

BOX SCORE Back Mountain Highway Deaths and Serious Accidents Since V-J Day. Table with columns: Hospitalized, Killed, Dallas, Dallas Township, Lehman, Kingston Township, Jackson Township, Monroe Township, Ross Township, Lake Township, Franklin Township, Total.

THIS MAN "WALKS SOFTLY"

Republicans and Democrats alike are pondering one of the few cryptic sentences ever uttered by our normally blunt President Truman. In his address to the Chicago convention preceding his introduction of Governor Adlai Stevenson, he said: "You are going out of this convention much stronger than you came in."

He may have been thinking about the narrowly averted break between North and South, or of the convention's approval of a typical (though diplomatically worded) Fair Deal platform. Or he may have been thinking of the party's new nominee for the presidency.

"I accept your nomination and your program," were the Governor's first words to the nation. "I should have preferred to have heard those words uttered by a stronger, a wiser, a better man than myself. . . I have not sought the honor you have done me," he said, explaining that in campaigning for the governorship of Illinois he felt he was seeking an office that challenged his utmost capabilities. Referring again to the presidency, he said, "The burdens of that office stagger the imagination. . . convert exultation into prayer."

Stevenson asked for the help of his hearers, saying he would need all he could get because "I have not changed in any respect since yesterday." He outlined his plan of campaign in the simple statement: "Let's talk sense to the American people."

Thus, we think we know what the President meant. And for once, at least, we think he was right. Modesty is an inspiring quality in any leader. It is one of General Eisenhower's greatest assets. In a Democratic standard-bearer, it is something of a shock as well, after 20 years.

Our New Dial Phone

Congratulations Men! On a good job well done; Months of difficult work We know it wasn't fun.

Splendid was your fortitude, Great your wisdom too; Patience also came into play; Our hats go off to YOU!

We know you still have work to do, Before the job's complete; Here's wishing you the best of luck, And wisdom hard to beat.

Our new dial phone is super, But Men,—we think that you—Who worked this lovely miracle, Are really super too.

You've earned our thanks and gratitude For this project great and splendid; Wish you could know what is in our hearts As this wee poem is ended.

FLORENCE J. GEMMEL (Mrs. Ray L.)

FROM PILLAR TO POST

By MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

"It sounded so easy, the way you wrote it up in the Dallas Post," said Persis, easing three small children and a dog out of the back seat of the Chevy, and diving back in again for the bottles and the diaper bag. "It was pretty hot in Maryland, and that sand-pile in the shade sounded so good in your column. We just slung the kids into the car and came along."

That was at five-thirty Saturday evening, with the stores about to close.

A frantic survey of the refrigerator confirmed the necessity for a quick change in weekend menus. Chicken-livers are very popular with Tom and Mom, likewise baby beef kidneys, but the offspring do not share our enthusiasm.

A quick dash to the store showed the meat counter completely cleaned out, the vegetables stacked in bushel baskets, all clerks hosing down the bins and cases, and nothing more interesting than canned goods on tap.

We grabbed a hurrying clerk. "Quick, this is an emergency. Got anything larger than those marbles in the basket? How about some good sized potatoes?"

The potatoes in the sack, (we have connections at the store and the clerks bend over backwards to be nice to us) we rushed to the deep-freeze and found what it took. The butcher had heaved three wrapped packages of cut-up fryers into the compartment just before shutting up shop, and they were still limp and ready to cook.

Fryers, then, and potato salad. We constructed the weekend menu as we flew from shelf to shelf, gathering egg noodles, a can of corned beef, a box of oatmeal, a supply of dried milk with which to supplement the meager stock of fluid milk from the dairy. This, in addition to what was on the shelf, would fill the bill. We mentally made spaghetti as we flew.

Home again to find two small boys blissfully excavating in the five tons of sand recommended in the column of advice to grandmothers. The baby, a short and chunky morsel, was bubbling over a bottle. She seemed to lack a little something. "Where's her pants?" we inquired brightly.

"When it's this hot she doesn't wear them except at night. Or anything else. After all," defensively, "she's only seven months old. Pants are not required until after the first tooth. And she's still working on that. It'll maybe be through tomorrow."

The fryers in the refrigerator and the egg noodles boiling on the stove, with spaghetti sauce in the frying pan, Persis said, "Now remember that Charlie doesn't eat cheese. And go light on the pepper on account of the kids."

