

We Remember

KILLED IN ACTION

RICHARD WELLINGTON CEASE, January 29, 1942
 KEATS POAD, March 3, 1942
 DONALD FREEMAN, March 31, 1942
 WALTER CECIL WILSON, June 28, 1942
 HAROLD THOMAS KEPNER, December 19, 1942
 JOHN P. GLEASON, March 30, 1943
 JOHN E. FRITZ, May 7, 1943
 CLIFFORD S. NULTON, November 26, 1943
 ELWOOD BLIZZARD, March 1, 1944
 ROBERT RESSIGUE, April 20, 1944
 ROBERT A. GIRVAN, May 14, 1944
 SAMUEL GALLETI, May 23, 1944
 OTTO W. HARZDORF, June 1, 1944
 JAMES DeANGELO, June 22, 1944
 WILLIAM STRITZINGER, July 9, 1944
 HERBERT C. CULP, July 12, 1944
 JAMES B. DAVIES, August 25, 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
 PAUL S. KOCHER, December 17, 1944
 JOSEPH YANEK, December 22, 1944
 JOHN E. REESE, December 26, 1944
 GEORGE H. RAY, January 9, 1945
 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
 DANIEL T. MORRIS, April 11, 1945
 WILLIAM PHILLIPS, May 4, 1945
 DAVID DECKER, May 14, 1945
 RICHARD E. JONES, May 27, 1945
 BURTON E. BONELL, August 28, 1945

DIED IN SERVICE

GEORGE UTRICH, May 6, 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 LAITY, January 1, 1945
 RAYMOND H. LOVELAND, January 8, 1945
 JOSEPH POLACHEK, January 22, 1945
 ROY G. SCHULTZ, February 19, 1945
 LAWRENCE GAVCK, February 26, 1945
 HOWARD E. LYNN, April 1, 1945
 CHARLES BILLINGS, April 3, 1945
 FRANCIS SIDORICK, June 17, 1945
 FRANCIS GREY, June 25, 1945
 MICHAEL W. O'BOYLE, December 29, 1945

MISSING IN ACTION

ELWOOD R. RENSHAW, August 20, 1944

Editorially Speaking

Study The Record

There was a period of some 150 years in the United States, which is more or less a myth in the minds of the younger generation, during which time individuals planned and financed the enterprises that made this the most progressive nation in the world, with the highest standard of living, the greatest production per man, and the highest wages.

That was the era when practically every modern convenience we enjoy today was made available to the public. The development of electricity was a private undertaking carried on by men with vision and courage whose neighbors often thought them crazy. But in a short half century, every nook and corner of the United States was given electric service.

Then we ran into a new era, and following the lead of European countries where government sought to be wet nurse to the people, political planners promoted the idea that it was time for our government to control the opportunities and activities of its citizens. They succeeded in having the government pour hundreds of millions of dollars into electric power development to compete with or destroy established companies. The people were propagandized to the effect that this was necessary to prevent a power shortage, although there had never been a power shortage and there was no prospect of one.

This is but an example of the technique that was employed by European politicians to establish socialistic regimes which made government slaves out of tens of millions of people. Freedom and individual liberty fly out the window when government steps into the driver's seat.

The younger generation would do well to study American history and compare the current socialistic trends in our own country with the principles upon which this government was founded. If they favor socialism, as they have seen it work over the world, go ahead with the present program. But if they prefer the American system of individual opportunity and freedom from regimentation, kick camouflaged socialism out of the political window.

FROM PILLAR TO POST

By Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks, Jr.

The month of April has been officially designated as a month in which the ravages of a dread disease are to be brought soberly before the public in an effort to awaken the country to a realization of its prevalence and of ways in which it can be checked.

Until a decade ago, the very name of Cancer was spoken under the breath, as if some social stigma attached to its victims. Do you remember that Tuberculosis shared this same under-cover atmosphere, and that people spoke of it by the oblique method? It was only when the inroads upon the public health were made public knowledge, that Tuberculosis could be combatted and cured. Every year, now, Tuberculosis seals a'e sold and the revenue turned toward the giving of

Watchman Is Injured

William Shelly of Beaumont, watchman at the Ruggles Brothers Lumber Mill, was injured last week when he fell against a beam while performing his duties early in the morning and then fell down a flight of steps bruising his knees, hip and spine. Fortunately no bones were broken. He was treated by Dr. F. Budd Schooley.

