

EDITORIAL

only yesterday

the library

Prospective residents of the Back Mountain, anxious to establish homes in a scenic area in the hills to raise children in the wide open spaces, inquire primarily about schools, access by good highways, water supply.

Their second question deals with a library. Does the area have a public library? Is it necessary to drive to Kingston or Wilkes-Barre through crowding traffic to borrow books?

Real estate dealers have the answer. The area has a very fine library, free to the public, where books may be borrowed, magazines read, neighborhood news exchanged, and all without that tip-toe quality which makes of so many libraries a tomb instead of a living part of the community.

The Back Mountain Memorial Library is unique. It has been unique ever since it was founded back in 1945 when a dream came true. Many organizations carried the banner, and it was a goal of the Back Mountain at the top of the front page of this newspaper week after week. A newspaper knows the value of books and realizes that ready access to them is vitally important.

The Library Auction has carried the burden of support for the library ever since it was first proposed as a stop-gap, a kind of super rummage sale 23 years ago, and amazed the community by rapidly becoming the star attraction of the summer season.

Now, the library is going to need help from every person in the area if it is to continue to broaden its services and maintain itself in a manner worthy of this community.

Each municipality enjoying services of the library is being asked to put on its November ballot a question. Residents will be asked to vote on the levying of a two-mill assessment which will provide added funds for the maintenance and expansion of services of the library.

A vote of yes will insure continuation of a service which the community can ill afford to lose. It will mean that the library will become even more closely a part of the community, for every resident will have a stake in its support.

The annual auction, over the years, has brought together the residents of the entire area, without regard to municipal, social, or religious lines, a true catalyst. It will continue to do so, but with millage as a financial foundation, the feverish need to raise more and more money to meet the demands of the spiral of added costs of maintenance, will be partially eased.

Residents who realize the absolute necessity for supporting the library will vote in favor of the proposed millage. It is absurdly small in comparison with levies for other purposes.

Libraries can die. They have died in other communities where sufficient support has not been forthcoming. And when they have died, they have left the communities scarred and poor indeed.

A library is not just a building or a collection of books, or a librarian sitting behind a desk. It is a living and breathing entity, a statement of faith in the future, a salute to a generation which has entered the Space Age and has in consequence a need for more and more instruction and education, more and more research, more and more access to the printed word which is there in perpetuity, not a vanishing image on a television screen or a fleeting voice over the radio.

The library is yours to have and to hold.

mine control project set to begin soon

Congressman Daniel J. Flood in discussion today with the United States Bureau of Mines said he was informed that operation on Appalachian Mine Fire Control Project No. 36 at Swyersville will probably start within the next few weeks.

The work will comprise excavation of an initial trench to surround and isolate the fire, then complete removal of all hot and burning material in the five-acre project area. Two coal beds are involved, known as the Four Foot and the Six

Foot. The contractor will install a deep-well pump in the nearby abandoned McArthur Shaft to furnish water for quenching. The United Gas Improvement Company will relocate a high tension electric power line now situated through the east side of the project area to permit safe completion of the work by Sept. 15.

The \$512,000 cost of the project will be defrayed 75 percent by the Federal Government and 25 percent by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Ten-year old Boy Scout Harry Misson was instrumental in the rescue of three children during the summer. Youngsters enjoyed the new Children's Library during the summer, and the Story-Lady's hour. Janet Smith was the first Story-Lady, beginning in the main library years before.

Intersection of Main Street and Huntsville Road was being widened.

Married: Nancy Brown Jenkins to Ernest R. Stair. Ruth Shoop to Jay Long.

Died: Charles G. Peterson, 80, Sweet Valley. Jon Martin, Forty Fort.

FORTY YEARS AGO

The edition of the Post was loaded with political ads. Easily leading the field in sheer tonnage was G. Harold Wagner, running in the September primaries for the office of Prothonotary. A local man, he had been given a wad of free publicity in the Dallas Post over the preceding months, responded in the September 7, issue with a paid ad. Residents of Dallas planned a motorcade for a favorite son.

