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## Editorially Speaking

### Do You Remember?

Twenty years ago, World War II was officially over. You men who are forty or older, do you remember who it was who saw to it that you got the home-town newspaper when you were in Okinawa, or in Italy, or in the Philippines?

Do you remember how you snatched at the tattered bundle of Dallas Posts when the papers finally caught up with you after a long dry spell of no home-town mail at all?

Do you remember sitting on a glassy beach, dressed only in a pair of pants, your shoulders turning a richer mahogany under the relentless sun, and turned to news of your buddies in Iceland and Alaska, and shivered with them in the ice fields?

Do you remember how it was in the hospital, when you passed, hometown papers from bed to bed, or wheeled yourself into another ward to share Dallas with somebody in traction?

Do you ever think of the man who sent out over a thousand copies of the Dallas Post each week, as his contribution to your comfort and your morale? Sent them out without compensation, financing the postage and the extra help in the shop?

Do you know that Howard Risley took the death of each Back Mountain boy with as great a sense of loss as if it had been his own son?

For it is given to the men without sons of their own, to look with special affection upon the sons of other men, to suffer with those fathers when the sons are taken from them by the cruel chance of war.

It was the task that Howard took upon himself, to ease the burden for those parents who lost a son, or whose son was wounded in action. He took the telegrams himself to such parents, delivering them in person.

Do you parents remember?

### NO BETTER MAN

It couldn't have happened to a better man. When the name of John Butler was announced at the Tri-Service Club dinner Thursday night, there was a burst of applause that rocked the room.

Too often, a man of modesty, one who goes quietly about his business, is ignored because of the demands of the clamoring herd.

Years ago, the Dallas Post did a feature story on John Butler. He had come into the house, perspiring a bit, from a session with some teenagers in the back yard. "Had to show them how to do it," he announced, loosening his collar and mopping his neck.

We fell in love with John Butler at this point. Here was a quiet man, all man, it may be remarked, who could take time off from his work to instruct kids. From that time on, he was ours.

The ability to get along with kids, guiding them wisely in the paths of decency and good sportsmanship, holding up before their eyes the highest ideals of living, without a particle of self-righteousness, is given to very few men.

He is the living exponent of the best in citizenship, asking no credit for himself, giving credit freely to others, keeping himself in the background while yielding the spotlight to the boys whom he is training.

The Back Mountain may well be proud of John Butler.

Hundreds of boys have come under his influence in the twenty years he has devoted to Boy Scouting.

Does the Boy Scout organization have any slightest conception of this man's contribution to the rising generation?

### Use Your Lights

When driving on a dull day, use your lights. Not your parking lights, but your low beam.

This will not help you in your own driving, but it will help oncoming cars.

A maroon car, liberally coated with dust, or a grey car, is almost invisible until it is within a dangerous distance. Many accidents have been caused by a driver who THINKS he has clear space in which to pass, but who discovers, a split second before catastrophe, that an almost invisible car is rushing at him at highway speed.

Drivers will blink their lights at you if they see you driving with your lights on. Pay it no mind. The beam will not blind them. But YOU are completely visible.

Put on your lights a half hour before sunset instead of a half hour after. Do not extinguish them before the sun is up, when driving at dawn.

Dawn and dusk are the two most dangerous times of day in which to drive.

A motorist can see the road perfectly well, as evidenced by the necessity for creeping along with only parking lights in use when driving near the coastline during the past war.

Hurting along at 60 miles an hour (the speedometer creeps up on you) you are asking for it if you do not take every precaution.

Most people prefer to die in their own beds.

If you belong to the Suicide Club, hand in your resignation.

## Only Yesterday

### It Happened 30 Years Ago

Drought conditions made woods hazardous, hunters were warned to take precautions. Fire warden W. E. Crispell at Dallas fire-tower spotted many blazes. Ten acres on Bunker Hill burned, four acres of young trees on Maltby Mountain were lost, fire on Corey Mountain was extinguished by Warden Melvin Hewitt's men.

Halloween costume caused death of a Hunlock Creek child. Carl Fink, 6, wearing a long coat, tripped and fell in front of a car.

Annual apple show on in Wilkes-Barre, many local exhibitors. Jim Hutchison in charge.

Jim Oliver won a verdict in a suit against Frank Lauer.

Promptness netted a 5% discount on Borough taxes. These days it's a measly 2%. Arthur Dungey planned to stay home all day to collect those taxes before the deadline of November 1.

