

KILLED IN ACTION

RICHARD WELLINGTON CEASE, January 29, 1942
 KEATS POAD, March 3, 1942
 DONALD FREEMAN, March 31, 1942
 WALTER CECIL WILSON, May 9, 1942
 CLIFFORD S. NULTON, November 26, 1943
 ELWOOD BLIZZARD, March 1, 1944
 ROBERT RESSIGUE, April 20, 1944
 ROBERT A. GIRVAN, May 14, 1944
 SAMUEL GALLETTI, May 23, 1944
 JAMES DeANGELO, June 22, 1944
 WILLIAM STRITZINGER, July 9, 1944
 FREDERICK LOVELAND, September 12, 1944
 HARRY BEAN, September 13, 1944
 EDWARD METZGAR, October 12, 1944
 CHARLES KINSMAN, November 5, 1944
 DONALD L. MISSON, December 11, 1944
 WILLIAM J. GARREY, December 12, 1944
 JOSEPH YANEK, December 22, 1944
 CHESTER GORCZYNSKI, January 10, 1945
 THEODORE SCOUTEN, January 12, 1945
 HARRY S. SMITH, January 15, 1945
 WILLIAM SNYDER FRANTZ, January 22, 1945
 EDISON WALTERS, February 1, 1945
 LESTER L. CULVER, February 9, 1945
 JOSEPH RUSHINKO, March 11, 1945
 DONALD J. MALKEMES, March 16, 1945
 ARDEN R. EVANS, March 19, 1945
 WILLIAM PHILLIPS
 DANIEL T. MORRIS, April 11, 1945

DIED IN SERVICE

GEORGE UTRICH, May 16, 1942
 HOWARD A. COSGROVE, July 3, 1942
 ROBERT F. REILLY, June 20, 1943
 THOMAS CLARK LLOYD, July 4, 1943
 EVAN J. BRACE, February 15, 1944
 GEORGE S. RACE, October 26, 1944
 JOHN LATTY, January 1, 1945
 RAYMOND H. LOVELAND, January 8, 1945
 JOSEPH POLACHEK, January 22, 1945
 ROY G. SCHULTZ, February 19, 1945
 LAWRENCE GAVEK, February 26, 1945
 HOWARD E. LYNN, April 1, 1945
 CHARLES BILLINGS, April 3, 1945
 DAVID DECKER, May 14, 1945
 FRANCIS SIDORICK, June 17, 1945
 FRANCIS GREY, June 25, 1945

MISSING IN ACTION

HAROLD THOMAS KEPNER, December 19, 1942
 JOHN P. GLEASON, March 30, 1943
 JOHN E. FRITZ, May 7, 1943
 OTTO W. HARZDORF, June 1, 1944
 HERBERT C. CULP, July 12, 1944
 ELWOOD R. RENSHAW, August 20, 1944
 JAMES B. DAVIES, August 25, 1944
 PAUL S. KOCHER, December 17, 1944
 JOHN E. REESE, December 26, 1944
 GEORGE H. RAY, January 9, 1945

PRISONERS OF WAR

CLARENCE H. MORGAN, May 22, 1942
 EDWARD SMITH, April 14, 1944

Editorially Speaking:

We're Glad You're Back

He was holding his little boy in his arms as he stood bronzed and straight in the mid-afternoon sun, reading the lists of names on the Dallas Honor Roll. He was a stocky figure in khaki, completely oblivious of scouting Harvey's Lake traffic—of everything except the names on the Honor Roll and the warm, wet lips that pressed his swarthy neck and hugged against his protecting shoulder. The Pacific Theatre ribbons, Philippine Liberation medal, combat stars and two-year overseas service stripes were concealed as he scanned the roll.

It was swell to be home, to draw the Back Mountain air deep in your lungs, to feel the chubby fingers pawing at your face and hair, fingers that you had touched for the first time twelve hours ago. It was swell to smell the sweet, unfamiliar, baby smells and to experience the first shock of rompers growing warm, rather damp—then wet against your arm.

It was swell to stand there with your wife waiting in the car close by, and your mother in the front with the baby things. It was good to forget for once that there was anything in the world except home and family—to wait after two years for your dad and sister coming home on the bus. This is what you had wanted. This is what you'd been fighting for.

Then the rattle of brake rods and the pounding wrist pins of an over-age truck recalled other familiar Thursday afternoons. Then the Dallas Post truck jolted down Machell avenue on the way to the post office for mail bags. It buckled in the middle, wagged at both ends and shivered to a screeching stop.

