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Situation Pin-Pointed

Jackson Township in a recent meeting pin-pointed a situation which affects a large percentage of the senior citizens in the Back Mountain.

Elderly owners of modest properties face sale of their holdings because of their inability to scrape up enough money to pay the taxes on them. As capability to earn sufficient income to meet necessities decreases, cost of everything on the market increases.

The Dallas Post has advocated elimination of property taxes on land or homes belonging to the elderly.

This would be a juicy plum for some of the wealthy people of the area, as no line could be drawn.

It would save many a home-loving man or woman from selling the family home and moving in with relatives, permitting them to maintain their dignity.

There are people in the Back Mountain who are living on an incredibly small amount. All they ask is that they be allowed to do so without becoming a burden on others.

To our mind, it is just as important to preserve the homesteads in the rural areas as it is to tear down houses in the urban centers and replace them with housing which is purportedly for people with small incomes, but which misses the mark.

When the rural property, by reason of death, passes into younger hands, the property taxes would automatically be reimposed.

Beaver, Come Back!

The kids used to get a break, and so did their harried mothers. From five until six, just at the busy hour when supper is on the pan, but not yet ready to serve, there were two delightful shows on TV, two shows that couldn't do the youngsters a particle of harm, and were guaranteed to keep them glued to their seats in the living room, leaving Mom free to make with the pots and pans in the kitchen.

There was "Leave it to Beaver," a show which appealed to the young without being slapstick, and immediately after it, that delightful talking horse.

The two shows, in sequence, were exactly what the doctor ordered.

It wouldn't make a bit of difference how often WBRE ran those ancient films, the kids would still settle down in front of the TV for that hour. Repetition merely makes the heart grow fonder. Beaver is an old friend.

So what happens? The kids can now look at Divorce Court, getting a load of unfaithful wives, nagging mothers-in-law, and grumpy husbands, adult fare if you like that kind of hog-wash.

Far from acting to "stem the mounting tide of divorce," the film probably puts ideas into the heads of folks who thought they were getting along pretty well, and it leads to questions on the part of the young.

Mom's in the living room catching up on the fine points of alimony, while the kids are sliding the TV dinnets into the oven and turning on the heat.

We feel that Mom's place, come supper time, is in the kitchen.

Of course, The Talking Horse comes on at 4:30, right before Divorce Court, and you can always shoo the kids out of the living room when the lawyers begin to wrangle about the evidence of adultery, while bending your own ear in fascination, and licking your chops over the domestic muddle. My, My!

We miss Beaver. Beaver had a perfectly human elderly brother, and two very human parents.

It was a perfectly commonplace family, with perfectly commonplace problems.

There was a lot of affection and a lot of understanding.

Beaver started to grow up, in the course of human events, until he was almost as tall as his brother, scrounging hair stickum from him, and about to go to a school dance.

And the next show, there he was again in the third grade, trying to explain the unexplainable to a teacher.

The viewers made the transition in time without a quiver.

So there was Beaver again, and a whole series stretched out into the future, and do you suppose he'll make the same mistake this time?

Whoever put that show together knew his kids. And his parents.

The Tax On Travel — A Boomerang

The proposed travel tax on overseas tourists, if it goes through, is not going to endear us to other countries, nor is it going to encourage them to visit the United States.

For years, this country has been making an effort to attract visitors from Europe, along with an effort to sell a bill of goods to the public in See-America-First.

This is a worthy undertaking. Bus companies offer those of school or college age an attractive package deal on seeing the country from coast to coast. Many students have taken advantage of it. Plane fares take a sharp drop in price for students.

We think that retired folks might perhaps have the same break. It would stimulate seeing America First.

But sometime in everybody's life, the urge to travel to other lands begins to sprout.

It is impossible to manage on \$7 per day, the suggested allowance for food, lodging and travel. Everything beyond that figure would be taxed, and if you splurge to the ultimate luxury of \$15 a day, which is just about enough to squeak by, with strict economy, the tax will be higher.

It does not apply to Senators nor to men making trips on business, just to people who have been dreaming about making the Grand Tour and have been saving up for it, seeing the value of their savings decrease constantly.

Like most measures such as this proposed levy on travel, the proposal will boomerang.

It will cut down on travel to these shores.

Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Mt. Greenwood Kiwanis and Dallas Rotary were planning a community council. Civic leaders were solidly behind the movement, designed to bring the various municipalities closer together. Atty. Peter Jurchak was one of the leaders.

Squabbles over who's responsible for maintenance of Center Hill Road, resulted in a statement by the Motor Club that State Highway was willing to take over maintenance of the stretch between Lake Street and the railroad, if the two municipalities could not settle their differences. Norman Johnstone was executive secretary of the Motor Club. The Borough maintained section was in good shape.