Burgess Herold Wagner rented his home on Lehman Avenue to the Lloyd Kears.

Coffee sale: 15, 17, and 21 cents a pound. Soup beans and rice, 5 cents.

Kidnapping scare ended up with Charles Nackiewicz, Trucksville, safe in the clink, for potting rabbits in a closed season.

Two imported Highland cows, escaped from Hayfield Farms, were captured after two weeks of trailing. Capsule biography: John M. Culver.

### It Happened 20 Years Ago

Happy Jack, a Tennessee walking horse, brought home a blue ribbon from Milton for Bill Stoeckert. Pete Malkeems got a fourth with Noble Gala. Clarence Naylor a third with his walk-trot mare.

Noxen, Lehman, and Dallas Township drew books from the Library. Miss Miriam Lathrop invited other schools to do the same.

Mrs. Margaret Yanek received a silver star, posthumous decoration for her son George, killed in Germany.

Annapolis Naval Academy observed its 100th birthday.

Luzerne County had a tomato acreage of 3,000. Disease cut into the crop.

Mrs. Elizabeth MacEvoy, Shavertown, was struck by a car as she walked by the Honor Roll.

Rambling Ridge FFA Chapter at Dallas Township was host to sixty FFA leaders of Luzerne and Lackawanna Counties.

**Soldier News:** John Joseph and Alex Jacobs, on way from Philippines; Clarence VanHorn, Pacific; Harry F. Martin, parachutist, Fort Benning; Walter Brown, India; Bob Hanson, France; Dave Evans, Staunton, Va.; Bill Rhodes Jr., Boca Choca.

**Married:** Marian Kilburn to Stewart Yorks; Mary Garrity to Robert E. Payne; Betty Yanek to Charles Neal.

**Anniversary:** Grandma Jenkins, Huntsville, 81.

**Died:** Levi T. Purcell, 80, Trucksville.

### It Happened 10 Years Ago

Frank Townsend, solicitor for Dallas - Franklin - Monroe Township School Board, spearheaded a drive for a school bus law with teeth in it, to make unprofitable the indiscriminate passing of stopped school buses.

Willis Ide, falling from ladder, ruptured spleen, emergency surgery.

Tom Bonham narrowly missed having his leg torn off by a ditch-digger.

Photographer of the recent series of mystery photos in the Post was fatally injured in a Texas plane crash.

Usual potshots at non-legal targets during hunting season.

Redskins took W-B Township 27 to 0.

**Died:** Benjamin Brace, East Dallas; Everett Simon, 73, Hunlocks Creek; Diana Bechalk, 5, East Dallas; leukemia. Hattie E. Meeker, 77, Hunlocks; Coslett infant, newborn.

**Mrs. Margaret Thomas, 83, Dallas R. D.**

**Married:** Beatrice Hildebrandt to Russell Ockenhouse; Harriet Coslett to James Weiss; Joyce Oncay to Walter Chamberlain.

#### HOLY NAME SOCIETY

Holy Name Society of Gate of Heaven and Our Lady of Victory Parishes will meet at a Communion Breakfast at Chase Correctional Institution on Sunday, November 14. Buses will leave from Miners Bank parking lot, Dallas, at 8:45 a. m. Breakfast will be served immediately after Mass.

Reservations may be made with an usher at any Mass next Sunday, or by phone with Lou Goeringer or Gil Morris. Participants in this meeting must be 21 or over to comply with Institution regulations.

## KEEPING POSTED

October 27: CASTRO CLAMPS down on more Cubans leaving Cuba until airlift can be arranged.

October 28: SUICIDE TROOPS, bolstered by mortar fire, destroy 19 helicopters, damage 21, at Da Nang and Chu Lai.

GATEWAY ARCH in St. Louis gets its keystone, 630 feet high, dwarfing pyramids and Washington Monument.

A FOURTH FDR SON joins ranks of divorcees, as John is jounced.

October 29: ANOTHER CHILD is strangled in automatic car window.

NUCLEAR DEVICE exploded successfully under barren Aleutian island.

October 30: PRIME MINISTER Wilson fails to resolve crisis in Rhodesia, U.S. stops shipment of arms.

October 31: GROUND TO AIR missile sites in Vietnam, plus vital bridge, destroyed.