We went light on the pepper, putting a bottle of tabasco on the table for the adults. The family, stuffed with our version of spaghetti, relaxed while the small fry returned to the sandpile and the infant September Morn tumbled about in the play-pen on a quilted pad.

"She's so low down, on the floor and all, she isn't visible from the street, even if she is on the back porch."

How were we to know that it would be a mistake to uproot those screening barberries and plant a few little hydrangeas?

We experimented, going outside and backing up. It was perfectly true. Fifteen feet from the porch, everything looked under control. Wendy reared up her head and growled.

"After all," said Persis wistfully, "it isn't as if she were a boy."

"Charlie liked that spaghetti," was the next offering. "What kind of meat did you use in it?"

We reflected upon the quick tour through the store and the apologetic look on Mr. Wolverton's face when he shook his head and said there wasn't any hamburger.

"It came out of a can." "What kind of a can?"

(Continued on Page Seven)

Accepts Rochester Post



REV. WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS

Rev. William R. Williams, rector of Prince of Peace Episcopal Church, has tendered his resignation in order to accept the post of Director of Religious Education of the Diocese of Rochester.

Announcement was made to the Vestry July 20, and to the congregation last Sunday.

He will be located at the Church House Office, 110 Merriman Street, Rochester. Bishop of Rochester is Rev. Dudley Stark, a close relative of Admiral Harold Stark.

The appointment becomes effective October 1. Rev. Williams, who has served in Dallas for three and one-half years, will have much latitude in working out the problems of administrative education. Upon his graduation from theological seminary he acted as instructor in education, and determined that this was his life work rather than administration of a parish.

A successor has not yet been named.

The family will move from the home on Demunds Road as soon after October 1 as feasible.

Rev. Williams has been immensely popular with young and old, building a congregation almost from the ground up. Attendance has been so great that the church, planned to fill the needs of Episcopalians in the Back Mountain for many years, is even now too small for its purpose.

Lake Festival To Offer Car On Free Ticket

Annual Affair Scheduled For Aug. 12, 13 & 14

Offer of a Plymouth 1952 car, with runners-up of a Westinghouse refrigerator and a Westinghouse air-conditioner, will insure a capacity crowd at Lake Festival, August 12, 13 and 14.

To qualify for a free prize, the holder of the winning ticket must be present on the grounds at the time of the drawing. Eighty thousand tickets have been printed for distribution.

The annual Festival, sponsored by Our Lady of Victory and Gate of Heaven parishes, will be held for three afternoons and evenings at Twin Lakes.

Games have been planned, with attractions for everybody, young and old. Ring-the-duck, fish-pond, will keep the children interested while their elders play Bingo.

Refreshments and baked goods, fancy work and groceries will be on sale.

A tight-wire act has been procured and each evening after dusk there will be fireworks.

The committee promises square dancing.

Drawing for the air-condition unit will take place the first night; for the refrigerator the second; and for the car, the third and last night of the festival.

Upped In Rank



COMMANDER CARLTON DAVIES

Carlton Davies, Machel Avenue, has been promoted from Lieutenant Commander to Commander in the Navy Reserve. He is a member of 18th Battalion, Kingston.

Dr. Davies graduated in 1940 from University of Pittsburgh Dental College. He served at Magee Hospital in Pittsburgh, and was called into active service when war broke out, being stationed at Pearl Harbor.

Flower Show To Feature Antiques And Hobbies

School gymnasium at Lake-Noxen high school will hold exhibits of flowers and hobbies at Alderson Methodist Church Flower Show August 20, while the stage will be used by the antique display.

Mrs. Harry B. Allen's Sunday school class will offer prizes for the best judged antique of over 150 years, and for the best over 100; smaller prizes for the best over fifty years.

Zel Garinger is in charge of the hobby exhibit.

