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 Now In Its 71st Year"

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Editorially Speaking:

Let's Do Something About It

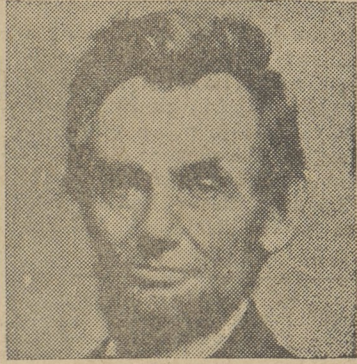
With construction of a widened Luzerne-Dallas highway in the offing this seems a good time to consider preserving some fragments of scenery along the route, for ourselves and for posterity.
 The winding road leading from Trucksville to Luzerne has some fabulous scenery, as it drops swiftly down grade through what was once a marvelously beautiful gorge along Toby's Creek.
 The fabulous scenery is screened from view by billboards advertising septic tanks, plumbing supplies, diaper service and political candidates.
 Most of these signs are located along the banks of Toby's Creek, and may perhaps fall a prey to the road widening project.
 Would it be too much to hope that they might be abolished altogether?
 Dallas borough merchants and businessmen, keeping their own skirts clean by permitting no billboards within the Borough limits, have no hesitancy in helping screen the gorge from motorists.
 This highway could be one of the most beautiful in the State of Pennsylvania.
 It is the gateway to the Back Mountain, an advertisement of a growing community, dedicated to good schools, good recreation facilities, and gracious living.
 What's the matter with us, that we don't DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?
 NOW . . . before it is too late.

**100 Years Ago This Week...in
 THE CIVIL WAR**

(Events exactly 100 years ago this week that led to the Civil War—told in the language and style of today.)

**IN SOLEMN RITES
 Lincoln Takes Office as
 Nation's 16th President**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—March 4—In an atmosphere heavy with solemnity yet afire with tension, Abraham Lincoln of Illinois was inaugurated today as the 16th president of the United States.
 "We are not enemies, but friends," said the somber man from the prairies in a portion of his inaugural address obviously aimed at the seceding Southern states.
 "We must not be enemies," he continued. "Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."
 An electric spirit gripped the capital city as the day dawned, comfortably cool and fair. All banks, schools and most shops were closed. Crowds lined Pennsylvania Ave. to see Lincoln and aging, outgoing president James Buchanan ride from Willard's hotel, where Lincoln has been staying since his arrival here Feb. 23, to the Capitol.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

VIRTUALLY unnoticed in the crowd was an unprecedented security force of heavily-armed detectives who, with sharpshooters stationed on rooftops along the route, guarded against attempts on the controversial president-elect's life.
 The senate brought a 12-hour marathon session to a close a scant few minutes before the inauguration ceremonies began in the Capitol building, which was cluttered with the scaffolding and tools of workmen erecting an immense new dome.
 The flower-decked galleries held an assortment of gaily-dressed women who arrived early to get a good seat. Scattered among them were several snoozing men who apparently dozed off as the Senate wound up its business.
 FIRST event on the program was the swearing in of Hannibal Hamlin of Maine as vice president. Lincoln, wearing black and carrying an ebony cane with a huge gold head, arrived in the building at 1:15 p.m., 27 minutes after the Supreme Court justices had filed in.
 The scene then shifted to the east portico of the Capitol, where an orderly crowd of some 10,000 had gathered.
 There Lincoln's oath was administered falteringly by wizened, ancient Chief Justice Roger Brooke Taney, who'll be 84 years old in just 13 days. Lincoln is the 9th president to be sworn in by Taney, chief justice since 1836.
 THEN, in clear, measured tones,

