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"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution"

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held for more than 30 days.

We will not be responsible for large "cuts." If your organization wants to pick up its cuts, we will keep them for thirty days. One-column cuts will be filed for future reference.

Editorially Speaking

BUY GIRL SCOUT COOKIES

Beginning next Monday, small girls in Brownie or Girl Scout uniforms will call at your door, taking orders for Girl Scout cookies.

There are all sorts of appeals on the agenda, but Girl Scouts have a very special place in the community, and giving them an assist is a real pleasure.

So you don't care much about cookies, on account of that tell-tale look at the scales in the morning? Who says you have to eat them yourself? Give them away. Open a box in the office and invite folks to help themselves.

But buy them.

Not because they contain a certain amount of nourishment, a discouraging number of calories, or because the cookies smell delightfully fresh when the box is opened.

Buy them not only because it is the thing to do, or because neighbors' children KNOW that you will support their project, but because Girl Scouting stands for all that is decent and upstanding in a turbulent society, where values are being questioned and assayed every hour of every day.

Buy Girl Scout cookies because Girl Scouting offers something to little girls and teen-agers that seems to be sadly lacking in the hustle and bustle of modern life.

Buy Girl Scout cookies because you think little girls should have a breathing spell before being pitchedforked headfirst into a society where everything speeds them into maturity before they are ready for it.

Little girls should have a chance to be little girls. Girl Scouting is based on this hope.

It has been in operation for a good many years. Help it along.

Buy a box. Buy two boxes. Buy half a dozen boxes. You will be helping along the camping program which gives girls a chance to live close to nature, employ skills that their great-grandmothers once used, and join in wholesome activity with a group of girls their own age.

THAT WAGE TAX

Most of the folks hereabouts are not going to balk too hard at the 1% income tax, because if Wilkes-Barre is going to get its bite, why not Dallas Borough?

But a lot of us are going to be perturbed when it becomes public knowledge just how little we are worth on the hoof.

The Federal income tax is one of those remote control propositions, it's completely detached from everyday living. You're stuck with it, and you accept it. Like the car registration, where you pay the same, whether you drive a Caddie or a 1951 Chevvie.

But with a purely local tax, too many local people are going to know entirely too much about your business.

There is also the definite possibility that there will be a State income tax, in addition to the Federal and the local income taxes.

When this comes to pass, there are a good many folks who are going to wonder why they continue to beat their heads against a stone wall making a living, when the government is willing to fork over for the abolishment of poverty.

Get A Load Of DeWitt's Remedy For Feeling Down In The Mouth

Jan. 12, 1966

Dear Hix:

I have been thinking of this problem of store teeth, and I have come up with some observations. The dentists that make 'em ought to be made to break them in for the unsuspecting victims.

Here is the proposition: they go to work and yank and otherwise separate us from nature's implements which have served us faithfully all these empty years. Most of the teeth were in "good as new" condition with the exception of some strippings and pot holes. We have to go around with these holes in our head until the dentist thinks he can make an impression. Dentists don't impress me much, they are so down in the mouth.

And when the day comes to get your dentures you find them set up like a row of corn on a perfect ear. Now anybody can spot 'em at the end of a football field, they are a dead giveaway. Why can't they imitate a guy with normal teeth and give a guy a break and bolster up a guy's ego because at my age my ego can stand a lot of bolstering?

My trouble is both uppers and lowers. One advantage of dentures - as dentists love to call 'em, is that you can take 'em out and scour

them with Dutch Cleanser or whatever is handy. That's the only advantage I can see in dentures. I wasn't so bad to look at before this dentist talked me into them in his persuasive way, but now I look like I had been in a fight and my upper lip was out of joint, sorta on the lantern jaw side. Every time I cough I have to hang onto my uppers with my tongue, and my tongue has a charley horse from holding the plate up. Next thing I know I'll have neuralgia in my tongue, something that should happen only to women.

Most of the time I get half way to town and my tongue sloshes around to notify me that I forgot my dentures. I can't half talk, much less sing - I'm afraid of the high notes and the uppers flying out. Why I can't even whistle any more. I have tried all the mucilage they sell in the drugstore to hold uppers in place so you can even eat an apple but when you take the uppers out at night half the palate comes out with them. There ought to be a law.

