

THE DALLAS POST *Established 1839*
 "More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution
 Now In Its 133rd Year"

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Editorially Speaking:

WAIT AND SEE

By Rev. Charles Gilbert

For weeks you hear someone practicing bits of song. You never could guess what it was all about.

Like the way things are. One day has fun in it. Another day is nothing but a question mark. Somebody finds fault with you, or gives you a raw deal. Some big international blow-hard defies the Almighty and everybody else. Nobody dares slap him down. Hoped-for plans fail to come through. Your house caves in. A good man you depended on dies suddenly. A plane crashes. Your world loses its meaning. . . .

Then comes the day for the big concert. Your rehearsing singer dashes out, reminds you not to be late. It's a great oratorio you've heard about. Chorus, orchestra, organ, soloists, famous conductor. You detect some parts you've heard being rehearsed. But now you hear the whole thing altogether in one piece with something like eternal meaning, making sense.

Now aren't you glad you didn't judge the oratorio by the trial and error snatches you heard?

Someday you will hear and discover you have been a part of the whole symphony of this thing we call Life. You'll discover what the great Conductor is driving at. Meanwhile let's go along with the piecemeal rehearsals. If you can believe it will all fit together when the time comes, that is what some folks call faith.

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You can get it at

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Come in and see us about the home improvement loan you need. We'll arrange a monthly repayment plan that you can handle easily . . . and you'll like our fast, friendly service.

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MEMORIES

Dear Howard,

I have just read a whole envelope full of clippings of the nice things people thought about Maggie Hildebrandt, one of our old neighbors. And it set me to thinking that it has been almost forty years since I came to Dallas on the stork's express, and how things have changed.

One of the first things I can remember is visiting at Maggie's and I got there to visit by riding piggy back on "Uncle Jim" Hildebrandt's shoulder. Maggie's house and the Gordon houses and the old house where Maizie Cooke lived were the only places on that end of Norton Avenue those days.

As a matter of fact, Norton Avenue was a dirt street and one of the big events of every summer was to watch Wes Daddow run the steam roller to smooth up the street after the frost had heaved it. The kids used to like to wave to Wes Daddow and see him grin. He had a mouthful of gold teeth, and when he grinned it was just like being in California on the gold rush.

We used to play baseball in the old lot where Vitale's house is now, and climb the apple trees that were the remains of an old orchard on that corner.

And we used to trap skunks under Maizie Cook's shop, and when one got indignant about it the stink would hang over the town like a pall. There used to be quite a brisk fur trade in the block between Norton and Lehman Avenues, and I collected some of the pelts and some of the smell.

Not many people knew that one of the finest fishing holes in the United States was in that block between Norton and Lehman Avenues, too. I wouldn't have known it except Floyd Harris let me in on the secret. There used to be a big spring right in back of the Dallas Post Building with a spring house over it. Tom Machell and some of his fishing cronies used to bring their left-over bait fish and dump them in the spring for future reference. When these old fellows went on over where the fishermen don't have to work so hard for their bait, the chubs in the spring continued to wait for them, and in the meantime they seemed to follow the Lord's command to be fruitful and multiply. When I found out about them a fellow could have a pretty decent Saturday afternoon's sport sitting in the cool shade of the spring house and catching the original stock, which were lovely fish for a boy to catch.

A good deal of the stuff that passed for ordinary fun in those days is now juvenile delinquency, and I feel more than a little sorry for the current crop of tykes. I suppose a lot of the fun we had would cause arrests, trials, and maybe a body can be shot at sunrise for some of it. The old spring is gone. Toby's Creek is a sewer, the vacant lots are all built up—why, Howard, if boys were to swim the way we used to swim in a hole over back of Brooklyn a lot of housewives would be most awful surprised!

Well, sir, Dallas is a good town to remember, and once in a while when somebody like Maggie goes, it pulls the stopper out of a fellow's jug of memories and they come running out. A lot of old neighbors there loaned me a lot and most of them are gone Maggie and Mr. Gordon, Maizie Cook, and Ralph Rood, and Mert Coolbaugh. I'm kind of glad I grew up there when I did. The neighbors would probably have me up in court nowadays. Maggie use to holler, "Hey, You, cut that out or I'll put tin ears on you." That wasn't near as bad.

