

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution
Now In Its 73rd Year"
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When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address.

Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscriptions to be placed on mailing list.

The Post is sent free to all Back Mountain patients in local hospitals. If you are a patient ask your nurse for it.

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We'll Stick With The Independents

This newspaper said some months ago that the Republican organization in Luzerne County was dead as a Dodo, having committed suicide.

During the intervening period we have seen nothing to change our minds!

The party has neither determined leadership that might, through diligent work, whip an old-fashioned political machine into shape, nor idealistic leadership, that could attack the support of an independent new breed of voters.

It is dominated by no one of strength and it is pecked at and picked at by a group of self-seekers whose political philosophy dates back to 1890. They would, if they could, emulate the ruthless tactics of the late Fine machine; but they lack both the stature, stamina and popular appeal.

Under such circumstances it is difficult to expect the endorsement of the party!

We, therefore prefer, to string along with the independents.

We especially like Atty. Robert Fleming of Dallas, candidate for Representative in the Legislature from the Sixth Legislative District.

He has everything and more than any other candidate to make him attractive to Back Mountain Republicans.

Bob is not, and never has been, a politician. His father before him, the late Dr. John Fleming, was a respected physician in Dallas for many years. Bob himself is one of the few Back Mountain students to have entered a school of the calibre of Harvard University without first having preparatory school training. He did it directly from Dallas Schools.

His war record as a flyer was a brilliant one. A man of less modesty might have capitalized on it to the hilt. We have never heard him mention it!

He has given generously to his community life, its institutions, schools, and churches.

We can think of no reason why we should not support this man whom we have known intimately for most of his lifetime. He is the type of young, unsophisticated, independent and unfettered leader needed to rejuvenate the Republican party!

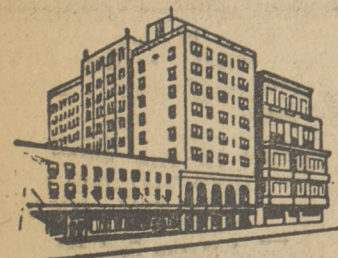
If anybody can give Fred Shupnick, whom we admire, a good run in the fall—it is Bob Fleming!

Our reasons for supporting Harold Flack for State Senator are almost identical.

After years of capable service in Harrisburg, no one can call Harold Flack a self-seeking politician. He is one of the few unrepudiated Republican leaders in Luzerne County. He has maintained the respect and support of the electorate through fat times and thin. He has faced the issues as he saw them and voted on them as he himself thought best. We admire him for that—even though we have not always agreed with him.

No matter what the Republican organization may think of him—it has withheld its endorsement—he has made fewer mistakes than any of its leaders!

We think the Republican organization would have done well to have withheld its endorsement from any candidate in the Primaries, until it had done something to gain the respect of the voters!



HOTEL JEFFERSON
ATLANTIC CITY
NEW JERSEY

Central location overlooking Boardwalk and convenient to Piers, Churches and Theatres — Near Rail and Bus Terminals — Inviting Lobbies and Parlors — Closed and Open Sun Decks Atop — All Rooms Delightfully Furnished — Modified and European Plans — Conducted by Hospitable Ownership Management that delights in catering to the wishes of American Families.

Write for Literature and Rates

Hotel Jefferson
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Safety Valve

AS OTHERS SEE US

Dear Mr. Risley

Recently I had the pleasure of being a house guest at the home of The Robert Rinehimers in West Dallas. I am writing to express my views of Wilkes-Barre and its surrounding area.

This being my first trip to Pennsylvania, I was very impressed with the greater Wilkes-Barre area. There are many reasons why this area impressed me tremendously. First, it reminds me of Hartford, Connecticut which is also redeveloping its business district. Secondly, as I arrived in Wilkes-Barre, the city itself impressed me as being an extremely clean and impressive city at such a depressing time of the year, the late winter season. Third, I feel assured that, in the near future, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania will be fortunate enough to receive the "All American City Award" that was presented to Hartford this year. This would be another big step forward in the right direction for the greater Chamber of Commerce of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

I would also like to express my views of Dallas, Pennsylvania. The people that I came into contact with while visiting were very close and hospitable to me, and they have left an impression in my mind that I will never forget.