Why I know of a Priest up in Inkerman who had to have some new china for his dinner, and the "committee" sent to Sears Roebuck in Chicago for some choppers. The full set came in the mail a couple weeks later on a Saturday, and the

Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Trucksville M. E. Church celebrated the 25th anniversary of its dedication. Rev. J. Roland Crompton, now district superintendent, was pastor. His father, Rev. J. S. Crompton, who preached the first sermon in January of 1911 at dedication of the new edifice, was present. The original church building had burned to the ground in 1910. Entire page of church history.

C. A. Frantz, Dallas grocer, was reelected president of First National Bank of Dallas.

State Farm Show at Harrisburg largest on record. Two local groups were competing: Lehman, sponsored by the Ladies Aid, in drama presentation directed by Mrs. Arthur Major; and Pikes Creek Club of Alderson. Both groups were finalists in preliminary competition.

A campaign to battle increase in water rates was launched by Dallas Businessmen's Association.

Albert G. Groblewski headed Rural Building and Loan.

Married: Emily Frantz Honeywell to Herman Schure. Margaret Belford to Raymond Price.

Died: Mrs. Elizabeth Croom Lewis, mother of Harold Croom. Mrs. Anna Philip Ross, 57, Orange.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

North Star Farms was erecting a 40x60 foot addition to its Trucksville plant.

Sgt. John Fritz, Idetown, shot down on a combat mission in the South Pacific, had been listed as missing since May 7, 1943. He was supposed to have died in the Japanese prison camp.

Kenneth and James Oliver formed a partnership to carry on the automobile business of their father James R. Oliver in Dallas.

Meat supply was below normal, due to strike-bound meat packing plants.

Mt. Evergreen Company was turning out 3,000 wreaths a week. (Remember the place? Church Street. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Culver later turned the plant into a house.)

News from servicemen: William Dale Parsons, discharged. Robert Gross in California, en route home from Japan. Bill Niemeyer, Okinawa. Norman Stair, Saipan. Willard E. John Jr. discharged. F. D. Polachek, Japan.

Married: Eleanor Bartels to Gordon Mav. Minnie Mae Coolbaugh to Charles Miller. Evelyn Romonski to Carl Roberts. Jeanne L. Cole to William H. Tredinnick.

Died: Mary Rusinko, 18. Alderson.

Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Sutton, 55th.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Don Smith got the nomination for vice president of the Pennsylvania Society for Professional Engineers.

Eleanor Rodriguez was elected Sweetheart of Blue Ridge Chapter FFA.

Local green tomato growers who move to Florida for the winter to make another crop, battled frost with smudge fires to preserve their cucumber crops.

Harveys Lake American Legion Post bought the Baird Street property for eventual building site.

George Yurko and George Major took ribbons at the Farm Show. FFA certificates for Yurko, Lester Lynn and Rafael Rodriguez.

Five districts recognized the need for a new high school. Feelers in the direction of a 5-way jointure were noted: Dallas Borough, Dallas, Kington, Franklin and Monroe Townships. The question voiced was, "How long can we wait?"

Local branch banks instituted service charges to counter-balance 2% interest rate on savings accounts.

Coal gas victims in Fernbrook. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Spini revived by oxygen from Dallas ambulance.

Anniversary: Mrs. Frank Wright, 86.

next day (Sunday) the Priest preached a sermon for two hours. The "committee" called a meeting and examined the teeth and discovered they were women's teeth. They finally got him fixed up, and about that time the Top Brass in Scranton moved the Priest over to Moosie. The "committee" held a meeting and warned the Top Brass in Scranton that the next Priest they sent to Inkerman would have to have a good solid set of teeth, or no soap.

I talked with the dentist today and he said he would fix me up for a slight additional fee. Y'know it's gittin' so five dollars don't last you three weeks anymore.

Don't you sign my name to this one because if you do I'll throw a moth in your new fur coat.

P. S. I'm sure this is right down your alley.

Editorial note: WHAT new fur coat? And what alley?

KEEPING POSTED

January 12: MUD SLIDES in Rio take 363 known lives, many still missing. STATE OF THE UNION message balances tight-rope. LBJ says we'll spend more, but we've got more to spend. Rescinding of taxes on new cars and telephone service was too good to be true, anyhow.

