard Wilcox Redmond, Ore.; Nelson Garinger, Camp Chaffee, Ark.; Joseph Derzak, Navy Blimp Squadron, FPO, N. Y.; Harold B. Roberts, USS Solace. A picture of Pharmacist's Mate Roberts reading his Dallas Post on board ship was printed on the front page. Lt. John Reese, Shavertown, received the Air Medal. Skiing conditions were good in the Back Mountain. It was pointed out that hot, dry summers are usually followed by hard winters!

10 Years Ago

Frederick J. Eck was elected president of the Rural Building and Loan Association. Dallas Branch of Miners Bank announced plans to raise building occupied by White's Appliance Store for a parking lot. Air Explorer Scout John Sheehan was honored on becoming an Eagle Scout. Chief Honeywell announced no parking on right side of Main Street from Huntsville Road to Franklin Street. Use of the Library parking lot was offered to the public. Robert Gregory, Jackson Township dairyman, sold his registered Avshire herd sire to the butcher after it caused him to break a leg; no one else could handle the animal, owned by Gregory since it was three days old. Lewis Bobek was injured in a hunting accident; his brother's gun discharged three feet from his leg. Died: Roger Phillips, Sr., 62, Dallas; Mrs. Ruth Shupp, 66, Beaumont; Mrs. Sophia Lamoreaux, 80, Chase; Mrs. Alice Manzoni, 51, Jackson Township; Harry Root, 77, Carverton. PERSONALS Miss Donna Smith, West Dallas, will enter Nesbitt Memorial Hospital on January 16 to undergo surgery. Harvey Kitchen is home again in Idetown, after spending a week in Nesbitt Hospital.

KEEPING POSTED

January 6: MILAN CATHEDRAL completed after 567 years.
January 7: STEEL PACT negotiations postponed.
January 8: BOMB ROCKS Princess Margaret's home in Ireland. STAR OF INDIA recovered in Florida. LIZ TAYLOR renounces U. S. citizenship.
January 10: JAPAN'S SATO confers with LBJ.
January 11: DOCK STRIKE immobilizes shipping Maine Texas. BRITISH BUILD-UP in Malaysia continues. Indonesians continue to land small parties. IT'S A BOY for the Robert F. Kennedys, the ninth child. WISHFUL THINKING: Surgeon General says smoking is decreasing.
January 12: DOCK STRIKE spreads, luxury lines immobilized. BURCH OUT, Bliss in, GOP girds its loins. QUADRUPLETS in Wisconsin. Old stuff. Bring on the sextuplets.

Better Leighton Never

REFORMING THE LINES
The lines of battle on the subject of cable TV reformed slightly this week in the Back Mountain. The powers-that-be aligned with existing TV companies are now vocalizing suspicion that this little feller, Back Mountain Telecable Company, could later sell out to a big one. No names are mentioned, but the most obvious big one would be the reportedly Pagnotti-controlled Universal, whose name is now the tiger of the pampas in Nanticoke. If this suspicion of a later sell-out, with final control of all television everywhere in the hands of one outfit, got to be widespread, the big three in TV in Luzerne County, 22, 28, and 16, would have a far more effective weapon than they had previously. Right now, all they have been doing is trying to show how the cable will hurt their business, not a good way to make the public cry. Meanwhile, the cable company seems to have decided that it there's one thing that galls your average Back Mountain burgher, it's the idea of an "exclusive franchise." This became obvious to the cablemen after meeting cold fronts at Dallas Township and Lehman Township. So now the lawyer for the cable says "We aren't demanding an exclusive franchise, but we'd like to have one." Well, of course, what is demanded at a public meeting and what is demanded in the legal chambers of Tulkington and Tulkington are two different things. Plainly, the cablemen must have discovered, all this piddle about franchise can be handled later and more discreetly, without the fury of Nanticoke and still without the recent subterranean acquiescence of the West Side. Then again, the cablemen have one other weapon. There is no law that says they have to get a municipality's permission at all, unless it is because they are using the city streets. Business is still business. In general then, the cablemen are becoming smoother, mellowing with age and experience, willing to sit and chat awhile, talk complex things like franchise later. And their opponents—who incidentally include old people on fixed income, many in the Back Mountain, who could never afford television if the cable became controlling and ushered in pay TV—those opponents are backed into speculation and doom-saying, about what great interests could control this cable and what they could do with such control. This is all fear-talk, and whether well-founded or not, it amounts to mere whistling in the wind. The cablemen know this, because they are legal-minded and will go to great and tireless lengths to help us see the light, so to speak. While you may not buy it now, you may have to buy it later.