KKK GRAND DRAGON shoots himself as Hebraic origin is made public, repudiating race and life. AFRO-ASIAN summit meeting off, as Soviet and Red China thumb noses.

FRANCE AND SOVIET exchange kisses.

November 1: FBI GRABS Brink burglar Jack Frank, as cannon is found in water off Jones Beach. LBJ'S DAUGHTER Luci, 18, says she wants to get married. Boy friend hustled into the service. REFUGEE TRAFFIC from Cuba picks up momentum, Coast Guard stands by.

November 2: FAMOUS SCULPTURE, the Pieta, on its way back to the Vatican.

FIRST CAVALRY pounds Reds near Plei Me. REPUBLICAN LINDSAY Mayor of New York, Senate goes Republican.

QUAKER FANATIC burns himself to death in front of Pentagon, drops baby daughter just in time.

November 3: VIETCONG STRENGTHENS forces around Da NANG.

BEN GURION REJECTED in Israel.

RUSSIA ADMITS loss of another large satellite.

## Better Leighton Never

Seen And Heard  
The scene: new Dallas Postoffice yard. Weather: the season's first snow, a minor blizzard. Protagonist: a workman is moving the lawn. Moral: the federal government can do anything.

A fuel delivery man was broken-hearted last week when a small hound ran under the wheels of his truck and was killed. People who have dogs that instinctively follow their noses in hunting season should keep them tied because those dogs do not watch where they are going. Please keep that in mind if you own a hound.

We understand that a one-man vigilante committee under unofficial and unpaid commission from the chef du gendarmes to "keep an eye out" for halloweeners on the Heights was out on patrol at the time pranksters launched an egg attack at the home across from his, and was berated by The Desk for inattentiveness when a raise in (er) salary might have been more in order.

Latest word from the convalescent home scene on the Heights West — a prominent resident says my analysis of the public feeling on the matter is wrong, that there will be "a march" of 200 anti-homers

(that I'd like to see), and that past zoning wrongs on Machell Avenue do not make a right. He's in a position to say; he's a member of the zoning commission.

Main Street businessmen have been vigorous in their persuasion to get more observance of the one-hour parking limit, particularly with reference to non-customer parking unless there is some emergency.

Mobile home are still not permissible as residences in Dallas Borough. Despite urgings of a prospective resident and his trailer sales agent that one of those big homes he planned to buy would be completely dismantled from wheels and axle, permanently affixed to a foundation, and with regular wiring and plumbing, council said no.

A shake-up in management accompanies a change in ownership of the LineAR plant in Fernbrook, it was learned yesterday, when three officials — president, plant supervisor, and engineer, were reportedly replaced. Another rubber products company under Greater American Industries (owner of LineAR) takes over management of the plant, it was learned.

## Lillian K. Rosenberg To Show Paintings At Wilkes November 8-13

A Sutton Road artist, Mrs. Lillian K. Rosenberg, will show thirty paintings at Wilkes College at department, exhibiting for one week early in November. The exhibition starts with a reception Monday night, November 8, when the public is invited to view.

Mrs. Rosenberg's work has been exhibited widely, in Pennsylvania and in other states.

Over the years she has developed a style which is unique. Like poetry, it means different things to different people. It has become, with maturing years, a philosophical statement of a feeling.

Her work has been seen at Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Newport News, University of North Carolina, Wilkes-Barre Fiesta, Berwick and Hazleton Art Leagues, at the Phil Richards art show at Ogunquit, Maine, and at the Dallas Rotary Fall Fair, where her painting, "May the Lord Bless You", took the blue ribbon.

Mrs. Rosenberg explains that her family, from ages past, has had a definite influence upon her treatment of subjects. The paintings grow, not from things seen and heard, but from an inner sensitiveness.

People are frequently baffled by her paintings, but they return to them from time to time for further scrutiny. At Wilkes, where she works with Mr. Richards, she attracts young students like a magnet. They hang over her work, fascinated by the picture growing before their eyes.

Her background of art starts with Boston University, and Boston Normal Art School, where she displayed an entirely different technique from the handling of materials which now dominates her work.

She studied with Lillian Phillips, and at Hampton Institute, changing her location with each move forward her husband made in the field of Economics. Dr. Samuel A. Rosenberg now holds the chair of Economics and Commerce and Finance at Wilkes, coming to the college

in 1948.

Mrs. Rosenberg has studied with Dr. Victor Lowenfelte.