January 13: TRANSIT STRIKE over in New York. Loss to business incalculable. SANTO DOMINGO briefly in the news again. Street riots quelled by 82nd Airborne and large officers on large horses. QUILL LEAVES HOSPITAL, labor leaders jailed for contempt of court, released. FIRST NEGRO ever to serve in the Cabinet. Dr. R. C. Weaver to head Department of Housing and Urban Development. KIDNAP PLOT directed against Firestone foiled by police.

January 14: CESSATION IN BOMBING of North Vietnam continues. New Year's cease-fire nears.

January 15: DEAN RUSK PLEDGES South Vietnam full support. HUMPHREY REPORTS to President on informal talk with Kosygin in New Delhi. INDONESIA RIOT when price of rice is doubled. Students demonstrate.

January 16: DeGAULLE ENDS BOYCOTT of Common Market, after scuttling it seven months ago. Veto against Britain still stands. VIETCONG FORCES thrown back by 1st Division. POPE PAUL renews plea for peace.

January 17: MILITARY COUP in Nigeria, prime minister kidnapped. TWO U. S. PLANES collide off Southern Spain. DIRKSEN APPROVES administration policy in Vietnam, with independence for South Vietnam the goal.

January 18: AMBASSADOR GOLDBERG appears on TODAY SHOW, says nothing in long interview. MADAME GHANDI elected prime minister of India. No relation to the Mahatma. SHRIVER RELIEVED of Peace Corps job, to spend full time on Anti-poverty program. 8,500 MORE U. S. troops land in Vietnam. Seek peace, prepare for war, administration motto.

January 19: LUNAR NEW YEAR cease-fire preceded by vicious Vietcong attack on unarmed refugee camp, many massacred, mutilated. PRIME MINISTER of Australia retires. NOVELIST NORRIS dies. COMMON MARKET deadlocked in Luxembourg, recesses. DeGaulle again.

Better Leighton Never

Bitter Pill

Over a cup of coffee down at local restaurants, the same guys who read "only the sports page" of the daily papers register horror at the amount of social security tax they have to pay out of their wages to support Johnson's Medicare.

While a popular health cult in Noxen has stopped running a mile of the Stull road in less than a minute by doctor's orders, due to the severity of the winter air, at least one member got hung up on the wrong end of a quick judo course and has incurred a cracked rib for the doctor to busy himself with for the duration of the season.

A voice in the distance tells the Back Mountain to stop being such a bunch of lousy sports as to pass a one per cent wage tax purely in defense against the Wilkes-Barre wage tax.

The voice further recommends that the Back Mountain wait until next city elections in Wilkes-Barre to see how fast Mayor Frank Slattery is voted out of office.

Oh yeah? Just how fast is old Frank going to be voted out of office anyway? Should the Back Mountain sit around with hands folded and wait for the great day just because some Wilkes-Barre newspaperman thinks it ought to come to pass?

And just who says that the wage tax will then—if and when, a big if—be repealed? There is an old and true proverb that says something to the effect that a tax passed abideth forever.

For it was Valley politics that begat the tax, and as sure as little green apples were made, it is Valley politics that will continue that tax unto the twentieth generation of city fathers.

Responsibility begins at home, and in some cases, I think, it should stay there.

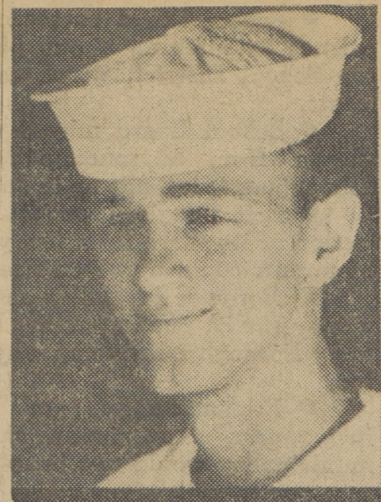
At least one municipality, Dallas Borough, has felt for some time now that a rise in millage would help implement better service, and perhaps this is the time and place to do it. Of course, the 1966 budget will give us a better idea.

But it seems that it wouldn't hurt to reaffirm the principle, which seems to be on the wane in this day of federal panacea, that local governments can provide a balanced system of local tax and local services - a kind of pay-as-you-go plan, that is being all too up-stared in this day of "matching funds" and loans from Washington.

More progressive Dallas citizens have been heard to say that they are quite willing to pay more local tax if it helps the borough. Let's see.