Hoping to return to the Wilkes-Barre area again in the near future, I am,

Very truly yours,
Craig F. Johnson
Putney, Vermont

NEED RECREATIONAL PROGRAM

Shavertown, Pennsylvania
188 North Main Street
April 26, 1962

Dear Mr. Risley:

Our English class is currently studying the role of the newspaper in our community. We feel that through letters to the editor the community can be informed of the problems facing it and something can be done.

There is a great need for supervised recreation for children in the age bracket 4 - 12 in the Back Mountain area. These children need a place to play with children of their own ages.

I feel that if the school playgrounds were equipped with supervisors in a set up recreational program, it would benefit the whole community. Can't something be done about this? I'm sure that parents would support a program such as this.

Thank you,
Dallas Senior High School
Yours truly,
Linda Woolbert

Don't we presently have too much supervised recreation? With Brownies, Girl Scouts, Cubs, Boy Scouts, YMCA, Key Clubs, Future Farmers, Future Home Makers, Little Leagues, School Bands, Television, Radio, when does a boy or girl really find time to be a boy or girl without an adult looking over his or her shoulder?

Gee, when I was a kid we organized our own ball teams, Scout troops, hikes, sleigh rides, mowed the lawn, carried coal, tramped the woods, fed the dog, cat and other pets.

We gathered old rags, junk, strawberry baskets, pop bottles and did odd jobs to pay for baseball bats, balls, gloves and a pair of sneakers. You don't know what you're missing with a solicitous adult always looking over your shoulder. —Editor

MORE ON RECREATION

Highland Drive
Dallas, Pennsylvania

Dear Mr. Risley:

Our English class is writing letters to the editors of different papers on the subjects which we think are important.

To me the most important subject is that in our community there is a definite and great need for supervised recreation for teenagers.

Few people realize the importance of the problem. People are always complaining about teenagers roaming the streets or playing pool in the near-by bowling alley. Well, why don't they do something about it? Most teenagers don't enjoy doing these things, but if no one will help us, what can we do? If someone would just perk-up and listen, possibly something could be done.

If you could print this letter for people to read, maybe someone would sit-up and take notice.

Thank you.

Sincerely Yours
Judy Wright
Dallas Senior High

Sale This Saturday Nicholson Auction

Nicholson, Wyoming County, Methodist Church, will hold an auction on the Fair Grounds at Nicholson on Saturday starting at 10.

There will be refreshments and a bake sale.

Among the items to be sold are a cherry drop leaf table, electric stove, television sets, chicken feeders, pot belly stove, hand-made bear traps, plank bottom chairs, old pictures and frames, pattern glass, wooden bowls, spinning reel, milk glass, carnival glass and dog tread mill.

Jim Tallman will be the auctioneer.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

In matters of public interest, it sometimes leads to wide distortion of fact to try to apply a general view to a small local problem, or conversely apply a local view to a general problem. Many times a general situation is exactly the converse of what may prevail locally, and vice versa.

A few years ago there was a great outcry about overcrowded schools, and some local voices were very loud about it. But the truth was that in Dallas Borough the school rooms were not filled, in fact did not have enough pupils for economical operation. While perhaps something could have been said about other improvements to be made, the closing of the local high school on account of being overcrowded was exactly contrary to the facts. And this year we see put into full use the 1878 building which was in process of room-by-room abandonment over thirty years ago.

For the past few years much has been heard over the air and seen in the public press about the great shortage of college accommodations for the greatly increased number of high school and preparatory school graduates applying for admission, or that will be applying in a few years. But now some of the more level headed college administrators have awakened to the fact that there is no such alarming shortage at all, and never was. There was a deluge of applications, but not of candidates.

