

# BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Saw Some Saucers, Says Rose; He Wasn't in His Cups, Either

By BILLY ROSE

At the risk of being laughed out of court and countenance, I'd like to report that I've seen flying saucers.

It happened on a clear and moon-minus night two summers ago in Newton, Conn., on the lawn of the home belonging to Paul Osborne, the playwright. Among my fellow ogers were Paul and his wife, Director Josh Logan and his missus, and Author John Hersey and his. What's more, none of us was in his cups the night we watched the flying saucery.

The show began about 10 p.m. while we were sitting outdoors, enjoying and shooting the breeze, and the first thing we noticed were several searchlights some miles away poking their yellow fingers into the sky.



Billy Rose

A few minutes later, three bits of celestial chinaware skittered into view, and from then until midnight they skipped and scampered above our bewildered heads. As nearly as I could judge, these whizzies were at least 200 feet in diameter and were flying at an altitude of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. Their edges gave off a ghostly glow, very much like blue neon tubing seen through a heavy fog.

WHEN THE SEARCHLIGHTS finally cut off and the discs got lost in the stars, we put what was left of our heads together and decided that what we had witnessed must have been some kind of hush-hush military exercise. We also decided that, if we didn't want a butterfly net slipped over our heads, it would be smart to keep our lips zipped about the whole thing.

How come, then, that with my bare face hanging out in print, I'm spilling the story now? Well, until recently the talk about the persnickety pancakes has been more loose than lucid—according to some writers, they were manned by Martins two inches tall; according to others, by Russians two droszkies wide.

Recently, however, documentation has begun to replace delirium, and it's becoming evident that the overgrown manhole covers are not only real, but, despite all denials, one of the top-secret weapons of our own navy and air force.

The most convincing testimony was offered April 3rd by Henry J. Taylor on a General Motors broadcast over the ABC network. Taylor, after trekking all around the country and talking to people who had seen, touched and even flown these cred-

ulity-cracking craft, made the following flat and untrivoltous statements about them:

One type of saucer is the "true" disc, which ranges anywhere from 20 inches to 200 feet in diameter, is unmanned and generally guided by some form of remote control. The other is a jet-driven platter which carries a crew and is capable of such super-sonic speeds that in flight it looks like a hundred-foot flaming cigar.

FURTHERMORE, according to Henry J., a "true" disc was actually photographed near Wildwood, N. J.; another was found in the vicinity of Galveston, Texas, and stenciled on its surface was the following:

MILITARY SECRET OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ANYONE DAMAGING OR REVEALING DESCRIPTION OR WHEREABOUTS OF THIS MISSILE IS SUBJECT TO PROSECUTION BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. CALL COLLECT AT ONCE. (Then a long distance telephone number, and the address of a U.S. Air Base, and finally the words on the "saucer" in big, black letters: NON-EXPLOSIVE.)

"I know what these so-called flying saucers are used for," Taylor concluded. "When the military authorities are ready to release the information it will be a joy to tell you the whole story, for it is good news—wonderful news."

Well, I don't know what the saucers are for, but on the basis of this and other reports—plus the evidence of my own bug-eyes—I'm convinced they exist and, praise the Lord and pass the ammunition, are ours. Moscow papers please copy.

I wrote a column recently about the bureaucratic blabbermouths in our nation's capital who, at the drop of a daquiri, blurt out top military secrets to anyone who will listen. Well, I'm plenty happy to learn that—at least as regards one vital weapon—there are some folks in Washington who not only know their beans but can keep from spilling them.

# This Is Where We Lived

BY LORETTA OLVER

## The Ice Cave

There are other landmarks in Kingston Township with a story to tell. Hillside Inn was built on the site of the old Ice Cave Hotel, which was erected by Joseph Harter (7), great-grandfather of Sherman Harter of Harter's Dairy. Joseph Harter was a Frenchman, and a butcher by trade, who bought up considerable land in that locality, some of which he sold to Mr. Conyngham. "Ice Cave" was not only the name of the Inn, it was the name of the settlement, which was one of the stops on the first railroad through the Back Mountain Region. There is a deep gorge where the creek cuts through the mountain, where ice is said to be present at any time of the year. The writer has often wondered about this, and used to think she would hike up the creek bed and investigate. The mother of the writer remembers living in Kingston, and a group of young people planning a sleighride party to the Ice Cave Hotel. Her parents would not let her go because it was too far from Kingston! Those were horse and buggy days!