Forest fires were sweeping the wild lumbering region above Stull, with all fire companies in the area helping fight the blaze. Serious drought conditions added to the danger.

A speeding car from Tunkhannock overturned when it struck the railway crossing at Ruggles. Instantly killed was Ernest Wagner; injured, Howard Clifford and Clayton Emmons.

Mrs. Minerva A. Bogart, 81, died at her home in Noxen.

Emma A. Mayer became the bride of Calvert L. Ayre.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Pigeon racing was much in the news. The Garinger pigeon loft was expecting pigeons home from Harrisburg, the flight to take about three hours.

Ralph Balut of Hays Corners had 1100 minks on his farm, expected to skin 600 for the fur market in the fall. Mr. Balut said it took one horse every three days to keep the varmints fed, and horses with broken legs were not always easy to find.

Public apathy was raising a hob with the finances of the Dr. Henry M. Laing fire company. That was before the distribution of coin cards made every resident a contributing member. A spirit of "let George do it" was in the air, and fire chores fell upon the shoulders of too few dedicated men.

Luzerne was losing its old streetcar tracks, repaving was being done on Bennett Street, and Luzerne was getting a new look in the wake of the By-pass construction.

Billy Weaver, 10, fractured his skull in a fall from a truck.

Married for 56 years were Mr. and Mrs. William S. Kunkle.

A new well furnished a copious supply for Dallas consumers of the Dallas Water Company.

Married: Myrtle London to Lee Philco. Florence Weintz to James F. Davenport.

Died: Mrs. Rose Perregio, 70, Huntsville Road. William Sherman, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sherman, Demunds.

Four candidates for Dallas Township school board: Donald J. Evans, Fred F. Dodson, John F. Parsons, and Daniel R. Richards.

John Milus was directing Ruggles Pioneer Band. Could this be John Milauskas? If so, he has made his mark with the prize winning Lake-Lehman band.

Lacy Atherton drew up plans for a new addition to the Lehman-Jackson high school, a large gymnasium-auditorium at the north end of the present building.

Rice Farms took championship at the NEPA show. The Ayreshire was shown by Bobby Rice. John Fowler practically swept the decks with his bantams and game birds in New Jersey.

Lehman opened its drive against saloons.

Married: Charlotte Jane Jones to Robert Oley. Betty Eldredge Ford to Robert Oley. Ruth Louise Yeust to Roy Commers.

Died: George Hoover, 72, Harveys Lake.

TEN YEARS AGO

The first drowning in fifteen years at Harveys Lake occurred when a New Jersey visitor made his first attempt at skin-diving, Alexander Iwanski, a college sophomore, was 19 years old.

Ten-year old Boy Scout Harry Misson was instrumental in the rescue of three children during the summer.

By MIRIAM GOFFIN

I bombed out. Most people can bomb out very quietly in relative obscurity, but I bombed out in front of several million people.

My public downfall occurred on a television quiz program called "Jeopardy!"

Like a great many people who are addicted to this television phenomenon, I watched "Jeopardy!" faithfully and knew I would have no trouble going on there and making several thousand dollars. I always won at home.

I had a lot of trouble. It all began when I followed the lead at the end of every program and wrote "Jeopardy!" asking to be a contestant.

Promptly, I received an answer. I was to tell them when I would be in New York City to take a test and be interviewed.

The testing room looked like a very small classroom. There were about thirty people there ready for the great challenge. For those of you who are uninitiated, "Jeopardy!" has a gimmick which involves answering general-knowledge (trivia) type questions, but placing the answer in the form of a question.

The "answer" appears—"The First President"—and you give the question—"Who was George Washington?"

It was during one part of the festivities that I made my great score. I was the only one who knew that desperado Bat Masterson had later become a newspaper reporter.

