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Editorially Speaking  
Bloodmobile Friday

Support your Bloodmobile. The day is Friday, at the Back Mountain YMCA.  
In order that a patient may receive blood, somebody must be willing to offer it.  
It is a civic duty for those who can give, to do so.

Vote

No matter which candidates you support, stand up and be counted on election day.  
The important thing is to register your opinion by casting your ballot.  
Elections have been won or lost on a single vote.  
If your candidate loses, it will not be by any fault of yours, if you have gone to the polls.

The Gift Of Sight

A few days ago, a man stood at the crest of a steep hill, looking down at a beautiful view. He turned, and slipped coins into the box which was labelled: "Give for the benefit of the blind, who cannot enjoy what you have just seen."

Last year, this man could not have seen the view. With one eye gone and the other fast going, he faced a life of blindness.

He had a choice: He could submit to surgery, with a slim chance of getting his vision back, and a much larger chance of being completely blinded. Or he could continue groping in a haze, with the darkness steadily drawing nearer, a darkness which deepened imperceptibly day by day.

He said, philosophically, "What have I to lose?" Implemented by the best in modern surgery, the miracle came to pass.

Each year the Lions Club issues an appeal. It asks that people who are blessed with good vision, sign a card saying that when they need them no longer, their eyes may be used to give the miracle of sight to people who now go in darkness.  
Many of us carry such cards.  
More of us should carry them.

Dance of the Cornshocks

Large fields of corn, neatly stacked in shocks with pumpkins at their feet, were once a common sight throughout the countryside. Modern methods of farming have eliminated them from the scene so gradually that one can't remember its happening and only realizes their absence when an occasional small field of shocked corn calls them to mind.  
The following poem was written by a teenager when cornshocks had not been reduced to the status of mere Halloween party decorations, but she felt a witchery in them none the less.

The young poetess is best known to Post readers now as "Jots From Dot."

*Dance, sisters, dance,  
But slowly,  
For the sky is tender  
And the wind is soft.  
Spread your skirts and  
Bow your heads,  
Curtsy slow and slowly turn.  
Stand in straight rows,  
Lift your arms to the  
Tender sky  
When the wind  
Is soft.*

*Dance, sisters, dance,  
And wildly,  
For the wind is high,  
With grey clouds driv'n  
Across the sky.  
Spread your skirts and  
Toss your heads,  
Raise your arms and  
Whirl and shriek,  
Autumn madness in our veins.  
Whirl faster, faster, sisters,  
For the wind  
Is wild,  
With grey clouds driv'n  
Across the sky.*

*Weep not, sisters,  
Though our life is short,  
For it is good,  
And our witchery is subtle:  
A magic of silence,  
With gentle fluttering  
Of ribbons,  
And long shadows over  
Grey stubble.  
Some call us cornshocks,  
Fodder to be fed to cows,  
Ah! We know, but  
We will not tell—  
Only to those  
Who know!*

—Dorothy Ruth Gilbert

Only  
Yesterday  
It Happened  
30 Years Ago

Blood transfusion for East Dallas woman was front page news.  
Nixon Branch, Unemployed League, Inc., deplored unsanitary conditions at Noxen schools; saw chance for employment in government-financed improvement project.  
B. Frank Bulford, last surviving signer of 1878 Dallas Borough charter petition, celebrated 80th birthday in Dallas Twp. home.

Rains checked forest fire danger. Lake Township Senior play cast: Iva Bronson, Ruth Smith, Basel Lord, Avis Wesley, Catherine Kerr, Harold Mayer, Eleanor Schultz, Franklin Leinthal.  
Filler noted that in 1855 mail came from Kingston PO to Back Mountain once a week.

Quotes column included: LaGuardia on benefits expected from N.Y. Worlds Fair four years hence; Newton D. Baker recommended U. S. entry into League of Nations.  
Married: Freda Daubert to Floyd Neeley, Dorothy Bisel to Wesley S. Moore, Marcella A. Kriger to James L. Casterline.  
Died: Mrs. Russell Achuff, Shavertown; Ziba E. Casterline, 70, former DeMunds resident, in Wyoming; Donald Rood, Harveyville infant; Mrs. Amanda Hartman, 46, Hunlock Creek; George H. Woolever, 86, Orange; Mrs. Mary Evans, 67, Shavertown; John Lee, formerly of West Dallas.