## The Round House

The round-shaped house owned by Harry Brodhu was once the silo on the farm worked by the father of Walter Billings, and owned by Edward van Horn of Kingston. The barn was just below the silo and there was a chute between the two, so ensilage could be pitched directly from one to the other. Mt. Greenwood cemetery was the cow pasture on this farm, and it was full of tree stumps that had to be pulled out when it became a cemetery. The Billings family lived in the old Rice homestead, now occupied by Dr. and Mrs. J. Franklin Robinson. Water was furnished for both cattle and people by the spring still found on the Robert Scott property. The round house was made into a dwelling by the Brodhuns who lived there for quite a while. Off and on during the years, some illustrious people have stayed there, among whom are: Mrs. Brewster, the mother of the author of "A History of Kingston Township"; Howard Risley of the Dallas Post, who "batched" there for a time; Mrs. H. C. McDermott, grandmother of the writer, prior to the purchase of the house at 80 Mt. Greenwood road.

If one of our present-day residents could project himself back fifty years in time, he would scarcely recognize the Upper Road. Archie Woolbert's father lived in Dr. Grant's place; A. C. Warden owned the Schuler residence; the Boston house was then owned by the Howards; the little country school down in the lane; the Rice homestead where the Billings family lived; from then on there was nothing until the house now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Henderson, occupied by the Holcomb farm hands; finally the Holcomb residence. Down in what is now Holcomb's Grove, there was nothing. The first house in that sector was built by Mr. Arthur Leek, who moved in with his bride before the place was quite finished.

Walter Billings, who recently retired as mail carrier, has held that post since 1909. The first rural mail carrier, however, was Seth Howell, brother of our Dr. G. L. Howell, who died last year. Seth Howell held the post from about 1905 until Mr. Billings took over. The old postoffice is now Dr. Richard Crompton's office and residence, and was presided over by Mr. Samuel Hess as postmaster. Mr. Hess was a Civil War veteran and retained the office until he was an old, old man, coming to rely on his daughter Maisie to do most of the active work.

## Early Passenger Trains

The Lehigh Valley Railroad from Wilkes-Barre to Towanda via Harvey's Lake, ran its first train in October, 1892. Later huge excursion trains with ten or twelve cars, sometimes two engines, would go to Harvey's Lake Picnic Grounds, not to mention the extra street cars which connected with the lake steamers. Great freight trains, stopping at the Lehigh Valley station, and blocking the road to the school, were daily occurrences. Sometimes the children, knowing they would be late to school, would climb between the cars, much to the horror of the parents! You could almost tell time by the Lehigh Valley trains; you got up in the morning by the 7:30 to Towanda; you began to think about dinner by the 10:45 A.M.; the 4:00 P.M. meant that it was time to go for the mail; and if your folks were at church they might be expected home soon after the 8:45 at night. Those trains were run in a very comfortable and "homey" fashion. If you were a regular passenger, were late and they saw you coming, they would hold the train for you! And in the morning, out of Towanda, the conductor saw that everybody had the morning paper.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Read the Classified Column

# THE DALLAS POST

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# ONLY YESTERDAY

From The Post of ten and twenty years ago this week.

Ten Years Ago in June 7, 1940 Issue of Dallas Post

T. Newell Wood, Point Breeze, Harvey's Lake, is recovering at General Hospital from injuries received when a tractor pinned him to the ground. He was removed to the hospital in Nulton's ambulance.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Jean Elda Billings, Trucksville, to Alfred Miller-Camp, at the rectory, St. George's Episcopal Church, Nanticoke.

Two large red hens were stolen from Mrs. Allie Morris's chicken coop Saturday night by person or persons unknown.

Alice Ruth Fisher and Robert M. Laux were married at St. Mary's, Wilkes-Barre, Saturday morning.

A bride's dinner, honoring Mrs. Fred Eck and Miss Margaret Lynn, will be given at the Irem Temple Country Club June 14 by Dallas Junior Woman's Club.

Townsend Club will meet at Kunkle, June 11. Members interested in holding public office are urged to attend.

Daniel Roberts, summer resident of Lake Township and donor of a building used for both fire department and the police at Harvey's Lake, died Monday night. Harvey's Lake Volunteer Fire Department was named for Mr. Roberts.

# The Book Worm



Mary Gates

If you are mystified — look for the answer at the conclusion of this article!

The literary sensation of the Season is unquestionably Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three". This thrilling tale is decidedly the author's best work since his "Les Miserables", and is an admirable specimen of the vigorous word painting which has placed him in the front ranks of the French novelists. He shows a rare comprehension of the noble motives which actuated men of all parties in the heroic age of the French Revolution. The reader's sympathies are strongly enlisted by the half idiot peasant woman, who, robbed of her young, pursues them with a frenzied faith that overthrows all obstacles, and reverses the destinies of a nation.

"The Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville" is a record of an ideally beautiful life, which does honor to the possibilities of women. Born nearly a century ago at a time when female education was at its lowest ebb, she educated herself in those mathematical sciences which are deemed most difficult for women, until she was recognized as the honored equal of the European savants. England, which bestows honors with a lavish hand on her scientific men, found none for the author of the "Mechanism of the Heavens".

