

Thirteen Musicians To Assist Chorale In Picturesque Frolic

Thirteen outstanding musicians of the Back Mountain area will join with Dallas Woman's Club Chorale to provide music for the forthcoming "Picturesque Frolic" in Dallas Borough High School on Thursday evening, April 28th, at 8:00.

Mrs. Robert Garris, coloratura soprano; William Burnaford, tenor; Miss Anne McHigh, violinist and Miss Barbara Hope, lyric soprano, will be featured on the program which portrays a musical travogue around the world.

A woman's duet composed of Mesdames Ralph S. Morgan and John A. Withey will also appear in typical Welsh costume presenting Welsh folk songs.

William Archard, Dr. J. C. Fleming, R. E. Kuhnert and William Thomas comprise a Men's quartet who will sing the old Scotch melody, "Comin' Through the Rye". Czechoslovakian polkas will be played on twin accordions by Thomas Stash and Joe Slazak.

Dallas Woman's Club Chorale, under the direction of Mrs. Norman F. Patton, will present nine selections including Brahms' "Lullaby", "Dear Land of Home", "Russian Picnic" and "The Prayer of Thanksgiving". Mrs. William Baker, Mrs. Raymond Kuhnert and Miss Alma Stadulis are accompanists.

More than thirty women will appear in costume within a large picture frame enacting scenes from seventeen foreign countries. Mrs. Joseph Schermer and Mrs. Allan Montross are co-chairman of the event.

John Conney, Jr. Dies Suddenly

The funeral of John Conney, Jr., three-year-old son of Master Sergeant and Mrs. John Conney, Sr., of Westover Field, was held last Wednesday morning from Bronson's Funeral Home in Sweet Valley. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Conney and died suddenly Saturday night in his mother's arms. Death was caused by a thymus enlargement.

Mrs. Conney is the former Barbara Disque, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Disque of Meeker. She is a graduate of Wilkes-Barre General Hospital Training School for Nurses. Mr. Conney has been in the Air Force 17 years.

The child is survived by his parents and four sisters: Barbara Ann, Marion Lois, Helen Theresa and Mildred Ruth.

Rev. J. J. O'Leary officiated. Interment was in Mt. Olive Cemetery at Carverton. Bearers, all uncles of deceased were: Robert, Warren, Frederick, and Louis Disque.

Entertains Card Club

Mrs. Ophelia Major entertained members of her card club at her home in Centermoreland recently. Present were: Marion Brungess, Dorothy Cook, Mildred Devens, Evelyn Merrill, Bethel Ruth, Florence Montross, Mary Sickler, Marjorie Watters, Florence Weaver and Romayne Williams.

Country Flavor

KEROSENE LAMPS

A recent news item says 60 percent of our 5,800,000 farms have electricity. It will be a good thing when the white magic has spread to all homes. But there are still many farms where the clear golden flames of the coal oil lamps make a pleasant picture in the evenings. There are men and women far from the scenes of their childhood who remember the lamps they used long ago. Mother always said you could judge a woman's housekeeping by the condition of her lamps and lanterns. Clean shining globes and well-trimmed wicks were a sign of pride in one's work.

In the days before the world became wound so tightly and unbelievably exuberant radio announcers worked up a gargantuan sweat over common-place products, farm families had different types of lamps. A big brass-bowled lamp hung from the ceiling over the eating table, directly above the Lazy Susan. After supper around the red and white checked cloth table, this big lamp furnished light while boys and girls studied their homework. Many a perspicacious lad with a big, dog-eared geography book open in front of him, had ample protection for a satisfyingly wild and adventuresome dime novel.

Father used a handlamp at the end of the table while he pored over farm journals and the paper. There was a wall bracket lamp with reflector over the cooking table by the stove, but Mother needed her own handlamp in addition as she mended and darned and answered the girls' questions on how to spell "Mississippi" and what was the capital of Idaho. The parlor lamp was a thing of gorgeous beauty. Its shade and bowl had flamboyantly gorgeous purple petunias, tall violets and gay asters, hand-painted by Aunt Agatha who had gone to art school in the city.

The golden light of kerosene lamps is part of our nation's history. Men coming in from their chores like to see the slanting shafts from kitchen windows. In the light of the lamps and the peace and family unity of farm homes, boys and girls have absorbed the qualities that have helped build a new nation. Half a century ago when a lad took his lamp and climbed to his small room under the eaves, the light that illumined his steps was part of the security of his world. Why is it, one wonders, that men everywhere cannot see the light that will guide to a peaceful, happy life for all mankind.

