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The Trees Are Just As Tall

We hear so much of tragedy in the world today, so much of violence, so much of broken promises and so much ugliness, that we are apt to forget that the world, our own world, is a very beautiful place in which to live. That the grass is green again after the burned brown banks of August.

That there are small children tumbling about in play, looking up into the blue that was all about us when we were children ourselves.

That the trees are just as tall in their sight as they were to us.

The meadows just as vast, the goldenrod just as yellow, the stones in the little brook just as smooth and cool to the touch.

The puppies just as warm and wriggling, the kittens just as wide-eyed, the chickadees just as friendly, the squirrels just as saucy.

It is well not to lose the feel for the world around us, the small world which is our own.

A neighbor trundling out his lawn mower to cut the grass. A neighbor bringing a prize tomato, getting out his tape to measure its girth.

It was a famous naturalist who said that he had been on a voyage of exploration during the summer, and that he had progressed half way across his back yard during those months. By looking at the small insect world, Louis Agassiz had made discoveries of a hidden universe.

A scientist at a microscope is on a voyage of discovery. He may not move from his laboratory stool for hours at a time, intent upon the slide as a different world unfolds before his eyes.

It is not necessary to circle the globe in search of adventure.

We have it here at home if we have eyes to see. Close your eyes and explore the world of the blind. That smooth surface. Is it wood, or metal? Wood, because it is not cold to the touch?

There are famous journalists who holds that nothing is worth writing about except the tortured world which we see constantly on television.

We say that our own small microcosm is of vital importance.

We have to start somewhere, to rebuild our faith and our ideals. The easiest place to start is with our own environment, our own personal place in the scheme of things.

Have we been negligent? Have we been kind to everybody, not just to those who happen to share our faith?

Have we kept our own home fires burning?

Have we become discouraged?

Have we said to ourselves, "Nobody really cares what happens to anybody else, it is a selfish world, and I will get my share."

On every side you find human kindness if you open your eyes.

The same blue sky is above, the same frosty stars look down, the same harvest moon rises above the far hills, and floats free of the trees, a golden promise.

The water still gushes from the little springs, as it has in ages past.

The wild geese still go over, a wavering wedge, as they have done since the world was young.

A whole new generation of children is entering the first grade, and there is a new litter of kittens.

This is a beautiful world.

Litter-Bugs Anonymous

They're at it again . . . if they've ever stopped. Boxes of garbage, beer cans, strung along the roads in Dallas, the desecrating tribute of the Litter Bugs.

The fine for littering is high. Perhaps it is too high. If it were lower, more outraged residents might feel free to pin the blame on the people who dump their garbage. Seldom does a case of littering come before a magistrate, unless the offense is flagrant, and often repeated.

Dumping the garbage is one way of outwitting the trash man.

It speaks plainly. The kind of a person who wilfully makes a shambles of a beautiful road side, we hope comes from some of the outer fringes of the city. It's easy to say, "Ah forget it, it's the country, see, and who cares what happens in the country. It's for free, ain't it?"

We would hate to think that any resident would be guilty.

We can understand the beer cans, though we do not like them. Give it a toss, and go careening down the highway, en rout to an accident.

What outrages us is the festering garbage in pasteboard cartons or a split paper sack, strewn its contents alongside the road.

With the non-returnable bottles and cans now on the market, we're going to have a ton of stuff. But at least the cans don't smell to high heaven as the decaying refuse does.

Our proposed remedy is to reduce the fine to a sensible amount, and put teeth in the law.

It takes cooperation of residents. If you see a car pausing by the roadside and throwing out a sack, take the license number. And report it.

Nothing is ever accomplished without community effort.

Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Two districts joined forces. The goal, a 100,000 high school at Beaumont, Monroe and Northmoreland districts; in Noxen out the fifth school consolidation in Wyoming County. Number of pupils expected from Vernon, Center Moreland, and Beaumont. Walter Smith was elected president of the joint board.

Overhead trolley wires were removed between Kingston and Luzerne, and Dallas trolleys rerouted over Bennett Street, looking toward long-delayed construction of the Luzerne By-Pass. Trolleys maintained a thirty-minute schedule between Dallas and Wilkes-Barre, Standing room only at rush hours.