Sincerely,
 Joe Fiske
 Pastor
 Elm Park Methodist Church
 Oneonta, N. Y.

BLACK HEART

Dear Editor:

This message is for the cruel and sadistic person who takes pleasure in poisoning dogs. To me, and I'm sure to all decent people, he is the lowest type of individual to be found. He obviously does not like dogs, and that is his privilege.

We all know that they can be a nuisance at times. (so can people). But it is not his privilege to inflict cruel suffering on a dog, and to the family he belongs to.

This poisoner causes extreme pain to the poor dog, but his sadism does not end there. After long agonizing hours, the dog has found relief in welcome death, but the family he belonged to are the subsequent victims of the murderer.

I would like to punish this person by forcing him to stand by and watch the violent convulsions and torture his poison has inflicted on these animals, and the accompanying emotion of those who have to watch this scene.

I would like him to watch the faces of three children when you tell them their beloved pet has been poisoned.

I would like him to listen to their sobbing and their cries of "How could anyone do such an awful thing?" I would like him to watch while they dug his grave—and made a cross—and painted a tombstone. I would like to know if he feels any remorse.

It is my belief that this man has not only poisoned dogs, but he has poisoned himself far greater. And the pain and unhappiness he has brought to the animals, the children, and the owners, are indeed small in comparison to the punishment he himself will receive from

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

From Mr. Garfield Jackson at Harveys Lake comes a very interesting letter. He was born on the present Orchard Farm and later lived on Main Street adjoining the Prince of Peace Church. He writes, in part:

"I started to school at Dallas and had for my teacher Suzanna Warden, who taught first grade. One day she brought to the school a number of pewter plates, about the size of pie plates, and they were fastened together in a column with a hole that went clear through them all. This is the story as I remember it.

"These plates were owned by a family of Wardens who had settled at what was called Three Corners Pond, afterwards known as Triangular Pond, and now called Nuangola Lake. The Shawnee Indians had a trail that went by the house and was used by the Indians in going from Wyoming Valley to the Conyngham Valley and places farther south. And these Indians were unfriendly and often stopped and were always hungry. One day Mr. Warden had gone with an Ox team to Wilkes-Barre and, while he was away, a band of Indians stopped and Mrs. Warden with the children gave them food but noticed that they were ugly. After a while in later afternoon they took their journey on south, but just before dark, one of the Indian girls in her early teens came running back and said to Mrs. Warden that she was risking her life to tell Mrs. he that some of the Warden's oring to kill them and take their stock and burn them out soon.

"So when Mr. Warden returned after dark and hearing the news, they packed their furniture and kitchen utensils, but these dishes he buried in the ground near the house. They took their live stock and everything that they could and moved to safety. After some days Mr. Warden returned and found the buildings in ruins, so he dug up the plates and it would seem that while the ground was hot that some Indians with a rod of iron had pushed it through the center of the plates and left them cemented together with this hole clear through them all. It might

be his own conscience and self image. He is a small and contemptible man, and will reap what he has sown, and he well deserves it.
 Mrs. Carlton Davies

SPRING IN ARIZONA

Dear Howard and Myra:

Today is the 50th Anniversary of the statehood of Arizona. I intended to write before and ask you for a bill. I have enjoyed reading the Dallas news and the Post has come regularly since the month I missed.

I seem to be busy all the time and never get half the things done that I want to do. I guess days are just too short.

I got a darling cat from the Humane Society. It is a black and white Chinchilla Angora. It can't be pure bred or it wouldn't have been given away but it must be almost or it wouldn't be so perfectly marked. I think I'll enter her in the Cat Show next year, there her good points will be classified.

Everybody is out working their yards since the cold weather is over. A good many lost plants in the freeze in January. It was 22 degrees one day and very cold three days in succession, the coldest in 12 years and there was a little snow, first in 11 years. My bongainvillia froze but after I replaced them the frozen ones have new leaves.