This was due to the same person submitting applications to several colleges. Some were accepted by more than one college, actually causing an under enrollment, when they failed to show up at several colleges on the same day. It has now been determined that the alleged shortage is caused by multiple applications, particularly to some prestige colleges, while many smaller colleges are actually looking for students. In recent years three clearing houses have been established to match up applications and waiting colleges and the alarming shortage of accommodations has disappeared.

Now we have an outbreak of public discussion about the unfairness of apportionment of Congressional Districts, under which it is alleged that some very small and sparsely populated areas elect representatives with the same voice as much larger and heavily populated

areas. In some areas this is true. The present Congress, at the best, was selected on the basis of the 1950 census. In some states, new districts have not been established for decades. In the meantime, many people have moved from less populated areas toward the cities and suburbs. This has the effect of making a representative from the more populous areas represent more people than one from a rural area.

But a general idea should not be applied as true locally. In a house of 435 members representing, in round numbers, a hundred and eighty million, each in theory represents about 413,000. Of course there cannot be a fraction of a representative, so there cannot be exact equality between states on that account. Then the Constitution gives each state, however small, at least one. This gives Alaska, Nevada, Vermont and Wyoming, one each without the average. Six states have two each, with less than enough people for two. Increases and decreases in various states, with the admission of two new states, have made substantial changes in the allotment of some states, Pennsylvania loses three.

In our state, the rural areas are by no means getting away with anything. Obviously no state can create artificial districts, of the exact number of residents, without complicating the election machinery. Consequently present municipalities, usually counties, must be grouped or split to allot the number of congressmen as no one wants to elect the whole list in the state at large. As of now, Philadelphia has six congressmen, when their population entitles them to only five. Under the new law they will have five. With population slightly less than required for four, Allegheny has four and will retain them.

In our own county with about 347,000 people, Dan Flood is well under the average of 413,000, and this is an urban and suburban county in most respects. Small rural counties are grouped in Gerrymanders to give the urban districts the favorable conditions. Sullivan is grouped with Pike. Columbia is in the same district with Cameron. Union and Somerset are together. Take a look at these on the map.

This is the reverse of what prevails in some states.

Noxen Reader Forwards Picture; Others Recall Dr. John Corr

Delbert H. Blizzard of Noxen has sent us this old picture of Dr. John Corr about whom Garfield Jackson of Harveys Lake wrote last week in Barnyard Notes.

Others in the Back Mountain Region who remember the old "doctor" are Mrs. Hayden Richards, Lehman Avenue, who knew him when he lived in Sullivan County. Another is H. Stanley Doll, Norton Avenue, who recalls how Dr. Corr used to stop at his parent's home at Evans Falls.

"Every spring the old gentleman purchased a new pair of trousers which he simply slipped on over the ones he was already wearing."

Dr. Corr called himself a "hygienic physician" and sold his pictures to all who would buy them for 5c each. The picture gives an indication of the bulky clothing he wore during all seasons.

Although the "Doctor" said his correct name was Carr the caption



DR. JOHN CORR

on his photograph was spelled Corr. This may have been a typographical error which later caused confusion in the correct spelling of his name.

Pancake Festival Winners



Mr. and Mrs. Miles Shales, Bunker Hill, receive their new Roper Gas range, contributed by Pennsylvania Gas and Water Company, as lucky winners of the door prize offered by the Aunt Jemima Pan-

cake Festival, Merrill Faegenburg, chairman of the Kiwanis Club program at Dallas Senior High School all day Saturday, makes the presentation. Photo by Kozemchak

Recalls First Auction



Miss Frances Dorrance, charter member of the Back Mountain Memorial Library, and staunch supporter over the years since its founding in 1945, spoke briefly to the audience at the Library Auction dinner Thursday night, recalling the small beginnings of the Auction.

Miss Dorrance and the late Mrs. Lewis L. LeGrand spearheaded the venture, basing the idea on reports which Mrs. LeGrand had received of a group which raised \$1,000 from an auction of used household goods.

