

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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Bob Tales

It can never be said that we don't have foresight here at The Dallas Post. In the event that things don't go so well business-wise in the future, we are all prepared. Since our recent acquisition of "Che-che," the cinnamon monkey who chatters from his cage near the fireplace at The Post, we are ready to take up a position down on Main Street as soon as we get a tin cup. Oh yes, we need a hand organ, yet, and then we will be all set. If Russ Honeywell directs traffic our way we will probably do pretty well. Maybe we ought to petition Borough Council now so we will be sure to have priority on the corner by the barber shop.

One day after school last week, three attractive Westmoreland High School girls came into Gavy's Market. They wanted to know if Gavy's son, who works after school at the store, could leave work and join them in some fun they had planned. Gavy, always quick with an answer, said, "I just get him raised to a point where he's beginning to help me and now you want to take him away. Why didn't you come and get him when he was four years old?"

Speaking of teen-age boys and girls, I was talking to Miss Lathrop, librarian at the Back Mountain Memorial Library, and she has gotten in two new books that sound very interesting for young folks. For the boys there's a book titled "Underwater" which is the manual for skin divers. If you're interested in this popular new sport this will make good winter reading. For the girls there is a new book "Ballet in The Barn," written by Regina Woody, which tells of great fun at a summer camp and is particularly interesting to the many young ladies in the Back Mountain who are studying ballet.

I don't know whether it bothers you or not but I'll feel like an actor who has forgotten his lines when I have to carve the turkey this Thanksgiving in front of all the family. Maybe I'll take the coward's way out and have Grace carve it in the kitchen before she brings it in.

Winner this week of two free tickets to the Himmler Theater is Vincent McGuire, 18 Spring Garden St., Trucksville. Stop at The Dallas Post for your tickets Mr. McGuire.

Did you every try to imagine yourself in the position of the Pilgrims who sat around that first Thanksgiving table with the Indians? If you stop to think about it perhaps you won't take your Thanksgiving dinner so much for granted. If you had carved a place for yourself and family out of the wilderness, or had used the old hand-hilting tools to build a home, instead of simply buying it from a real estate man, or had fought the Indians to keep it, instead of fighting with your neighbors about whose line the apple tree is on, or had tilled the soil with the crudest of tools to raise food, instead of buying it at a supermarket, or had faced the terrible hardships of winter and disease, instead of just taking anti-histamine, then perhaps your prayer of thanks, as you bow your head over your bounteous board, would have a bit more significance.

Happy Thanksgiving to all my good readers... watch your digestion. The testimony of a good conscience is worth more than a dozen character witnesses.

Poet's Corner

High Tide

JEAN STARR UTERMAYER
I edged back against the night.
The sea growled assault on the wave bitten shore.
And the breakers,
Like young and impatient hounds,
Sprang with rough joy on the shrinking sand.
Sprang—but were drawn back slowly
With long, relentless pull,
Whimpering into the dark.

Then I saw who held them captive;
And I saw how they were bound
With a broad and quivering leash
of light,
Held by the moon,
As calm and unsmiling,
She walked the deep fields of the sky.

is buried in Sidney, N. Y.
From The Issue Of
November 29, 1935
William Disque, Dallas, writes that he killed a boa constrictor in Panama.

A stove explodes in the Idetown residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Robinson, burning Mrs. Robinson slightly.

Dallas Methodists have two-thirds of their \$7,000 fund raised. Wesley Himmler, Jr., one of the best known athletes in the area, dies at 23, of rheumatic fever. Edward Dorrance, Dallas, and Fred Hughes, Trucksville, win State Highway appointments. Zelma Schofield, Hunlocks Creek, weds Alton Baggett, Roanoke Rapids, N. C. Mrs. Margaret Price, Shavertown, dies.

Give to Help Victims of Muscular Dystrophy



Babson's Statement

Babson Discusses School Costs

Babson Park, Mass.—So many letters come to me, from both teachers and taxpayers, that I would like this week to answer them all in this column in an impartial manner.

Teachers Deserve More Salaries

Let me start out by saying that my sympathies are distinctly with the school teachers and especially with the school principals. It is true that truck drivers are getting more pay than school teachers. Morally this seems unjust, but the fact is that the employers have substituted motors for horses and big trucks for wagons. These trucks carry as much in a day as the old horses and wagons carried in a week. In other words, the employers have adopted methods which enable the truck drivers to have increased wages.

Painters today are paid double what they were 20 years ago; but employers have adopted sprayers in place of hand brushes. Carpenters are getting double; but the employers are supplying them with electric saws instead of hand saws. The school committees and the city fathers, on the other hand, have not done much of anything to help the teachers do more efficient work. As an employer, I pay my typists double what I used to pay them; but with electric typewriters and other machinery they give me double the work. The doctor costs us more a visit; but he is making us live longer. Hard-covered books cost more; but we can get the same thing for half the price with paper covers. Radio, washing machines, and TVs have all improved in quality, and hence profit returns offset the wage increases.

