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The Post is sent free to all Back Mountain patients in local hospitals. If you are a patient ask your nurse for it.

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

A non-partisan, liberal progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania, 18612.

Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Annual meeting of New York Free Methodist Conference in East Dallas, 300 expected to attend.

Bus lines were expected to replace trolley service when the new by-pass should be constructed. No change in fares was proposed. The rate was not mentioned. We think it was twenty cents. Wilkes-Barre Transit was planning to transform its old trolley system into a trackless trolley arrangement, more mobile in traffic, permitting passengers to board at the curb. The new by-pass was to utilize the former trolley right of way.

Fifty percent of the Back Mountain found itself too busy to register for voting. Young folks were negligent, while oldsters protected their right to vote by re-registering. State Highway Department harked to the angry protest of Lake and Lehman taxpayers. Three-weeks old organization got results. Shavertown artist George Weitzel was 90 years old.

Frank Wagner headed Harveys Lake Protective Association, succeeding Arthur Stull.

Bill Moss' pigeons made it from Harrisburg to the home loft in three hours minus. The first 33 birds arriving in the races were Bill's.

Robert Jackson, Harveys Lake, placed 20th in the President's Cup Race, among 56 swimmers from the East.

Democrats increasing in Back Mountain.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Drew Fitch, aged 4, parted with the tip of his finger, but Mrs. Ralph Fitch located it in the back yard and rushed it to Dr. F. Budd Schoeller's office where the stump was waiting for the tip. The injured finger was coming along fine a week later. It was a sharp axe, and it had made a clean amputation.

Independent Republicans, backed by Earl Layou and Frank Townend carried the Township. Uniforms were ordered for fifty members of the Kingston Township High School Band.

Joseph MacVeigh appointed a five man Planning Board for Dallas Borough. Named were Harris Haycox, Harold Titman, Durelle T. Scott, James Lucy, and Howard Risley.

Fifty homes were under construction in Kingston Township. The community was speculating on the identity of "Man of the Year," slated to receive the Hemelright Award.

Donald Reinfurt, 9, cut his head seriously in a fall.

Postal receipts were increasing in Dallas, and a new mail route was contemplated. The opening of Nations Mills boosted circulation. The Post Office, open Saturday afternoons during the war, was back on its pre-war schedule, closing at noon.

Arthur Ehret defeated John Hewitt for Lehman school board.

Peach crop was excellent.

Married: Margarette Putterbaugh to Joshua Bryant.

Died: Mrs. Lorenzo Dymond, 65, Beaumont. Mrs. Emma Honeywell Frantz, 82, Chase.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Lightning started a fire at the Adametz home.

Leslie Baretow was featured in two pix on the front page, on a ladder at the Adametz fire, and leaning over the stretcher which carried Sam Epstein to the Dallas ambulance.

Mr. Epstein, 54, summer resident of Dallas, was struck by a car on Center Hill Road near the American Legion building. Compound fractures of both legs resulted. Driver of the car was Lloyd Bishop, 17, Dallas.

Mrs. Paul Meeker, Evans Falls, was charged with murder in the fatal shooting of her husband. Johns Hopkins Hospital by Ambulance.

Radio antenna was erected on Dallas Borough Building, and two-way civil defense radio was being installed.

Running dogs, weeds, and Toby's Creek presented problems for Borough Council. Same as today.

Local school enrollment was 4,546.

Tomv Shaver, 6, was improving after his skull was fractured in a bicycle accident.

Died: Frank P. Anstett, 82, Hillside maintenance man for fifty years.

Anniversary: Mrs. William Chapple, 86.

Married: Emily Baas to Robert Antanaitis.

SWIPED FROM ROTARY

September Song: From north and south and east and west, vacationers have packed and dressed for that sweet journey home to rest.

KEEPING POSTED

August 30: THOUSANDS OF ACRES burning in California temperatures continuously over 100, humidity nil. Four Western states and British Columbia ravaged by fires, Idaho a disaster area, no rain in sight.

THURGOOD MARSHALL, first negro ever nominated to Supreme Court, wins Congressional approval. Grandson of a slave.

NAZI CHIEF CREMATED. George Lincoln Rockwell's body refused burial in National Cemetery because of rabid followers wearing swastika armbands. Five hour fracas at gates of cemetery.

NEW DELHI floods. NASSER AT SUMMIT says unless other Arab nations get together and stop scrapping among themselves, there'll never be a solution to the Israeli-Arab situation. Six-day war was a doozy.

MILWAUKEE MARCHERS rally again in front of burned out Freedom House. REFUGEES TRICKLE back across Jordan.