I have set out 17 rose bushes, 6

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania		AUDITORS REPORT 1961		Jackson Township Luzerne County	
From First Monday in January 1961 to First Monday in January 1962					
CASH BALANCE AT BEGINNING OF YEAR:					
Cash in Bank, Securities and Reserves				1,232.39	
RECEIPTS:					
Taxes Collected in Cash During Year				6,932.06	
Taxes Collected on Old Duplicates During Year				000.00	
Amount Received from County on Unpaid Taxes or Liens Filed				345.61	
Amount Received from Other Sources (A) to (P) Form 905				9,115.86	
Total				16,393.53	
Amount Received from Loans or Certificates of Indebtedness				300.00	
Total				16,693.53	
EXPENDITURES:					
General Government				1,495.95	
Protection to Persons and Property				1,516.37	
Highways				1,316.17	
Miscellaneous				1,272.88	
Total				5,601.37	
CASH BALANCE AT END OF YEAR				2,737.99	
RESOURCES:					
Cash, Securities and Reserves				2,737.99	
Balance of 1961 Duplicate				2,070.06	
Due from County on Taxes Returned and Liens Filed				407.39	
Value of Township Machinery				7,855.00	
Total				12,900.44	
LIABILITIES:					
Outstanding Bank Notes and Certificates of Indebtedness				3,706.25	
Total				3,706.25	
ASSESSED VALUATION OF THE TOWNSHIP:					
Real Estate				470,260.00	
Per Capita				1,962.00	
Total				472,222.00	

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Warden that the Indians were going their descendants know where these plates are.

"This unusual act of kindness shown by this Indian girl in giving warning was contrary to Indian nature. I have often thought that this girl was a Christian and had heard the divine message by the Moravian Missionaries, who came over from Europe between 1700 and 1800 and established headquarters at Bethlehem, Penna., and from there had a chain of missions reaching up the Susquehanna River as far as Towanda or farther. On Main Street in Plymouth, Pa., in front of a church, there is a bronze plate in the church wall and it reads that near this spot in the year 1742 Count Nicholas Zinzendorf preached to the Shawnee Indians. This leads me to think that this unknown Indian maiden was a Christian convert."

Numerous writers in various colonies write of the traveling bands of Indians asking for food from the whites, which is explained as due to two causes. Among themselves, Indians were naturally hospitable. They gave food to travelers, sometimes even to white men, and expected the same. This was part of the manner of life under which they were brought up. Secondly, in some cases the Indians felt that they had not received enough for their lands and they adopted this practice as a means of making additional collections year after year, sort of collecting on the installment plan.

And kindness by Indians to whites were not unknown either. The Pilgrims would not have survived if they had not had help from Squanto. There are various instances recorded where friendly Indians informed whites of expected trouble. Mr. William Brewster, in his THE PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW YORK FRONTIER, gives several. In one of these a group of Indian or half breed to travel down the east side of the Susquehanna as the safest route, but suspected a trap and took the other side where they were ambushed.

However, in the Warden case, Mr. Jackson's idea may be correct.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Peter Culp, sole surviving member of the Dallas G.A.R. Post, was observing his ninetieth birthday at Huntsville. He was present at General Robert E. Lee's surrender. He was present at the dedication of Huntsville Christian Church in 1844, having been carried there as an infant in his mother's arms.

Carl Koehler and Ada Bartlett, both of Alderson, escaped death when their car plunged through the ice at Harveys Lake.

James R. Oliver was doing a rushing business, unloading his fifth carload of automobiles since New Year's.

The Dallas Post installed a fast automatic press, a Kelly model, to facilitate its job-printing work.

C. S. Hildebrandt was elected caretaker of Warden Cemetery.

The State of Pennsylvania Game Commission approved purchase of 26,867 acres in 22 counties for hunting and game conservation areas.

Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, Illinois Democrat, forecast an alliance between Japan and Russia, directed at the United States.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

Sugar rationing was still a mysterious. Ration books were ready for distribution. Consumers were to register at the school building nearest their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Brickell doused the blaze rising from a burning refrigerator motor. Jim Bescecker answered the fire alarm at 1:30 a.m. helped get things under control.