THE DALLAS POST

MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER, A COMMUNITY INSTITUTION

Vol. 56, No. 13

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1946

6 CENTS PER COPY

BOX SCORE		
Back Mountain Highway Deaths and Serious accidents since V-J Day		
	Injured	Killed
Dallas	2	1
Shavertown	1	
Trucksville	1	2
Other Communities		1
TOTAL	4	4

Five Hundred Served Weekly By USES Office

Weekly Payments Are Soon Expected To Exceed \$1,500

Approximately 500 persons—the majority of them veterans—will be served this week by the Dallas office of the United States Employment Service located in the former Dallas Borough Building on Mill street. This is twice the number served last week—the first week the office was open.

W. A. Henry, who is in charge, said that scores of persons from points as far distant as Sweet Valley and Noxen are now visiting the Dallas office instead of going to other Wyoming Employment offices.

Within the near future he expects as many as 750 persons to be served weekly through Dallas. Total weekly payments will then amount to about \$15,000.

Shriners Make Flight To Trenton Ceremonial

Harry Ohlman was a member of a party of Shrine officials who flew to Trenton, N. J., last weekend to attend the Ceremonial at Crescent Temple. In the group who were the guests of Russell Smith in his Stinson Voyager were: Roscoe B. Smith, Potentate; Harry Ohlman, Oriental Guide; Butler Bower, Treasurer and Russell Smith, Guard of the Outer Gate. The trip required 55 minutes. The party returned on Sunday.

Install Big Water Tank At Trucksville Dairy

The abandoned water storage tank on Parrish Heights formerly used by Dallas Water Company has been removed and installed by Earl Monk at Harter's Trucksville Dairy. The storage tank has a capacity of 10,000 gallons.

SUGGESTED NAMES FOR MEMORIAL HIGHWAY—ALL ONE OF THEM—SWAMP US

So far as suggestions are concerned, it will make little difference to the public whether the memorial tree planting along the Harvey's Lake Highway is called Sloppy Joe's Mistake or the Swail Brook Trail. That's the implication after reading last week's suggestions—all one of them.

A week still remains in which readers can send suggested names to The Dallas Post for consideration by the committee appointed to select an appropriate name. After that it will be up to the public to remain quiet and accept the name selected. That also goes for the fellow who always has a worthy substitute for the all inclusive: Back Mountain.

If you still think you have imagination and can print, draw, write or use sign language, fill out the coupon below. But remember, we warned you, it'll still take three cents to mail it to Memorial Highway Committee, C/O The Dallas Post.

Memorial Tree Committee
 C/O The Dallas Post,
 Dallas, Pa.

Gentlemen:

I suggest that the Memorial Avenue of Trees be called:

Name _____

Address _____

(All suggestions must be mailed no later than April 2.)

French Youngster Writes Pilot Who Was His Friend In France

Lieutenant Clifford "Bud" Fink Jr., of Shavertown, who piloted an A-26 Attack Bomber on forty-three missions over the Western Front last year and won the Air Medal with seven oak leaf clusters, has received a letter from an old friend of those fighting days.

The friend is ten-year-old Tibruce Weiss whose family came from Czechoslovakia to the French village of Mesuil shortly before the outbreak of war. There some years later he met Lieut. Fink's squadron billeted in tents among a grove of tall pine trees for the winter.

Little Tibruce would come across the fields daily—his pockets bulging with eggs—for Lieut. Fink and his tentmates, Capt. John Gilbert Henry, operations officer; Lt. John Miers, flight leader, and Gordon Heald, co-pilot. He persuaded his mother to do the airman's laundry and often after a visit he tugged their bag, stuffed with shirts and clothing—across the fields for his mother to launder.

Often he would bring his younger brother with him, sometimes to his embarrassment for the little fellow motivated more by primitive instincts than awed by the American gods Tibruce worshipped, would let his bulging, roving eyes become fixed on a stray orange or bit of fruit and would ask "Pour moi?" Tibruce would remonstrate and try to restrain him politely. More often than not the oranges and chewing gum were soon his.

The airman grew fond of Tibruce and little Worry Wart. Often when Lieut. Fink was out on a mission it was Tibruce who waved to him as he flew away and it was Tibruce who waited near the runway for his safe return. Then the day arrived when the airman flew to Cambri in preparation for their flight to America by way of Wales, Iceland, Greenland and Labrador. Tibruce watched as they flew into the distance. His good wishes followed them and then this week his letter.

Dear Comrade,

I am sending you this little note to tell you that we are in good health and I hope you are, too. Here in Mesuil there is always much poverty. One is very unhappy. There are no clothes, no shoes and no nourishing food. I believe it is not like that with you. I think always of you. I should have liked to have stayed with you, I should have liked to learn your language.

I thank you very much and in advance, for the clothes and for your letter. I wish that you would send me the addresses of John, Henry and Gordon.

Now that you have gone, I am lonely for you and your friends. I hope that you have returned to your family in the United States. I thank you in advance for your letter. I will close now embracing you heartily. I am your friend who thinks of you and who loves you.