Crazy Legislation Is Increasing Costs

Let us consider who benefits from the increased costs of modern school buildings. Twenty per cent of this increased cost is due to unnecessary classroom space, glass windows, unused ventilation, and rules or regulations put through by the labor unions and similar associations. Fifty per cent of the increased cost is due to plumbing, electrical work, modern kitchens, fancy gymnasiums, auditoriums to please the voters, not to improve education. Thirty per cent has been due to the increased costs of materials, of which Uncle Sam takes fifty-two per cent in taxes. In a general way, this also explains the increased costs of most houses. School committees, by catering to the voters, are largely responsible for these high-cost school buildings. They should not make the teachers carry the burden of these costs by accepting low salaries.

The doctors are not only delivering better services for increased fees, but they are forming associations to conquer cancer, heart disease, and even polio. We, however,

History Of Back Mountain Region Makes Good Thanksgiving Reading

Interesting Old Manuscript Was Left At Barn By Mrs. Florence Foote With Items For Auction

Note About History

Just before Mrs. Florence Foote and her daughter, Carrie, left for their new home in Philadelphia, Mrs. Foote sent some items of furniture and other household effects over to our Barn for the Library Auction. Among the smaller items was the manuscript on the History of Dallas which is published in this Thanksgiving issue of The Post. We did not have an opportunity to learn from Mrs. Foote when or where it was first read, but we found it so entertaining that we thought many of our newer subscribers as well as old ones would like to read it, too.

At one time the state of Connecticut laid claim to an immense tract of land extending to the shores of Lake Erie. Among the districts formed from this claim was the so-called town of Westmoreland.

The Westmoreland district was held by Connecticut, until the claims of William Penn forced her to give up, giving rise, in the meantime, to a series of local disturbances known as the Penninite Wars.

All of the "Back of the Mountain" district was a part of this original town of Westmoreland, which then covered all the area now comprised in Luzerne, Wyoming and Lackawanna Counties. The difficulties of settling this mountain district are hard for the present generation to understand. The first path being cut with great labor along Toby's Creek, reaching near the present site of Fernbrook Park. This spot was a favored halting place of the Indians on their way to and from fishing trips to Harveys Lake. Some "braves" of the present day have not outgrown the habit.

This place was first known to the white people as Leonard's Clearing from the name of the first white settler who purchased the land in 1795.

In 1800, at a spot not far from this clearing, was born Deming Spencer, the first white child to be born within limits of the present Dallas Township.

Ephraim McCoy is given by some historians as the builder of the first house in Dallas. His home stood about half way between Raub's Hotel and the Goss School house.

John Wort and John Kelley were pioneer settlers of this district. Both were Revolutionary soldiers and both settled on the present road from Dallas to Orange about 1795. John Wort's cabin was near the present model farm of Ambrose West and Kelley's was some distance farther back toward Orange.

Kelley's Clearing as it was called, was well known to the early settlers who traveled for miles to secure hay there.

The Harris family settled at Harris Hill at a date so early that both wolves and Indians were frequent

visitors at their home. In 1801 William Trucks bought an immense tract of land at the place now called Trucksville. Here he built the first grist mill in the country and himself cut the first single pair of mill stones.

Those who now see on the old mill site the modern electrically equipped plant of John Ferguson will find some resemblance to the old log mill of William Trucks.

One of the prominent men who helped build up the village of Trucksville was Jacob Rice, a local Methodist preacher. Mr. Rice was like most of the early settlers of the district, a native of Warren County, New Jersey, and his energy helped many of the early enterprises.

Joseph Swetland at one time ran a distillery at Trucksville and at different times stills were established at various points of the "Back of the Mountain" district. Although the drinking of alcoholic liquor was not held in popular disfavor at that time, the distillery business gradually died out. In 1823 however we find recorded the first tavern license, taken out by Peter Roushey. In 1837, Jacob Meyers took out a tavern license that may be said to be the foundation of the present hotel at Dallas. Thanks to the sobriety and industry of the succeeding generations, the saloon business never has been a very prominent factor in the district, and we feel that the time is not far distant when this so called "necessary evil" will be entirely eliminated.

In 1812, Philip Shaver, a native of Vienna, Austria, settled at the present site of Shavertown and three years later built a sawmill there. The building of saw mills was, in fact, the first step towards the busy life of the mountain district at the present day. The Newberry mills, at Monroe, now Beaumont, the Kunkle mill at Kunkle, and the Baldwin mill at Huntsville, were the practical foundations of these settlements.

Lehman comes prominently to our notice through a pioneer justice of the peace, Jacob Bogardus, at one time his court was the only one at Lehman, Dallas, and Jackson Townships. It is said that the decisions of his court were seldom appealed, and even then seldom reversed.

The borough of Dallas was originally called McLellonsville for one Jonah McLellan, who lived about where Raub's Hotel now stands. The name Dallas became attached to it from the name of the township of which it was once a part. The township was set off from the surrounding country in 1817 in which year Alexander James Dallas, Secretary of the Treasury under James Madison, died, the new township being then named in his honor.