TOUGH ON VOLUNTEERS
With the law taking turns the way it is today, it would pay a man to chain off his property to any and all intruders—the closer friends they are, the more dangerous, actually, from the standpoint of liability. And, by the same token, it should be out of the question for anybody to step on the highway and help an injured person, because one alleged mistake and the victim would have you or your homeowners' policy by the ears. Happens all the time. The reason I bring it up here, is that one of the last bastions of country-style neighborly living is the volunteer emergency organization, fire company and or ambulance, which despite widely increased communication facilities, burgeoning suburban developments, and commuter living in general, continues to be the watchdog of the community. Not long ago, an ambulance association invited an attorney to attend its meeting, and asked him some elementary questions about liability. Without oversimplifying, it seems the volunteer stands to come out of many a possible case shirtless. One of the toughest situations your average ambulance comes up against all the time is that of getting a doctor to examine a patient before moving him. Theoretically, the family may not call the ambulance without a doctor's okay, but then there's the situation where the family is crying "She's dying, she needs oxygen, she needs help, Help!" And out goes the ambulance, because the crewmen are good guys and haven't got the heart to say 'no'. Not too long ago, an ambulance was called to local home and found the patient dead when they arrived. They phoned the doctor and said that, as far as they knew, the patient was dead. The doctor said he had been expecting that, and would they see that the family called an undertaker. In other cases, and often on this one, the ambulance is called to the scene of a traffic accident where there are people really badly hurt. A doctor is supposed to examine the injured before they are removed in the ambulance. Ambulance crewmen say they are reluctant to waste time calling doctors because most doctors won't come out for an accident. There is some truth in this.

figure out why we start each day officially at the darkest part of night and each year at the year's most miserable hour. For me the day starts when the sun comes up, and the year starts when the birds come back, and neither I nor anyone else gives a hang for midnight and January. Something over half of the twenty mile stretch of abandoned Lehigh Valley right-of-way is sold or solidly spoken for, the agent, Tom Garrity, tells us. The land varies between 50 and 100 feet in depth, and most of the land so far committed has been taken by adjacent property owners. Depth varies because the railroad has sold off pieces of individual sections before, as in the case of the highway being cut through in 1941. Clyde Birth will be the subject of an upcoming article in Jeep magazine. His new one is his sixth in the time he has been in business. TALKING TO THE PUBLIC
Meanwhile, the cable company seems to have decided that it there's one thing that galls your average Back Mountain burgher, it's the idea of an "exclusive franchise." This became obvious to the cablemen after meeting cold fronts at Dallas Township and Lehman Township. So now the lawyer for the cable says "We aren't demanding an exclusive franchise, but we'd like to have one." Well, of course, what is demanded at a public meeting and what is demanded in the legal chambers of Tulkington and Tulkington are two different things. Plainly, the cablemen must have discovered, all this piddle about franchise can be handled later and more discreetly, without the fury of Nanticoke and still without the recent subterranean acquiescence of the West Side. Then again, the cablemen have one other weapon. There is no law that says they have to get a municipality's permission at all, unless it is because they are using the city streets. Business is still business. In general then, the cablemen are becoming smoother, mellowing with age and experience, willing to sit and chat awhile, talk complex things like franchise later. And their opponents—who incidentally include old people on fixed income, many in the Back Mountain, who could never afford television if the cable became controlling and ushered in pay TV—those opponents are backed into speculation and doom-saying, about what great interests could control this cable and what they could do with such control. This is all fear-talk, and whether well-founded or not, it amounts to mere whistling in the wind. The cablemen know this, because they are legal-minded and will go to great and tireless lengths to help us see the light, so to speak. While you may not buy it now, you may have to buy it later.

SEEN AND HEARD
Local produce men and farm implement dealers are now in their slow season. Greenhouses we have talked to are either closed for alteration and improvement, or are just offering staples of the trade, some vegetables and fruit. New farm machinery is making its debut, and old stuff is being reconditioned for the March farm auctions. When I was a kid I had two questions that I felt were too foolish to ask my parents, and which are still with me today. I could never

The Eyes Are Blue

Perhaps the most moving thing in the painstaking analysis of findings in the Warren Report on the assassination of the President of the United States, is the simple medical statement of the surgeon who examined that shattered head: "The hair is reddish brown and abundant. The eyes are blue."

Made Distinguished Daughter Of Penna.

Becky Gross, editor of Lock Haven Express and Jersey Shore Evening News, a charter member of Pennsylvania Women's Press Association, is one of six women named to the Roster of Distinguished Daughters of Pennsylvania. Miss Gross lost both her legs in a car accident on an icy highway eleven years ago. Far from letting this end her career as a newspaper editor, a week later she was propped up in her hospital bed, writing an editorial on safe driving. She now drives a specially equipped car, with manual controls. She is not so agile as she once was, but her mental agility makes up for her artificial limbs. She has held important offices both in PNPA and PWPA. In her new position as a Distinguished Daughter of Pennsylvania, she joins long-time member Miss Frances Dorrance, Dallas, and Gertrude Marvin Williams, fast friend of the Dallas Post, now living in Philadelphia. Miss Sophie O'Hara was one of the first women of this area to be tapped for the honor. Nominations from all over the State are sifted and selections made once a year, followed by a ceremony in Harrisburg at which the Governor presides.