Championship game ended in a fist fight, as Vernon and Dallas met in the second game of a three-game series. Kill the umpire was the cry, as crowds swarmed onto the field. Darkness put a period to a 7-7 score.

The Old Goss School was doomed, with a price to the taxpayers of an annex to the high school. Casual passersby had been dropping in to patronize the outdoor facilities, and the situation was odorous.

Residents were convinced that Hitler was bluffing. "There'll be a war, all right, but the Germans won't make any headway against France and England and Russia. United States might get drawn in, but unlikely." Famous last words.

Irene Belford became the bride of Rev. Robert Lancaster.

Dr. and Mrs. G. K. Swartz were publishing an account of their trip to the west.

Mrs. Barbara Kiefer, formerly of Dallas, was 93 years old.

Driving to General Hospital to visit her daughter, Mrs. Bertha Koehler was injured in a collision in Fernbrook.

Rev. A. E. Lindsley, new district elder of the Free Methodist Church, moved into the Trucksville parsonage.

L.L. Richardson and Andrew Lumley announced the opening of a Plymouth agency in Dallas.

Shaver Kunkle was experimenting with sweet potatoes, got a good crop.

John C. Wilson was 86.

Died: George Weitzel, 91, Shavertown. Clarence Davenport, 63, Sweet Valley. Jacob Rebenack, 68, Lehman.

20 Years Ago

Lehman High School band was playing at Bloomsburg Fair.

Ken Grose, former manager of the parts department for Olivers, was opening a service station near the Old Toll Gate. Joe Blazie built the station.

Jackson Township school board was pondering the tax on sand and gravel. Should they, or shouldn't they, was the question. There was a lot of gravel in Jackson Township. Durland Construction Company was employing 28 men and removing thousands of tons of sand and gravel.

Buttonwood took Jackson 2 to 0. Ed Levi pitched for Jackson. No score until the seventh inning.

Dallas Township Redskins downed Seminary JV's 26-0. A neat job of scalping.

A Carverton Road chicken house was entered, 300 chickens stolen. Permanent memorial plaque was to be erected at the Honor Roll in central Dallas.

Sweet potatoes were 5 pound for 25 cents, raisin bread 18 cents, eggs about the same as at present.

Married: Dorothy Sullivan to Fred-eric Valenti. Lillian Baer to Fred Schobert. Mildred Miller to T. B. Common.

10 Years Ago

Lehman had a new fire truck. A LaFrance pumper, bought to replace a 1941 model which gave out on a fire call.

Acme opened its newest market in the new shopping center in Shavertown.

American Legion installed new officers. Thomas Reese was Commander.

Dallas Senior High School building was being planned. Lacy and Rodda representing architects. James Hutchison, Francis Ambrose, and Durrelle Scott formed the building committee.

\$10,000 blaze at Bonham's Feed Mill in Muhlenburg, Back Mountain firemen called.

Aunt Addie Elston was honored by former pupils.

Mrs. Emma Gensel was 86 years old.

Died: Ira Beahm, 65, Noxen. Mrs. Edith Herdman, 62, Beaumont. Robert Sorber, 32, of Outlet. Mrs. Bronwen Feist, 78, former resident of Dallas. Aaron Wandell, 74, Bethel Hill. Louise H. Rohde, 68, Providence. Clinton McDaniels, 88, Sweet Valley.

Married: Alyce Jean Frantz to Floyd L. Weber.

KEEPING POSTED

September 18: SPECTACULAR BLOW-UP of rocket over Cape Canaveral shortly after take-off. RIOTS IN URUGUAY.

MEXICO CITY student strike two months old. MAIL ORDER GUNS outlawed. NIXON SAYS NO DEBATE with Wallace. Is booed in San Joachim Valley. STUDENTS HALT REGISTRATION at Columbia University.

September 19: CONGRESS CUTS FOREIGN AID? lowest in years, \$1.6 billion.