**Gerald E. Stout
 Is Dead At 53**

Was With Record
 For Over 30 Years

Gerald E. Stout, Shavertown, veteran newsman of the Wilkes-Barre Record, was buried at Oaklawn Saturday afternoon. Pallbearers were friends from the Wilkes-Barre Publishing Company, Conrad Haiges, William C. DeRemer, Anthony J. Povloski, Edward Schrode, Paul Arthur and Michael Margo.
 Rev. Robert D. Yost conducted services from the Kniffen Funeral Home.
 Mr. Stout, 53, died Thursday morning at Nesbitt Memorial Hospital, where he had been admitted for surgery February 14.
 He had been with the Wilkes-Barre Record since 1929, first as a reporter then for many years on the copy desk as editor of suburban copy.
 In January, 1944, Mr. Stout entered the Army and trained at Fort Eustis, and Camp Stewart, Ga. Later he was promoted to corporal at Fort Ord, Calif., where he served as cadre.
 Mr. Stout was born in Wilkes-Barre, May 8, 1907, a son of the late Earl R. and Ella Gomer Stout.
 His mother, a resident of 43 Samsbourne Street and a member of one of the oldest city families, died January 6, 1960, in Wyoming Valley Hospital. His father, the first traffic policeman in Wilkes-Barre and a Lehigh Valley Coal Company policeman for a number of years, died May 25, 1946.
 An uncle Royal C. Stout, one time actor, was one of the operators of Nuangola Summer Playhouse.
 Mr. Stout's wife, the former Margie Kuschke of Plymouth whom he married March 29, 1940, in First Presbyterian Church, Plymouth, had been a member of the news staff of the Record for several years prior to her marriage. She is presently vice president of the Library Association, and is past president of its Book Club.
 Mr. Stout was a graduate of Coughlin High School and attended University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. Mr. Stout resided in Shavertown for the last 12 years and lived in Kingston previously.
 An outdoor enthusiast, Mr. Stout was an avid fisherman and hunter and also accumulated extensive collections of stamps and match-book covers.
 He was a member of the Back Mountain Library Association, the American Legion Post 132, Wilkes-Barre; Veterans of Foreign Wars Post in Kingston, and The American Newspaper Guild, Local 120.
 Surviving in addition to his wife are a son, David T., a home, a senior at Westmoreland High School; brother, Ray G., Wilkes-Barre; an aunt, Mrs. Eleanor K. Stout of Nuangola.

**Banker's Son
 Laid To Rest**

W. B. Jeter Jr.
 Was In Prime

William B. Jeter, Jr., was buried yesterday in Hollenback Cemetery, following services conducted from the Frederick and Son's Funeral Home in Forty Fort by Rev. Russell Lawry, pastor of Dallas Methodist Church.
 Mr. Jeter, 42, of Meadowcrest, died Monday morning at General Hospital, where he had been admitted February 25 suffering from an acute heart attack.
 Mr. Jeter was the owner and operator of the Edgar Stark Insurance Agency, Pittston, for the past ten years. Previously, he was an agent with the Connecticut General Insurance Company, Wilkes-Barre office.
 A son of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Jeter of Dallas, he was born in Forty Fort January 27, 1919. His father, president of the Dallas Bank many years, retired last year.
 Mr. Jeter was graduated from Forty Fort High School and attended Pennsylvania State University. His affiliations included the George M. Dallas Lodge 531, F&AM; Bloomsburg Consistory and Irem Temple.
 Also surviving are a son, Peter L., Sarasota, Fla.; two daughters, Linda T. and Cordelia Jill, both of Kingston; a sister, Mrs. Mason W. Denison, Camp Hill, Pa.; a brother, Harry R., Fair Haven, N. J.

**Eugene V. Hunter, 65,
 Was World War Veteran**

Eugene V. Hunter, 65, Neville Hollow Road, died Wednesday night at Veterans Hospital, where he had been admitted twenty days earlier. Services were conducted Monday afternoon from the Bronson Funeral Home, Rev. Oscar Saxe and Rev. Oscar Kulp officiating. Burial was at Maple Grove.
 A combat veteran of World War I, he was born at Hunlocks Creek. His parents were the late Robert and Margaret Culp Hunter. He was wounded in action while overseas.
 A son Donald was killed in action while serving with the US Army in Holland, and is buried there in a military cemetery.
 Twenty years ago, because of ill health, Mr. Hunter retired from the Hudson and Glen Alden Coal Company, a mine he had been employed as a miner.
 He is survived by his widow, Har-