At Hampton Institute, she was assistant Dean of Women, and at University of North Carolina, where her husband was professor of Economics, and Director of Hillel, she furthered her studies in art.

More recently, in this area, she studied with Robert Hukill, who teaches adult evening classes in art at Dallas Senior High School.

Dr. and Mrs. Rosenberg have two children: Allan, a graduate of Wilkes, who is following in his father's foot steps, head of Economics at Liberty College, now taking his PhD at the University of Pittsburgh; and a daughter, Mrs. Herbert Levy of Kingston, whose husband is the younger son of Reuben H. Levy, prominent in business and banking circles in Wilkes-Barre.

**Book Week**  
This is Book Week: October 31 - November 6. Book Week was started originally to encourage publication of good books for children and to promote widespread reading of them.

Today there are a lot of good children's books published, many of them on display in the children's room at the Back Mountain Memorial Library this week. Promoting widespread reading of them is still very important. Not just for the children, either.

#### LEGAL NOTICE!

ESTATE OF THOMAS W. JOHN, (died September 10, 1965) late of Sugar Notch Borough Letters Testamentary having been granted, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same to MARJORIE MADDOX, EXECUTRIX, c/o JONATHAN C. VALENTINE, ATTY., 35 N. FRANKLIN STREET, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

## Safety Valve From—

PRO - AMERICAN

Dear Editor:

As a result of a small group of college students showing up in several Pennsylvania cities on Saturday, October 16, 1965, carrying signs that read "Get Out of Viet Nam" and other anti-American signs, I must, as commander of the local American Legion, express our viewpoint.

Legionnaires of the Dallas area are deeply concerned with the lack of understanding of the consequences of the policy advocated by the small but active minority protesting our nation's policy. The American Legion fully supports our nation's policy in Viet Nam and our brave servicemen whose willingness born of love of country and duty is to implement that policy on the scene.

As I write this I keep thinking more about the Korean War, or police action, as it was called. I feel that every citizen of the Back Mountain should, without being asked, fly the great American symbol, the Flag, not just on Flag Day or the Fourth of July, but every day of the year.

Any young man who tears up his draft card or marches in these so-called parades is just not using common sense, as this country we call America is the greatest. Ask any serviceman or woman who was "over there".

In closing, I am asking every citizen of the area to back the President on his decision. God will be his judge as well as ours.

Thank you.

Curtis F. Bynon, Commander  
Daddow-Isaacs Post 672  
American Legion.

### Badman's Open House

(Continued from 1 A)

The old Kunkle home retains its dignity.

Mr. and Mrs. Badman are shown standing at the foot of the stairway in their own living quarters, a two-floor apartment which reflects the same flawless taste in decor as the larger space for public use. A happy stroke of construction is the sloping ceiling, showing the entire length of the staircase.

Mr. and Mrs. Badman expect to take a whole-hearted interest in community affairs. They have already made many friends during their brief residence, and hope to welcome them on Saturday and Sunday.

#### RED SHOES

### Michael Langel

(Continued from 1 A)

raised to build the home in Shavertown where he now lives. His brother Ernest and his wife and children live with him.

Michele, aged nine, shares the same birthday as the uncle for whom she is named. She is a Girl Scout, in the fourth grade at Westmoreland, and some of her art work hangs on the wall where he can see it. Elaine, seven months old, is likely to be in the play-pen near by, where he can keep an eye on her and marvel at her growing strength and good nature.

Mike Langel still spends as much time as he can out in the sun on the patio. He no longer can sit in a wheel chair, and it's been a year since he went for a ride in the car. But the smile and the faith and the desire to make other people feel better are still solid and strong.

**DREAM COMES TRUE**

Some time ago Mike decided he'd like to have a flag pole, and told his dream to Mrs. Josephine Goeringer, a friend of many years. Mrs. Goeringer spoke to Curtis Bynon, Commander of Daddow-Isaacs Post 672, American Legion in Dallas. The Legion took up the project with enthusiasm and enlisted the help of others.

Edward Grundowicz secured a pole from Commonwealth Telephone Company. Key Club boys Ronald Sutton and Wendel Jones, directed by George McCutcheon, dug the hole and put up the pole. Paul Shaver climbed the ladder to put a bronze ball on top, and he and Mr. Bynon rigged the rope and pulleys.

Congressman Dan Flood supplied a flag which has flown over the Capitol.