It Happened  
20 Years Ago

Isabel Hunt (pic on front page), Audrey Ashton, Helen Tryon, Jessie Bonning, Shirley Swan, Nesbitt Hospital grads, Martha Humphrey, from Moses Taylor.  
Betty Gensel, 20, Chase, killed in Virginia Auto accident.  
Siren on Parrish Heights damaged by vandals.  
Twenty six members, four guests, at Brickell Class meeting. Plans made to buy chimes for church in memory of Mrs. Brickell.  
Pix of Clifford "Bud" Davis, Idetown, with Saipan-based B-29 named for niece Janie Rincken; Thomas Clemow, Shavertown, discharged.  
In the Outreach: Ted Schwartz, Shanghai; Arthur L. Mallory, Maine; Charles Metzger, Virginia.  
Lt. Peter Skopik, 11 months a POW, stationed in Huston; Frank Maznik promoted; Byron Atkinson on USS Bell; CPO and Mrs. Andrew Kozemchak home for three weeks; Tom Garrity, Charles Kern, Richard Williams, discharged; Joseph Garrity in China.  
Died: Mrs. I. A. Rood, 74, Laketon; Mrs. Charles Fischer, 73, Trucks-ville.

It Happened  
10 Years Ago

Mrs. Christine Malkemes and John Eok, oldest charter members of St. Paul's Lutheran, helped pastor Eidam break ground for church addition.  
Mystery aerial view, present Carverton damsite.  
Charles Coombs, 10, had two vertebrae broken under wagonload of potatoes.  
Allan Robertson, Joseph Ruland, Wesley Cave, planted tree by Borough school flagpole, honoring UN's 10th anniversary.  
Ashel Sutliff, John Steele, Lehman-Jackson-Ross seniors, took first tests applying for newly established National Merit Scholarships.  
David Vann, Westmoreland grad, president of class at Wilkes.  
Married: Hilda Nickerson, Warren C. Elston, Harriet Prater, Theodore Dymond, Agnes Tompkins, William Valentine, Joyce Elaine Oncay, Walter Chamberlain, Jean Marie Bynon, Daniel Blaine.  
Died: Mrs. Hazel Transue, 56, Plattsburg Road; John Levi, 72, Jackson Township.

Proximity of the state park land in Carverton has sharply curtailed the sound of gun blasts in what was considered once to be prime game country.  
A baby road-roller snapped its chain while contractor was paving at Doc Bodycomb's driveway on Huntsville Road Friday and raced as fast as its frenzied little wheels could carry it down the hill, careened down Main Street under skilled but scared piloting, and was finally brought to halt by by-standers in the firehall driveway, arrested in threat of coming to a cushioned standstill by mashing the garage door.  
Somebody in the Kiwanis play production left a jug of cider by

New Books At The Library

Most In Demand:  
"Doctors of the American Frontier" by Richard Dunlop, a tribute to pioneer physicians and the stamina of their patients; "Sarkhan" by William Lederer and Eugene Burdick, authors of "The Ugly American" fictionalize the explosive situation in Southeast Asia; "The Rabbi" by Norah Gordon, story of a young rabbi struggling with the ethics of his ancient faith and realities of today's world and the daughter of a Christian minister; "Airs Above the Ground" by Mary Stewart, light, fast moving suspense story with a castle, the famous Lipizzan horses, a circus, a murder and a furious chase through lovely Austrian countryside.  
Thought Provoking:  
"Freedom Summer" by Sally Belfrage, a serious, penetrating personal account of the author's experiences as a civil rights worker