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Edward Roberts, now of Shavertown, called to say that the statement in this column that the Free Methodists acquired their camp ground about thirty-five years ago is incorrect, that the right period is forty years. Ed knows, as he sold it to them.
 Hearing from Ed opened a book closed to us for over forty years. In his house, in June 1917, this writer passed out, the only time in his recollection. By tradition he was also unconscious when, as a toddler, he fell down the winding stairs in the Clifford Space house, then Ryman's. That time it was, as he recalls the story, some three days, more or less.
 In 1917 Ed Roberts was secretary of the school board in Dallas Township, where the writer had been teaching. It was necessary to see about a book order or something before going to Penn State the following morning for seven weeks summer school. Having no car or other transportation available, a brisk walk was made to the Roberts place, maybe three miles, after a hearty meal at home. I arrived just as Ed was coming in from the fields and sat down in the kitchen where Mrs. Roberts had a hot fire going, preparing the main meal of the day. Shortly after Ed came in I felt the heat and walked out on the back porch, in the meantime talking through the open door. Then I felt the need of and received a drink of water, then passed out. Mrs. Roberts rushed out with some camphor or other strong smelling compound and brought me around. I finished the business forthwith and prepared to depart. Ed offered to drive me home but it was unnecessary. I walked the return three miles, or whatever it is, without mishap.
 About five the next morning I awakened, swelled up all over like a toy balloon. I whistled and yelled in Dr. Henry Laing's emergency call pipe and got the doctor up. He grinned and said, "Nothing the matter with you at all except a bad case of hives." He grabbed a blank and wrote out a prescription for about a pint of liquid. Then I had to go to Gus Kuehn's and rout him out as we were leaving early. Gus obligingly went down to the store and prepared about the most abominable tasting stuff I ever encountered. It seemed to have a base of epsom salts and cream of tartar, flavored with aconite and asafetida, and a few other foul smelling ingredients. The dose was liberal, several tablespoons every so often. Also I had a strict diet, no pickles, relishes of acid fruits, such as tomatoes or strawberries, no proteins, meat, eggs, beans, peas, cheese, etc.
 On the trip out I tried every lunch room in Sunbury and finally got a vegetable platter in a hotel. And when I sat down to dinner that night, between two good looking and vivacious girls, all I could do was pass everything, almost, back and forth and pick around like a canary bird. They all enjoyed it immensely and made a point of having something known to be forbidden in front of me practically all the time. In a few days I was all right. Dr. Laing knew his stuff.
 Ed Roberts and his wife, the former Mina Honeywell, are both old-timers in this area, being descended from brothers Jonas and Jacob Frantz, pioneers in the Carverton area and other pioneers. Ed is a descendant of Peter Harris, one of "The First Forty," through Elijah Harris (1735-1823), Charles Harris (1768-1864), Hiram Harris (1807-), Elias Harris, whose daughter Mary married Lawrence Roberts and formerly lived on Franklin Street.
 Mrs. Roberts, about four score years, is the last survivor of the eleven children of Isaac Butler Honeywell and Catherine Randall, who was a sister of Henry Randall and Mrs. Daniel Nulton, longtime residents. Isaac Butler Honeywell lived on the land presently occupied by the Dallas Township School before the old Highland House Hotel was built there by the Orr family. He was related to Harry Honeywell, father of the late Delbert Honeywell, and to Barney Honeywell, father of the late Conrad M. Honeywell. All these Honeywells are descendants of one of the three Honeywell brothers who came to Dallas Area shortly after 1800.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:
 Mrs. William Monk, Dallas, reminisces about the big blizzard of 1887, which struck the region March 11 and 12. Mrs. Monk remembered the date because she was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Spencer from Dallas at a Sunday trout dinner, just before the storm howled into the area, and the guests made it home just in time.
 By nightfall, the blizzard was screaming, and the house at Harveys Lake threatened to take off into the water. The family sat up all night in front of the fireplace, afraid to go to bed. Harry Walsh, on horseback from Dallas, heading for Outlet to visit his girl, could not find his way, and bedded down for the night with the Al Cole family (Mrs. Monk was formerly Mrs. Cole).
 In the morning men tried to find Dallas by bobbed and stout horses, but missed the landmark they were searching for, the Perry Warden house, and kept going across the fields. It took all day to make the trip, shovelling as they went.
 Kingston Township took second place in the Bi-County basketball league, defeating Dallas Township 22 to 12, and Dallas Borough 23 to 16.
 Charles Smith, former resident of Trucksville, died in Baltimore. Mr. Smith for many years had charge of the chickens on the Conyngham farm.
IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:
 Mothers of Dallas Borough high school band members plan to save \$100 of the band uniform bill by making the vests themselves. Material of the same color as the band capes has been purchased. Mrs. Phillip Ritter will be assisted in the cutting by Mrs. John Jeter, and thirteen mothers will stitch.
**Requiem Mass For
 Mrs. Daniel Cowen**
 Mrs. Daniel Cowen, Center Hill Road, was buried in Cathedral Cemetery, Scranton, Monday morning, following a high mass of requiem at Gate of Heaven church. Celebrant was Rev. Francis A. Kane; deacon Rev. Richard Frank, subdeacon Rev. Michael Rafferty. Rev. John Casey of St. Patrick's Church pronounced final benediction at the cemetery.
 Mrs. Cowen, a native of Scranton, died Thursday evening in Mercy Hospital, following a short illness.
 She was a member of Gate of Heaven Church from the date it was founded in 1951, and its women's organizations.
 Surviving are: a son, Jerome, Washington Crossing Farm, Titusville, N. J.; a brother, Daniel; sisters Margaret and Mrs. Benjamin Hunter, all of Scranton; three grandchildren: a daughter, Mrs. Paul Boris, Wilkes-Barre; a step-daughter, Mrs. Patricia Howell, Luzerne; four brothers: William, Bear Creek; Luther, Sweet Valley; Jesse and Myron, Hunlocks Creek; ten grandchildren.
 The world's first lighthouse was built at the mouth of the Nile River—an open fire on an elevated platform.

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