

# BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Undaunted, Unhaunted Gotham Finds a Ghost Story of Its Own

By BILLY ROSE

We men of Manhattan are an undaunted and unhaunted lot—or at least think we are—and so ghost stories seldom stand a chance of a chance in this town.

The other night, however, a real estate man buttonholed me coming out of "21" and told me a chiller about a deserted house in the Flushing section of Queens, and on the off-chance that your scalp can use a single or two, I'd like to pass it along . . .

On the night of the big snow three winters ago, a doctor in Queens answered his doorbell and found a smallish man in a faded mackinaw standing on the stoop.



Billy Rose

"My wife is very sick," he said. "I hate to ask you to come out on a night like this, but it's only a few blocks." The doctor followed him to a large wooden house near the intersection of Vine street and Broadway, and when the man unlocked the door the physician could see by the glare of an unshaded droplight that the lower floor was empty except for a few kitchen chairs and a length of carpet.

"THIS IS NO PLACE for a sick woman," he said. "You ought to have some heat in the house."

The man led him up a creaky set of stairs to the second floor, and in the front room an emaciated woman was lying in an old four-poster bed. She kept coughing into a blood-flecked handkerchief, and though the doctor went through the motions of an examination he knew at once it was an advanced case of tuberculosis.

"I can give her something to relieve the congestion," he told her husband, "but she'll have to be moved to a hospital first thing in the morning."

He then wrote out a prescription. "I'll get it filled right away," said the man, and showed the doctor to the door.

Next morning, wondering how the woman was getting along, the physician stopped by the wooden house, but there was no answer when he rang the bell. Moreover, there were no tracks in the snow to indicate that an ambulance or any other vehicle had pulled up in front of the place.

Puzzled, he went to the office of a real estate agent on the next street and asked if he could get some information about the residents of the house.

"THAT'S A FUNNY sort of question," said the agent. "There aren't any residents and there aren't likely to be any. The house hasn't been occupied in 15 years, and though it's always been on my list, nobody's ever wanted it."

"Do you think squatters might be living in it on account of the housing shortage?" asked the doctor.

"Could be, but I doubt it," said the agent. "There's been a lot of queer talk about that house, and the last family that moved in during the depression could only stand it for a few weeks. The husband and wife slept in the front room on the second floor, and to hear them tell it they were kept awake night after night by the sound of a woman coughing. It finally got so bad they packed and left."

"I know its sounds absurd," said the doctor, "but I examined a sick woman there last night, and if you've got a key I'll walk over with you and prove it."

When they got to the house, it took the agent quite a while to get the rusty lock open, and when they entered there wasn't a stick of furniture in sight. "I could have sworn I saw some chairs and a carpet down here last night," said the doctor.

"Maybe you've got this house mixed up with another one," the agent suggested.

"I still think it's the same place. Let's look upstairs."

On the second floor they went into the front room. It was also empty. Empty, that is, except for a piece of paper on the window sill—the prescription the doctor had written the night before.

# This Is Where We Lived

By LORETTA OLVER

In the days before there were many cars, it was a great thrill for Trucksville and Kingston Township people to go to Harveys Lake and Fernbrook picnic grounds. The excursion trains did not stop at Trucksville. The easiest way to get there was to take the street car and transfer to a steamer at the end of the line. At the time the writer remembers, there were four lake steamers, the Wilkes-Barre; the Kingston; the Natoma and the Acoma; also the launch Emily. The largest of these was the Natoma which would comfortably hold about 250 people. Sometimes it was uncomfortably filled, so much so that there was water on the deck. On a hot summer's day when all five boats were running, and they still couldn't accommodate the crowds, impatient people would try to jump from the wharf to the deck of the steamer as it was pulling out! Mr. George Anderson (9) who died about two years ago at Harveys Lake, was a captain on one of these boats. A Scranton attorney, Mr. Charles Olver, a cousin of the writer, died on one of these boats from a heart attack.

Mrs. Grover Anderson of Harveys Lake (9) remembers when steam boats first sailed on the lake. The five boats mentioned above were owned by the boat company, as was also the Rosalind, the first company boat, which was later shipped to Lake Carey. But the first lake steamers were the Mistletoe, owned by the Mr. Rhodes who had a hotel on the shore; the City Charter owned by Captain Bond; and the Shawnee. The launch, Emily, is still in service. A Harveys Lake resident bought it, and occasionally sails it. The Natoma was for years on the shore at Alderson, used as a diving deck and boathouse. Last year it was taken away. Mrs. Anderson has in her possession photographs and postcards of some of these boats.