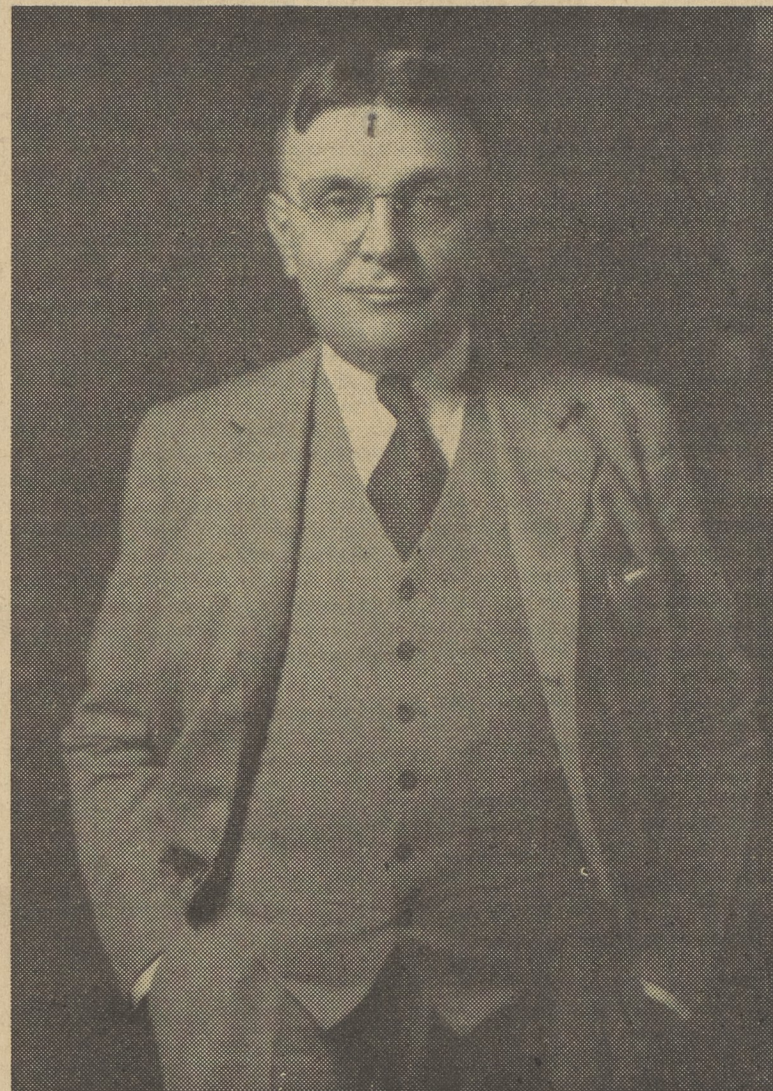
Members Committee Will Meet Thursday

Georg Rice of Dallas Pa., chairman of the G.L.F. Members Committee for the Dallas area, has announced that the local annual meeting of G.L.F. will be held in the Kunkle Community Hall, Kunkle, Pa., Thursday, August 7 at 8:00 p.m. DST.

Two members will be elected to the Members Committee to succeed Sheldon Mosier and H. P. Riley, both of Dallas, Pa., whose terms of office are expiring. Other members of the committee are Bertram Coon of Wyoming, R. E. Wright of Dallas and C. Ray Prutzman of Trucks-ville, Devens' Milling Company is the local G.L.F. agent-buyer.

Reports on local and over-all operations of G.L.F. during the past year will be given. Entertainment is planned, prizes will be awarded and refreshments will be served.

Mourned By Back Mountain Community



DR. SHERMAN R. SCHOOLEY

S. R. Schooley, Country Doctor, Mourned By All

Funeral To Be Held Tomorrow From Shavertown Church

Dr. Sherman R. Schooley, 53, native son, member of a pioneer Back Mountain family, family physician, wise counselor and friend of hundreds, died Tuesday night at 11 at Wilkes-Barre General Hospital where he had been chief of obstetrics for many years.

He had been a patient at the hospital since Saturday afternoon, July 12, when he was stricken with a heart attack while calling on a patient, Lee Gregg, on Pinecrest Avenue during the progress of the Library Auction. He had looked forward with anticipation to the Auction that night.

Though there was no doubt of the seriousness of his condition, he continued to show improvement until last Saturday. In his prognosis of his own case, he had predicted trouble on the fourteenth day and from that time on he was shaken by continued retching and an alarming drop in blood pressure that brought grave concern to his attending physicians.

In determining his normal pressure, his doctors were at a loss; for though he had advised hundreds of others during his twenty-six years of practice, he had never taken time for a physical examination nor a chart of his own pressure.

Late Monday afternoon as it became apparent to his friends that his condition was grave, Dr. Joseph Vanderveer, head of the cardiology department of Benjamin Franklin Clinic, Philadelphia, who had attended him a week earlier, was summoned. Though David Jenkins stood by to bring him from Philadelphia by plane, Dr. Vanderveer with Mrs. Vanderveer chose to drive because of overcast flying conditions.