"The Victory Garden Manual", by (Continued on Page Seven)

The Book Worm

The Bookworm is conducted for and in the interest of Back Mountain Memorial Library.



GARDENING BOOKS

Mrs. George Jacobs

Have you five or ten square feet where you might raise a few tender greens for crispy fresh salads? Are you planning a real garden for fun, recreation and family nutrition? Would a few luscious raspberries or some shrubs and vines improve the outlook around your house? Or do you just like to see things grow?

Back Mountain Memorial Library is equipped to encourage the lover of growing things with many books on how to do it, ranging all the way from the simplest of bare facts for the amateur to the more scientific study of organic farming on a larger scale.

"Twenty-five Vegetables Any one Can Grow" by Robbins, presents the basic facts about foods you would enjoy bringing fresh to the table right from your garden. It includes a discussion on food values in each vegetable, how much seed to buy, when, how and where to plant, and helpful information on harvesting, storage and usage of foods. Another volume for the amateur, "How to Grow Food for Your Family", by Ogden, explains why you should have a garden, takes a peep into the mystery of soil construction and describes how to grow a fine crop of any chosen vegetables.

"Food Garden", by Blair, another "how to do it" book, has double page drawings illustrating each step in the process and solving possible problems before they arise. The text is concerned with vegetables, salad greens, herbs, fruits and berries. It is an attractive and practical book.

"Better Homes and Gardens" has issued an undersized, paper bound digest called "My Garden Helper" which is a little gem when you need concise answers about what to do, when, and the best way to do it. This is more like a handbook, to the point and brief, indispensable to the uninitiated.

"Pay Dirt", by Rodale, is for the serious planter, but will also interest the amateur. It states the case for the compost method of gardening in a very convincing way. It shows how, by text and illustration, to make a compost pile of any size and presents the labor and time saving advantages along with the soil benefits which this type of gardening offers. Your land can really "pay off" if you follow the instructions and ideas in this well-written, sincere argument for organic farming.

"The Victory Garden Manual", by (Continued on Page Seven)

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant Lehman Avenue, Dallas Pennsylvania.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grille, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shavers Store; Idetown—Gaves Store; Huntville—Barnes Store; Alderton—Deater's Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will we be responsible for this material for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch.

Classified rates 3c per word. Minimum charge 60c.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue. In no case will such items be taken on Thursdays.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

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Associate Editor

MYRA ZEISER RISLEY

Contributing Editor

MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

Sports Editor

WILLIAM HART

YOUR HEALTH

by Luzerne County Medical Society

Shades of Edward Payson Weston! People don't realize how far they walk in daily life.

A survey has been conducted in large cities to determine how far the average person walks in a day.

Tests were made with pedometers, which are instruments for recording the number of steps taken in walking.

By measuring the length of the walker's steps, the total distance can be computed.

Business men, housekeepers, salesmen, dancers, stenographers, children at play, waiters, conductors, policemen, letter carriers, and salesgirls were given the test.

In a single day, the average distance walked was 18,098 steps, or 7 and 7/8 miles.

Weston was a great walker and stepped from Los Angeles to New York, back in 1910, in 77 days, and he was 71 years old at the time.

The average housewife annually walks that far without leaving home.

The business man, during his working time, covers every three or four weeks a distance greater than from New York to Boston.

At school and at play, a schoolgirl averages 11 1/2 miles a day, and a schoolboy, 15 miles.

The steps of a physician in a hospital add up to 18 miles in a day.

A golfer doing 18 holes walks 8 1/2 miles, a salesgirl covers 8 miles a day, a policeman 14, a letter carrier 22.

We should be mindful to keep our feet well shod and well cared for, as we call on them constantly to serve.

DO YOU KNOW?

The tiny "grain-of-wheat" lamps used by surgeons in exploring body cavities has about one-fortieth as much light as given off by a paper match.

Huntsville Church Undergoes Repairs

Extensive repairs to Huntsville Church were completed in time for the Easter Services on Sunday. The pulpit has been enlarged, a choir loft built and new outside entrance constructed at the rear of the church. Indirect lighting has also been installed.

The work has been in progress for more than a month under the direction of Stanley Culp who discovered that five of the rafters in the 105-year old building had cracked and might have endangered the lives of the congregation had there been heavy storms this winter.

The entire ceiling was removed and new rafters installed. Milton Culp did the interior plastering.