Your friend,

Tibruce Weiss

We have a neighbor who has translated your letter.

Lieut. and Mrs. Fink, she was the former Winnie Davis of Bellingham, Washington, have been spending sometime with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Fink Sr., of Lehigh Street. They will leave shortly for the West Coast where Lieut. Fink will enter forestry school in preparation for work as a forest ranger; but before he leaves he and his mother, who really knows how to pack a box of food and clothes for a boy over seas—three of her own have received them—will pack a box that will make Tibruce and Worry Wart's eyes really bulge out when they open it.

Mastiff, Poodle, Terrier, Hound Not A One Can Be Found

Back Mountain dog lovers have been filled with apprehension for their dog friends this week even when restrained by two inch chains and ten-foot fences.

Great Dane, "Dusty" Hauck, confined by a cow chain that Jud brought home, pines away in the back yard. "Dusty", a gregarious soul, misses her visits with the neighbors and is growing petulant. It's steadily growing more evident that Jud's going to have to walk Dusty, cow chain and all, around the block evenings to pick up her calling cards.

Bull terrier "Jerry" Joseph is tied by a stout rope and clothes line. Resigned to his fate, he's engrossed in putting on a good coat of tan. For the present he is not too unhappy basking in the warm sunshine.

Wire-haired "Buck" Risley spent a boring week locked in a bed room, snoozing alternately on first one bed and then another. An occasional complaining snort reports his dissatisfaction.

Irish terrier "Jigger" Thompson, somewhat of a home-body anyway, still gets his early exercise running up the lane—but now with both Clara and Sam gripping at the leash. They get theirs too.

"Flicka", Norwegian Elkhound of the Arch Hutchisons, looked pretty disgusted when Jean dropped in at the Post Wednesday—and left her on the back seat of the car—securely bound by a one-inch rope. She's used to going along and having her nose scratched.

"Ragsy" Smith is getting up in years—he rather enjoys guarding his mistress' sweater all day on the front sofa and growling at imaginary foes between cat-naps.

Scotch terrier "Sandy" MacVeigh regards the past wistfully—as he eyes the trees in the grove behind the house, or recalls how Pop Covert used to taxi him home when he wandered to the village. Sandy doesn't like to go to the bath room on a rope.

Twelve year old "Maggie" Kears feels just as indignant about the quarantine as the gay young blades of the village. Maggie is young in spirit and misses her daily visits to homes of the neighbors and to the movies.

Dalmatian "Pinky" Edwards doesn't protest at all. All she does anyway is sit and wait for Dewey to come home—and she can do that inside as well as out.

Irish terrier "Topsy" Moss is heart broken. Accustomed to follow Harvey in his daily logging ventures, she now whines pitifully as he drives over the hills without her. Penned in the house, the family console her with large pieces of liverwort.

Hound "Sally" Harris is revelling in the ban—she's always wanted to get in the house under the kitchen stove—and now she has.

And are all the cats Back of the Mountain happy!

Editor's Note: All of which brings us to a point. If the quarantine continues to get townsfolks out for morning and evening constitutional so that they can hear the early morning song birds and enjoy the rising moon at night—it has served its purpose.

John King Injures Foot While Cutting Timber

When his axe slipped on Wednesday morning while he was clearing brush after felling a tree on the Naugle Lumber Tract, John H. King, son of Mr. and Mrs. William King of Loyalville, seriously cut his right foot. He was treated by Dr. F. Budd Schooley who found that an artery had been severed. King, veteran of the European campaign, built himself a wooden brace such as he had seen wounded soldiers wear and is now hobbling about nicely.

Goals Exceeded By Workers In Red Cross Drive

All Communities In Back Mountain Area Are Over The Top

As expected, all communities in the Back Mountain Area have exceeded their goals in the Red Cross Annual Roll Call.

Last night Mrs. Harry Ohlman, colonel, and Mrs. Charles Wheaton Lee, co-colonel thanked all of their captains and workers for the splendid achievement during the drive.

Results as announced by Mrs. Ohlman follow: Dallas Borough, goal \$650; contribution \$781.53; Dallas Township, goal \$400, contribution \$502.65; Franklin Township, goal \$100, contribution \$121.75; Jackson Township, goal \$250, contribution \$265.51; Lehman, goal \$300, contribution \$432.25; Lake, goal \$200, contribution \$284.25; Shavertown, goal \$400, contribution \$586.30; Trucksville, goal \$500, contribution \$600.50.