August 31: PRE-ELECTION TERROR in Vietnam. Outbreaks of sniping and arson. Many draft-age men kidnapped from villages. U. S. OBSERVERS OBSERVE. Democracy at work? TROPICAL STORM ARLINE being watched carefully. Could turn into hurricane. NATIONAL CONFERENCE for New Politics in Chicago. Martin Luther King gives keynote speech. U. S. STEEL hikes prices. SCATTERED FROST in upper Midwest.

September 1: COMMERCIAL AVIATION marks its 40th birthday. ADDITIONAL MILLION tons of wheat for India. BETHLEHEM STEEL follows lead of U. S. Steel. FORD IS TARGET for proposed Auto workers strike. ARAB CONFERENCE ENDS in Kartoum, Suez remains closed.

September 2: THREE POLLING PLACES bombed, more voters kidnapped. GROUND ACTION slacks off as election nears. IN HONG KONG, ten miles of barbed wire fence. OIL PUMPING resumed in Arab countries. RACIAL DISTURBANCE continues in Milwaukee. KKK CONVENES near Atlanta (with guns)

Weekend: SWEDEN TRAFFIC changes from left to right Sunday at 5 a.m. MILITARY RULE continues in Vietnam, 80% registered voters cast ballots. U. S. observers say cautiously it looks legal. Could be basis of peace. FOREST FIRES out of control in Idaho at Sundance Mountain. TIDAL WAVE in Southern California. MEDIATION BOARD works overtime to avert broadcasting strike.

September 4: ACROSS THE SUEZ, sharp exchange of artillery. OPEN HOUSE MARCH continues in Milwaukee. MILITANT BLACK POWER forces take over SNCC convention in Chicago. Rap Brown. POPE PAUL, 76, ill with influenza. LABOR DAY.

September 5: FIERCE NEW FIGHTING in Vietnam after election lull. JORDAN AND ISRAEL exchange fire across the Jordan. AGREEMENT REACHED between NBC and Union, in time to avert a strike. DeGAULLE VISITS Communist Poland, foot in mouth. RICHARD NIXON backed for Republican presidential candidate.

September 6: FIERCE FIGHTING in China, trains to and Hong-Kong stop running, usually 150 a day. Food supply cut off, prices skyrocket. VIETNAM ELECTION is seen as improving chances of peace. NEGOTIATIONS BROKEN OFF, Ford plants due to be struck at midnight.

Boy In Service Strongly In Favor Of Setting Up An Outpost Feature

There's a boy in service who strongly favors setting up an "Outpost" department in the Dallas Post, for exchange of information on service men. Such a department was a regular feature of the paper during World War II, when men and women in the armed forces exchanged information and kept up with movements of their friends through pages of the newspaper from the home-town.

Petty Officer 3rd class John David Campbell, at the Naval Auxiliary Air Station in Meridian, Mississippi, writes: "Dear Dallas Post: The 'OUTPOST' sounds like a wonderful idea. Here's one vote that's 100% in favor.

"The real reason I've written is to give my personal thanks to the people of the Back Mountain for their overwhelming support of the boys in uniform. To be specific, those men now serving in Vietnam.

"Whether or not everyone back home supports this war, I wouldn't know, but it seems they do, and that's what counts.

"Your continuing support makes us strive a little harder toward the goal for which so many of our fellow servicemen have died.

"That goal is Freedom. "The boys overseas don't have the time to thank you for your support, but I am sure they feel it. The freedom of the Vietnamese people and the world can only be won by the presence of armed forces. So, long as we are present in Vietnam, we will need your support.

"I would personally like to see a young people's group start sending letters or postcards to these boys. Letters are the biggest morale builders a service man can have, believe me.

"The crumpled piece of paper enclosed represents the lighter side of military life. Where I picked it up, I'll never know, but you're welcome to print it if you desire. I'm sure there's a lot of Southerners, who would enjoy it."

The crumpled piece of paper was neatly illegible. We think it went like this: "What is a sailor? Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of Second Childhood, we find a fascinating group of humanity known as sailors.

They come in assorted sizes and weights. They can be found in almost any place, on ships, on shore stations in bars in love, on leave, and always in debt. The girls love them, the towns tolerate them, and the Government supports them.

A sailor is a protector of his Country with a cone of Play-Boy in his hand. He has the bravery of a bull with a tattooed arm. He has the slowness of a fox and the charms of a Cassiova. When he wants something, it is usually immoral, illegal, or against Navy regulations. Some of his habits are women, girls, ladies, breads, dimes, and the opposite sex.

He dislikes getting up on time, waiting in line for chow, wearing his uniform, and his superior officers. He spends most of his money on girls, in bars, in poker games, and the rest he spends foolishly.

Noone but a sailor can get into one jumper pocket a comb, a church key, a picture of his girl, a pack

Cocaluschu News

A spinning and dyeing demonstration is slated for September 23, at Campdown Information may be obtained from Mrs. Robert Crosson.