"Hiya, soldier!" It wasn't much of a greeting. You beamed all over and said, "Whatcha think of my little boy?" Gee, it was good to see you, to shake your strong hand—and then the bus pulled in. Somehow we didn't feel that we belonged around those parts just then. But, we'll be seeing you, soldier.

Another of our boys is home! So it's actually happening—the boys are coming home. There are no bands to greet them on Main street, and no flags waving from housetops—but the welcome is deep and sincere.

It's good to have you back. The old town's got more of a spring in its step, and ginger in its joints. There's a brighter look on its face. One of its boys who fought at Midway—and has five combat stars, if he'd wear them—grins from behind the post office as he shoves out "Ma's mail, Pa's mail and the paper for Mrs. Murphy" to the neighbor's noisy kids. It's fun helping to toss the garbage and ash cans on the truck of the Guadalcanal veteran who's opened a new trucking business. A youthful flyer back from a German prison camp sweats as he tosses a load of hay at his dad's farm in Beaumont and another, downed while he bombed the Fatherland, keeps Fernbrook alert with the busy clatter of his lawnmower. Two buddies, both prisoners, from Trucksville, bedevil the Ration Board for more gas to visit relatives, and the boy who was clipped after St. Lo grins and raises his arm as he yells, "hello."

—and the girls in town never looked prettier, and who cares if they lean close on their soldier's arms—and young wives, faithful and loyal, betray none of their old anxiety and terror—for he's coming home soon.

—and if sometimes we others fumble, and don't at first greet you by name, remember, boy, we're getting older—and "you've grown some since you went away."

But, Gosh! Don't you doubt for a minute—the whole town's glad to have you back!

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Freeman Killed In Early Days Of Pacific War

Father Is Notified Missing Son Died In Action At Fort Drum

Three years of suspense and anxiety during which his son, Sgt. Donald Freeman, was reported missing in action in the Philippines were ended this week for Wilbur Freeman of Jackson Township with receipt of a War Department message declaring that Sgt. Freeman was killed in action on March 31, 1942, during the Japanese invasion of the Philippines.

A member of the 59th Coast Artillery, Sgt. Freeman was stationed at Fort Drum on the Island of El Fraile which guarded the entrance to Manila Bay. After the fall of that fortress was brought about by Japanese air and naval bombardment, Sgt. Freeman was reported missing in action on April 2, 1942. Since that time his father had re-



Killed In Action Philippine Theatre
 DONALD FREEMAN
 July 24, 1917
 March 31, 1942

ceived no further information and held some hope that his boy might be a prisoner of war like Cpl. Clarence Morgan, son of the late Heddie Morgan, who enlisted with him on February 5, 1940.

Cpl. Morgan, a member of the 60th Coast Artillery, was captured by the Japanese after the fall of Corregidor and has since written to relatives in Dallas Township from a Japanese prison camp. Both boys were stationed together in the same outfit in California prior to going overseas.

Sgt. Freeman was born at Hunlock's Creek on July 24, 1917. He moved with his family to Jackson Township where he finished the grade schools, and before his enlistment was employed on the farm of Ray Prutzman.

Beside his father, he leaves a sister, Mrs. Emery Garnett, of Plymouth Mountain, and three brothers, Harold of Sweet Valley; Cecil, with the army in the Philippines, and William with the army in Wisconsin.

Lehman Schools To Open Sept. 5

Hendricks Announces 1945-46 Calendar

H. L. Hendricks, supervising principal of Lehman Township Schools, has announced the following calendar for the 1945-46 school year:

September 4, teachers' meeting; September 5, school opens; November 21, dismissal for Thanksgiving vacation; November 26, school reopens; December 21, dismissal for Christmas-New Year vacation; January 2, 1946, school reopens; April 17, dismissal for Easter vacation; April 23, school reopens; May 30, no school, Memorial Day; June 3, Teachers' day, no school for students; June 4, school closes.

Scrap Paper Collection

Lehman Canning Center users are urged to bring their scrap paper to the school when they come to can.

Rotary Hears Lacy Talk On South America

Architect's Firm Is Designing Textile To Be Located In Peru

Something of the present primitive living conditions and future possibilities for business in South America were discussed by L. V. Lacy of Shavertown in an informal talk before Dallas Rotary Club last Thursday night.

Mr. Lacy, a member of the Wilkes-Barre architectural and engineering firm of Lacy, Atherton, Wilson and Davis, made a 12,000-mile trip through South America early this year in company with Andrew J. Sordoni to visit the site of a large woolen mill which his firm will design.

Leaving New Orleans they visited Central America, Panama, Colombia, and spent a week in Lima, Peru. Thence they traveled overland to Arequipa, Peru, and from there by railroad to Julica, high in the mountains and the site of the plant.