An involuntary manslaughter case against Richard Williams, 19, was dismissed. The victim James Stanton, Harveys Lake, walked in front of the Williams' car December 21, 1931.

Borough millage was in danger of being increased. Rental of four fireplugs and installation and operation of highway intersection lighting was responsible for increasing costs.

Laketown girls defeated Dallas girls for the Back Mountain crown, 20 to 16.

Dallas-Tunkhannock Highway had the promise of being designated as a U.S. route, replacing the former route from Tunkhannock to Wilkes-Barre by way of Falls, on the far side of the Susquehanna.

Eight Lehman Township band members were tapped for the Northeast District band.

Mrs. Sherman Schooley located an old issue of "The Child's Paper," published in 1860, which termed the Japanese strange but kindly little people and hoped that opening hitherto closed doors would result in spreading of the gospel among 40 million Japanese.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were planning a big garden party in the Bahamas for the aid of the Red Cross.

Dallas Borough high school team took top honors in Back Mountain Basketball League, their third straight championship.

Residents were advised to get ready for possible bombing. Safest place, the basement.

Bucknell was speeding up its commencement program, curtailing activities.

Married: Iris Kitchen and Garvin Smith.

Pennsylvania's production of maple sugar was expected to help ease the expected shortage of cane sugar.

Lonesome soldiers started to flood Safety-Valve with letters, thanking the editor for sending them the home-town paper in camp.

Five local boys, George E. Golden, David L. Williams, Edward A. Long, Harry Smith and George Heinbach joined the armed forces.

Mrs. Emma Hazeltine died at 90. Mrs. Byron Sickler died at her home in Center Moreland.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

Jackson firemen planned to build a \$30,000 fire house and community center at Chase.

Dallas Woman's Club donated a spinet piano to the Library.

Foxes, dead and alive, sane and mad, were still reported in the area, but the worst of the rabies epidemic was over.

Dallas-Franklin schools advanced lunch price from 15 to 20 cents.

Mrs. Harry Haycox and Mrs. Harry Ohman were co-chairman of the Red Cross drive.

John Gordon Hadsel, Franklin Street, was buried in the family plot at Beaumont.

Married: Claire Marie Bauer to Adrian DeMarco, Beverly Jones to Ralph Swan, Frances Lyaou to C. A. Blizard.

Edward Kent had a column in the Dallas Post.

Mrs. Elizabeth Loveland, Orchard Knob Farm, died at 84.

Levi Brown, 84, died at North Moreland.

A little boy stared, wide-eyed, at the stars: "Gee, if heaven is that beautiful on the bottom, think how it would be on the other side."

One of those things that is hard to figure out is why walls are so thin when you want to sleep and so thick when you want to listen.

From

Pillar To Post...

by Hix

All night long they came at me in formation battalions of out-size insects, snapping their jaws, rigidly extending their fore-feet, and looking over their shoulder as they passed in review.

There is something grisly about the idea of a large insect glaring over its shoulder. Insects should look straight ahead instead of turning to gloat.

One praying mantis I can accept, after the first shock, with reasonable fortitude. Even when a small boy offers a praying mantis as a gift, standing back in admiration as it rustles dryly in my palm, I can summon up sufficient strength to accept the stranger in the spirit in which it was offered.

But given my druthers, I druther not make a pet of the phenomenon. They tell me that a praying mantis will become tame enough to welcome a bit of hamburger extended toward those voracious jaws. But who wants to support a large insect on hamburger?

After typing out the story of the Boy Scouts who plan to employ an army of praying mantis to rid their garden of insects, I went home and cogitated upon the matter.

Suppose wholesale introduction of praying mantis results in overthrowing the balance of nature? Will we be exchanging small insects incapable of looking over their shoulders, for whopping big insects that can stare us down after they have plodded past?

Will the things eat Japanese beetles? The pamphlets describing the advantages of importing the mantis, state that the creatures will tackle anything but ants. Ants are too acid. Cases are on record where a mantis has engulfed a lizard three times its own size.

I like lizards, especially the blue-tailed skink variety, and I shudder at the idea of a cerulean blue lizard tail disappearing inexorably down the gullet of a steadily swallowing and swelling praying mantis.