At the intersection of Old Main Road and the highway, above the dairy bar, is a continuing highway project of lesser note. A Pennsylvania Department of Highways grader and four helpers periodically clear the road and edges of an aggregation of ice and slush. This ambitious flood control project is a recurring phenomenon, according to neighbors who check its progress from time to time, and, while we'd like to think of it as only a babbling brook, the all-pervasive odor indicates that it is either due directly to, or substantially augmented

Who Is This Sailor?



If he lives around here, somebody ought to know him. Phone the Dallas Post.

Friend Identifies Service Picture

Last week the Dallas Post published two pictures, each one of a boy in the service. It asked that anybody who knew these boys, please phone the name to the Dallas Post.

Jimmie Hopple phoned in early Thursday morning. Said the one in the jungle helmet was Tommy Appel, of Mt. Airy Road, Shavertown. Jimmie added, "But we never ran his picture in the paper."

So that cleared that up. When a release from public relations is received at the Post, the typed form sometimes has clipped to it a plastic cut for publication. Occasionally, the release is used without the picture, if there is just room for the message and nothing else.

Safety Valve

DONATION DAY

Dear Mrs. Hicks,

You are always so very kind in giving us good publicity at the time of our annual Donation Day, held this year on November 18th, that the guests of the Old Ladies Home, and the members of the Board, all wish me to express our deep appreciation of your interest and cooperation.

As publicity chairman, I am particularly grateful for the good articles you write. After I write four or five myself I can hardly bear to repeat the same old information another time. A fresh approach is a joy!

Yours most sincerely,
 Marion Woodward Payne

Elmer Crane Was Pikes Creek Man

Elmer G. Crane, 67, died Thursday morning at Nanticoke General Hospital, where he had been admitted to the medical service the previous day.

Native of Hunlock Creek, son of the late George and Marian Snyder Crane, he had spent most of his life at Pikes Creek. He was employed by various lumber companies in the Back Mountain. He attended Maple Grove Methodist Church.

He leaves a sister, Mrs. Blanche Lozier, and a brother William, both of Pikes Creek.

Burial was at Maple Grove Saturday afternoon, following services conducted by Rev. William P. Rosser from the Bronson Funeral Home.

Have You Seen This Collie?

A three-year old collie dog is missing. The area has been combed, but nothing has been found.

The dog, belonging to Mrs. Thomas Bunney, Huntsville-Hillside Road, slipped his collar two weeks ago, and disappeared. He answers to the name of Prince.

It is perfectly safe for a child to approach this dog, because he is fond of children.

See classified ad, this issue.

From—

Pillar To Post... by HIX

The Dallas Rotary Club probably did not know what it was letting itself in for when it asked Hix to speak at its dinner meeting last Thursday night.

But then, neither did Hix.

There is something about a microphone and a captive audience that acts like the fire siren to an old fire-horse.

Here are all these men, stuffed with good food and placidly digesting their pie. They can't leave, because it is considered rude to ooze away in the face of a speaker. Most of them have fortified themselves before the dinner.

(No wonder there seemed to be a sparse settling of Rotarians in the lobby of the Country Club. They all streamed down the stairs just on the dot of six-thirty. And that's what Hix gets for entering the front door instead of by the more direct route of the bar.)

They can blame the whole thing on Willard Seaman, the ambassador of goodwill from the Rotary. It was his job to dig up a speaker. He must have dug mightily before he struck oil.

Just how much oil he was going to strike was not made clear to him before the dinner, otherwise he might have backtracked in haste, taking with him the Dallas Rotary.

"One who needs no introduction . . ." is the favored introduction. I was just about to advise Willard to knock it off, when he did knock it off, and there were the Rotarians, calmed into a haze of well-being, delivered into my hands.

I had asked in advance what to talk about, and been told about ten minutes.

At the conclusion, there was a hollow voice from some brash soul among the diners: "Twenty-seven minutes on the nose."

At the beginning, I had advised anybody who wished to escape, to do so at that point, as a speaker, once launched on a favorite subject, is apt to take a dim view of diners surreptitiously slipping out of the hall and taking refuge in the bar.

(They could manage this very nicely by moving a portable bar downstairs, but this is not considered cricket. A nicely iced daiquiri, however, would have been of inestimable benefit to the speaker. I hold this against Dr. Bodycomb, who knows better.)