"The Land of the White Elephant" by Frank Vincent is one of the most graphic and interesting stories of adventure that has been our good fortune to read for many a day. Those mysterious regions of the East—Burmah, Siam, Cabodia and Cochin China—where the white elephant rules as a sacred Mikado, are vividly portrayed. Or if you prefer "The Land of Central Asia" you will like Bayard Taylor's book telling of ancient and modern explorations in Cashmere, Thibet and China by travelers from Marco Polo to Shaw.

"The Story of a Summer" by Cecelia Cleveland who was niece of Horace Greeley, is an interesting account of a Season spent at the Greeley homestead at Chappaqua.

At the head of a list of novels lately published by Harper & Brothers we place "The Blue Ribbon", an idyll of exquisite grace and well-sustained interest. This comes "Phineas Redux" by Anthony Trollope, in which the fascinating Phineas Finn is conducted through many adventures to the haven of marriage. "The New Magdalen" and "The Women in White" have been added to Harper's Illustrated Library Edition of Wilkie Collins' novels.

Appropos of Who Done It, what did Baroness Campbell mean when, in making her will, she left her property to her husband and concludes with the stipulation "I further wish my right hand to be cut off and buried in the park at the head of the hill, and a small cross of stone set over it with the motto, "I bide my tyme"? What had that right hand been doing?

In conversation with his friends Mr. Gladstone is said to have expressed regret at having given so many years to politics and to have said "How little do politics effect the life, the moral life of a nation! One single good book influences the people a vast deal more."

Al of the above is from Harper's Bazaar, May 23, 1874

# THESE WOMEN!

By d'Alessio



"I'd like to exchange this bubble-bath soap for a less clingy brand!"

# Barnyard Notes

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then if ever come perfect days:  
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays:  
Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
And, groping blindly above it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
The flush of life may well be seen  
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
The cowslip starts in meadows green,  
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
To be some happy creature's palace;  
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,  
Attilike a blossom among the leaves,  
And lets his illumined being o'er-runn  
With the deluge of summer it receives.  
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,  
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;  
He sings to the wide world and she to her nest—  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,  
And whatever of life hath ebbed away  
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer  
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;  
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,  
We are happy now because God wills it;  
No matter how barren the past may have been,  
"Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;  
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well  
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;  
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing  
That the skies are clear and grass is growing;  
The breeze comes whispering in our ear  
That dandelions are blossoming near,  
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,  
That the river is bluer than the sky,  
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;  
And if the breeze kept the good news back,  
For other couriers we should not lack;  
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—  
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,  
Warmed with the new wine of the year,  
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;  
Everything is happy now,  
Everything is upward striving;  
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true,  
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—  
'Tis the natural way of living;  
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?  
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;  
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,  
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache  
The soul partakes the season's youth,  
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe  
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,  
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.  
From the Vision of Sir Launfal  
By James Russell Lowell

# SAFETY VALVE . . .

Dear Editor,  
It has been a hobby of mine to clip and save in scrap-books such wholesome bits as the enclosed. I found this in an old man's diary written in 1868, and thought you might find space to pass it on. Best wishes for a Bigger and Better Auction. I'm soliciting our neighborhood.

Helen A. Poad  
An old man answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot was brought before the police court. His clothes looked as tho' they might have been bought second-hand in his prime, for they had suffered from the rubs of the world.

"What business?" asked the chief.  
"None, I'm a traveler."  
"A vagabond, perhaps?"  
"You are not far wrong. Travelers and Vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"  
"All over the Continent."  
"For what purpose?"  
"Observation."  
"What have you observed?"  
"A little to commend, much to censure, and a great deal to laugh at!"

"Humph—what did you commend?"  
"A handsome woman who will stay at home, an eloquent preacher who will preach short sermons, a good writer who will not write too much and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."  
"What do you censure?"  
"A man that marries a girl for her fine clothing, and people who

will elect a drunkard to office."  
"What do you laugh at?"  
"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command the respect which his personal qualifications do not merit!"  
He was dismissed!

A famous clergyman has said he would advise every young man at the outset of his career:—  
First—to be a good Christian  
Second—to insure his life  
Third—to get a good wife  
—Then he will be happy!—

Nothing on earth can smile but human beings.  
Mrs. Theodore Poad  
Shavertown, Pa.

Afton, N. Y.

Dear Friends,  
Thanks a million for the Post. It makes me feel not so far from home. How I wish I could have attended Carrie Smith's funeral. We were so close when we were girls, went to school together at one time. Such a jolly person. I asked Dayton Long to gather up some news for you, he is where he can get so much. Brother's wife is coming along fine. I bet Mrs. T.M.B. misses me. Bess Klinetob

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