"How do you feel about praying mantis?" I asked Johnny.

Johnny paused thoughtfully as he beat out a couple more lines in slow motion and hot lead on the linotype machine.

"I step on them," he said conclusively. "Every once in awhile, early in the fall, I see one crossing the path, and I get him."

"It probably isn't a him, it's a her, and she's on her way to lay a whole flock of eggs."

Johnny blenched at the idea.

And now I come to think of it, I'm doing a little blenching of my own. The pamphlet says blithely that praying mantis will station themselves on the window screen and devour any mosquitoes or flies.

Half a dozen praying mantis in five-inch lengths, parked on a window screen, would lead the average householder to slam down the window and embark upon a rare case of the screaming meemies.

And that casual sentence, "The mantis will soon become the most conspicuous wild life in the garden . . ." If that means what I think it means, I'm against it. In spades.

A praying mantis swallowing a lizard, blown up full screen size on television, would make a horror picture to end horror pictures. Years ago, on the movie screen, I saw a picture of a spider battling it out with a centipede, a thousand times life size, and I still break out in a cold perspiration at the recollection.

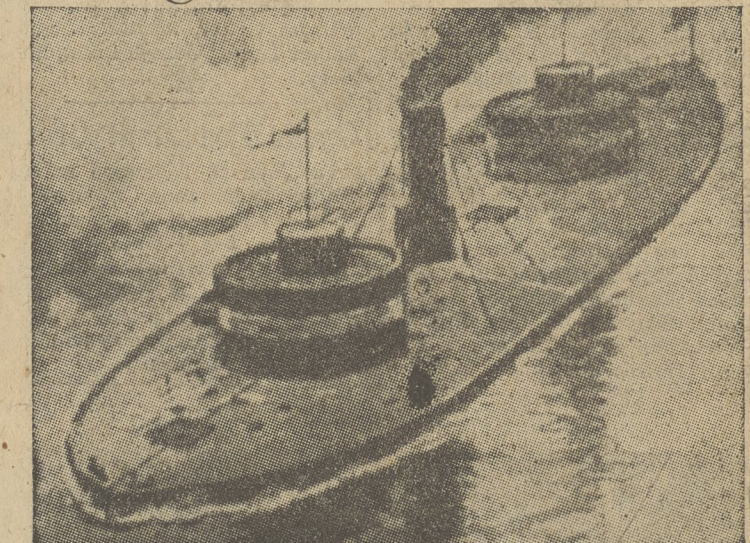
And there was a cartoon showing a giant insect tracking down a panic stricken little human being, vainly trying to find refuge from the armor-plated monster advancing over the brow of the hill.

Come to think of it, the giant looked a lot like a praying mantis, fore-legs extended, jaws chomping in anticipation.

Leave us face it . . . I don't like bugs. Not any kind of bugs. And more especially, large bugs with lots of legs, capable of turning their heads and looking back over their shoulders, as they eat me out of house and hamburger.

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

Monitor and Merrimac Wage Historic Battle



THE U. S. S. "MONITOR"

NORFOLK, Va.—March 9—The world's first battle between ironclad ships was fought for a furious six hours near here today, ending in what appears to be a draw.

Participants were the Monitor of the Federal navy, a 172-footer carrying two 11-inch guns in revolving turrets; and the Confederate Navy's squat, box-like Virginia, or Merrimac as she is known to the North.

The Virginia—similar in size to the Monitor, but carrying an armored gunned instead of turrets—was built by Confederate naval architects on the hull of the Union frigate Merrimac, seized by the rebels after it was scuttled in Norfolk harbor.

Both ships bombarded each other mercilessly during the epic battle, but the armor of each made most of the direct hits bounce off harmlessly.

Although the MERRIMAC was the first to withdraw, observers were unable to credit either ship with a clear victory.

Unofficial reports were that casualties on both sides were relatively few—most of them gunners who suffered concussion as the huge shells splattered on their steel housing, with deafening noise.

TODAY'S BATTLE was 24 hours too late to save the Union fleet here from a crippling attack by the Merrimac.

Yesterday, the plucky