

# THE DALLAS POST

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## one difference

We picked up a story about a crew of kids out in Denver who went careening up and down the runways at Stapleton International Airport, having fun while jet planes overhead, running out of fuel, prayed for a chance to land.

We think that this is probably very funny, just about as funny as swallowing goldfish in the twenties, but with this main difference: a plane has PEOPLE aboard, children and businessmen and fathers and mothers and stewardesses and pilots and crew members, all of whom will be killed in one great surge of flame if the plane crashes.

There is one thing to be said for the goldfish-swallowers, they're the only ones who suffer. The same thing could be said of the flagpole sitters. They're the ones who stuck it out to make a record. Or the folks who get buried alive at the carnival and emerge at the end of their ordeal a trifle slimmer, but in reasonable health and with money in their pockets.

The kids on the airport runway weren't getting paid for their caperings. They were having a whale of a time while the helpless jets flying overhead in a landing pattern, sweat it out.

It's one thing to lay your own life on the line, something entirely different to gamble with the lives of a hundred helpless people.

## no hiding place

We got a cold chill recently, when looking over the bound volumes of The Dallas Post.

There, in the issue of October 31, 1958, was an article advising everybody to stock up on staples and provide beds in the basement for the family, well sheltered from falling debris in case of bomb attack.

Or build a bomb shelter in the back yard. This approach has gone with the wind, a nostalgic breath of the past.

We realize, sadly, that in the event of a nuclear bombing attack, there would be no opportunity to load the family into the station wagon and take off for a secure spot in the hills... no possible chance to escape the holocaust.

No shelter in the storm as the skies rained instant destruction.

"No Hiding Place."

Long ago we had envisaged terrified families, their cars out of gas, lining the highways, waiting helplessly for annihilation, mothers comforting their children, fathers sickened by what was to come, giving words of encouragement, playing the man, standing tall.

Eight years ago, at the time of the Cuban Crisis, the Nation was jolted into a dismayed awareness that it could indeed "happen here," and once more stocked its pantry shelves and kept its cars filled to the brim with gasoline, in the face of a possible massive loss of power.

Again, refuge in the basement was advised, with the accent on bottled containers of drinking water. People can live a long time without food, but water is essential. Pure water, uncontaminated.

At that time, schools all over the country were making plans for mass evacuation of children to distant points, at a moment's notice.

We live in times when nuclear war is a distinct possibility.

Not yet a probability.

We have become so accustomed to living under the sword of Damocles that we are able to store the knowledge in the back of our minds as one of the facts of life, to be accepted, dusted off occasionally, and then buried again among those things which are too terrible to contemplate.

None of us really believe, that a nuclear attack could take place anywhere on God's green earth.

We have an abiding faith that no man could actually press a button which would turn this planet into a smoking ruin, incapable of sustaining life for eons to come or perhaps forever.

## clubs plan dinner

The seventh annual Dallas Inter-Service Club Dinner will be held at the Irem Temple Country Club on Wednesday, November 20th, at 6:30 p.m. Toastmaster will be Merrill H. Faegenburg of the Kiwanis Club of Dallas.

Principal speaker at this year's affair will be Frederick E. Wegner, Wilkes-Barre City manager. Holding a B.S. Degree in Civil Engineering from the University of Vermont, a law degree from the University of Connecticut, a masters in Public Administration from the University of Michigan.

He has been a public servant since 1952 in Michigan, Philadelphia, and now Wilkes-Barre. A special feature of this

year's dinner will be the selection of a Back Mountain person to receive the "Citizen of the Year" award. As always, the recipient of this award will not be known until after the dinner has begun. Award winners in the past were William R. Wright, Dr. Lester Jordan, Joseph Parks, John Butler and Robert Perry.

The Inter-Service Club Dinner is arranged for by the Dallas Inter-Service Club Council. This year's council is Leo A. Corbett and Harry Lefko from Kiwanis, Edward Buckley and Eugene DeStefano from Lions, and R. Spencer Martin and Carl Henderson from Rotary. Tickets for the dinner will be available from any member of

# 30 years ago retain civil rights and fight crime

A front page article claimed you could serve a bang-up Thanksgiving dinner for four people, all the fixings, for \$7.57, not including the bicarbonate of soda.