As you drive over our beautiful roads, you cannot imagine what they were once like! The story is told of a mother and her three children and the children's grandmother, who used to walk down Mt. Greenwood road to the main road at the stone bridge, with the intention of going to the post-office. At the crossroads they would draw lots to see which one had to go for the mail while the others waited. Because the road was nothing but a mass of mud! For many years the Upper road was traveled much more than the Lower because of the unspeakable condition of the main highway. And in the wintertime children would sleigh—sometimes alone, sometimes "hitched", sometimes with great bob-sleds, from the top of the hill at Herbert DeWitt's residence, to the bottom where Dr. Flack now lives. The writer remembers a wild ride taken down Mt. Greenwood hill one wintry night. Her's was the third sleigh, the boys ahead held the rope with a great deal of slack, and she soon landed in the ditch! Very "mad", but otherwise none the worse for the experience!

Natural history creates itself, as everywhere, in the locality. There is the huge oak tree at 80 Mt. Greenwood road, which is in itself a panorama of natural history. Nobody knows how old that tree is! And to determine its vital statistics you must kill it, for the only way is to count the number of wood rings in the trunk and that would be an autopsy! Since this tree now has a ten year old offspring, not yet three feet high, it must have taken quite a while for the mother tree to grow.

This is where we used to live! Would you recognize it now?

**Bibliography:**  
1. Brewster, William. History of the Certified Township of Kingston, Pennsylvania, 1729-1929. pp. 251 and 291-294.  
2. Bradsley, H. C., Editor. History of Luzerne County of Pennsylvania. Publishers, S. B. Nelson and Co. 1893. Loaned to the writer by H. B. Pevevento.  
3. Olver, Rev. H. D. Souvenir Bulletin. Prepared for the 30th Anniversary, Free Methodist Church, Trucksville Rededication Services, May 4, 1941.  
4. Hazeltine, Ralph. A History of Trucksville Meth- (Continued on Page Six)

# 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; \$1.00 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$5.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grill, Bosman's Restaurant; Shawartown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Muntastide—Barnes Store; Alderson—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 change 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 60 days.

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 80c per inch.

Classified rates 5c per word. Minimum charge 50c.

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.

Editor and Publisher  
**HOWARD W. RISLEY**  
Associate Editor  
**MYRA ZEISER RISLEY**  
Contributing Editor  
**MRS. T. M. B. HICKS**  
Sports Editor  
**WILLIAM HART**

# ONLY YESTERDAY

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

From June 14, 1940 Edition of The Dallas Post

George Armitage, postmaster at Harveys Lake for the past twenty-five years, retired June 1, 1940. He is being replaced by Peter T. Delaney, appointed acting postmaster. Examinations will be held soon for Alderson postmaster.

100,000 men will take part in the biggest peace maneuvers in the nations' history in Plattsburg-Watertown area this August. National Guardsmen from 109th Field Artillery, Wilkes-Barre, and Battery B, Tunckhannock will participate.

Health Hikers from McFadden's Physical Culture School stopped in Dallas Sunday morning, removed their shoes, and prepared to relax. They were on their way to Dansville, N.Y. and planned to stop for a picnic at Harveys Lake before proceeding to Tunckhannock, their evening port of call. At the note of the whistle and the command, "Shoes On", the happy hikers got under way again. They ranged in age from nine to sixty-seven.

Mrs. F. A. Katon, the former Dorothy Eck, received her L.L.D. degree at George Washington University this week. Mrs. Fred Eck drove Mr. and Mrs. John Eck to Washington to attend their daughter's graduation.

Harrisburg: Contractors are putting the finishing touches to America's first high-speed, super-highway. The turnpike will be open in three weeks.

Henry R. Souder was strolling through Hershey Park when he saw an old Conestoga wagon, the kind that once crossed the plains to California. "Looks like a wagon I helped my father build seventy years ago", opined Mr. Souder. Sure enough, on the wagon tongue he found the name, "Samuel S. Souder", Henry's long-dead father.