Contributions from organizations, not previously reported: W.S.C.S. Dallas Methodist Church \$25; Dallas Chapter Eastern Star \$10; Auxiliary American Legion \$2; Auxiliary H. M. Laing Fire Company \$5; W.S.C.S. East Dallas Methodist Church \$5; Dallas Township School Faculty \$35.50; W.S.C.S. Orange \$5; Faculty Lake Township School \$35; Pupils Lake Township School 20.75; Lehman P.T.A. \$10; Lehman School Faculty 53.50; Luella Neely Bible Class \$5; Lehman W.S.C.S. \$10; Meeker W.S.C.S. \$10; G. B. of Hope S.S. Class \$5; Jackson Grange \$5; Jackson W.S.C.S. 2.50; Keller Class Shavertown Methodist Church \$5; Reynolds S.S. Class Trucksville Methodist Church \$25; W.S.C.S. Trucksville Methodist Church \$25; Altar and Rosary Society St. Theresa's Church \$5; Trucksville Service Mothers Club \$10; Ladies Auxiliary Trucksville Volunteer Fire Company \$10; Trucksville Volunteer Fire Company \$5; Loyalville Sunday School \$10; Dallas Borough School Faculty \$27; College Misericordia \$25; Idetown W.S.C.S. \$5; Serving and Waiting Class Idetown \$5; Confidence Class Idetown \$5; Henry M. Laing Fire Company \$10; Ella Moore Memorial Class \$5; W.S.C.S. Shavertown Methodist Church \$10; Auxiliary Shavertown Fire Company \$10; Shaver Theatre \$75; Himmler Theatre \$29.12.

No Dogs Shot In Dallas So Far This Week

Chief Covert Hasn't Seen An Unleashed Dog On The Streets

Local police officers report that they have not shot any dogs this week, the first in Luzerne County's stringent 180-day anti-rabies campaign. So far few dogs have been seen and in those cases owners were given clemency because the animals were of good reputation. Warnings were delivered to the owners, however.

Chief of Police Walter Covert expressed delight because the new ruling has proved that so many apparently homeless dogs have homes. Since the ruling went into effect he has not seen a single unleashed dog in Dallas.

Officers James Gansel and Leonard Harvey are making rounds twice daily, in early morning and after sunset. They spotted a few dogs this week, all of them on porches or in yards. In these instances owners were warned of the law, and Constable Gansel said they all complied willingly.

Chief of Police Fred Swanson has been dispatching homeless dogs on complaint of citizens since last fall when a rabies wave threatened the Harvey's Lake region, but he saw nothing this week.

Similarly, strays have disappeared from Kingston Township. Officers Russell Cease and Francis McCarty have seen no dogs yet this week. Mr. Cease reported Wednesday that the law, spiked with a fine up to \$100, is a threat that has kept owners from letting their pets roam.

Officers are willing to give owners every opportunity to prevent liquidation of their pets. Most police are dog lovers, and in one way or another they expressed their reluctance at killing an animal. They also agreed, though, that the destruction of ownerless or roaming dogs will reduce the threat of rabies in Luzerne County.

A. C. Verfaillie Buried Today

Former Mill Owner Dies At Home Here

Last rites for A. C. Verfaillie, 52, Huntsville Road, will be held this morning from McLaughlin Funeral Home, Wyoming Avenue, Kingston with additional services at St. Ignatius Church, Kingston.

Mr. Verfaillie, a native of New Jersey, died at his home Tuesday evening after an illness of complications lasting several months.

He was a resident of Wyoming Valley for thirty-two years; the last fifteen he resided in Dallas. Formerly employed as a loom fixer in local silk mills, he operated his own silk mill in Newtown for a few years. At the time he was taken ill, he worked for Royer Foundry, Kingston.

Mr. Verfaillie was an extremely quiet man, preferring his own home and companionship of children to community affairs. His two grandchildren, Billy and Bobby Niemeyer, were his hobbies, and he especially loved to go on fishing excursions with them. He was a member of St. Theresa's Church, Shavertown.

Mr. Verfaillie is survived by his wife, the former Della Nelson of Edwardsville, two sons in the Army, Sgt. Roy in Germany, Cpl. Donald in England; a daughter, Mrs. William Niemeyer; and eight brothers and sisters: Fred, Richard, William, George, Harry, Nellie, Amy and Henrietta, all of New Jersey.

Services from the funeral home will be at nine, with Mass at St. Ignatius Church at ten. Interment will be in the parish Cemetery.

Stanton Discharged

S. I. C. Warren M. Stanton, United States Coast Guard, was discharged from Philadelphia Naval Base Thursday after two and a half years of lighthouse duty and sea rescue. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stanton, East Dallas.

He and Mrs. Stanton, the former Marilla Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin, have begun housekeeping on Demunds Road.

I.O.O.F. Officers Elected

Verne Whitaker was elected Noble Grand and William Swezey, Vice Grand at the meeting of Onieda Lodge I. O. O. F. Monday evening.