Republicans and Democrats both claimed victory in the county. Held up until the matter was settled, \$85,000 worth of bets. Democrats held that Arthur James did not win his home county of Luzerne, claimed fraud. Republicans were equally vocal.

Governor Earle, hesitant to name anybody over 50 for the vacancy on the Luzerne County bench, narrowed the race to a handful of hopefuls. Earle expected the Democratic party to recover quickly from its setback, in election of James, wanted to name a man young enough to serve two full terms of ten years each for the greater glory of Democracy.

Rev. Margaret Sweppenheise assumed the pulpit of Outlet and Plattsburg Free Methodist Churches.

A Swoyerville man got a year and a half in the pen for a hit-run accident which caused the death of Charles Warren of Shavertown.

Judge William S. McLean died at his summer home on North Mountain.

Mrs. Helen Garbutt headed American Legion Auxiliary.

The search for a new name for the Back Mountain was still going on. Bedford Hills was suggested by Dr. H. A. Brown of Lehman.

An indignant wildcat was penned up at Squire Davis' place at Alderson, captured by the Squire himself.

Harry Lamoreaux was buried in Sorbertown Cemetery.

Lehman was planning a new high school, estimated cost \$100,000, half to be contributed by PWA.

Married: Alberta Mullen to Edward Miner. Ruth Kresge to Byron Kocher.

## 20 years ago

Mrs. Lydia Jane Csase observed her 90th birthday at her home in Jackson Township.

A survey of hazards in home sparked an announcement by James Besecker, Dallas fire chief. He said get chimneys cleaned, don't store gasoline in the house, don't shut oiled dust mops in closed closets, buy a fire extinguisher.

Veterans Agricultural School in Dallas Township drew enrollment of 42. Teachers were H. L. Chambers and E. J. Keller. Strip farming was the fair haired child. How, where, when, and when not.

Traffic density survey was under way in Pennsylvania.

The all-electric kitchen was in the ads. Radio was still plugged in. Nobody said anything about television, still in its experimental stages.

Married: Dorothy Reese to Harry P. Hart. Alicia Ann Flanagan to Raymond Baumgartner.

Died: David Burton Kropa, eight months old, Dallas RD 3. Mrs. Theodore S. Jones, 70, Noxen. Frederis Joy Lamoreaux, 18, Dallas RD 3.

## 10 years ago

Gas pipeline was cutting a wide swath across College Misericordia's campus.

A memorial to Nort Bert was a new stretcher, adjustable in height, for the Dallas Community ambulance.

Decaying pathway between Dallas and Fernbrook was being facelifted, cleared of weeds, and red-ashed. It was WPA project during the Great Depression, designed to keep school children out of the road.

New member of the Bar saw his brother off for Istanbul. Atty. Earl Chamberlin was 79, his brother Dr. Roy Chamberlin, bound for an interim pastorate in the Congregational Church, 71.

A lineman from Sun Oil, removing cable from the old traction company right of way below Coalatic, was fatally injured in a fall. Orlando Mucci, 55, of Shickshinny, died at Nesbitt.

John M. Courtright, 65, lost his balance while adjusting a T-V antenna, plunged to the stone pavement outside his home in Shavertown, breaking his leg.

Weekend robbers got \$1,400 at Whitesell's. Many robberies, no clues.

Married: Lorraine Joan Harrison to Robert Chamberlain. Mary Jo Laux to Albert Piccoli.

Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Russell A. Ide, Golden Wedding.

Died Joseph Schuler, 83, formerly of Mt. Greenwood Road.

By CORALIE COGSWELL

By the time this is published, we the American public will have been to the polls to choose the lesser of presidential evils. Possibly the situation will still be in doubt, with the House of Representatives yet to make the final decision. In any case, it is not a time for cheering and celebration.

Perhaps the biggest disappointment of this election campaign has been our hang-up with false and faded issues. One of these issues has been about the Supreme Court. It is supposed to be favoring the criminal.

Every one of the disputed rulings about the rights of accused persons had a strong legal basis.

I do not see how many of them "favors" the criminal.