# The Book Worm



Mary Gates

In response to numerous calls for books on ceramics, the Back Mountain Library now has for general circulation a volume on the subject, "The Craft of Ceramics", by Geiza de Vegh and Alber Mandi. Not too technical, yet giving all the information essential for a beginner, this book covers all processes from preparation of the clay to final decoration and firing, with easily understandable drawings illustrating each step. It goes into the question of molds versus the potter's wheel, showing photographs of each type of modelling.

People who have decorated blanks and seen what interesting results can be obtained through correct coloring and firing, now wish to start at the beginning and evolve their own designs, copying an old-time favorite from their grandmother's collection or creating novelties of their own. This book on ceramics is the answer to their questions as to correct procedure. Members of the adult group who studied ceramics at Kingston Township High School during the evening courses this past winter, please note.

"Room For One More", by Ann Perrott Rose, should be required reading for parents. Mrs. Rose supplemented her own modest brood of three with three more children, drafted from the ranks of the underprivileged, all three in need of special attention because of former insecurity. Not three extras all at once, but three extras over a period of years until the family numbered six children.

It was a family of moderate means which opened its doors to children needing special care and understanding, and Mrs. Rose makes no bones about stating that she accepted all possible aid from welfare agencies in the matter of clinic care, supervision by psychiatrists, etc. But mostly she got results by being interested in the children themselves and giving them a warm personal feeling of belonging, so complete a feeling in fact that the extra children sheltered for a trial period of two weeks, became an integral part of the family and remained until time for college and beyond.

"The Grand Alliance", by Winston Churchill, gives the Second World War from Crete to Pearl Harbor.

"Cut Glass", by Dorothy Daniel, follows cut glass from its small beginnings in 1771 to the peak of its popularity in 1905. The author lays down easily recognizable standards, so that anyone who has inherited cut or engraved glass may determine the period and the value. She includes colored cut glass and engraved glass in her book, and accompanies the text with many illustrations.

For those who are members of Book-of-the-Month, the addition to the library shelves of the newest gift bonus, "Treasury of Early American Homes", will come as no surprise. This is a large volume. (Continued on Page Six)

# LOOK

For The Name

# REALTOR

when buying or selling real estate.

The principal interest of a realtor is to see that the transaction, large or small, is completed in an intelligent, ethical manner.

Your local realtor  
**D. T. SCOTT JR.**  
Dallas 224-R-13

**D. T. SCOTT and Sons**  
REALTORS  
10 East Jackson Street  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



# Barnyard Notes



Sunday is Father's Day. We might sit at our desk this morning and fill this column with all the happy memories of our own dad or conjure up all the nice things that could be said about all dads; but in the end we would have said less than is expressed below in a column written, not about dads, but about boys.

Nobody but a father could have written that column. It expresses all the pride and deep affection that a real dad has for his son. It came across our desk several weeks ago and has appeared in newspapers across the country.

We do not know who wrote it; but knowing fathers, we know that he won't mind remaining unsung and unpraised.

# HERE'S TO THAT CREATURE WE CALL A BOY

(Contributed and Suggested for use on American "Kid's" Day)

Because of the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors, but all boys have the same creed: To enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed at night.

Boys are found everywhere—on top of, underneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and Heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on its face, Beauty with a cut on its finger, Wisdom with bubble gum in its hair, and Hope of the future with a frog in its pocket.

When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic, jangle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

A boy is a composite—he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket-size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shy-

ness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a fire cracker, and when he makes something he has five thumbs on each hand.

He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings and fire engines. He is not much for Sunday School, company, schools, books without pictures, music lessons, neckties, barbers, girls, overcoats, adults, or bedtime.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper. Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, three feet of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, two gum drops, six cents, a sling shot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine super-sonic code ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature—you can lock him out of your work shop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up—he is your captor your jailer, your boss, and your master—a freckle-face, pint-sized, cat-chasing bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with the two magic words—"Hi Dad!"

