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Editor and Publisher—HOWARD W. RISLEY Associate Publisher—ROBERT F. BACHMAN Associate Editors—MYRA ZEISER RISLEY, MRS. T. M. B. HICKS Sports—JAMES LOHMAN Advertising—LOUISE C. MARKS Photographs—JAMES KOZEMCHAK Circulation—DORIS MALLIN

A non-partisan, liberal progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Editorially Speaking:

Let's Use Imagination

On names for new developments and new estates, we are getting into a rut in the Back Mountain. This is a beautiful country. Suitable names for developments and clusters of homes might well be built upon the natural aspects of some of the loveliest land in the United States.

Just for fun, here is a list of names that typify the area, names which would enrich the character of the community, names which sing.

Robin-Wood. High Orchard. Folded Hills. Pleasant Pastures. Singing Pines. Clear Brook. Land and Sky. Rocky Ledge. Crocus Lane. Laurel Walk. Blooming Valley. Sunny Point.

There are so many delightful combinations, beginning with natural resources. How can you go wrong? Hills, lakes, ledges, brooks, valleys, green forests, blue sky, spotted fawns, grey boulders, chuckling streams, clean winds...

Barnyard Notes

Back from the South along with the robins and blue birds are Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Eddinger who returned from Lake Worth over the weekend.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Davis of Dallas, and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cooke of Fernbrook who have just observed their fiftieth wedding anniversaries and to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Shiber who will observe their fifty-fifth next Tuesday.

When the old gentleman was 88 years old, Ray recalls, he asked Ray if he would take him to Danville to see the old locks. Ray remembers that they made the trip to Berwick by train and then took the trolley to Bloomsburg and on to Danville.

Now that the New York Times, Philadelphia Inquirer, Ford Times and many other periodicals have joined with the Dallas Post in recognizing the Civil War I am again in good graces with my mother-in-law, who had remarked to Myra a few days before she saw last Sunday's newspapers, "I think Howard is a little queer."

If you haven't received the March and April issues of Ford Times or last Sunday Inquirer, by all means get them. You'll be glad you did.

Up until last Monday when I gave two talks on the Civil War at Dallas Junior High School and before Wyoming Valley Torch Club, Myra thought she was one of the few women of her generation to have lost her husband in the Civil War.

Nothing nicer could have happened yesterday than a telephone call from Atty. William Brewster of Kingston, dean of Wyoming Valley historians and author of the History of The Certified Township of Kingston and a number of other local historical works.

Atty. Brewster called, only because he is unable to write, "You knew them?" he asked, "those old veterans. I knew them, too, many of them. You gave a fine talk."

The bigger men are, I find, the more generous they are with those who know little.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten and Twenty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

General Pershing's own story started in the Dallas Post, giving reminiscences of World War I. Speaking of the Expeditionary Force in France, he said, "No commander was ever privileged to lead a finer force."

Peynton Lee cut fingers severely when he fell with a five-gallon bottle.

An anonymous visitor to the Dallas Post recollected that in 1900 he staked Henry Ford to a meal in Philadelphia, "and Henry was glad to get it."

Kingston Township School District appealed from an award of \$5,882 to Mrs. Ziba Howell, in the death of her husband while going to Harrisburg on school business.

Walter Hoover of Pittston moved to Dallas, planning to open a music studio

Wild ducks were plentiful, setting in huge flocks on Huntsville Reservoir.

Trucksville purchased a fire-truck chassis, on which equipment would be installed later. Down payment was \$200, with \$420 remaining to be raised.

Accidentally in possession of a car exactly like his own, Harry Scoutowitz of Harveys Lake hot-footed it back to Pittston to exchange. Both cars had been parked in front of a garage.

You could buy soap for five cents a cake; potatoes 35 cents a peck; eight candy bars for a quarter, big ones; and cocoa, a two pound can for 19 cents.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Returning from a trip to war-time Europe, Dr. H. A. Spencer, in a talk to C. A. Frantz and Mrs. Harold Tiltman after disembarking in New York, said that the Germans were thin and pale, due to vitamin deficiency.

Back Mountain's beloved "Doc" Schooley was the subject of a "Know Your Neighbor" column.

Construction of the new Dallas-Harveys Lake Highway seemed assured, with bids to be let right away and construction started in June.

Lehman citizens planned to beautify the grounds of the new high school with shrubbery under direction of Jim Hutchison, Luzerne County farm agent.

A stroke was fatal to John D. Williams of Fernbrook.

The road near the Still apartment in Shavertown was in very bad shape, with cars bogging down in the mud.