**DEDICATION NOV. 7**

Sunday morning, November 7, at 10 a. m. the flag pole will be dedicated. You are invited to join in this expression of patriotism. Officers and members of the American Legion Post will be in charge, and members of the Legion Auxiliary will be present. Taking part in the program will be Congressman Flood, Reuben H. Levy and Attorney Herbert Winkler, who were leaders in the home-building project, and the Chaplain of the Disabled American Veterans, Mrs. Goeringer, the moving force in the undertaking, is a patient in General Hospital.

There is another part to Mike Langel's dream, and the Dallas Post invites its readers to help in making it come true. He would like the flag pole to stand in the center of a Peace Garden, made up of one Peace Rose bush for each of the fifty states.

The dedication ceremony Sunday morning will be an important event for Mike Langel and for those who attend. But after the excitement is over, life goes on from day to day. For a lift to your own spirits, go to 160 Cedar Avenue and get to know your neighbor — then order a Peace Rose from Jackson Perkins, or call the Dallas Post, and they'll do it for you.

## Pillar To Post...

So many people have been wondering about Blarney Castle and the famous Blarney Stone, that it seems a good time to give them the low-down.

Probably a good many folks from the Back Mountain have kissed the Blarney Stone. Just listen to any candidate for election, dripping honey, or any lobbyist who is pushing his program.

Here's how it goes:

There are 110 steps up to the battlements, after you have negotiated the steep hill below and the stone steps leading to the courtyard. These steps are contained snugly in a circular tower, and you do well to cling close to the far side where you can get a foothold. The inner tread reaches the vanishing point.

There is no handhold, but a redeeming grace is that you can't look back very far, otherwise you would die of fright.

You go up one at a time, following closely. No room for two abreast.

When you reach the battlements, there is the Keeper of the Keys lying in wait, and lurking above him inconspicuously, is a photographer. The Keeper of the Keys starts his pitch.

He does not demonstrate, because he is a smart cookie, but he explains how simple it is to kiss the Blarney Stone, and shows photographs.

The photographs do nothing to allay anxiety. There is an iron bar beneath the aperture, designed to keep the paying public from pitching headfirst into what was once a moat, about 200 miles below.

Men are warned to remove loose change from their pockets, but most men hang onto their coins, and at dusk, the Keeper of the Keys eases his creaking joints down the stairway and does a neat little business with a rake.

In the case of the International Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors, some of the editors contented themselves with taking pix of the Castle from below, and snapping candid shots of other editors leaning over the battlements and making the international gesture of disdain.

So, here we are on the battlements.

Who is going to kiss the Blarney Stone first?

Eyes begin to focus. Here is a guinea pig, ripe for the plucking. (Do guinea pigs have feathers, like guinea hens?)

The editors gather round to sell a bill of goods.

"Honest, if you go first, Hix . . . . . You really ought to have the honor."

So here is Hix, lying on her back, inching toward the aperture, a brawny caretaker (well, anyhow, he should have been brawny, but somehow he looked fragile and inadequate) repeat, a brawny caretaker encircling her waist (what waist?) with his arm, and two anxious editors holding to her feet.

Hix, impelled by a determination not to be chicken, goes over the brink, praying for a seatbelt, grasping the iron handholds, closes her eyes after taking one gander at the dim distance below, and salutes the Blarney Stone.

Right side up again, steaming with perspiration and crimson in the face, she fixes the rest of the editors with a beady eye. The ones who have started to slink off, return sheepishly.

A State Senator goes over, a president of a university, a dean of that same university, and in turn the rest of the assemblage.

When you scramble to your feet, the inconspicuous photographer hands you a printed slip: Your photograph has been taken kissing the Blarney Stone in two positions.

You wonder about those two positions, but it is too late to do anything about it, and besides, you'd hate to discourage any of the venturesome from getting their money's worth.

## Busy Buzzing Bees Are Educated To Turn Out Different Flavors

Bill Robbins has recently acquired thirty more hives of bees to add to the thirty already buzzing with activity on Staub Road, Trucksville.

But these are bees with a difference, bees with a capacity for turning out honey already flavored with cinnamon for the morning toast or orange flowers for the honeymoon.

It's a trick of the trade, says Bill, passing his hand tenderly over a small swelling on his neck, where an enraged bee got him while he was sealing up the thirty hives before trucking them in from Laurel Run.

The former owner