MOSCOW DEMANDS another resignation in Czechoslovakia. Hajik replaced by Cernik as foreign minister.

BALLOON HITS POWER lines at ceremony in Levittown, 2 occupants killed.

SOUTH VIETNAMESE soldier deaths on the upswing.

NO PROGRESS in New York City School strike. DUTCH FREIGHTER sinking in heavy seas 650 miles east of New York.

September 20: QUAKES IN VENEZUELA. PORTUGAL'S SALAZAR in deep coma. EISENHOWER greatly improved, sitting up.

WATER RECEDING after week of floods in England.

ANOTHER PLANE hi-jacked, lands in Havana.

Weekend: ATHENS RELEASES two former Prime Ministers, had been under house arrest.

IN PRAGUE, Soviets renting apartments, digging in for a long stay. Country has 14 million people, half a million Soviet soldiers.

TWO ENEMY BASE CAMPS captured below DMZ, 650 bunkers.

HUMPHREY VISITS TRUMAN, adopts tough stance.

CROWDS WALK OUT of St. Matthew's Cathedral as Cardinal O'Boyle reiterates Papal encyclical on contraception.

September 23: UNITED NATIONS observes 23rd birthday.

FLOCK OF GEESE hired to warn of enemy approach in Saigon. Reminiscent of ancient Romans.

MEXICAN ARMY called out to quell rioting, climax of two months of unrest sparked by prospect of Olympic Games.

IN JAPAN, students and police clash. Protest against presence of American troops.

NIXON-HUMPHREY on campaign trail.

September 24: DRAFT RECORDS stolen and burned in Milwaukee park dedicated to the slain in World War I.

TEAR GAS employed in Mexico City against 20,000 rioters.

ABE FORTAS issue looks like a dead duck. Senate not likely to confirm LBJ's candidate for Supreme Court justice.

JET TANKER crashes on Wake Island runway, 11 killed, 23 injured.

GROUND, all Air Force 511s after nine crack-up in two years.

B-52s HIT INVASION ROUTES NEAR Cambodia.

September 25: VICIOUS BATTLE near Green Beret camp south of DMZ, enemy repulsed. South Vietnamese soldiers taking their share of punishment.

If They Are Paying Their Way . . .

If the students who start the campus riots are financing themselves at college . . .

If they have worked to earn the money to attend . . .

If they realize that for every day of cessation of classes, they are the losers . . .

If they are not enjoying a four-year loaf on the old man . . .

Then their voices are sincere, and should be heeded. Seldom does reformation, legal, human, ecclesiastical, come without turmoil. There is room for improvement in any field.

But if the only aim of rioting students is to deprive other students of their opportunity to attend classes; to disrupt the orderly life of the campus; to waste time and money, both valuable commodities . . .

We begin to wonder whether they are in the riot business because of principles, or whether they are in the riot business to get their faces on Television.

Many of us have parted with goodly sums of money in order to give our children the benefits of education, leading to professional careers, and we may perhaps be forgiven for taking a dim view of childishness.

Misericordia Offers Three Lectures

College Misericordia has scheduled three very different but equally exciting events for next week. They are a piano recital, a lecture on catechetics, and a lecture on personal journalism. All are open to the public, free of charge.

First is a lecture on catechetics by Sr. Carlos Maria, R.S.M., part of a series on the changing church. It will be offered Monday at 8 in Walsh Auditorium.

Pianist Thomas Richner, famed Mozart pianist, will present a recital on Tuesday, October 1, in Walsh Auditorium at 8 p.m. Dr. Richner is giving an area preview of the Town Hall concert he will present in New York City this fall. He is known to people of Wyoming Valley as guest artist with the Wilkes-Barre Philharmonic last year. At that time visited College Misericordia as a guest of Sr. M. Carol, R.S.M., department of music chairman, and demonstrated techniques in piano for music students.

Joe McGinniss, until recently a reporter for "Philadelphia Inquirer", will speak on Wednesday, October 2, at 8 p.m. in Walsh Auditorium, as part of a journalism conference. His topic is personal journalism. McGinniss is one of a number of journalists including such men as Jimmy Breslin and Tom Wolf, who are defining a new form of writing for newspapers which is less formal and objective, and more personal in style and in content. A reception for area press members is planned before the talk.