George Greggson, Shrine View, honored oldsters of the Hazard Wire Rope Co among them Hugh Murray of Pioneer Avenue, sixth oldest in point of service.

Buck shad was 15 cents a pound; turkeys 27; prime rib roast 25.

Violet Sink was wed to Samuel W. Keast.

Harry Sweazy, Fernbrook, dropped dead while trying to excavate his car from a road bog on Dutch Mountain, in a locality where few travelers ever passed.

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The Sweezy's lived with "Aunt Frank" Still, 92 and blind, who was never left alone. When they did not return on schedule, the alarm was given, and search parties alerted.

The fourth Annual Back Mountain Concert featured local talent in group singing, piano and violin solos, and dance offerings.

Treva Traver, Eleanor Butler, and Fay Smith were candidates for May Queen at Lake.

Hislop's new cocktail lounge drew a big crowd on opening day.

"Uncle" Boyd Atherholt, 72, enormously popular with the children he helped across the street in Trucksville, dropped dead while working in his garden.

Edward Blake, new superintendent of Craftsmen Engravers, purchased the Bonham place in New Goss Manor.

Announcement was made of the marriage of Shirley Winter, Shavertown, to Carlton Kohl of Kingston.

Phil Cheney opened the Dallas Service Station in his own name, purchasing the interest of James Beseker.

Classified Ads Get Quick Results

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

One of our newer residents comes around to inquire what can be done to ward off a rumored heavy increase in school taxes.

Highest in total millage in the county were Slocum Township 107.1, Yatesville Borough 104.1, Dallas Borough 101.1. These figures mean more in dollars and cents. Ten mills make a cent. The taxes levied of 101.1 mills make ten cents plus. This means a tax of over ten per cent per dollar assessed.

It requires no special knowledge to see at a glance that there will be a heavy increase. All prior facilities are being continued, with no reduction in maintenance or operation. Therefore all the expense of getting pupils to the new school, janitor service, heat, water, light and power, telephones, upkeep, etc. will be added to the outlay heretofore experienced.

Since the State Auditors have decreed that accounts, disbursements, etc. shall show the proper budget items, it is probable that more attention will be paid to accounting hereafter. Probably Dr. Mellman would have got around to getting this done, which is really not his responsibility, but that of the secretary. This is nothing new. It was the law as far back as 1927 when this writer became a school director, and had been then for years.

The school laws contain limitations in millage, but they do not mean a thing. Every one contains a loophole. According to a compilation in the RECORD ALMANAC millages run from 26 in Wilkes-Barre City to 68 in Slocum Township. School millage must be uniform in all the parts of the new district, but other taxes will be levied separately as before. That same listing in the Record Almanac shows that residents of Dallas Borough were assessed by all taxing authorities a total of 101.1 mills, plus \$10. net per capita school tax. The borough tax already levied will be the same, but the borough has a new per capita tax of \$3.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Josephine Felter Victim Of Sudden Stroke

Mrs. Josephine Felter, native of Beaumont and former resident of Noxen, died Sunday morning in Susquehanna. Funeral services are scheduled today at 2 p. m. from the home of her sister, Mrs. Ralph Lutes, of Lutes Corners.

Mrs. Felter, only 54, suffered a cerebral hemorrhage at her home in Susquehanna, and lived for only a few minutes after being admitted to Susquehanna General Hospital.

Arrangements by Nulton.

Mrs. Tressa Race, 70, Dies After Long Illness

Mrs. Tressa Race, 70, died Wednesday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harold Rought of Center Moreland, following a long illness.

She is survived by her husband, William; a son, Clark, Endicott, N. Y.; her daughter, Mrs. Harold Rought, Center Moreland; six grandchildren and one great-grandchild; two sisters: Mrs. Edna Loomis, Centermoreland, and Mrs. Edward Richards, Baltimore, Md.; a brother, Charles, West Pittston.

Arrangements by Nulton.

Clyde Stevens Suffers Coronary Thrombosis

Clyde S. Stevens, 54, died at his home in Loyalville Saturday afternoon, passing away suddenly when stricken with a coronary thrombosis. He had not been in robust health for several years.

He was buried at Hanover Green Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Alfred L. Crayton, pastor of Kingston Methodist Church, conducting services from the Luther Kniffen Funeral Home.

Mr. Stevens, Wilkes-Barre native and former plumbing contractor of Courdale, moved to this area three years ago. He belonged to First Methodist Church, Wilkes-Barre, and was a member of Conyngham Post, Camp 169, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, and a trustee of GAR Memorial Hall.