For instance, the ruling that the accused person should be provided a lawyer if he is too poor to hire one himself does this favor the criminal? Or does it merely give the poor man a more equal chance with the rich one?

And the ruling, which had been made much fun of, that the accused person must be told about his rights doesn't this, too, give the poor, uneducated man a better chance? The Mafia types always did know their rights, and hired mouthpieces to protect them.

Then there were ruling about accepting confessions only under certain circumstances. These were obviously aimed at the common police practice of "grilling" a suspect—sometimes with a rubber hose—until he confessed the crime. Sometimes a man confessed a crime, whether or not he was guilty, in order to escape this kind of treatment.

If you happen to think that any person who is suspected or accused of a crime automatically forfeits his rights, then you are disagreeing with a principle of English law so basic that it goes back even before the Constitution. The principle is that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty.

Of course we could go back to the Middle Ages. The suspect always confessed his crime in those days, because he was tortured until he did. It made things nice and simple. That seems to be what a lot of people want these days—nice, simple answers.

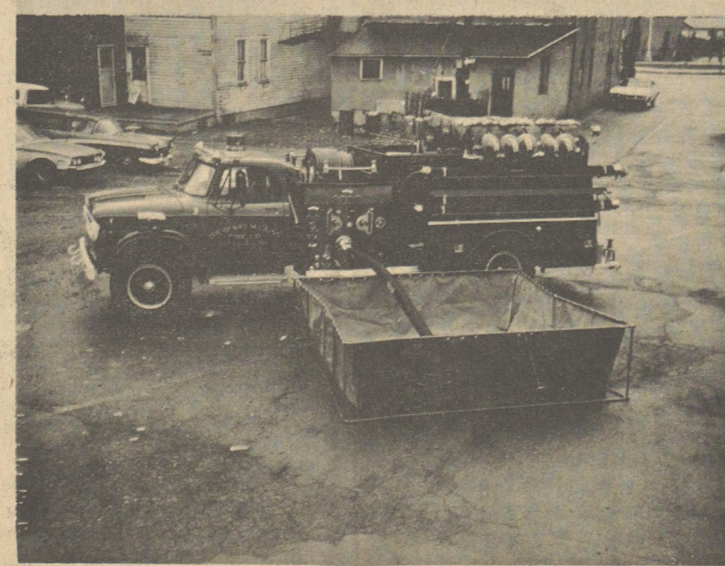
Personally, I think it is possible to combat crime without depriving people of their rights. Some police officials maintain that the Supreme Court rulings were a good thing, even though they seem to make police work more difficult, because they force the police to upgrade their methods. More scientific methods will

## open heart surgery

The twenty-one months old grandson of Mr. and Mrs. John Rebennack of Meeker is recovering from open heart surgery at Texas Children's Hospital in Houston, Texas, a branch of St. Lukes Medical Center.

Andrew Ostrovski, born with a heart ailment, is a patient of the famed Dr. Cooley. The child is still under oxygen, but progressing.

The operation took place November 7. Mrs. Istrovski is the former Debbie Rebennack.



Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Co., Dallas, recently exhibited this 1500 gallon capacity portable tank, a gift of a friend of the company. The "porta-tank," which can be handled easily by two men, is stored atop the hose bed of the fire engine. It is used as a ready supply of water at fire scene and takes place of hydrant or other water supply. Engines pump from it while tanker trucks go elsewhere for water. The new fire engine was purchased in August.

be used, and the policeman will become more of a professional.

At the same time simple justice will give the poor man a better chance to defend himself. The rich man and the representative of organized crime always had this ability to defend themselves, anyway.

A lot of things are wrong with our country today. But I don't think any of them can be cured by going back to the rubber hose.

## The Empty Pew

By REV. W. JENE MILLER

The battleground of freedom is everywhere.

As Churchill proclaimed that the English would fight the Nazis on the beaches, in the streets, and from room to room in every house, so Americans are called upon to realize that the battleground of freedom is where ever people are. Uniformed soldiers on foreign fields aren't the only people guarding the American Dream.

The report of the National Study Committee on race has plainly warned that America is on the verge of becoming either a divided and hate-filled land or a cesspool of blood. Those who have seen the carrot of freedom dangled before their eyes for over 300 years are demanding their share.