Campdown is easily reached by car. It is not far from Wysox. In October, Mrs. Crosson plans to demonstrate spinning and carding on Back Mountain Memorial Library grounds, possibly with sheep.

The date is October 7, weather permitting, at 2 p.m. Rain-date is October 14. The demonstration will be staged at 2 p.m., and continue for some time.

The project of weaving is brought out in a recently published booklet written by Mrs. Crosson, entitled "The Story of the Coverlet."

It is illustrated by coverlet patterns, both traditional and modern, and carries a picture of a loom of the type used in weaving large pieces.

The booklet delves into the early history of weaving, stressing the fact that many early settlers had rich backgrounds of weaving experience in the industrial centers of England, a knowledge which they used in dealing with the rougher fibres of a new land.

It goes into some interesting sidelines, such as why an unmarried woman came to be called a spinster, and the origin of the common phrase, "distaff side"

The booklet brings the history of weaving up to the present, where an age-old craft is once more gaining ground and becoming a popular pastime and source of revenue.

Mrs. Crosson finishes her book with a quotation from Aunt Sal Creech, an untutored but far from uneducated mountain woman from Kentucky. Education is not always found in books.

Aunt Sal says: "Weavin', it's the purtiest work I ever done. It's settin' and trampin' the treadles, and watchin, and watchin' the blossoms come out and smile at ye in the Kiverlet."

Requiem Mass Saturday For Mrs. Daniel McGlynn

Mrs. Daniel McGlynn, mother of Mrs. C. J. Anker Sr., New Goss Manor, died Tuesday evening at her daughter's home at the age of 84.

A Mass of Requiem will be celebrated from Gate of Heaven Church Saturday morning at 9:30, following services at 8:45 from a Wilkes-Barre funeral home at 142 South Washington Street. Burial will be in St. Mary's Cemetery.

Mrs. McGlynn, a former resident of the Heights section, had made her home with her daughter for the past three years.

The former Gertrude Hovencamp was a native of Ashley, and attended Ashley schools. Upon marriage, she moved to the Heights.

Her husband a Daniel died four years ago.

She was a member of St. Mary's Church, becoming a member of the Gate of Heaven Parish and its Altar and Rosary Society when she moved to Dallas.

She leaves, in addition to her daughter, Mrs. Ankara, a son, Jerome T. McGlynn, Wilkes-Barre architect; four grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren; a sister, Mrs. Arthur Shippee Jr., of Butler, N.J.

What's A Nice Girl Like You? etc. What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this? Is something folks are bound to ask when Shirley Temple becomes a candidate for Congress.

Makes Editorial Mag.

Dallas Post Editorial Mag has made the Grassroots Editorial Mag again, with its editorial of August 3, entitled "Mute Reminders." It is available for reprint by other members of the International Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors.

The Dallas Post has been featured several times in the Grassroots. The first time was on the occasion of the assassination of President Kennedy, an editorial which brought the Golden Quill to the Dallas Post, and which was widely copied throughout the country.

"Ice Station Zebra"

If you're interested in submarines and stories of the sea, read Alistair MacLean's "Ice Station Zebra."

It's a suspense story staged under the Arctic Ice Cap, and it's guaranteed to give you an Arctic chill.

Where can you get it? At the Back Mountain Memorial Library. Tell Mrs. Davern that Hix sent you.

Of smokes, and what is left of last month's pay. A sailor is a magical creature. You can lock him out of your house, but not out of your heart. You can cross him off your list but not off your mind.

He is your long-away-from-home, good-for-nothing, bundle-of-wrong, and all your dreams become insignificant when your sailor comes up to you with those bleary blood-shot eyes, and says to you in a sad, quiet way, HI HONEY!

Editorial Note: Tell us more about the church key.

"He who builds a wall, shuts out more than he shuts in." Old Chinese proverb.

"There may be more painful things than truth . . . but I've never found them."

From— Pillar To Post...

by HIX

There was that odd and high pitched sound, late Sunday night, like a small leak in a steam pipe, or a defective electrical connection. Maybe the plumbing. It wasn't the plumbing.

Opening the basement door and leaning an ear down cellar, there was nothing, but the zing-zing-zing continued. Obviously somewhere in the kitchen, but where? No stench of escaping gas. Nothing more than the ordinary drip-drip of the spigot.

It was hard to track down, because it seemed to be coming from everywhere. The electric clock on the wall. Maybe it needed a drop of 3-in-one oil.

The refrigerator. Nope, not in the refrigerator. Glass jars were far enough apart so that there was no ringing sound. Zing-zing-zing. A dense silence, and then zing-zing-zing again.

I remembered stories where the victim of a grudge had been driven nuts by a constant and undefinable sound engineered by somebody who had rigged up a little something and timed it to go off at a certain hour, late at night, when odd noises sound the most suspicious.