"Let's have an auction, and see what we can raise for the Library," agreed the women of the Board and of the Library Association.

Attics were emptied, recounted Miss Dorrance, and everybody turned out to bid on washbowls and pitchers, rocking chairs, wooden tubs and blue china soup plates.

A gentle rain, falling almost continuously, failed to dampen enthusiasm.

It was a historic occasion... and it netted over \$3,000 for the Library.

From that day forth, the Library has staged an auction every year, sometimes bedeviled by rain, as on the tenth anniversary, sometimes blessed with perfect weather.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

IT HAPPENED 30 YEARS AGO:

Kingston Township High School was preparing to graduate 19 seniors.

Miss Minnie Benscoter was re-appointed to teach at Trucksville school.

Ice cream manufacturing equipment was being installed at Orcutt's Grove in the newly remodelled building.

Clark D. Smith, 16, of Dallas, was cited for courage and received a medal from the Carnegie Fund. Young Smith saved two young boys from drowning in Harveys Lake in January, 1931, when he pulled William J. Jennings, 14, and James L. Casterline, 16, from the water by using his belt, after they had broken through the ice while skating.

John Novajski died at his home in Kunkle.

Dallas Township defeated Trucksville 14 to 2 in the opening baseball game of the 1932 Bi-County League.

It was a four-page issue and very skimpy.

IT HAPPENED 20 YEARS AGO:

H. Austin Snyder was chairman of the Lehman Memorial Day celebration, Ralph Hazeltine organizer of the parade. Lehman expected a banner attendance at its combined celebration and horse show.

Local teachers enrolled 8,000 residents for sugar rationing.

Summer bus service was guaranteed for Harveys Lake, beginning June 15.

Harry C. Sutton received mechanic's rating at Middletown Army Depot and was transferred to Augusta, Georgia.

Ted Parks, Lehman, made All-State Band with his trombone.

Heard from Safety Valve: Andy Kozemchak, somewhere at sea; W. A. Johnson, Norfolk, Va.; Wilbur Helmbold, Dothan, Alabama; Donald Dunn, Keesler Field; Charles Girtan, California.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mericle celebrated their 65th anniversary.

Earl H. Husted, prominent lumberman, died.

Boiling beef was 18 cents a pound; onions 4 pounds 19 cents; new potatoes 5 pounds, 18 cents; Chock roast or frankfurters 23 cents a pound.

IT HAPPENED 10 YEARS AGO:

It Happened 10 Years Ago:

Dr. Carl Hontz opened his dental office in Shavertown.

Harris Haycox was sworn in by Justice of the Peace James Beseker, to replace Borough Councilman Timothy LaBar, deceased. Mitchell Jenkins reported on P.U.C. in relation to Dallas Water Company. A drought was imminent, with curtailment of water supply.

Fred Case joined the Laketon faculty.

Roy Robert Tryon Jr. was tapped for State Band.

Ruth Virginia Jimison became the bride of Elmer Williams.

From

Pillar To Post...

by Hix

It is difficult to realize that the Library Auction is sixteen years old.

It seems like only yesterday that all of us sacrificed some of our treasures for that first auction.

The motto was, "Give something you would rather keep for yourself."

We all knew that it was a gamble. Could we make any money? It was up to all of us to try. And trying, meant parting with something we dearly loved, some special bit of glassware in a china cabinet, a little rocking chair, a crib that still, in memory, held the impress of a small warm body, a little oil painting that perhaps might bring a few dollars... these were the things that we brought to the Auction.

It rained, a misty rain, a drizzle, a downpour, and then again a gentle misting. People sat on boxes, raising umbrellas over their heads during the sharper downpours.

The flag moved in the breeze, sodden with rain.

The drizzle abated, and people closed their umbrellas.

Probably everybody will remember what it was that they bought first, at that first Library Auction.

My first purchase is still in daily use. It is a small white ironstone pitcher, which holds exactly one quart of milk, filled to the brim.