KEEPING POSTED

October 20: EARTH TREMOR in the Midwest, no damage. LBJ ANXIOUS to leave hospital after surgery. REDS PRESS ATTACK on Plei Me base, beleaguered forces holding out.  
October 21: JURY ACQUITS Klansman of slaying of Civil Rights worker (white). REDS BOMBARD Plei Me base fourth successive day, Vietnamese rangers flown in to reinforce. CONGRESS THUMBEDowns LBJ on rent subsidies and teacher corps, prepares to adjourn. PRESIDENT RETURNS to the White House, en route to ranch.  
October 22: GEMINI ASTRONAUTS raring to go. ALABAMA JOLTS Wallace, refusing to pass legislation permitting him to try for second term. CONGRESS ADJOURNS.  
October 23: CHAINED TO WEAPONS, Viet Cong continue to besiege Plei Me base, Reds forces have heavy losses.  
October 24: TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY of United Nations. RELIEF FORCE, spearheaded by armor, answer Viet Cong ambush with jets, rockets, bombs, cannon. Senator Ted Kennedy eye-witness.  
October 25: GEMINI FLIGHT scrubbed as target disintegrates in space. PAKISTAN ACCEPTS United Nations peace proposal, India holds off. U. S. COASTGUARD rescues Cuban refugees. U. S. AND SOVIET clash on Kashmir. REDS WITHDRAW temporarily from Plei Me.  
October 26: LONDON FOG causes crash of airliner, 36 killed. CHILDLESS MARRIED MEN subject to draft. TED'S PLANE fired on by Viet Cong. BEATLES HONORED by Queen Elizabeth, teenagers mob Buckingham Palace. "She's just like a Mom," say the Beatles, returning to their Rolls Royce.

Better Leighton Never

MERELY A JOKE  
This may or may not be the time to speak, but I for one feel a misconception should be straightened out.

I was told in good faith by a prominent member of Shavertown Fire Company that he understood Dallas firemen (who have been at odds with the Shavertown company officers over the latter's encroachment on Dallas coincard area) planned to join their company for the express purpose of electing out the present officers.  
To prevent further misconception, it should be said that this idea was given voice in certain Dallas circles, but was strictly a joke—repeat, JOKE, over which everybody laughed and which no one took seriously. Clearly what happened was that the idea was exchanged in mock seriousness between one of the many mutual friendships that exist between members of Shavertown and Dallas companies.  
SEEN AND HEARD  
The Democratic front in Dallas Township reeled under force of a decision in court handing the Democratic nomination for school director to the Republican nominee; alignments and alleged alignments looked to be in a last minute reshuffle; and people were wondering whether the defeated contender, a veteran of political disappointment by this time, would have any last-ditch hopes—such as a write-in campaign.  
Republicans are said to owe their court victory in part to influence of the majority in the county commissioners' office. They did help, it must be said.  
Proximity of the state park land in Carverton has sharply curtailed the sound of gun blasts in what was considered once to be prime game country.

A baby road-roller snapped its chain while contractor was paving at Doc Bodycomb's driveway on Huntsville Road Friday and raced as fast as its frenzied little wheels could carry it down the hill, careened down Main Street under skilled but scared piloting, and was finally brought to halt by by-standers in the firehall driveway, arrested in threat of coming to a cushioned standstill by mashing the garage door.  
Somebody in the Kiwanis play production left a jug of cider by

I have found that when a person enters the military service a whole new life is opened up before him.  
I have found, also, that by making Christ a part of my life and attending the church of my choice, which has been the Assembly of God, I have been able to endure it all. We all have our discouragements but we must take the bar with the good. Roses have thorns too!  
I have found that to do ones best pays off.  
I have been in the service since 12 March 1964. I took my Basic Combat Training at Fort Knox, Ky and further schooling at Fort Dix N. J. I have been at Fort Rucker Alabama since 7 August 64. During this time I have always strived to do my best. I was promoted to Private First Class (PFC) on Nov. 11, 1964 and promoted to Specialist Four (E4) on 6 April 65, during which time I spent as an Administration Specialist. Then on 24 September 65, with a few days over 18 months active duty in the service I was promoted to Specialist Five (E5), which I am now. I have received letters of commendation and appreciation at many times.  
I can honestly attribute all of this to doing my best. I have noticed

Safety Valve

LESS FACETIOUS

Dear Mr. Scott:

I feel that it would do you a bit better to be a bit less facetious in the matter of the proposed convalescent home proposed for Machell Avenue.