There they had an opportunity to observe the native Indians, descendants of the once highly civilized Incas who were so ruthlessly slaughtered during the Spanish conquests. Mr. Lacy spoke at length of the retarded methods of transportation and agriculture used by these people. Much of the tilling is still done by hand with a crude hoe or by oxen. Sheep raising is an important occupation. The native llama is used as a beast of burden and also produces a fine wool-like hair which when blended with sheep's wool is manufactured into beautiful cloth.

It is to manufacture this cloth that local capital will erect a modern woolen mill in that area. The plant will be known as Fbrica de Tejidos del Altiplano, meaning Textile Factory of the Plateau.

Mr. Lacy gave an account of the return trip home along the shores of Lake Titicaca, highest lake in the world, and thence to LaPaz, Bolivia, where he and Senator Sordoni spent about a week. From there they flew over the Brazilian jungles to Rio de Janeiro. Leaving Rio they flew along the north and east coast of Brazil and over the West Indies to Miami. The flight from Rio consumed three and one-half days.

Daniel Richards, recently installed president of Dallas Rotary Club, presided, and welcomed Mr. Lacy to the meeting as a neighbor and member of Wilkes-Barre Rotary Club.

Other guests were: John Nicholson, past president of Dallas Club, now of Rochester, N. Y., and Sgt. E. Felton of Camden, N. J. Sgt. Felton recently returned from Germany after spending eighteen months overseas where he was one of ten men in his group to receive the Presidential citation for meritorious service. He will leave at the conclusion of his 30-day furlough for an assignment in the Pacific Theatre.

Can 138 Crates Of Pineapples

Judge & Mrs. Hourigan Also Can at Lehman

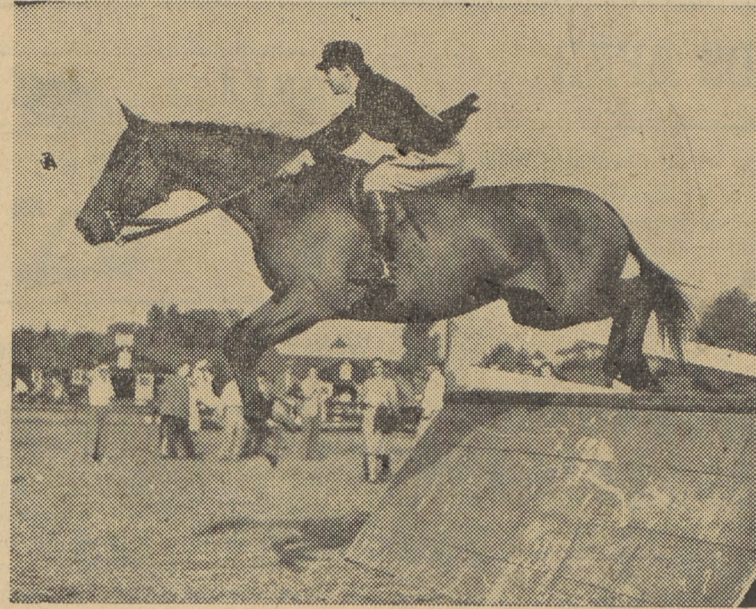
Mrs. Hannah Orr, supervisor of the Lehman Community Canning Center, has announced that the cannery will be open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday until further notice.

Last week 138 crates of pineapples, as well as berries, peas and chicken, were processed. So ripe they would have spoiled going through regular retail channels, the pineapples were obtained at reduced price from a Wilkes-Barre wholesaler. Between forty and fifty women worked at the cannery two days to preserve the fruit.

Several people from other communities, including Judge and Mrs. Andrew Hourigan of Wilkes-Barre, took advantage of the opportunity and canned a crate of pineapples.

Anyone may use the canning center, but should call Lehman High School in advance to make arrangements.

Goldenrod Goes Neatly Over A Jump

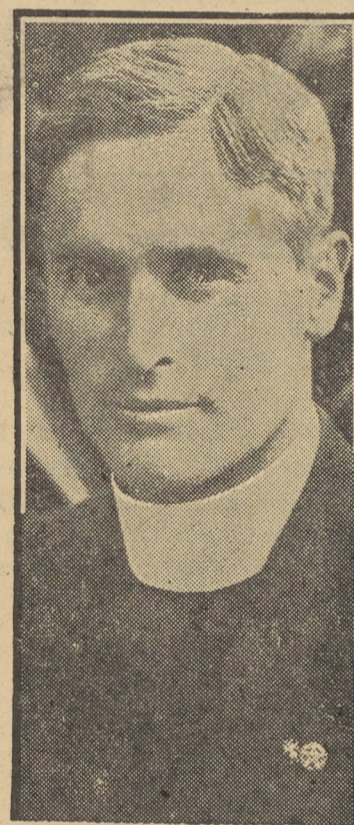


"Goldenrod" owned by Thomas Kehoe of Shrineview is one of the many entries that will be seen this Saturday and Sunday at the First Annual Irem Horse Show at Irem Temple Country Club. In the picture above Miss Anne Leslie is up.