The event scheduled for the first of the coming week represent College Misericordia's continuing program to bring to the area top performers in a variety of fields, and to carry on lectures and discussions by experts in the Valley.

The public is cordially invited to attend.

Former Shavertown Boy Dies In Vietnam

A former schoolboy of Shavertown was killed in Vietnam September 15, six weeks after his arrival.

His grandmother, Mrs. George Swan, of Ridge Street, was informed of his death.

Sp. 4/C Fred Keiper was son of the former Arvilla Swan Keiper and James Keiper, who died nine years ago.

Fred had graduated at the head of his training class at Norfolk, Va., leaving for Vietnam from Oakland, Calif.

He was born in Shavertown, and went to school here until he was thirteen years old.

News From Bess

From—

We hear from Bess Klinetob from Garrett Manor in Narrowsburg, N.Y. that she is pleasantly situated, but still pretty tired from the unexpectedly quick move from Sweet Valley.

Bess says: "Brother asked for me not to be disturbed except for lunch and dinner. You could hardly believe the change in my health since I started to pack and had to move before I expected to. I'm still very tired.

"I got up at 4 or 4:30 a.m. during that time, and tried to keep going until midnight. That was for over a week at the last, with an hour or two rest during the day.

"Things I have with me, I may never need, and many things I need are down with my nephew. I get to meals by a cane and the railing along the halls. I hardly know myself, but I am some rested and eat well at the two meals I attend.

Everyone is nice, and I have a lovely room. There's a good farmer widow who knows some people down in Sweet Valley. She lives here and works, and she is so good to me. It's a good home, but too much like Sunday every day.

"I was so grateful for the Dallas Post, and a few women were pleased when I let them see it. So many 'bought' it wonderful that I was getting the home-town paper.

"My poor old cousin Mrs. Brown felt so bad that we couldn't get together before I left. I haven't written her yet.

"Everybody wonders at my getting the mail here. We aren't really in New York State, but it seems the delivery RD is much nearer than the Pennsylvania post office. I had mail the first three days, and then on Monday and almost every day since then, many letters.

"I hope I'll get to looking more like myself before anybody comes to see me. It was a very tiring experience, and it shows.

"I'll have to uncrack as I can get around to it, and rest all I can. I may spring back.

"Love to all of you."

Editorial note: Come on now, Bess, we're counting on you. We're all relieved that you have nice quarters and that you don't have to handle your own housework anymore. You deserve a good rest. And we're betting on your being the life of the party, so don't let us down, Hix.

Miss Klinetob's address is Garrett Manor, Narrowsburg, N.Y. 12764.

Safety Valve

MORE FROM MIRIAM LATHROP
Sept. 10, 1968

Dear Hix:

I spoke too soon. I thought I was going to be well when they X-rayed and I would take off the brace. They found another break and the spine is crumbling. I thought this is the end, but the doctor says I shall get well though he doesn't say when. He is giving me shots that I think are to build bone. Because there were two months between X-rays it could have happened at any time without any particular reason. I haven't had pain since I left the hospital but the ache has never been any different. He says I can drive the car around Sun City without doing any harm and do my errands if I wear the brace all the time. It was an awful blow.

I also spoke too soon about the cool weather. During those few days a friend of mine came home from Milwaukee and after she got into the Arizona White Mountains she ran into a snow storm heavy enough to cover the road. The other night the weatherman said it had been 109 degrees during the day with 11% humidity but at that time, 10:15 p.m. it was a "nice cool 88 degrees" so I shut off the air conditioner and opened the windows for the night. We probably won't have but a few days of 100 degrees after September 15 and October highs will be in the 90's but low at night. When I can be on the porch again I won't feel so shut up. Then the man won't have to water the trees and flowers more than once a week and that will be cheaper.

I can't go anywhere, I have had to miss the Camera Club programs and everything going on because I couldn't sit during the evening in the public places in this brace. I have so few clothes I can wear over it and I feel so uncomfortable.