My lucky day was to be that Thursday. I was to be at the NBC studios at 9:30 a.m. with a change of clothes. Naturally I would need the change when

off the cuff stuff

By BRUCE HOPKINS

ANTONIO, OH ANTONIO "Now, McAuliffe, you be nice to Antonio," I told Tom McAuliffe as we walked over to my car.

"Who's Antonio?" McAuliffe asked.

"Antonio's my little Italian sports car," I explained.

Tom looked at Antonio. Actually Tom looked down at Antonio. Everybody looks down on Antonio.

"Hopkins, you don't really expect me to fit in this car do you?" Tom wasn't being very optimistic. I told him that there was really a lot more room than might appear at first glance.

I got in the driver's side and sat down. I waited for Tom to get in. Tom didn't get in. I got back out and looked across the top of the car.

"Could you give me a clue?" Tom asked.

"A clue to what?"

"A clue to how to open the door." Tom replied. He really isn't terribly smart. Of course, a lot of people have trouble getting into Antonio. You see, there aren't any door handles.

Tom opened the door. From where I was sitting inside the car, I could see Tom's kneecaps. He's kind of tall, and Antonio only comes up to Tom's waist.

Tom tried to step in and then sit down. You can't do it that way. I told Tom to sit down first and then put his feet in. He started to sit down.

"Be careful, Tom, it's kind of a . . ." Too late. Tom landed a bit hard. "I started to tell you it's a bit of a drop."

"A bit of a drop?" he asked, "Geez, I thought you'd pulled it out from under me."

Tom put his feet inside. I remarked at all the room there was for his feet. Even Tom himself was surprised. He even went so far as to say that he was comfortable.

Tom started to turn on the radio. It didn't go on. He asked me what was wrong and I explained that the knobs on the radio were backwards. The volume was on the right side, and the tuner on the left side.

"Why is that?" Tom asked. "I don't know, what side of the road do Italians drive on?" Tom looked askance at me.

"Hey, what are all those little diagrams above the switches?" Tom asked. I explained that they were a picture of what the switch was for. Instead of saying "windshield wipers," they draw a picture of one above the switch.

Tom asked me how come I had two speedometers. I explained that one was actually a tachometer. "O," Tom replied. "What's a tachometer?"

"Well, it's this little thing that kind of tells you when to shift, sort of." Tom asked me how come there were two directional signal knobs. I explained that there really weren't two of them—one was the high-beam switch.

I became champion and went on to win all those thousands of dollars; they tape three shows on Thursday and four on Friday.

When my husband, Gene, and I arrived at the studios, the signs directed us to a small room—about 7' x 12'. We were the first there. Soon, two other women arrived along with a few men and one whole family.

The women were generally friendly, talking about how much they enjoyed the program and how no one was really there to win any money. We were all there because it looked like so much FUN!

The men just sat and sized up the scene.

People from the program wandered in and out, answering questions. After about half an hour of waiting and talking to each other and program people, we had managed to sort ourselves out. They all had won at home, too.

The contestants there were Diane from New Jersey, Clark from Missouri, Linda from Houston, Peter from New York City, Maggie from somewhere in Indiana and me.

The one question in everyone's mind was "Who is the Champion?" Our fears were not allayed when we were told that she would be in later since the superhuman Champion did not have to rehearse.

We were now all led to makeup. I don't like makeup. I never wear makeup. I wore an awful lot of makeup once NBC got through with me. I looked awful.

On to rehearsal. I was really great in rehearsal. This told me that I was going to win a fortune.

The Champion arrived. Unexpectedly, she was a really sweet girl named Sondra who

had recently moved to Hyde Park, N.Y., from Houston, Tex. She was remarkably unassuming for a champion; she wasn't a ball of fire.

She told us that she won (\$1000) because the other girls (who were terribly bright) simply choked up and panicked. She seemed very surprised that she had won anything. I felt even more omniscient.

