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Associate Editor MRS. T.M.B. HICKS
Social Editor MRS. DOROTHY B. ANDERSON
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"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution"

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We can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a

Editorially Speaking

Forever Valiant, Forever Young

The mystery of the disappearance of Amelia Earhart in her flight across the Pacific in search of a microscopic speck of earth, is something which has challenged the imagination of the world for almost thirty years.

It seems completely incredible that if she had lived out her years she would have been nearing seventy, white-haired and suffering the growing infirmities which age is heir to.

To the world which loved her, for which she was the symbol of high adventure and gallantry (in a worn leather jacket and goggles) she will always be that eager counterpart of Charles Lindbergh, forever valiant, forever young.

What brings her disappearance to sharp focus again, is publication of a book called "The Search for Amelia Earhart" written by Fred Goerner, based upon years of patient examination of records capped by a flight to Saipan.

The Back Mountain Memorial Library has the book, one of the latest acquisitions.

Never had there been such worldwide dismay, nor so widespread a search for any one person lost at sea.

For in 1937, Amelia Earhart stood for intrepid gallantry, as ten years earlier Lindbergh had typified the highest aspirations of the youth, the hope of the world.

Reaching for the stars, both of these magnificent people, citizens of the world.

Had they been born thirty years later, they would have worn space helmets and the complicated gear of the astronaut, instead of flying on silver wings.

Or perhaps not. They were both essentially lonely people, their cropped and unruly hair, their lean and vibrant frames alive with aspiration for far horizons, their nature impatient with regimentation, their keen eyes focused on something above and beyond.

It is possible to envisage them taking off in a rocket, but completely impossible to imagine either of these rugged individualists submitting tamely to the de-briefing, the security precautions, the tiring preparations, the wearing delays.

The fiery re-entry through the atmosphere would have been a breathless challenge, joyfully embraced. All the panoply of fame would have been endured, but with a backward look of pure regret at the lost horizons.

Read the book. It is not among those reserved for the Book Club, but on the open shelves, available to all borrowers.

Like A Cat Chasing Its Tail

It's like a cat chasing its tail, this wage-price spiral, round and round and getting nowhere.

The pay envelope looks fatter, but what does it buy? With luck, just about what it did before, considering the cost of food, the taxes, the mounting prices of everything needed in a household.

For those whose monthly income does not increase, the only answer is to buy less food, or cheaper food.

With one face, the Government says cut non-essential spending to the hard core of necessity.

With the other, it plunges deeper and deeper into debt to finance projects which seem, to a lot of us, of doubtful value.

For those of us who have lived through the first World War, the Stock-Market crash, the Great Depression, and the modern wars, this seems to be establishing a formidable pattern.

We were asked to go without enough heat, enough food, enough clothing during the first World War. We were glad to do this. We were aflame with patriotism. This was the War to End Wars.

During the depression, we supported WPA projects, and while tightening the belt another notch, tried to find work that needed doing on our homes to provide employment.

We sent our sons to the Second World War, rationed our gas and our food, bought bonds.

We do not understand exactly why we are now being asked to hold down spending.

Our courses in economics taught us that money in circulation is the only money which is of any value at all.

Hold down spending for what you need, and who goes out of business?

Your neighbor goes out of business.

And because he must go without buying what he needs, the grocery store owner suffers.

In a society such as ours, interdependence is the foundation stone. What affects one, affects all the rest.

Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Peter Culp's absence was felt, as Huntsville Christian Church observed its 93rd anniversary. Mr. Culp, present at the dedication in 1843 as an infant in arms, was the backbone of the church, the oldest in the Back Mountain. For years he was the only one who could recall the early days. The Civil War veteran died in February of 1936. Rev. Charles H. Frick was pastor in 1936.

Borough Council rejected the WPA bid of \$1,500 for paving of Elizabeth Street. Too high.

Satirical essay on Brotherly Love on the front page. An excerpt: "The Brotherly Love bug has even eaten into the WPA. If one worker breaks his shovel by leaning on it, a brother worker will promptly give him his."