There is quite a bit of evidence to support Mr. Laux's contention that residential property values do decline in an area, following the erection of a commercial business.

The Borough Zoning Ordinance does now state that the area in question IS NOW STRICTLY ZONED FOR RESIDENTIAL USE. The variances granted in the past for a mixed use were, I feel, unfortunate. However, two wrongs don't make a right, and as I interpret planning and zoning, it is designed not to correct past errors, but to avoid the repetition of the errors in the future. The Board of Appeals would do well to consider this in their action on this matter.

Fortunately, some members of the Borough Council and the Zoning Board had foresight enough to ask the residents of Machell and Sterling Avenues their feelings on this matter before bringing the matter to a vote.

Since you can conjecture on the matter, possibly I can too. Regarding the tax dollar situation. With the inception of Medicare and the ramifications it brings, is it not possible that in a few years such installations as nursing and convalescent homes will end up as pseudo-governmental run institutions with a goodly share of the tax dollar being filtered directly to Washington? Then where is the pie in the sky tax money we upset our land use to get?

The final point I would make is that regarding architectural design. If this is the criterion used by the Zoning Board to justify this proposal calls for a non-residential use for the area that has been zoned residential, then possibly we had better re-evaluate our objectives of planning and zoning.

The immediate gain in tax dollars so warmly applauded by "the rest of the residents" can well be lost two times over in the long run by those people adjacent to this facility finding other areas to which to move as a result of commercial use of residential land.

Your companion article and picture of the drainage problem on Burndale is a bit of a paradox as well.

In closing may I grant you the permission to use this letter in full, should you so desire.

J. Gray Mattern Jr.  
30 Sterling Avenue

A SINCERE THANKS

Dear Fellow Workers,  
I wish to extend my sincere thanks to all those wonderful people who worked during the 1965 Cancer Crusade. Although the drive got off to a late start, most of the area was covered, with the exception of Dallas Township and Carverton.

Particularly I wish to acknowledge the fine job done by the boys and girls of Franklin Township, Tom Sicker, Arthur Baird, Patti Sicker, Sharon Dixon, Carol Guilford, Connie Rozelle, Jeff Townsend and Stanley Dorrance Jr., and to all the chairman of E. Trucks-ville, W. Shavertown, Lehman, Harveys Lake, Franklin Township, Dallas Borough and Jackson Township. If anyone has been missed who would like to donate, kindly send your checks to the American Cancer Society, Kirby Health Center, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Most Sincerely,  
Mrs. Fredric W. Anderson

countless times, as I have typed up the papers for punishment of other men, that crime doesn't pay. I can thank a living God this day for what I have.

Presently I have a brother who enlisted in the army who is stationed at Fort Bragg North Carolina. My parents are Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Mahoney of RD 1 Sweet Valley. Thank you for your time.

And thank you again for the Post.

Sincerely Yours  
Daniel R. Mahoney

From—

Pillar To Post...

The nicest thing about the whole three weeks trip to England and Ireland, was the array of signs on the door, the windows and fences, not to mention a giant economy size yellow sheet pinned to the desk at the Dallas Post when I walked in on Monday morning.

I recognize Velma's hand in this welcome on the mat. It was a fitting wind-up to a trip that started September 30, with cake and ice cream and a bon voyage corsage the day before at the Dallas Post.

Plus a personally conducted drive to the airport, with Velma at the wheel and Sandy riding shotgun. All this on top of a home-grown permanent a few nights earlier, and a totally unexpected but very welcome assist with the dusting.

It's the personal touch that counts. It's nice to be missed.

Little by little, the details of a perfectly marvelous trip will emerge from scattered notes, picture postcards, brochures, and what-not, but at this point, the Pennsylvania hills never looked more beautiful to me, bare though they are becoming, and barer with each passing day and stormy gust of wind.