THREE ACRES

And Six Dependents

By Phyllis Smith

FOUL PLAY

During our courtship I had several inklings as to Norm's complete inability to do anything really creative with a hammer. I recall once at his summer camp he was fixing the lock on the front door and the next time I went over they had a new front door. One day he fashioned a ladder out of two slender orange crates as he wanted to get up on the roof and peer down the drainpipe. He got up on the roof all right but coming down was a different matter. When the master carpenter started down the sapplings parted ways and what had shortly before been a ladder was no more. He landed on the ground with a sickening thud and Grandma and I acted as though he had made a perfectly graceful descent from the roof.

Another time he decided to repair the old dock which had been damaged by ice during the winter. To make the necessary repairs he had to stand in about two feet of water. My brother wandered down in all innocence one day to see how the job was progressing and was surprised to see the finished end at a forty-five degree angle. He opened his youthfully large mouth and before he could say a word Norm said, "You fat-head, it's supposed to be like that."

Ken wasn't exactly crushed but he did say to me, "I just hope you get married and have a lot of little carpenters lousing up the joint," and stomped off. A lot of Norm's relatives visited his mother at camp and Grandma and I were fearful that some unsuspecting soul would venture down on the dock and break a leg. One day while Norm was at summer school we painted a sign which read "Keep off. Unsafe," and nailed it on a conspicuous place on the dock. Norm never let on that it was there but spent the remainder of his vacation on the far end of the dock trying to prove how wrong the sign was.

The furthest back Grandma and I have been able to trace Norm's love for a hammer is to grammar school days when every boy took a year or two of woodworking. We are both sure his eyes gleamed with pleasure when he contemplated using a hammer and making useful articles out of wood. When the teacher (God rest his soul) announced that a tierack would be their first project Norm was beside himself with joy. By Friday of that first week all the boys had simple but neatly made tieracks to take home. That is all the boys except Norm. That afternoon the teacher spoke kindly but firmly, "Hey, you." Those words meant nothing to the John Goddard of the Lexington Grammar School until the teacher repeated, "Hey, you behind the woodpile." Norm arose from the debris he had created and walked obediently to the teacher's desk. The teacher simply wanted to know what was the matter as Norm had used up half the semester's supply of wood and still had nothing you would accuse of being a tierack to take home that day.

Norm hung his head in shame and said his father wouldn't like it at all as he had bought Norm a new tie to put on the tierack he was to bring home. The next project was a birdhouse and Norm showed no initiative whatsoever. The teacher found out why from one of the other boys. It seemed that Grandma Smith always had so darn many cats around there hadn't been a bird in Smith's back yard since Norm was born. You could hardly blame the boy for not being mad about birdhouses. Right then the teacher hit upon a plan that suited them both. Every day Norm was to sweep the floor and then be allowed to read the daily paper, and both parties benefited by the new agreement.

Norm has his own ideas about repair work and anything that can't be fixed with adhesive tape or a monkey wrench isn't worth bothering with. If the adhesive tape manufacturers could see some of Norm's uses for their product a whole new advertising campaign might be born. When we moved from Shavertown to Trucksville a leg on our bed was broken. Norm taped it back on but even the best adhesive tape manufactured isn't intended to support a man weighing a few pounds less than a horse. The bed promptly let us down so Norm was forced into using a saw, an implement about which he knew very little. He decided it would be much simpler to saw off the three remaining legs than to fix the broken leg. This psychology was not a debatable subject with me at two o'clock in the morning so off came the legs. I sat hunched up in a chair and when the mutilation was complete Norm stood back and surveyed his work of art. "Looks kind of modernistic, doesn't it?" he asked, and I yawned, "Yes." We stepped down into bed and received quite a shock. The remaining pieces of furniture, and it was a bedroom suite in every sense of the word, towered over us and we both lay there in terror expecting the highboy to fall over momentarily and crush us to death. Norm sighed, got up again and sawed the legs off everything. By that time all the kids were awake

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Barnyard Notes



ARBUTUS

Nestled among the leaves of the past
Snuggled and bedded from sight
Awaiting the first warm sunlight of spring
Are the buds of Arbutus so bright.

Their cover is only the dead of gone by
The leaves of the summer past
That have fallen and made a cover so warm
That shelters from winter's blast.

If you would know the joys of the spring
And the beauty that's hidden among leaves
Take a walk out into the woods
And humbly get down on your knees.

Carefully and tenderly brush aside
The leaves that protect from winter's sting
Find the buds that are hidden there
The first Arbutus of spring.