Could anybody hate me that much? Well, maybe they could. I've never made any claim to popularity.

Had I been writing something in Pillar to Post which was indigestible to the reading public? Probably not. I don't make fun of other people. I make fun of myself, been doing it now for twenty-five years in the Dallas Post. Editorials?

Editorials have a way of boomeranging and coming home to roost. Take a swing at something, and you're apt to get clobbered on the return trip.

This is the penalty for speaking out in meeting. Writing editorials is not the most fool-proof way of making friends and influencing people.

Could be I'd stepped on some more sore toes in the community. Unless you adhere strictly to home and mother, Christmas, the way the stars look on a frosty night, the coming of spring, and the first branch of flaming red in the fall, you're going to step on somebody.

You're also going to pass up a chance to jack up the community and call attention to its backslidings as well as its progress. No use letting the public become too complacent. We could all do better.

Business of prowling around the kitchen again with a geiger counter, poking under the washing machine, inspecting all the electric outlets, going over all the shelves to see if one glass might be jarring against another.

Whoever it was who aimed to drive me nuts was doing a good job, and they could now cut it out, with my blessing. One last bit of rummaging, pulling out the laundry basket from under the ironing machine, and there he was, the culprit.

He was industriously sawing one leg over the other, and he was backed as far as he could get into a corner of the flagstone floor. His fiddle struck a higher note of desperation and all of a sudden he stopped in midstride. He was getting out of there fast, heading for another hidey-hole, when I got him with the fly swatter.

If you have never swatted a cricket, my advice to you is don't. A cricket may look thin and lacking in substance, but he is meaty. Swatted, he splashes.

Funny, if I'd heard that high pitched zinging at the Pump House, I'd have identified it instantly as a cricket, but it has been a long time since I have heard one.

He was probably planning to move in on me for the winter, having read somewhere that Charles Dickens once wrote a nice story entitled The Cricket on the Hearth. I had a hearth, therefore I should welcome a cricket.

What Charles Dickens failed to mention was that crickets live off the land. When they get hungry, they eat holes in the rug. This is fair warning to crickets: Stay Out. This means you.

A Prime Health Hazard

It is the seemingly small things that are remembered forever. That rat business, for instance.

The President of the United States asked Congress for an appropriation for getting rid of rats, and it was turned down. That one bit of shortsightedness is going to be held against Congress.

Congress apparently doesn't realize it, but rats annually destroy enough food to feed India in a year of famine. And rats are a prime health hazard.

In crowded waterfront areas, where wharf rats congregate, the rats grow so large that they are a menace to children. They can, and do, bite babies.

The fleas from rats are the carriers of Bubonic Plague. The relatively small appropriation should have been passed without question.

Out here in the Back Mountain, there are plenty of rats. If you see one rat, there are a dozen in hiding. Barns are their favorite hide-out.

It wouldn't hurt the population in the Back Mountain to initiate its own rat eradication program, instead of waiting for George to do it.

The loss in food and property is not so staggering as it is a congested area, but the rats eat plenty, and they ought to be eliminated.

Bright Sun For Haymarket Show

Sometimes you scorch at the Haymarket Antiques Show and Sale, sometimes you dash for cover out of a sudden shower, but Saturday everybody froze the instant they left the bright sunshine for the shade of the barn, when inspecting the art exhibit.

Out of the wind, and in the sunshine, it was a lovely day. Displays set up on patchwork quilts, coverlets, and pieces of tapestry, seemed to take up more room on the ground than usual, or perhaps the crowd was more dense. Plenty of rain this summer insured no dust. Everything was green and delightfully fresh.

Station wagons lined the sides of the field, their tailboards extended, and their wares spilling over onto tables.

Any number of Library Auction fans were on hand, some to look, some to buy, some to visit.

The displays ran mostly to glass and china, small bits of ironware, decoy ducks, large glass bottles, jewelry, and junk at bargain prices.

One shop showed the type of

handbells once used by school teachers when summoning the flock at the one-room school.

There were some china doll heads minus bodies, an ancient doll carriage, and several small chairs, child-size.

By 10 a.m. traffic was crawling along Route 309 at Evans Falls, and turning right at the grounds. Small buses directed cars to the parking lot.

The weathered grey walls of the barn provided an interesting background for a display of paintings and drawings hung by Bill Ohme Jr. of Philadelphia. Robert Heffelfinger and Hattie Emmick of Scranton.

Mr. Foote, who has arranged the show for the past several years, reported that thirty-four dealers were displaying their wares, from neighboring states as well as Pennsylvania.

By six p.m., with the sun already slipping behind the mountain, and the chill of evening on, the station wagons were loaded up and ready to go, and the crowd dispersed.