Something New In Whodunit Fiction

Whodunit fans who are slightly nauseated by the current crop of mystery fiction, especially those books which specialize in four letter Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, will welcome a writer who is making his debut with his first full length book. Harry Kemelman has written plenty of short stories, appearing regularly in Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, but "Friday, the Rabbi Slept Late," is his first major whodunit. Nobody who delights in mystery stories can afford to miss this. And if after reading it, he does not start at the beginning again, to ferret out the clues, he is missing a good bet. It's all there, on every page, but it takes a Rabbi David Small to apply laws from the Talmud to the correct conclusion. The book is at the Back Mountain Library, reserved for Book Club members. In both of the above instances, the ambulance crewmen are given awesome responsibility, considering their legal status in court, which may just about recognize their right to speak freely and worship as they please. Just a bit more martial law prevails at a fire, but in general an enthusiastic lawyer could give a fireman a workingover also. All this is not because of new laws, but because the courts today feel for a man's physical welfare to the extent that that the philosophy is, he who gets hurt should get money somewhere from somebody. If I get hurt, and the other party is well-insured, I may just be able to legally burn him even if he hasn't been proven negligent. The volunteers are in a position that resembles being out on a limb. Here is a man hurt, no other help in sight, and they are called on to give help -- help that the law doesn't recognize, but the neighborhood demands. Shouldn't the neighborhood that demands the help also demand the legal support for that help? It would make sense, if you had a heart attack and wanted the oxygen.

From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix
This scrap about cable television continues, it could mean a miraculous come-back for that Cinderella of the air-waves, the radio. Remember back to the good programs on radio, the fine music, the drama, the foremost newscasters, the ball games where sports newsmen had to use words to describe a game instead of just saying, "Look at the man run." Remember how half past six was an hour sacred to Lowell Thomas, who, without the aid of pictures, brought the news of the world? In most households, it came just at dinner time, with children shushed to the vanishing point, forbidden to chew their celery until Lowell was off the air. Monday night was devoted to concert music, the Bell Telephone Hour, and the Voice of Firestone. By twirling your dial, you could hear faint fragments of program from the Pacific Coast, and on one memorable occasion, we got a signal from Australia. The radio has been panting along far in the rear, but who says it could not pick up speed again? Most people turn it on only to get the correct time in order to make the 7:77 bus for work, or get the children off for school; reports on how deep the snow is going to be, whether the club meeting has been cancelled, and greetings to those having birthdays. Things you cannot get, for the most part, over TV, where programs are piped in from points so far away that the local angle is lost except for a few area newscasters. During that dreadful day of the assassination, those who had transistor pocket radios kept themselves abreast of the tidings, no matter whether they were on the road or at work. The measured tones of the radio announcer came over the transistor: John . . . Fitzgerald . . . Kennedy. Those people with transistor radios learned the news that the President of the United States was dead, hours before they could otherwise have known from their home TV. Very few of the present generation ever saw one of the original crystal radios. They were manufactured in the early 1920's and were considered toys. Some of them had supplementary pair of earphones, so that two people could share the experience of music coming in from the air. It required expert adjustment of the crystal to make contact. Aerials consisted of a wire strung above the roof. One radio owner, completely disgusted with the reception, howled, "The heck with it," and tossed a spool of copper wire out of the upstairs window. The crystal radio came to life, loud and clear, and the spool of wire remained suspended from the window sill for years. There are some exceptionally good TV programs. There are also some programs that are completely nauseating. Many people are going to discover that seventy-two dollars a year on top of the cost of an expensive TV set, is not worth the price. Considering the mass of advertising over TV stations, and the barrage of laxatives, nose drops, cigarettes, and hemorrhoids to which the viewers are exposed as the price they pay for viewing an indifferent program, they might just discover that they could get along without TV. If the radio stations would now overhaul their programs, with that mammoth transistor radio audience in mind, they could be ready to take advantage of the reaction of the public. The public is very reluctant to be railroaded. And the customer, according to retailing principles, is always right. He can get fed up on being taken to the cleaners.

Symphony

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quickly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony. —William Henry Channing

IT Pays To Advertise

IT'S OLD, BUT IT'S GOOD
Every once in awhile it gets misquoted, as it recently was in the Readers Digest. But it remains the slickest piece of double talk in the language. A Senator was asked to apologize to another of that august body of statesmen. He did so, thusly: "They say that I called the gentleman a liar. It is true... and I am sorry for it." It pays to advertise . . . in the Dallas Post. But please: No lonely hearts, "gentleman over seventy wishes to meet beautiful blonde of affectionate disposition, preferably under twenty-five, with similar tastes in indoor sports." THE DALLAS POST Save On Your Printing

MAHAFFEY OIL CO., INC. Complete Oil, Heat & Burner SERVICE. BLUE RIBBON QUALITY. DAY NIGHT. WITH FUEL OIL.

Sinclair FUNERAL DIRECTORS. A funeral home should be carefully selected . . . before the need arises. Back Mountain residents are invited to compare Snowdon facilities . . . services . . . prices. HAROLD C. SNOWDON HAROLD C. SNOWDON, JR.

MAHAFFEY OIL CO., INC. Complete Oil, Heat & Burner SERVICE. BLUE RIBBON QUALITY. DAY NIGHT. WITH FUEL OIL.