The first taping was about to take place. Maggie from Indiana and Clark were picked to play against Sondra.

It was a massacre. Poor Clark didn't win a penny and Sondra won something like \$200. Maggie came away with over \$1000. She was very impressive.

The money comes from the commercial spots. They get \$7600 per one minute spot; there are about six per show.

There was a five-minute break between the first show and the second show. This time, Linda from Houston and stockbroker Peter were to meet Maggie.

It was an even bigger victory for Maggie than the first show. Neither Peter nor Linda won any money at all. Maggie won \$1300.

I, however, was completely confident in the knowledge that I had beaten Maggie in rehearsal. There was yet hope. I tried to forget Peter had done as well as I in his rehearsal.

Lunch break came and my husband's faith was unshaken.

When we arrived back at the studio there were three new contestants. One of them was a young man named Jim who I tried to psych by telling him I was a professional historian.

Then I learned he taught world geography and American history in junior high school somewhere in the Midwest.

I began to worry. The producer warned us that specialized knowledge wouldn't help if there was an opponent who duplicated it.

Maggie was unhappy. When she had tried to use the rest room, she discovered a plumber. Maggie was downright uncomfortable. Such are the things that empires are lost upon.

I heard my name being announced and out I marched. Jim was next, and then Champion Maggie. The first minute or so was sheer glory. At the first commercial I had \$130, Jim had \$40 and Maggie had 0. From then on it was all downhill.

Somewhere along the line I began to realize that I was playing with real money. I turned very conservative very quickly.

Aside from the above, two of the big money categories were world geography and American history. Sounds sickening, doesn't it?

Then I made an awful mistake. The question called for one of three Central American countries whose name has two words.

My major area of specialization is Latin American history. I said San Salvador. As soon as I said it I realized that San Salvador is the capital and El Salvador is the country. But it was too late.

From then on, I couldn't get the lead. There was the category of opera just staring at me, completely untouched, and I knew that I could really make some money if I could only turn the questions to that category.

Fortunately, somebody else did it for me and I was rolling.

I even got a Daily Double. I only bet \$100 of my remaining \$150, but I knew the answer. At the end of the opera category I had \$430 and the second part of the game was over.

I was now faced with the decision as to how much of the \$430 I would risk on the final question. The category was Shakespeare.

Everybody was ahead of me but not by enough so that I still couldn't pull it out. I bet \$200. That was a big mistake.

The question was "The only person to see Great Caesar's ghost." I knew the answer wasn't Perry White, but that was about all I did know.

The only Shakespearean character I could think of who saw any ghost was Hamlet. That was my answer. It was wrong.

Maggie wrote, "Who was Antony?" She was wrong too, but at least she had the right play.

Jim knew the answer. It was Brutus.

Jim became the Champion. Maggie won a lot of money. I had my \$230 and an encyclopedia.

The show was supposed to have been shown about Aug. 20. I hope you missed it.

By the way, know anybody who wants to buy an encyclopedia? It's a source book for the questions and answers used on "Jeopardy!"

Pillar To Post

By HIX



Maybe they're made of serpents and snails and puppy dog tails, but it is amazing how soon they leave the grubby stage and enter a foreign country where they polish their shoes, slick back their hair, assist a young this in a prom dress into the rattletrap instead of leaning on the horn and bellowing, or expecting her to leap into place on the pillow of a motorbike.

Yesterday . . . or was it the day before? . . . they were wearing the shortest of training pants, and were rocking themselves to sleep, side by side, knees tucked under chins, army cot swaying with the rhythm, out in the sunshine under the pear tree.

One of them is married now. He's the one who made the front page when he got lost down around Huntsville dam. The town turned out to look for him. It is a long way from midtown Dallas to the dam, via Machell Avenue, down a lonely road and through what must have looked like an impenetrable forest to a four-year old.