His parents were the late Robert and Elizabeth Shiffer Stevens. He was a graduate of Coughlin High School.

He leaves his widow, the former Florence Hess; six children: Robert, Wilmington, Del.; Mrs. Walter Wesley, Loyalville; James, Greenwood, Indiana; Clyde, Shoemakersville; Mrs. Earl King, Shavertown; Mrs. Glenmore Richards, Kingston; fourteen grandchildren.

Funeral services were held at 10 a. m. Tuesday at the Lutheran Church, Loyalville, by the Rev. Walter Wesley. Burial was in the Greenwood cemetery, Greenwood, Ind.

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

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



Confederate soldiers inside Ft. Sumter

Ft. Sumter Falls Anderson's Force Surrenders After 33-Hour Hammering

CHARLESTON, S.C.—April 14—Ft. Sumter fell today. The handful of men commanded by Maj. Robert Anderson left their island fortress proudly, a Yankee Doodle roll on their drums and 50 guns booming as their tattered flag was lowered.

They endured a relentless 33-hour bombardment. Some 3,000 rounds of Confederate shot and shell had reduced Sumter to smoking rubble.

With them, the defenders carried the effects of the only soldier on either side killed in the intense exchange of fire.

Pvt. Daniel Hough died when one of his own guns exploded. Five gunnates were wounded in the blast.

The Sumter soldiers—65 men and a brass band of seven, forming two skeletons of companies of the First Artillery regiment—were taken by launch to the U. S. transport Baltic anchored nearby.

The Baltic sailed at once for New York. Surrender of Sumter was ordered by Anderson yesterday as a relief naval expedition from New York wallowed helplessly at sea beyond the range of busy Southern guns.

Food supplies were gone. The soldiers had existed on fat, rotting pork for days. Ammunition was nearly expended.

The fort was a smoke-filled mass of wreckage. The few powder kegs left were wrapped in dampened blankets.

CONFEDERATE gunners under Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard had lobbed almost 100 rounds an hour—day and night—at Sumter, which sits three miles out in the bay.

But Anderson's guns answered throughout attack, even while his men were choking on the smoke of the burning fort.

Several times Sumter's flag was shot down. Each time, it was raised.

Capt. Abner Doubleday, executive officer at Sumter, said a shortage of cartridge bags hampered operations of the guns. New bags were being made out of the shirts of the soldiers dur-

Union Call

WASHINGTON, D. C.—April 15—The government today issued a call for 75,000 volunteers for army and navy service.

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From Pillar To Post . . .

by HIX

When the pizza, piping hot and dripping with melted cheese and tomato sauce, was handed round on huge cookie sheets at the YWCA luncheon last Thursday, the sight was a welcome one.

But also it posed a pretty problem. The last time I tangled with a large slab of pizza, it was in the composing room at the Dallas Post, where everybody was gathered for a quick snack in between reading of page proofs.

Tangled is the correct term. The pizza was hot and savory. It had been a long time since lunch.

I took a large bite, and immediately became completely immobilized, the same way a dog is immobilized when some youth hands it a ball of maple sugar wax.

(You don't know what maple sugar wax is? Dear me. What is the world coming to?)

Mumbling, and with a hand over my mouth, I made for the powder room.

This was before the horrid day when Howard came up out of the basement wearing a peculiar expression, and bearing a peculiar bit of news. Seems he'd seen a rat swimming around, a rat which inspected him with beady eyes before diving beneath the surface and vanishing.

In the powder room I disengaged myself and returned to the composing room, completely composed, and ready to approach the remaining pizza with more discretion.

And the moral of that is, when you are breaking in a new set of uppers and lowers, don't try to bite anything. Just cut it up into very small pieces and hope for the best.

Everybody else at the table at the YWCA attacked the pizza boldly, biting it off with relish.

But not Hix. Hix took it aboard in dainty bites, ignoring the furtive glances of table-mates who concluded that Hix was putting on airs.

The pizza disappeared sliver by sliver. "Now, if you're about ready," whispered the hostess, "we can get ahead with the speech."

That speech . . . It was a last minute arrangement. Somebody scraped the bottom of the program barrel, and there was Hix, floundering around and snapping at the bait.

"Talk for about twenty minutes," advised the chairman. So Hix talked for about twenty minutes, noting with concern that a number of Back Mountain residents were present, and pruning her remarks to fit the situation.

As a lecture on the art of writing, it was a complete washout. But it did touch upon a number of widely related subjects, most of them frothy.

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