Goodleigh Farm Guernsey was high in bi-county rating. Hillside Farm ranked second.

Scores of petty crimes seemed to have been solved with jailing of three men. Whole families implicated.

Mrs. Margaret Cottle's wire-haired terrier puppy took top honors in New York.

No exemption for mailmen or WPA workers, must pay per capita tax in Dallas School District.

Willard Lozo headed the Quoit League.

Noxen coal dealer George F. Stitzer, 72, died.

Shavertown firemen were preparing to open their new home with a party. With a banner head on page five, yet. The building was the former Bush place on Main Street, revamped with space for equipment in front, recreation room in the rear, apartment overhead.

Chuck roast was 15 cents a pound, pork loins 17, leg of lamb 23. You could get fillets of bluefish for 10 cents a pound.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Jackson Township Volunteer firemen open a drive to raise \$12,000 for new equipment.

Little Theatre of Wilkes-Barre, planning to present "On Borrowed Time," asked local people to attend try-outs.

Donald D. Smith was graduated with honors from Penn State.

Library planned to invest surplus funds in an endowment fund.

Wilbur Nichols was promoted to auditor of Glen Alden.

Harveys Lake Light Company filed a new schedule, which would save consumers \$20,000 annually.

Kunkle Community Hall Association elected Charles Martin president, succeeding Forest Kunkle.

Carl Stainbrook was the new Division Supervisor of Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Mrs. Harry Ohlman was elected president of the Book Club.

Mrs. Emma Brader, native of Broadway, died at her home in Shavertown.

John Haycox and Sandra Hislop had scarlet fever. Not very many cases these days.

Johnnie Sheehan, Huntsville Road, was likewise afflicted. (He recovered, and he's about to get married as of this writing — to our Sandy Stradus.)

Married: Molly Pead to James Ervine.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Robert Broody, badly burned when he threw gasoline on a trash fire at his greenhouse in Beach Haven, was holding his own at Berwick Hospital. Sixty percent of his body had been scorched.

Five Boy Scouts camped overnight in the teeth of a howling blizzard. Snug and warm, from Troop 232, under direction of John Butler, leader, and Peter Lucasavage, assistant, were Tommy Glen, Peter Blessing, Tom Lea, J. Lucasavage, and Harley Misson.

Nancy Love and Freddy Valentine posed for the Valentine picture at the top of page one.

Quarter-Midget racing was in prospect for the spring. Plans were being made for a nearby race-track. Children from 6 to 16 to compete.

Dallas Union School District board meeting was still beset by petty squabbles. Made good news for the front page. In advance of the meeting, board members posed shoulder to shoulder for the pix for the school year-book, before preparing to decapitate each other. Those were troubled times.

Burgess Nort Bertis said the skating pond in Dallas would be ready for use by the weekend, snow had been scooped off, and fire chief Shaffer was prepared to fill the pond up to level if necessary.

Dallas takes Lehman 80 to 68.

KEEPING POSTED

February 7: HILL NEAR KHE SANH overrun by Reds, last ditch defense by Green Berets. ANTI-CRIME package by LBJ received enthusiastically by Congress. EXPLOSION IN Sausage factory in Chicago, 6 dead, a number hurt. BRITISH P. M. in Washington. QUEEN VICTORIA EUGENIA in Spain, first time in 37 years. SITUATION IN SAIGON easing, as week-long push continues against major cities. PERUVIAN CITY wants to exchange council for garbage truck. What's the difference? NEW YORK SPARED heavy snowstorm to complicate garbage. Northeast sweeps out to sea.

February 8: LIBERIAN TANKER PEGASUS wallows in storm off Virginia, six members of crew remain aboard to foil salvage vultures. AMERICAN SOLDIERS landed by helicopter on race track outside Saigon. WILSON ENTERTAINED at White House dinner. BLOODY STREET FIGHTING continues in Hue. WALLACE CANDIDATE, third party, American Independent.

February 9: ISRAELIS-ARABS exchange fire across Jordan. TRANSPORT PLANE missing in Himalayas. GARBAGE STRIKE continues in New York. Governor intervenes, no results. Situation seen as leading to disease and breeding of rats. TRANSPORT PLANE shot down near Saigon, five crewmen lost. BOMBING RESUMED, first time in three weeks.

February 10: PEACE NIBBLES? TROUBLE SHOOTER Cyrus Vance flies to South Korea. GOLD MEDAL for U.S. figure skater at Grenoble. KHE SANH airfield open to planes again after crashed freight plane wreckage is cleared. Only way of supplying Khe Sanh is by air. GOVERNOR AND MAYOR at sword's points over means to end strike.