The show is being produced for the benefit of the Shriner's Hospitals for Crippled Children and is sponsored by Irem Mounted Patrol. Cash prizes in excess of \$2,000 make up the premium list, one of the largest prize offerings in the East.

The show grounds are located on an abandoned section of the golf course, and despite recent heavy rains have been put in ideal condition. Ample provision has been made for handling animals, and for spectators. All ringside boxes have been sold, but there is still some bleacher space available and adequate provision has been made for parking cars. With fair weather prevailing it is expected that the show will attract the largest crowd of horsemen and horse lovers in the history of local horse shows.

Newberrys Watched Bomber Circle Before It Crashed In New York



REV. J. J. O'LEARY

Local Parishes Plan Festival

Auction Will Feature Hard-To-Get Products

Sandy Beach Pavilion at Harvey's Lake will be the scene, Wednesday evening August 8 starting at 7:30, of the 1945 edition of the annual Lake Festival sponsored by St. Therese's Church, Shavertown, and Our Lady of Victory Chapel at the Lake. Last year the Festival attracted almost 1,000 persons and with new features added to this year's program and with fair weather prevailing, a record breaking crowd is expected.

Through the generosity of many friends of the two parishes, merchandise rarely seen these days on merchants' shelves will be on display. This is but one feature of the regular party and dance that made last year's festival such a success financially and socially.

To top it all, an auction has been arranged which should prove profitable to some, and amusing to all. Father O'Leary, the pastor, Father Kennedy, the regular assistant, and Father Palmer S.J., the guest assistant, are looking forward to welcoming again the host of parishioners and friends who attended last year's party.

An 11-piece band will play for dancing, starting at 10:30 p.m. Bus service from the Square in Wilkes-Barre will be on a forty-minute schedule from 6 p.m. to 11:40 p.m. and the last bus will leave Sandy Beach for Wilkes-Barre at 12:20 a.m.

Corey A Frantz Business Leader Dies Suddenly

Bank President Is Stricken As He Talks With Daughter



COREY A. FRANTZ

Corey A. Frantz, business and civic leader for almost half a century, died instantly of a heart attack yesterday morning at 8 while seated in the living room of his home on Main street conversing with his daughter, Mrs. Harold Titman. He was 75 years of age.

As had been his habit for years, Mr. Frantz arose yesterday morning between 5:30 and 6 o'clock. He had gone about his usual morning activities and appeared in good spirits. He had not yesterday nor recently complained of feeling ill, although he was aware that a serious heart condition might take him at any time.

As he and Mrs. Titman visited, she noticed a strange expression on his face. Then he slumped forward in his chair and before she could summon other members of the household or a physician, he was dead.

With the exception of eight years spent in business in Pittston, Mr. Frantz had been a lifelong resident of the Dallas community. His parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Perry Frantz, and his grandparents were among those hardy early settlers who laid the foundations of this community.

He was born on the Frantz homestead in Dallas Township on January 24, 1870. There he obtained his formal education in the rural schools and worked during the summer months and after school on his father's farm. It was a training he never forgot and a vocation that he loved until his death.

When he was twenty-one he left the community to go in business in Pittston, and on Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1891, married the former Miss Nellie Shaver of Fernbrook, at the Methodist Parsonage in Sidney, N.Y. Rev. J. B. Cook, a former pastor of Dallas Methodist Church where the young couple had been faithful attendants, performed the ceremony.

In 1899 Mr. and Mrs. Frantz returned to Dallas and Mr. Frantz opened his store on Main street. With a rugged determination to make a success of whatever he undertook, the young merchant built this enterprise to the point where increasing business required the construction of a modern brick store building in 1908. Again in 1917 he increased the size of the building with the addition of more floor space. From humble beginning, the store he founded became, under his direction, one of the largest general stores in this section. Mr. Frantz built his business upon the firm foundation of quality and integrity.

Although conservative in general make-up, he was always quick to recognize new methods of doing business and did not hesitate to adopt them when he believed they were sound. He was one of the first to recognize the possibilities of the motor truck, and his store was one of the first in Luzerne County to have motorized delivery service.

In 1940, after more than forty years of faithful service to the community, he turned the business over to the younger hands of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Titman.

(Continued on Page Eight)