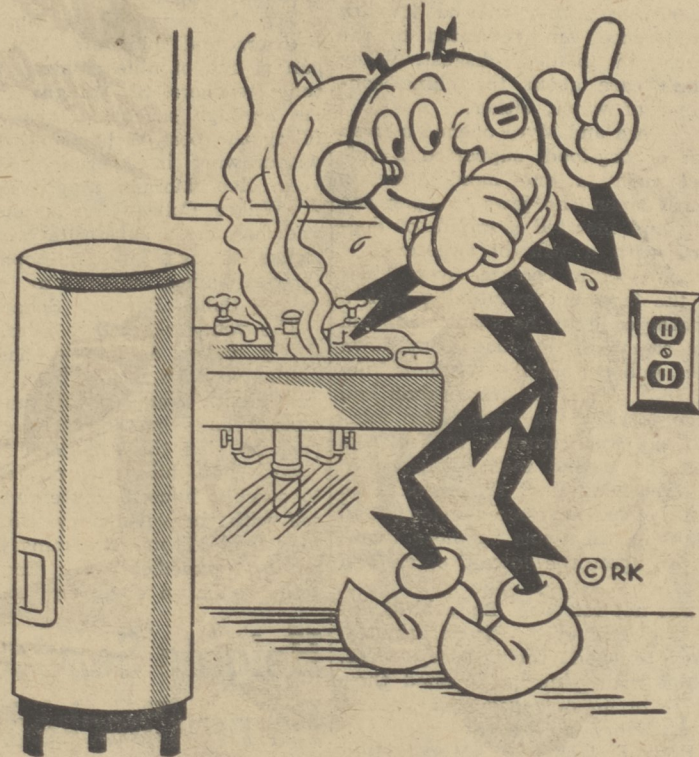
# Antiques Collect Three New Members

Newly appointed to the antique committee for the Library Auction in addition to names of personnel already released are Miss Miriam Lathrop, Mrs. Archibald Brooks, and Mrs. John Ferguson, according to an announcement by Mrs. Fred Howell, chairman.

# W.C.T.U. Meeting

Dallas District W. C. T. U. will meet at the home of Mrs. A. A. Neely, Idetown, Tuesday at 2 o'clock. Mrs. Z. E. Garinger will preside and Mrs. Homer Middleton be in charge of the program. Serving committee: Mrs. Walter Kitchen, Mrs. Oscar Swan, Mrs. Thomas Stacey and Mrs. Harvey Kitchen.

# Over A Thousand Owners Of Electric Water Heaters Can't Be Wrong



Over 1,000 Home Owners Whom We Sevre Find That Electric Water Heating Is:

- ★ **AUTOMATIC** . . . You can have your heater installed, set the controls and forget about it . . . nothing to watch . . . nothing to tend.
- ★ **CLEAN - SAFE - DEPENDABLE**
- ★ **ECONOMICAL** . . . You get a special rate of only 1c per kilowatt hour for your Electric Water Heater.

For cost of Electric Water Heating, consult your dealer or any of our offices and learn how reasonable it can be for your family.

# LUZERNE COUNTY GAS AND ELECTRIC CORP.

**JOE'S MEN'S SHOP**  
OFFERS  
**A complete Line of Summer Needs**

SHORT SLEEVED SPORTSHIRTS  
SWIM TRUNKS POLO SHIRTS  
GABARDINE SLACKS WASHABLE SLACKS  
BONDSHIRE SHOES FOR DRESS  
THOROGOOD SHOES FOR WORK  
U. S. KED SHOES FOR ALL THE FAMILY  
"ADAM" STRAW HATS

Also  
Many other items to choose from for Father's Day

**JOE'S MEN'S SHOP**  
MAIN STREET DALLAS, PA.

*The* **BANK and AGENT Plan**

**BANK AND AGENT AUTO PLAN**

Why use it? Because:  
You place the order for the car, for your insurance, and for your financing all with specialists: the dealer for sale and service of the car; your own insurance agent for protection; the Kingston National Bank for financing.

The entire transaction is local. You help local business.

**The KINGSTON NATIONAL BANK**  
AT KINGSTON CORNER  
FOUNDED 1888  
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Call **GAY** For **INSURANCE**

• Farm Bureau Mutual Auto Ins. Co.  
• Farm Bureau Mutual Fire Ins. Co.  
• Farm Bureau Life Ins. Co.

CENTERMORELAND 62-R-12 or 62-R-3  
**ARTHUR GAY** • **ERNEST GAY**  
Home Office: Columbus, Ohio

**LOOK For The Name REALTOR**

when buying or selling real estate.

The principal interest of a realtor is to see that the transaction, large or small, is completed in an intelligent, ethical manner.

Your local realtor  
**D. T. SCOTT JR.**  
Dallas 224-R-13

**D. T. SCOTT and Sons**  
REALTORS  
10 East Jackson Street  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.