The auctioneer held it in the air. It was a miniature of the large white ironstone pitcher which used to hold milk in my mother's refrigerator.

"Ten cents," I ventured.

The auctioneer waited. Nobody else had a bid. I held my breath.

"Sold to Mrs. Hicks," thundered the auctioneer.

A woman directly behind me gave a horrified gasp. "Why, I'd have paid a whole QUARTER FOR THAT PITCHER," she wailed.

"You have to speak up at an auction," I reminded her.

"But you WILL sell it to me for a quarter, or maybe thirty cents?" she inquired hopefully.

"Nope, I NEED this pitcher." I could already see it, filled with milk, in my refrigerator, and I clutched it firmly.

What other items I bought at that first auction, I wouldn't know. But my arms were just as laden, walking back to the Pump House in the rain, as they had been coming over that morning with offerings.

Doubtless junk, but what lovely junk. And all for the Library.

There were some antiques on sale, but nothing like the colorful display under the cherry trees that now greets the eye. And the cherry trees were infants then, or maybe not even planted.

People weren't so antique-conscious at that time. Otherwise I wouldn't have walked off with an ironstone pitcher for a thin dime.



Barnyard Notes

The most important tribute to mother in modern times occurred in 1914 when President Wilson signed a Congressional Resolution making the second Sunday in May a national holiday "dedicated to the memory of the best mother in the world, your mother."

For You, Mother, on Mother's Day with special love and gratitude

A Mother is a wonderful creature constructed almost entirely of love, and this she can express in a million ways, from hugs and kisses, and good cooking, and patient listening to stern lectures, strict rules, and repeated use of the word "No"! Like snowflakes, no two Mothers are alike, but they have a number of things in common.

Name anything... a Mother can be found washing it, roasting it, polishing it, getting rid of it, repairing it, spanking it, packing it, teaching it, redecorating it, loving it, or talking it over at P.T.A.

A Mother cares about and for almost everything: gardens, pets, the state of the nation, the worn spots in the rug, hungry people, and most of all, "Father" and her children, for these she can do anything, dare anything, and fight for anything necessary to their happiness.

A Mother is not always an angel. She will often disagree with you... expect too much of you... question your choice of friends... and bring up the subject of work when you feel the least energetic. But she's always ready to help when you need her. You don't always tell a mother how much you love her, or how much you hope the most wonderful things in the world will come to her because there are no words that express feelings so deep and sincere. Somehow, though, you feel she understands what's in your heart. Mothers' always do!

From a Rust-Craft Greeting Card

When Abraham Lincoln became President he said of his mother: "All I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother." His mother's last words to him were: "Be something, Abe."

Another great American, George Washington, was also influenced by his mother. Seeing the tears in his mother's eyes as he was about to leave on a British Man-of-War as a midshipman, Washington said: "Mother I cannot go and cause you so much grief."

Probably the greatest tribute in literature paid to motherhood was by Joaquin Miller in his poem, "The Bravest Battle":

The bravest battle that ever was fought

Shall I tell you where and when?

On the maps of the world you will find it not:

It was fought by the mothers of men:

Man-made memorials to motherhood can be found in all corners of the world. The Taj Mahal of India, for example, is a monument to a mother: Shah Jehan built it in memory of Mumtaz Mahal, his favorite wife.

Poet's Corner

THE NOBLEST MOTHER

(In loving tribute to Mrs. William H. Hufford)

There is no nobler mother born than she
Whose gentle hands have lovingly caressed
Some little one, who orphaned and alone
Has found sweet solace on her kindly breast.

There breathes no finer mother anywhere
Than she, who finds within her heart a place
For some wee one whom dying hands have clasped
In one last anguished farewell and embrace.

There is no finer tribute she can ever know
So far surpassing any other
Than just to watch the wee one swiftly grow
And hear it say with pride, "This is my mother."

by

Mrs. Frederick W. Anderson