(The WPA kept a lot of families alive, but nobody could say their efforts were efficient or their results spectacular. One stone in the curbing on a street which shall be nameless got located six times as one worker after another grabbed for it. This is history.)

Dallas Borough High School and Dallas Township High School had a guarded agreement: Dallas Twp. student who wanted a business course could take it in the Borough; Borough students who wanted to study agriculture could do it at the Township. Payments reciprocal.

Mrs. Donald Innes was the first woman to serve on a confined jury case. The famous Jennings trial, concerning dynamiting of Judge Alfred Valentine.

FDR gained one state in a newspaper poll. Alf Landon seemed safely ahead.

Page of views of old Dallas. See issue October 9, 1936.

Dallas Post again asked for opinions on Local Option.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Back Mountain Memorial Library reported 10,000 volumes on hand. Miss Miriam Lathrop reported a Book Club membership of 160.

Game Commission released wild turkeys.

College Misericordia was receiving its 22nd freshman class.

Halloween parade prizes were offered in a specialty section including those on horseback or with pets, bringing the number of categories up to five.

Sloppy Tony's tavern at the Lake was destroyed by fire, apparently starting in an outside sign.

FFA at Dallas Township took in 36 new members.

First killing frost October 13. Nothing escaped.

Sugar shortage was still acute.

Midnight bus for Goss Manor residents.

Died: Dimetrio (Mike) Hollowich, Harveys Lake. George Hunt Sr., 70, Dallas.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Philadelphia firm with \$2 million payroll rented the Fernbrook Mill. Linear was to employ 60% male help, turning out precision-molded seals. J. Henry Pool and Jackson Bird were instrumental in bringing the new plant to Dallas.

Dallas Area school board meeting resulted in a deadlock when Kingston Township declined to accept Butcher and Sherard as a bonding house. Issue, the history of that company in the matter of Meadowcrest.

Lehman and Ross okayed jointure with Lake-Nosen, still no action from Jackson.

Grace Patton Brace, 69, suffered a fatal heart attack.

Butch was able to walk again, 24 days after being stung by yellowjackets. About ready for release from Post's animal hospital.

Died: Mrs. Ida Parrish, 83, Mount Zion. Susie Nulton Smith, 80, former resident of Dallas. J. Willis Hawley, Florida. Mrs. Lucy Coolbaugh, Orange. Mrs. Maude Reese, Lehman, Henry Rolison, Fernbrook. Brian Rav, Trucksville.

Married: Bina Dendler to John Holdredge. Alicia Keaney to Robert Moran.

TAKE IN THE EXHIBIT

See Janet Crosson's exhibit of weaving and art objects in the Kennedy Lounge at College Misericordia, starting tomorrow. Nice stuff.

Legal Notice —

Notice is hereby given that the appeal of Miss Louise Ohlman, 100 North Leigh Street, Shavertown, from the decision of the Kingston Township Zoning Officer will be heard October 24, 1966 at 8 p.m. at the Kingston Township Municipal Building.

Miss Ohlman is requesting a side-line set-back variance.

Spencer Martin, Secretary
Kingston Twp. Board of Appeals
Spencer Martin, secretary

KEEPING POSTED

October 5: BUFFER ZONE BOMBING eases off, ground fighting intense, Communists suffer heavy losses near Qui Nhon.
INEZ HITS CUBA for third time, bounces toward Gulf.

October 6: LBJ EXTENDS visit to Far East, will take in Thailand, Malaysia, Korea, as well as Australia, New Zealand, Philippines, Oct. 17 to Nov. 2.
HURRICANE HEADS for Yucatan, buzzing like an angry hornet in a bottle in the Gulf. Brownsville escapes.
BRITISH PROPOSE six-point peace. Same old plan, different suit.
KENDRA in the making east of Puerto Rico.

October 7: STOCK MARKET TUMBLES to lowest point since November 1963.