This bit of verse was written and sent to the Barnyard by Mrs. Thomas Williams of Chase Road, R. F. D. 1, Trucksville.

SILK PURSE FROM SOW'S EAR

Everybody can't be a gardener, but it is a callous soul who can't appreciate the contrast between the sprightly beauty of the daffodils in front of the MacLean and Lapp properties on Lehman Avenue and the depressing ash piles at the stone bridge in Trucksville or along the banks of Toby's Creek approaching Dallas.

Many of us have lived so long among the squalor of culm banks and filth that we have no appreciation for natural beauty in our own back yards—fortunately we're a minority.

If you haven't already read "She opened the Eyes of Texas" in the current issue of the Reader's Digest you might spend a couple of minutes learning how one woman with a package of zinnia seeds changed the complexion of 500 Texas towns.

In 1938 Mame Roberts was challenged by the trash, weeds and filth that made an eyesore of the roadsides even in the center of her town. She enlisted the aid of everybody. To quote the Digest, "a scatter of flowers eventually came up and struggled for life. Then it seemed as though the zinnias themselves caught the spirit. They bloomed in gorgeous colors, neglected spots became places of brightness. Before long everybody in town was enlisted. Each person beautified his own premises. Businessmen dressed up their buildings with new fronts. People planted flowers along every street and alley. Competition and the competitive spirit turned the trick."

The spirit spread to other towns. "So far," says the Digest, "500 Texas towns have improved their appearance and living conditions as a result of scattering a ten-cent packet of zinnia seeds in what had been a trash heap. And in many other towns similar programs will spring up year after year, from the same seeds."

Nearer at home communities like Bloomsburg and Allentown have improved the beauty of their main streets with iron baskets of summer flowers suspended on every street light standard. In winter these same baskets are filled with sprigs of evergreen.

Any community can do the same thing if it has the will, but many of us are indifferent to beauty except in our own yards and gardens.

The greatest asset of the Back Mountain Region is its natural beauty—not its factory sites nor the commercial advertising possibilities of its highways. This beauty can be preserved to benefit everybody or it can be desecrated to benefit only a few. The businessman who thoughtlessly permits his billboards to mar this beauty is interested not in his community but only in himself and what he can take from the community. The citizen or businessman who permits his property to become a collection place for trash, ashes and filth has neither consideration for himself nor for those who have made this area the garden spot of Luzerne County.

But you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. It takes more than a smattering of culture and imagination to do that.

CHILDREN'S VERSION

From the Digest

The Lord's Prayer has had to withstand considerable abuse, especially from children trying to learn it from poor enunciators or from mumbling congregations.

One little boy was heard to pray, "Harold be Thy name." Another begged, "Give us this day our jelly bread." A New York boy petitioned, "Lead us not into Penn station."

When Umpqua Ore., pupils were told classes would be dismissed because of teachers' Institute, Lonnie Leonard, eight, startled his parents with; "No school tomorrow. The teachers are going on an innocent toot."

A first-grader in a Kirkland, Wash., school volunteered to recite a nursery rhyme. "Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet," he intoned, "eating her curves away."

The three children were singing "Oh Susanna." Suddenly they realized that three-year-old Billy had a version all his own as he sang lustily, "I come from Alabama with a bandaid on my knee."

AND ANOTHER ONE FROM THE DIGEST

Canadian mothers received their "baby bonus" checks from the government recently in envelopes bearing the postoffice stamp: "Recreation Pays Dividends".

The Coopers plan a Kitchen that's

Practical and Pretty

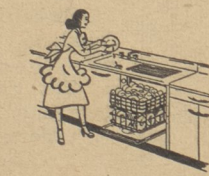


Mary: I'm going to love that kitchen.
John: I'm jealous... but it's almost as pretty as you!
Mary: And almost as practical as you—because it's all-electric!
John: Love that kitchen!
Mary: Me, too?
John: But... NATCH!

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Dishwashing Center. Ample work space for stacking used dishes and cooking utensils. The Electric Dishwasher handles not only dishes and silver, but pots and pans as well, and dries them without wiping.



Refrigeration Center. The Electric Refrigerator provides ample food storage, and large freezing capacity. Adjacent work surfaces provide space for food preparation.

Adequate Wiring. This simply means: 1. Large enough electric wires. 2. Enough circuits. 3. Plenty of outlets and switches.

This Young couple had helpful kitchen-planning advice from their dealer. You, too, can get this help from your dealer. Why not see him today!

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