This morning I found a tiny baby rabbit on my enclosed patio. It was alive but there was blood on the floor and Susie had torn it. I got a neighbor to put it to sleep. Susie wasn't even interested in it then. It could have run in sometime when I opened the door. I have been afraid lizards would get under the crack of the door but it isn't big enough for a rabbit. Anything can happen in Sun City.

I am glad the Library Auction did so well.

Best regards to Myra.

As ever, Miriam.

Ed Note: The Library is doing fine. You'll be glad to know this, as the original librarian. It would never have gotten its good running start except for your dedicated work.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Had an ad cancellation the other day. The woman who had advertised apples on a pick-your-own and bring your own container basis, was swamped. Said get the ad out of the paper before the went down for the third time.

Pillar To Post . . .

by HIX

Fred Risch's mammoth tomato made almost a quart of chili sauce, and Zel Garinger's green apples turned into some pretty wonderful apple sauce, PLUS two quarts of apple jelly.

The tomatoes are ripening bit by bit. With strict attention to business I'm keeping ahead of them.

Myra's beets are the best ever, fresh from the garden, pressure cooked, skins slipped off under cold water, eaten hot with butter the first night, pickled for the next. The trick is to pickle beets when they are hot — when the minced onion and vinegar can strike home to the very heart of the situation.

Folks who don't like beets have never eaten them fresh from the garden, they've just nibbled at them from a can.

All the difference in the world. And a pallid row of tomatoes under a cellophane shroud has no possible connection with a tomato ripened on the vine under a bright sun.

You still can't persuade folks that a watermelon is sweetest when right out of the field, or that canteloupes lose half their sugar when refrigerated.

Or that corn on the cob, shipped in from California, has no resemblance to the pure quill, five minutes from corn patch to pot.

The apple sauce was a purely spontaneous reaction to a phone call from Virginia at 9 a.m. on Saturday. The phone call caroled, "Bet you don't know who came in late last night."

Just out of bed, and still groggy, and not equipped either mentally or physically for light conversation, I agreed that I couldn't guess.

"Just spill it," I mumbled, groping under the bed with one foot for a slipper.

"Chuck's here," said the voice at the other end of the line, "and we're going to have a square dance. Begins at eight o'clock. No, 7:30, on account of we'll do some English Morris dancing first."

I located the slipper and started to come to life. "Probably it would be ridiculous for me to come down for just one day. I'd have to start right back again on Sunday, and you know how traffic is on the weekends."

"Let me encourage you."

"Want me to bring along my pillow and maybe a couple sheets?"

"The pillow would be a good idea. Your're spoiled on pillows."

"Well, I could maybe make a couple of phone calls and crawl out of some things I ought to be doing this weekend, such as attending the Eastern Star Burning of the Mortgage."

"You're COMING! And here's Chuck, he wants to say hello."

"When did you get in from England, tall dark and redhead?"

"Well, we almost didn't. The engine dropped out or something, and it was touch and go if we'd ever get off the ground."

"I'll be seeing you sometime late this afternoon. Maybe even early this afternoon," with one eye on the clock. It was nice to remember that while the clock pointed to nine, it was really only half past seven by radio time.

It could be managed, but it would take some doing.

The sack of apples and tomatoes which Zel had donated to the cause in return for a spot of instruction on canning, was still in the car. Joined by a few oddments in the back seat, the apples were ready to go. There were probably plenty of apples in Virginia, but these were for free, and already in the sack.

The tomatoes could be lifted out and saved in the kitchen, all except the very ripe ones.

It was a very simple getaway. All that was forgotten was the pillow, the clock, and that little matter of snapping off the furnace.

The apple sauce turned out fine, a whole kettleful. Viewing the mound of thin parings and the cores on the porcelain topped table, I remembered what my mother used to do. Never did she make an apple pie without making a glass of jelly. She covered the peewigs with water, boiled vigorously for a few minutes, then strained.

The juice, boiled down, and transferred into a large pot, was ready for the next step. Cup for cup of sugar, and don't bother with pectin because apple skins are loaded with the stuff.