October 8: COMPLETE SHUTDOWN of Chrysler averted. LBJ SUGGESTS cautious troop withdrawal on both sides of Iron Curtain.
FROST IN THE PLAINS.

October 9: BALTIMORE ORIOLES have it, all the way, great shenanigans in the clubhouse. Dodgers get nothing in World Series.

October 10: LBJ, GROMYKO, talk at White House. Gromyko dinner guest at Dean Rusk's. Could be the great ice jam is cracking.
HOME RULE for District of Columbia killed in Congress.

INEZ GASPING ITS LAST in the mountains of Mexico, leaving 30,000 homeless, uncared for, immeasurable property loss in its 18 day rampage, the longest-lived hurricane in history.
TROOP BUILD-UP IN Vietnam, 325 thousand U. S. there now.
GROWING DISSATISFACTION with Mao in China. Red Guard like the Genie let out of the bottle, impossible to curb.
LBJ ASKS troop cut in Europe.

October 11: CHICAGO RACE incident again, young gangsters arrested. Looked for awhile as if the long hot summer was going to merge into a long hot winter.
U-THANT PROPOSALS for peace considered.

October 12: McNAMARA in Vietnam, meets with Ambassador, key men in armed services.
PREMIER KY'S cabinet torn with jealousy, seems likely to explode two weeks after formation. Southern and northern representatives have little in cultural background.

STOCK MARKET nibbles its way up the scale again, small gains hailed with relief after long skid.
HURRICANE KENDRA dies, still-born.
COLUMBUS DAY. Supporters say he did so, discover America, away with the Vikings.

Ed Buckley's Scrap-Book Contains Information On Dallas Post Office

A scrap-book containing almost everything about the Dallas Post Office has been assembled by Ed Buckley, the present Postmaster.

It starts off with a history of Dallas Post Office compiled by Dan Waters, and a picture taken long ago of Central Dallas when the Le-high Railroad was doing business, and station and freight sheds occupying space which is now the site of the new Post Office.

The names of all postmasters are listed, beginning with Jacob Huff in 1828, and coming up to the present date with appointment of Edward M. Buckley, first as acting Postmaster in 1962, then as permanent Postmaster December 2, 1963.

This appointment was signed by President Lyndon B. Johnson, after assassination of President John F. Kennedy, who had originally submitted Buckley's name to the U. S. Senate for confirmation.

The scrapbook notes the various stages which saw Dallas Post Office evolve from a counter in a country store to a full fledged Post Office with quarters of its own.

A good bit of interesting correspondence is included in the scrapbook, and reams of cuttings from the newspapers relative to recent events, a high percentage from The Dallas Post.

A milestone was opening of Misericordia Post Office, its first customer Mother Mary Celestine, pictured in the now out-moded black habit which has recently made way for the more comfortable attire.

There is a front page picture of Sheldon Drake retiring after thirty-eight years of service as a rural carrier, and one of Mrs. Josephine Ostrum, retired after thirty-four years as clerk.

These pictures were taken at what was then the "new" Post Office in the Dallas Dairy building, several years after the transfer from the inadequate quarters on Main Street.

Now, clippings mount thick and fast in the scrapbook, as Federal funds were sought, purchase of a site for a permanent post office was okayed, and ground broken, after condemnation proceedings went through on land owned by Mrs. Millie Devens LaBe.

A score of pictures of the groundbreaking ceremonies December 12, 1964, including newspaper pix and color photos.

The scrapbook proceeds with pictures of the old Lehigh Valley Railway station. And again, Dan Waters contributes his bit of history.

The old freight station gives up the ghost.

Wintery weather as the first pictures of preliminary construction

are snapped, blue shadows on the snow as concrete for footings is poured.

Crowded conditions in the Post Office on Lake Street, mail stacked high.

Spring, and the construction gathers momentum. Pictures of both exterior and interior.

Headlines: "Dallas Post Office To Be Ready In Month."

The old Railway station, used for supply quarters for Raymon Hedden's Construction Company, torn down.