He arrived three hours later at 10:45. Working against odds with Dr. Russell Stevens, heart specialist of General Hospital staff, Dr. Julian Long, Dr. Malcolm Borthwick and Dr. Joseph Lentine, Dr. Schooley's interne on the hospital obstetrical staff, the immediate crisis was surmounted at four o'clock. Dr. Schooley had taken an active part in the medical proceedings and decisions, many times directing measures to be followed.

Dr. Vanderveer remained overnight in order to be with the patient the following morning, though he held slight hope for his recovery. Throughout Tuesday, Dr. Schooley's life "remained in the balance" as reported by his wife, Dorothy, and daughter, Mary Elizabeth, who were at his bedside constantly. Once during the day he paid tribute to Dr. Vanderveer, "He saved my life last night." Then again his fine mind wandered and he spoke affectionately to his nurse about the "auction at Harveys Lake."

His niece, Louise Hazeltine, an instructor at Cornell Medical Center, who had docked only that morning from England, dropped in to see him and reassure him, but a professional glance at the charts told her that the end was near.

Though there was no immediate change and Dr. Schooley's mind was clear, Dr. Russell Stevens, sensing that now was the time, summoned Mary Elizabeth to come to the darkened room for a chat with her father. After she left Dr. Stevens remained beside his old friend, constantly on the alert for any development until the end came peacefully a few hours later at 11.

At Dr. Schooley's request—he had offered to sign the autopsy papers a week earlier, and had been persuaded to "forget it"—an autopsy was performed by his old associates the following morning. It revealed that the great heart that had been filled with compassion for so many others, had completely worn out—had actually broken—and that no amount of skill or devotion by his colleagues could have changed the verdict which he in his wisdom had pronounced shortly after his arrival at the hospital.

Thus at the height of his career passed a man who will be remembered for generations in this Back Mountain country. It came as he would have wanted it for he remarked once while his brother-in-law, Ralph Hazeltine, was with him: "I almost made it. I wanted to die with my boots on." Then he pointed to the corner of the room where lay the stethoscope that had been around his neck when he was stricken and where sat the black pill case that had been brought with him in the ambulance.

There will be services tomorrow at 2 from Shavertown Methodist (Continued on Page Ten)

Local Bank Directors Enjoyed Their Visit To Federal Reserve

Directors of First National Bank of Dallas were guests of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia on Wednesday, June 18.

Leaving early in the morning in two cars driven by W. B. Jeter and A. C. Devens, the directors were greeted on their arrival in Philadelphia by James V. Vergari, vice-president and counsel of the Federal Reserve of Philadelphia.

Mr. Vergari, a native of Plains, was in the same class with Frederick J. Eck, cashier of First National Bank, at Wharton Extension School.

After a short regular directors' meeting in the Bank's Board Room, the local bank directors were addressed by one of the Federal Reserve Bank's economists on the general business outlook for the remainder of 1952. The speaker was optimistic in his outlook for the future saying that everything in the picture tends to point upward, with only isolated soft spots here and there throughout the nation.

The local directors were then guests of the Senior Executives of the Federal Reserve Board for luncheon in the Bank's private dining room, each Dallas director being seated beside a director of the Reserve Bank.

After luncheon, Edward Aff, assistant cashier of the Bank, took the local directors on a tour of all departments.

Starting on the fifth floor they visited the transit department, Government Bond department and security departments.

In the basement vaults they saw and held the largest gold certificate ever made. A certificate for \$100,000 which is used only in transactions between Federal Reserve and the Treasury Department. They also had an opportunity to inspect and handle \$10,000 and \$1,000 bills.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Aff handed the directors thirty-one million dollar bonds for inspection.

One whole department of the bank they learned is devoted to handling government checks. There tend to fifteen girls working on high speed IBM proof machines do nothing but process Post office money orders.

They also learned that the 1,200 employees of the Bank work three shifts per day for six days. The only time the Bank is not in operation is eight hours on Sunday morning. All of the employees obtain their meals in the Bank cafeteria.

Mrs. Henrietta Miller Elston Celebrates Her 88th Birthday

Mrs. Henrietta Miller Elston, Shavertown, celebrated her 88th birthday Saturday with a family dinner in her own home. Mrs. Elston assisted in preparations.

Mrs. Elston, in excellent health, says she has decided not to build any more houses. But she is still

active in her yard and with her flowers, and she expects to put up dill pickles and tomato preserves again this fall, as she has done ever since she was a girl.

She has recently finished sewing enough carpet rags for twenty yards of carpeting.