The battleground of freedom is everywhere.

The struggle for our freedom will not take place upon the field of social change. The price which we must pay is not only the sons we bury. We must also bury the prejudice, fear and intimidation with which this society has operated for generations. We must root the enemies of freedom out of the underbrush which tangles our own souls. It is not for racial supremacy, but for the supremacy of freedom that we must fight.

The battleground of freedom is everywhere.

The white man must truly confess his sins, repent of hate, exploitation and inhumanity. The white man must realize he has allowed the inherited fears of past generations to enslave him, too. The white man must realize his own freedom in his brother's—that's why they must fight side-by-side to defend it on foreign or on native soil.

The battleground of freedom is everywhere.

The Negro must understand that the white man is also a victim of the sins of the past. The Negro must acknowledge his flaming resentment which, however justified, destroys both black and white in its fury. The Negro must sternly demand his rights, but also accept his responsibilities for productive and creative involvement.

## rummage

The Daniel C. Roberts Fire Company Auxiliary, Harveys Lake, will hold a rummage sale, at the firehouse, on Wednesday, November 20th—8 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Mrs. Mal Nelson is in charge and anyone having items to donate may contact her.

# From Pillar To Post



by HIX

Immediately after women attained the status of voters, a man sank gratefully into a seat on the Boston subway.

It had been a long day, and he was tired, as men are tired after battling with an inconsiderate public, soothing outraged feelings over the telephone, explaining, explaining, explaining.

He had obviously had it. He hoped for a chance to bury himself in the Boston Transcript, to fortify himself against the inevitable "You'll simply have to do something about Johnny, he's been in a fight again, and just look at the black eye."

The weary one looked up, impaled by an outraged feminine eye.

The eye said, in silent demand, "Well, what kind of a man are you? Aren't you going to get up and give me a seat?"

The man, courteous as was his custom, started to rise.

Then he sank back in his seat. "Madame," he inquired, "do you believe in equal rights for women?"

"Of course I believe in equal rights for women. Didn't we just get votes for women?"

The weary one, immeasurably relieved, returned to his Transcript. "Well, you've got equal rights. Stand up and enjoy them."

Where do men go these days when they want to get away? The steam room in the Turkish bath is about the only refuge left.

It used to be that the barber shop was off limits.

It used to be that the bar was sacred. If a man's wife wanted a bucket of suds for personal consumption, she slipped in the side door. But she never invaded the sawdust sanctuary. That was for men, and for men only.

The men used to wear the pants in the family, and women wore skirts which swept the ground.

When skirts started going up, times changed and women got not only the vote, but a chance at the pants.

I like pants. If I were the type which can wear them success-

# over the battle.

By David R. Kopetchny

Silence fell over the battlefield and the trenches for the first time in four bloody long years. The date was November 11, 1918, and World War I had ended.

Those who returned were given a hero's welcome. Those who did not were honored on each anniversary of the fighting's end by a nation "... filled with solemn pride in the heroism of those who did not return from the country's service..."

Peace and freedom can not easily be maintained, though, and in the years that followed America was once again drawn into yet another war and still another. In other years and other battlefields, Americans preserved their precious birthright of freedom with their courage and blood.

Every new year, as in many years past, American servicemen are fighting and dying on far-flung battlefields to help make and keep the world safe for democracy.

On Veteran's Day November 11, we pay homage to the millions of American men and women who have so steadfastly served the course of freedom. We demonstrate our belief in, and support of, those who are now fighting the battle for freedom.

The principles of freedom and human dignity for which our armed forces are fighting are no different from those which our fathers and grandfathers fought. They are the basic conditions of our national life and our Nation's Armed Forces always stand ready to pay the cost in order that all Americans may enjoy the blessings of the free.

Veteran's Day is the time for young and old alike to honor our veterans - past, present, and future - and pledge our full and unwavering dedication to the principles for which so many have given so much.

# guest editorials

(From The Lachute (Quebec, Canada) Watchman July 24, 1968)

U.S. Army aircraft swooped into the Skull Valley region of Western Utah a few months ago. Experts in chemical warfare aboard the planes gave an order, and large quantities of poisonous gas were released. The name the U.S. army has for the poison is nerve gas.