Milt Perrego, carrier for fifty years, starting with a horse and buggy, retires.

Copy of the Dallas Post goes into a "time capsule" for insertion in the corner stone, along with official documents.

Delays. No chance of occupation before the holidays.

Happy news. The so-called "frills" were to be restored after being ruthlessly axed.

Ready to go.

A For Rent sign hangs on the former Post Office building on Lake Street, and employees are settled in the new building June 23, 1966.

Much interior work remains to be done, but the building is in working condition.

And now the dedication date is set for October 22, 1966.

Ed Buckley's red leather scrap book will be kept up, keeping the news of the Post Office for posterity.

It is loose leaf, so that more pages can be added.

The items and pictures on the dedication should swell the volume considerably.

It is almost two years since ground was broken; three years since the Post Office was a project.

It takes a long time for the Government to grind out a Federal building, but Ed is a patient man, and he expects to be around to fill that scrap-book to capacity.

Carverton To Dedicate New Hymnals Sunday

Carverton Methodist Church will dedicate its new hymnals on Sunday at the 9 a.m. worship service.

The covers are red, imprinted in gold with the name of the church, as in the case of most of the churches which have already dedicated.

Carverton hymnals were financed by members who took this means of commemoration. The last "new" hymnal was issued in 1935.

OFFSET PRINTING IN MANY DESIGNS
The Dallas Post

Bird Club To Elect Officers Tonight

Back Mountain Bird Club will elect officers Thursday night, and discuss a change of meeting night from the second to the first or third Thursday, the hour to remain the same, 8 p.m., at the Library Annex.

Edwin Johnson will present the slate of officers. William Evans will preside.

Signs of Autumn

Chrysanthemums and asters, Maple leaves of gold; Autumn's but an infant And summer has grown old.

Firethorns in orange, Grass a-turning brown. Pods in the mimosa, Frost upon the ground.

Geese in V formation, Honking overhead, And deer a fleeting shadow, From the hunter's stealthy tread.

The little birds have flown away To their Southern kin, Autumn, oh yes Winter, Is flying with the wind.

Mariana Heim

Miss Beinert's Cookbook Is A Gourmet's Delight

Those who knew and loved Mrs. Emma Beinert, for thirty-five years owner of the Wide-Awake Bookshop when it was located on South Franklin Street, will be delighted that her daughter Frederica L. Beinert has recently published an important new book, entitled, "The Art of Making Sauces and Gravies."

Miss Beinert will be at the Wide-Awake in Sterling Hotel tomorrow from 10:30 to 4, anxious to meet old friends, and with pen in hand for autographs.

Alice Evans issues a cordial invitation to drop in and talk.

For any one who delights in gourmet cookery, the book is almost a must; with its traditional as well as modern short-cut approach to meals with character.

Library Swarms With Children

by Mrs. Martin Davern

Fall announces itself in many ways. To us at the library the starting of a new school semester is the high point of this season, and once more we welcome the classes from the Dallas Elementary School. Each year we say good-bye to them in June and quickly adjust to a more leisurely pace during the summer months. Even the adults desert us to a certain extent while they garden, golf, swim and indulge in all the other delights of summertime.

But even though we may feel we're ready for this respite, it isn't until school re-opens in the fall that we realize we've missed these young people. Their enthusiasm, their insatiable curiosity, their almost unanswerable questions, their very valuable love of books, the topsy-turvy shelves they leave behind—these are the things we suddenly find we've missed.

We feel that of all the contributions a library makes to a community, this must be the most important—to open intriguing doors wide for eager young minds—to supplement, even in this small measure, the work being done by the school and its teachers.

For the half-hour each class is with us, we are on our toes mentally and physically, but as the children line up to leave and a chorus of young voices calls out, "Thank you for the books," we weary dispensers of entertainment and knowledge look at one another—and smile!