February 11: U THANT IN MOSCOW, talking to the Kremlin. ISRAEL AND ARABS exchange shots. U. S. PLANES BOMB communications center in North Vietnam. MEET THE PRESS: Can the Vietnam war be won? ADA ENDORSES McCarthy for president.

February 12: FORD THEATRE reopens in Washington, first time since assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. The play, "John Brown's Body," 400 PICKED MARINES prepare to assault Vietcong stronghold in Imperial City of Hue. MISSIONARIES MASSACRED near Saigon. GARBAGE STRIKE OVER. Governor offers 50 cents more a week than Mayor, Lindsay says it sets dangerous precedent. Massive cleanup under way. Lucky it wasn't summer. U THANT IN LONDON, seeing P. M. Wilson. NEGRO COLLEGES closed in Orangeburg after racial disturbance in which three students were killed. THREE UNIONS pull out of ADA: Steel, Lady's Garment, Communications. Support LBJ. FATHER GROPPi, fined and paroled, says he will continue march for open housing in Milwaukee. 10,500 MORE U.S. TROOPS slated for Vietnam at Westmoreland's request. MEMPHIS FOLLOWS New York's lead, has garbage strike. GREECE SUBMITS two possible constitutions.

February 14: MARINES ASSAULT on walled citadel under heavy fire.

Roses And Road-Runners. Petunias And Picnics, Out There In Arizona

Miriam Lathrop says her letter isn't for printing, but it is so interesting that we'll share it with our readers. While we are turning up the furnace another notch, we'll think about those roses and petunias. Her account of the road-runners makes us think of that horrible story by Daphne DuMaurier, "The Birds."

Miriam writes from Sun City, Arizona:

We have a pair of road-runners in Sun City. They are usually seen only on the desert, and don't come near houses. People don't understand how they happen to be here. They are vicious. One of them tore a mocking-bird to pieces, and there is a rumor that they killed a cat, but rumors start easily here.

Some friends of mine had three baby jackrabbits under a bush in their yard, and they started taking pictures of them before their eyes were open. Those road-runners tried to kill them. She threw things at them and finally chased them with a broom, but the rabbits were gone the next day.

The mocking-birds are usually the vicious ones. I tie Susie right by the door so they don't peck her. Two flew at my head once, and I took a picture of one on the porch in front of the screen door, scolding at Susie on the inside. They don't bother unless they have nests.

We are overrun with rabbits, cottontails and jacks. Some people feed them and others think they should be a law to kill them. They have been eating plants of mine that they never liked until this year. I set out some petunias a week ago and put a tin fence around each one, and sprinkled them with insect powder, then I looked out and saw two huge jacks sitting near them. So I went to the door and said, "Don't you touch those petunias."

They stayed, but so far they haven't eaten the plants. I cut down all my roses in the last couple of weeks, except one so there are new leaves on those I can have blooms in the house, cut back, and next month they will be blooming again.

Downs Has Eye On White House

Ernest Downs, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Downs of Malvern, was one of two high school seniors from Pennsylvania who, were selected to represent the State in Washington for the week of January 21-27, in the United States Senate Youth Program.

Ernest, a senior at Great Valley High School, and president of its Student Council, derived inspiration from the sixth annual Senate program.

The inspiration led him to take a deep breath on the steps of the Capitol in Washington, and announce to the world that this was for him.

He was going to come back some day as a representative or a senator, and he had his eye on the White House. One hundred young men from fifty states, plus two from the District of Columbia, had an interview with Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and heard Army General Raymond Clark and FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. They all spent a day at the office of their senators, and visited the White House.

When Herbert Downs of Beaumont, Ernest's grandfather, displayed his clipping to the staff of the Dallas Post, he reminded Hix that he had been a fellow student in the Creative Writing Course given by Robert Hukill in the adult evening classes sponsored at that time by Dallas Senior High School.

And he wondered why the classes were discontinued. They had, he said, been a source of great pleasure and benefit to him.

Services Saturday A.M. For Mrs. Mary Biery

Mrs. Mary H. Biery, 62, died on Tuesday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Angela Komath in Meadville, where she had lived since November, moving from 127 Lakeside Drive, Harveys Lake.

The former Mary Hearty, born in Wilkes-Barre, was daughter of the late John and Katherine Flanagan Hearty, and a communicant of St. Mary's Church.

Her husband Otto, active in area affairs, died October 12, 1963.

She leaves another daughter, Mrs. Arthur D. Long, living in Hawaii; five grandchildren.

Burial will be in St. Mary's Cemetery, following services at Bronson's Funeral Home at 8, and at St. Mary's at 9:30.