In the hours that followed, thousands of sheep died. Utah Governor Calvin Rampton put the number at 6,400, and the U.S. army admitted that the poison came from its Dug-away chemical weapons center 35 miles from Skull Valley.

It was perhaps very apt for the U.S. army to choose Skull Valley for its test site. For the name conjures up visions of how our world may look should certain military men be given much more say in shaping our future.

After the First World War, the victors emerged with a horror of gas. It was decided that the clumsy experiments of 1914-1918 were only the beginning of a new and terrible mode of warfare.

Article 171 of the Treaty of Versailles therefore prohibited the use of poisonous gases. Deadly gases and bacteriological weapons were manufactured during the Second World War, but were never used.

It is a tragedy that the world's nations should persist in horrifying experiments with chemical warfare. Through the nuclear and thermonuclear bomb, man already has devised weapons capable of wiping out hundreds of millions of human lives in a matter of hours.

Is it really necessary for national security to manufacture deadly gases and germs capable of killing entire populations? The incident in the Skull Valley region of Western Utah was a mishap that cost local farmers about \$300,000.

It was also a warning. With generals and nations obsessed by the notion of power, the development of weapons has reached unprecedented proportions. The journey from the accident of Skull Valley to a world filled with little else but skulls and skeletons must remain a possibility, however faint, until all men agree to banish these grisly weapons from the face of the earth.

# off the cuff stuff

By Bruce Hopkins

The Soap Opera That Really Was

(Fade in organ music, playing a very melancholy tune). Darkness. It is 4 a.m. We are in the small apartment of Bruce Hopkins and Dale Houck.

Silence. Only the steady breathing of the two men in the ugly double bed can be heard. (Organ music now becoming tense and hectic). NOISE!! A pounding on the door. Loud and urgent. Bruce rouses. He wonders if he is dreaming.

He is not. The banging continues. Bruce assumes that Thumper, the man from the upstairs apartment, has come in drunk again. He silently tells Thumper to go away.

"Hey, Bruce." Dale whispers. "I think there's someone at the door." Dale is very perceptive. The walls are now shaking. "Maybe we should answer it. Maybe he wants something."

The pounding stops. Thumper thumps up the steps, slams his door, and yells to his wife, "They aren't coming to the door tonight." Thumper is very perceptive. He and his wife begin arguing. They yell, and scream, and say very bad words.

Dale and Bruce lie there wide-eyed, trying to catch the dialogue, and put the story together. From the comments being thrown around, Bruce assumes that Thumper suspects his wife of running around. "I heard him say something about a fat, ugly slob and some other little creep," Bruce whispers. "He should know better. His wife isn't like that—she's a nice lady." Dale suggests that Bruce go up and tell him that.

The plot thickens. Thumper says he is going to come downstairs and break down the door. Dale and Bruce gulp. Dale wonders why Thumper wants them.

"Maybe he thinks we know something he doesn't." Bruce suggests.

For 40 minutes the fight continues. Then, screams. The wife yells, "no, no, no." This is followed by the crisp sound of slapping. "Hey this is getting serious," Bruce remarks. They wonder if they should call the police. Bruce tells Dale to decide because he is older. More screaming. More slapping.

As if on cue, the two men get out of bed. They walk on tiptoe so that Thumper doesn't hear them. As quietly as possible, Bruce dials the operator. She answers.

"Get me the police." He whispers urgently. He feels like James Bond.

"What police would you like?" The operator asks. Bruce almost tells her he wants the Canadian Royal Mounted, but instead he replies, "The Newtown police."

"Newtown police—radio." Came the static, raspy greeting.

"Hello, I'd like to report an argument." Bruce then told the police the full story. The police asked for the address. "11 Sterling Street."

"Now just where is that?" The voice asked. Bruce gave directions. The voice then asked for his name. Bruce responded. The policeman didn't hear, and Bruce told him again.

"And your phone number?" Bruce gave him the phone number.

"Okay, we'll try to get someone over there."

Bruce thanked him, hung up, and told him not to hurry. The two men sat quietly trying not to breathe too loud. The screams and shouts continued. They waited. And waited. Finally, a car out front—the police.

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