There is that pungent aroma of burning leaves, and a sure promise of frost in the air. It would be a pity to miss all of October in the Back Mountain.

It's a shame to have to admit it, but nothing out thisaway can hold a candle to the English gardens down in Sussex. Perfectly gorgeous blossoms, entirely untouched by frost. Mrs. Joseph Schooley would rave about them.

All England gets out and gardens, working until sunset and beyond, but of course taking a breather at tea-time.

Things keep popping up, things that cry to be written: the chimney-sweep who was responsible for my getting a tiny piece of cranberry glass, for instance; the mammoth Irish wolfhound lounging contentedly on his bed in Bunnratty Castle, a small black and white kitten curled at his feet; a view of the White Cliffs of Dover from the English Channel, and Kentishmen wondering audibly, "Those bluebirds? What ARE bluebirds?"

Honestly, Bing Crosby's best efforts are wasted. They think bluebirds must be swallows. And in Ireland, the horse lovers reproach him with having bought up all the finest of the breeding stock for his stables.

A former editor, one renowned throughout the world of English-speaking peoples, linking arms with Hix in Stratford-upon-Avon, and trying to reconstruct all the stanzas of Bobby Burns "Wert thou in the cauld blast" with cooperation (to the best of her ability) from Hix.

And that vertical climb to the battlements of Blarney Castle, followed by a smack on the Blarney Stone. More of that, later.

Bleinheim Palace, with its galloping dog following a galloping horse across a large tapestry—and underneath the rooms of state, a neat little concession for postcards and fresh eggs, a bid for balancing the budget.

Those fresh eggs—it seemed such a pity to pass them up. It was not until I was aboard the bus again that it occurred to me what I might have done with those eggs. I can see it now. A poker face journey up and down the aisle of the sight-seeing bus, handing out an egg apiece to grey-thatched editors, with a murmured, "Please accept this as a token of my esteem."

Grey-thatched? Well, of course. Very few younger editors were along. They were all too busy keeping the pot boiling back at the store. See you later.

Lingerie Back, Shoes Missing, Comedy Of Errors Closes Run

It was a comedy of errors, with overtones of near-tragedy. But with the discovery of a paper sack of lingerie accompanied by an apologetic note, the matter was cleared up, and everybody lived happily ever after more or less.

Mrs. F. Ginocchett, Fairview Shoe store, writes: "Thank you, to the person who returned clothes taken from the store, and left a note explaining the theft of a child's shoes."  
Mrs. Ginocchett is the solid citizen who upon occasion gives harborage to clothing left in the laundromat at Dallas Shopping Center. People, she says, are pretty careless about going off and leaving things in the dryer. It has become a custom to park such washing with Mrs. Ginocchett.

This time, some of the lingerie mysteriously disappeared, and the owner was perturbed. She proposed to collect the value of the lingerie from the shoe store or the laundromat, either or both.

A few days later, Mrs. Ginocchett found a paper sack in the back of her store, containing the missing articles, with an explanatory note at the bottom of her sack:

"This was meant for someone else, I'm sorry to cause a commotion for that lady that lost her clothes. I lost my husband, and I had seen you take clothes to the store, I

I seen the door open, send the child to take the bag to the door, then I looked for what I needed for the clothes to go to church on Sunday. "Tell the owner of these clothes not to put the blame on no one but I."

"I know the one from the laundry gave it to the shoe store lady by the child, when the child said she was called next door on the telephone the door was on the lock and I took a pair of shoes for the child for doing for me. I hope you don't blame anyone. Please you take the clothes and tell the owner I hope it was never meant that way but sorry to have you all in this."

It was signed, "A Widow."

The shoe store is out a pair of shoes, but the lingerie is at home.

ALLEN GILBERT  
Insurance Broker  
and Consultant

"A Tax-Free Life Insurance Trust Estate for Your Family" is their best protection against the problems created by inflation, and federal income and estate taxes.  
288-2378



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