After the war of 1812, the returning soldiers gave a new building impetus to the "Back of the Mountain" country. As was to be expected, the settlers were usually poor and often ignorant; but they

(Continued on Page Seven)

Barnyard Notes

Well, the torture is over! Dartmouth has completed its football season! There could be only one thing worse for a Dartmouth alum— he might have graduated from Penn.

The teams of the Ivy League—Harvard, Brown, Yale, Cornell, Princeton, Columbia, Dartmouth—will welcome Penn back in the fold now that her humiliation is complete! It were easier for a rich man to go through the eye of a needle than for a college with a winning football team to enter the Ivy League.

Murray Scureman, than whom Princeton has no more loyal son, called Saturday afternoon to offer his condolences and say that the Dartmouth-Princeton game was played in perfect skiing weather. It must have been typical weather for the meeting. In 1935, when Dartmouth had a 12th man in the line-up, there was a blizzard. I saw that one. In 1950 the game was played in Dallas, Murray and I part of that one. With all power and lights off in Dallas, Murray and I listened to some of the game over my car radio in the barn. When we figured the roof might blow off, we decided we'd had enough!

When Gretchen decided to catch forty winks on the couch in the living room, Granny protested. I reminded her that it is not much fun having a dog unless you can have it in the house. Pets create many problems and some inconveniences but the compensation is great. It's darn! little you pay for the fun you get. Anybody who doesn't see it that way shouldn't have a dog!

Gretchen is a lucky Doberman—but not half so lucky as a certain Boxer I know. The Boxer (without mentioning any names)—sleeps on the guest bed all of the time. There's no problem—except when guests come. Then the dog doesn't know where to sleep. But that's easily solved. She sleeps on the same bed with her master and mistress. Sound silly? It all depends whether you own a dog.

"In answer to an inquiry as to whether dogs would be welcome at his hotel, a Southwestern hotel operator replied: 'I've been in this hotel business for 30 years. Never have I called upon the police to eject a disorderly dog during the small hours of the night. Never has a dog set fire to a bed with a cigarette. I have never found a hotel towel or a blanket in a dog's suitcase, nor a whiskey ring on the dresser from a dog's bottle. Sure the dog is welcome. P.S. If he'll vouch for you, come along, too.'

From this week's mail—a pretty card; Congratulations and best wishes. I'm sure Che Che will be very happy. We enjoy the aerial shots in The Post each week, immediately recognizing Goodleigh Farm because I could see the spot where I was stuck in the mud leaving from a party at Reynolds. Of course this week's is Dwight Fisher's—I hope. We all enjoy The Post. It is really in fine shape after we all peruse it. We still miss all you Dallasites. Dan is now selling Real Estate and very happy doing so. Wishing you the best with your offspring.—Olie Robinhold.

(And we might add Dallas misses the Robinhold family. Their departure for new fields in Dauphin County was a genuine loss to this community. Good Luck, all of you.)

There never will be, there never can be Thanksgivings like the ones I enjoyed at my grandmother's Susquehanna County farm when I was a lad of six, seven, eight and nine. Those are the years when memories begin—and these are the Thanksgivings and Christmases, memories begin—and these are the Thanksgivings and Christmases, too, that we try to recapture throughout a lifetime.

I think there was less difference between the Thanksgiving dinners prepared by my grandmother and those prepared by the Pilgrims than there is between those of forty years ago and the present. The factor that makes the big difference—is electricity.

Forty years ago without electricity on the farm, there was no running water in the kitchen, there was no mixer, electric toaster, percolator, refrigerator, deep freeze or electric light.

My grandmother's place was no exception! All farms were without electricity. The automobile has received credit for making great changes on the face of the earth; BUT without electricity, the farms of the U.S. would have about the same conveniences as in the Pilgrims' day.

Only Yesterday . . .

Ten and Twenty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

From The Issue Of November 30, 1945

Dicky Davis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Davis, Trucksville, is hit by a car at Mt. Greenwood, sustaining minor injuries.

Small fires in the Leslie Sutton home and the J. E. Twaddle basement are extinguished by Lehman and Dallas firemen.

Family of fifty-one gathers in honor of Mrs. Stanley Gregory on Thanksgiving Day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rice, Lehman.

Fred Swanson, Harveys Lake, gets the first black bear of the season.

St. Paul's, Shavertown, dedicates stained glass windows. Kingston Township football team takes championship, defeating Dallas Township 14 to-6.

Discharged: Cpl. Ord Trumbower, Sgt. Theodore Laskowski, Conrad Hislop, Thomas B. Roushey; Wesley Sutton, Donald Belles, Roland Belles.

R. B. Shaver drills 600 foot well on Julius Long Stern property.

In the Outpost: Raymond Hoover, Guam; Arthur Hauck, no address; Thomas B. Roushey, Stroudsburg; Ted Schwartz, Hong Kong; Herbert Lane, San Francisco APO; C. K. Carey, China; C. C. Husband, Camp Pickett.

Violet Baer, Reyburn, becomes the bride of Wesley Sutton, Shick-shinny.

Margaret Zweig, West Nanticoke, weds Charles L. Moore, Sweet Valley.

Jean B. Gay, Tunkhannock, marries Irving Norton, New Albany. Mabel Curtis Place, Lake Street,



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