Westmoreland PTA Hears Talk About TV

Westmoreland PTA members heard a talk on Educational TV Tuesday evening, given by Bruce Davis, supervisor for Channel 44, the new television station designed to give educational material to schools and to the general public.

Daytime programs, he said, are aimed primarily toward class-rooms; evening programs, 7 to 11, toward adult viewers, presenting general information over a wide range of subjects.

A good crowd attended this first meeting of the season. George Stolarick presided.

Mothers of children in the three first grades at Westmoreland were hostesses.

It was announced that 4th, 5th, and 6th grade pupils will again sell Christmas candy to raise money for the annual 6th grade trip in the spring.

Christine Louise Arnold

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Arnold, Carverton Road, announce the birth of a daughter, Christine Louise, their first child, August 20. The baby weighed seven pounds, ten ounces, and is flourishing. Mrs. Arnold is the former Louise Sutton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Sutton, Hillside. Mr. Arnold is a welder with Climate Control.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

From—

Pillar To Post...

by HIX

We've had a lot of complaints about mischief from the small fry, and those not so small, prior to Halloween.

It does seem as if the kids are starting a bit earlier than usual this year, but maybe not.

Halloween, to the average adult, is one of those things you live through, resignedly washing the soap off the windshield and the house windows on the first of November.

Looking back at it, it used to be fun. Maybe it still is fun, and we've just lost touch.

But it used to be that when the kids rang the doorbell, they had something to offer in compensation for their hand-out.

Instead of stating firmly "Trick or Treat," and holding out an open sack for a donation, they inquired politely, "Want any singing? Want any dancing?"

Invited into the house, they went through the dance routine, sang the song they had learned in school, and accepted the candy and doughnuts, whisking away to give place to other small goblins and witches with broomsticks.

We used to put on an act, down in Kingston. One of us stood on a chair, draped in a long sheet, and topped by a skull. This, in the flickering light of an alcohol flame, shielded by a screen, looked uncommonly like a very large edition of a ghost, especially as it emitted, from time to time, a mournful wail.

Combined with a well-spaced clutter of tin pans and lids rolling from behind a half closed door, this led to shrieks on the part of the visitors, and pushing of the panic button.

They gathered outside, hair rising on the backs of their necks, and dared other more hardy souls to step inside.

The door would open, and a meek little head would peer inside. A wail from the ghost would cause the door to close in a hurry, as children waited with fearsome delight for somebody else to brave unknown dangers.

It was usually good for half an hour, with the crowd growing larger and larger on the lawn, and tall tales of terror freely transmitted from ear to ear.

At about this time we usually broke down and served refreshments, but it was a shattered lot that stumbled down the street in search of the next hand-out.

The way we figured it, we deserved some slight return on the soaped windows. There were some other tricks that usually brought down the house, but the power of suggestion is strong, and there is no percentage in tempting providence.

There are also some tricks which should never be countenanced, perpetrated usually by kids who have outgrown kidhood and its prerogatives, and are asking to get their faces pushed in.

"Worse than Harlem," announced one voice on the telephone the other day.

"Come, come, HARLEM?"

"Yes, Harlem."

It was impossible to pass up. "Seems like a solid idea, then, to go back to Harlem."

"I NEVER lived in Harlem."

"Well, give me an inkling about who's talking, and maybe I can make some constructive suggestions."

"I wouldn't want my name used. But these kids are really running riot. They tear across the lawns, and they're doing all sorts of damage."

"If it's big kids, call the cops. If it's little kids, it will soon be over. Even Halloween doesn't last forever. And about Harlem, I never heard they had any lawns in Harlem."

"What burns me up," said the voice, "is that the kids' parents actually take the kids around in cars and wait for them while they visit houses. Imagine!"

"Just think of all the shoe-leather they save on this deal. And some of those costumes are pretty thin."

I bet that man has a little dog, with a sweater, that he takes out on a leash. One thing for sure, he doesn't like kids.

Anonymous Letters

We thought we had said it often enough, and firmly enough, but here it is again:

Unsigned letters to the editor will not be published.