Friends may call at the Bronson Funeral Home from 7 to 9 Friday evening.

REMINDER

A reminder that there is Youth Opportunity every Tuesday from 9 to noon, at Dallas Borough Building, plus valuable information on Human Resources.

A visit to the office could lead to a better job or a more rewarding career.

I am planning on going on a tour to Hawaii in April with a group from here, a sixteen day trip. Of course that means I will be here all summer, but at least I know that Susie and my trees and flowers will be happier if I stay with them when the temperature is over 100.

From — Pillar To Post... by HIX

It was a highly unpopular editorial, as it was intended to be.

Enraged citizenry who did not have the nerve to write a letter to the Dallas Post, and sign their names, bled freely over the airwaves. Picking up a phone is an easy way of letting off steam.

The junk mail still accumulates in the mailbox on Pioneer Avenue, and still gets pitched mercilessly into the waste basket.

One man down in this area did write. He wanted to know why his outfit was being picked on, and expanded the subject to the tune of two and one half single spaced pages, which he invited us to print in its entirety. We measured it off, and it would have taken forty inches of space, so we declined.

First time we ever knew there was an Indian foundation based in Shavertown. The Indian foundations which run us ragged are the ones two thousand miles from here which send out form letters.

Mail out a check, and immediately you get another appeal. Fail to send a check, and you get a plaintive form letter asking what has terminated a beautiful friendship. Addressed to a man who has been dead for over four years, but whose name, in spite of correction, is still on the mailing list.

The only person who was entitled to raise some pointed questions was the head of the Pennsylvania Federation for the Blind, Frank Lugiano, who has been taking the rap for the scandalous conduct of the State Commissioner for the Blind ever since the revelation that Norman Yoder's tale of six college students blinded from staring into the sun after taking LSD was a hoax, a fabrication out of whole cloth.

Mr. Lugiano called up the Dallas Post to suggest that whoever did the editorial should have prefaced the writing with a little more home-work, that there was a vast difference between the State Agency for the Blind and the State Federation for the Blind.

Hix doesn't usually work on Fridays, so she wasn't around to take the call.

Myra called the house: "You've got your foot in your mouth again," she suggested.

"Any worse than usual?"

"Well, yes, quite a bit."

"I'll be in."

On the assumption that if I didn't stir it up, the mud might settle, I waited around, removing one column cuts from blocks and filing them in the cabinet.

Came the phone call: "This is Frank Lugiano speaking. Would you like to make a correction?"

"Mr. Lugiano, would you like to write a letter which we could print in Safety Valve?"

Mr. Lugiano said it was easier to talk instead of write, and could I spare ten minutes?

The ten minutes extended itself to half an hour, and it was completely fascinating. What a man.

Imagine being blinded by a fung baseball at the age of twelve, and going on to make a life for himself. I've promised myself that some day I'll go to see him and write a feature story.

That takes real heroism, to pick up the pieces. He knows what the sky looks like, and the green grass, and the happy little brooks, but he has not seen them since he was a boy.

He has never allowed himself to feel sorry for himself. His eight years at the Overbrook School for the Blind equipped him to meet life on its own terms, striding forward into a maturity which is an example to everybody who knows him.

Here at the Dallas Post, we have a feeling that all this publicity about the culpable commissioner for the Blind, will have the effect of increasing the support for the Federation.

Folks who took up the cudgels for their favorite charity will see to it that for the spring concert which largely supports the Federation, there is standing room only.

And our best guess is that many people who never before have written checks, will now be moved to do so.

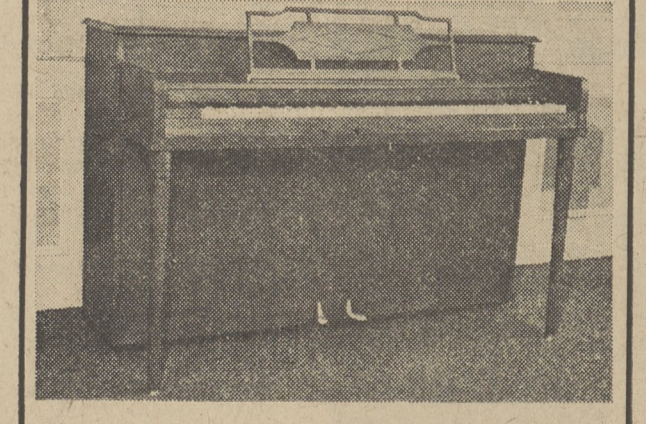
Including one Hix, now facing a plateful of stewed crow.

Eating crow is never to be recommended. It is highly unpalatable.

But for Frank Lugiano, Hix would gladly eat an entire platterful.

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