He was a stoic, even in those early days. Tears were not for him. He looked at the dam, realized that he had never seen it before, and plodded back again, retracing his steps. It was a hot day, and he was worn out, so when a small dog wagged at him he sat down by the dusty roadside to rest, with his arm around the puppy's neck. He had never felt so lonely in his life, but he had complete faith. His mother, he was sure, would pop her head out of a window somewhere along the way, and call him in to lunch. Time and space mean nothing to a four-year old. Houses move upon demand, and who can tell what is around the next corner? There is no yesterday and no tomorrow, only the present.

"Where do you live, little boy?" from the owner of the little dog brought the courteous response, "In Virginia."

"Where are you staying?" brought another baffling reply, "With Nonnie."

"And where does Nonnie live?"

"I don't know."

It's ancient history now. Not much could happen to a little boy on a pleasant summer day, but there were a few tense hours.

His attitude after it was all over was the same as that of the Indian in the classic story, "Indian not lost, wigwam lost." If the house had unaccountably moved away, it would come back. It was only a matter of time.

Grandmothers go through an astonishing course of sprouts. They get themselves braced for a variety of experiences. The

"Well, of course. Would you care to tell me how you got it, or do you just want me to admire it? I purely LOVE sore toes."

Business of unwrapping the treasure. There it was, a prince among sore toes. "That's probably the very sorest toe I ever saw," I announced judicially.

the right to write

To THE POST:

After reading this morning's paper, I would like to know why the President ordered the tightening of belts? Why did he wait so long? Is he afraid of public opinion? I wonder. He waited until Congress raised its salary and his, too, and now every federal and state employee wants a raise.

Why did they say that some uncontrollable items such as interest on social security and medicare were the cause? If the lawmakers would keep their cotton-picking fingers off other people's money this could not happen. Social security is a private fund put there by people who work, along with their employers, just like a bank account.

However, it appears that if different departments of the government gets short of money they go to the social security fund and borrow. They don't say what department borrows what so when the new allotment comes in it will not be deducted from the department's fund. This is real smart.

And who becomes the goat—the people on social security, of course.

I received a letter from Mr. Finch's office of H.E.W. stating that Congress is thinking about a seven percent raise in social security. Hogwash. What can you do on that? Nothing.

The rich still get richer, taking the cream off the milk, while the poor and the ones on social security still get skim milk. It's the same old story. They tax the poor working people and the property owners, while the poor and working people send their sons off to fight an unnecessary war to help pad the pockets of the rich.

A disgusted suburbanite, CORINNE JONES Trucksville

To THE POST:

Read your article about milk this morning (Pillar to Post, Aug. 14), and here is some information for you to digest. Col. Reynolds's farm used to have a fine herd of Guernsey cows. We raised our boy on it. He is 220 now, all wool and a yard wide, six feet of him. We used to get almost four inches of nice yellow cream on top of the bottle, when we ordered the raw milk. State laws finally got around to prohibiting raw milk. Later they banned all milk with over three percent butter fat. Col. Reynolds, has to skim that yellow gold down to the required limit.

Then came along homogenized milk pasteurized, and it was anybody's guess as to butter fat content. Homogenized milk is prepared in the dairies by forcing the raw milk through a series of fine screens to break up the globules of fat that somehow do not reunite again in the milk. Scientific!

You can't get regular milk unless you own a farm. The state regulates the price of milk. Lowden Farms could sell it for 9 cents a gallon less, but has to abide by the law. Therefore the law forces Lowden to make 9 cents more on a gallon than they would like to.

I have tried all sorts of artificial milk and it all tastes like plaster-of-paris.

I have written an essay about cows, and will show it to you, but I will be damned if you can use it as I am saving it for the Reader's Digest, where I expect to get a thousand dollars or less, maybe. You can't blame me for that as \$1000 is hard to come by these days.

Your devoted admirer, HAP HAZARD Kingstont

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