Anybody who expected to be regaled with a warmed-over trip to England and Ireland, was doomed to disappointment. Willard, in making his introduction of one who needs no introduction, made some mention, in a hopeful sort of a fashion, of my having hung upside down to kiss the Blarney Stone, and of having pix to prove it.

The Blarney Stone, to my mind, along with the pix, would much better remain in Ireland. Let us leave it that the pix were far from flattering and if I can't be flattered, I won't play.

So, that left the Dallas Post on a Thursday morning, the day after press day, as a fitting subject.

There was that manuscript, started some time ago, which goes into considerable detail on the subject of the day after the paper runs through the press.

It looked like a good moment to bring it out for an airing.

Sometime I might even finish it.

But the first chapter stands by itself. It's called, "Just Cancel My Subscription."

That was to have been the title of the book, but some other newspaper guy has stolen my thunder, using that title for a recent book, a sequel to "Put It On The Front Page."

So, I'm left with eight chapters, six more to come, and no title. That's why the Dallas Rotary got a prevue.

Mrs. Betty Lauderbaugh Of Trucksville Dies

Friends of Mrs. Betty Lauderbaugh, Trucksville, may call tonight 7 to 9 at the Disque-Funeral Home. Services are scheduled for Friday at 2 p.m. Rev. Robert Lukens officiating. Burial will be at Mt. Greenwood.

Mrs. Lauderbaugh, taken by ambulance to General Hospital on Monday, died Tuesday afternoon.

The former Betty Mullison was daughter of Olin and Maude Rozelle Mullison of Wilkes-Barre. Her father was founder of the Mullison chain of stores which merged a number of years ago with American Stores Company.

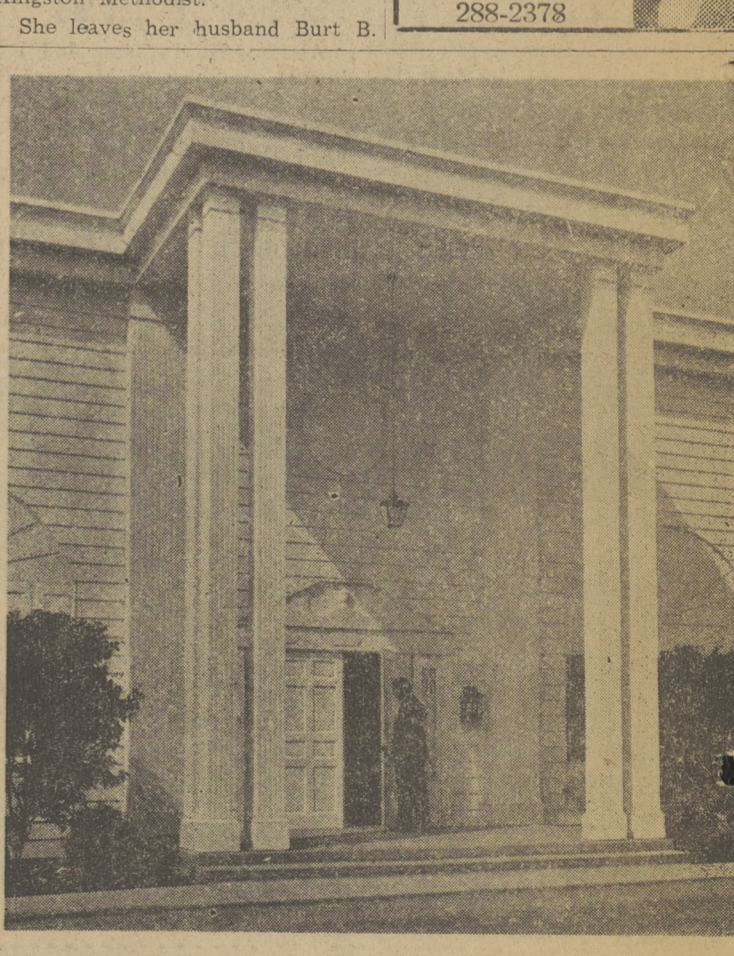
She was a graduate of Wilkes-Barre Institute and Katherine Gibbs School, New York.

She was a past president of Scranton Junior League and a member of Wilkes-Barre Junior League. She belonged to Harveys Lake Boat Club.

Church affiliations were with Kington Methodist.

She leaves her husband Burt B.

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