

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889
"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution
Now In Its 73rd Year"
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We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held for more than 30 days.

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.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance at announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

National display advertising rates 84c per column inch. Transient rates 80c.

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Only Yesterday
Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

It Happened 30 Years Ago:

Hunters were urged to make use of the State Forests, no special license required. Herds needed thinning. Luzerne County fruit-growers banded together to sell apples under the name U-Li-Kum, included George Barlew, W. E. Schoonover, Paul Brace, E. D. Sutliff, G. E. Gay, W. F. Newberry, and C. B. Wheeler.

Carl Eveland, 11, broke his leg playing football at noon recess. Result was to ban playground football at local schools. A new club was formed with Lettie Lee its first president. It was sponsored by Wyoming Valley Junior Woman's Club.

For the first time in several years, Dallas Borough and Dallas Township football teams planned to meet in combat, cementing football relations which had been put to an end by a feud. In those days, the Borough couldn't do a thing to please the Township, and the Township couldn't do a thing to please the Borough.

Governor Pinchot said give the farmer a break. Don't shoot his poultry in mistake for a quail, and if you break down a fence, stop to repair it. Old fashioned buckwheat flour was ten pounds for 35 cents; black meats and English walnut meats, 39 cents a pound; raisins, eight cents a box.

It Happened 20 Years Ago:

Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company protested the amount allowed by George Solomon, scrap dealer, for 60,000 pounds of scrap collected in the area. Solomon weighed it up at only 15,000, wanted to pay \$80.

An all steel bus designed to haul Dallas Township school children was refused clearance for release by the State. Andrew Bittenbender was a chasis without a body. The Alderson Kunkle run for which the new bus was intended had to get along with a refurbished bus with many years of service.

Dallas Township was preparing for the Thanksgiving classic with Kingston Township. Lewis Nulton crushed several vertebrae when a farm wagon tipped over at his farm in Kunkle, throwing him to the frozen ground. Carl Kuehn and William Neimeyer resigned from Dallas Board of Health.

Gerald Frantz, Huntsville merchant, resigned from the ration board. An aged recluse at Lake Silkworth was spotted as the man who had stolen many articles from local cottages.

From men, in the service: James Knecht, Fort Knox; Glenn Kitchen, Fort Ogleshorpe; Robert Tryon, Utah; Fred Wilcox, Fort Sheridan; Elwood Ide, Florida; Joseph Hudak, Fort Benning; Harold Kittle, Fort Bliss; Robert Ray, Parris Island; Howell Rees, Denver; Albert Mekoel, Fort Livingston; Will Rogers, Keeler Field; Bill Dierolf, Camp Banbright; Warren Hicks, Georgia; Willard Shaver, Guadalcanal; Eugene J. Fogel, Solomon Islands; Carl K. Carey, Robert Davis, Guadalcanal; Sheldon Ehret, California; Norman Oney, Carlisle Barracks.

It Happened 10 Years Ago:

Dallas Businessmen's Association discussed plans for the holiday season at a meeting in Evans Restaurant. Store owners voted to keep stores open all day Wednesday. Howard Risley was temporary chairman, Robert Bachman, temporary secretary.

Rambling Around
By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Samuel B. Cooke, descendant of Francis Cooke, Mayflower passenger, eighth generation in the country, was born in New Jersey in 1817, married in 1843 to Phoebe Swazey, and came to Beaumont in 1855 with three small children. Two of them died on successive days within a year. Two other children were born in Beaumont, making a total of three sons: Edward, George, and Alpheus. Samuel died in 1889, Phoebe in 1887, both buried at Beaumont.

Edward H. Cooke, born in 1845, married Edith Parrish. They lived at Bowman's Creek, having six children: Elmer F. Eva S., Andrew H., Samuel R., Edward C., and Clara Grace. Edward died in 1890, his wife, Edith Parrish Cooke in 1910, at Noxen, both buried at Beaumont.

Elmer married Josephine Newberry, also a descendant of the first Francis through another line, and lived at Wilkes-Barre. Their daughter, Edna, married Joseph Reid having two children, John and Sarah, removed from this area. A son, George, died young. Another son, Edward, married Irene Blizard, with one daughter, Barbara, living in New York State.

Eva Cooke married Frank Wright of Idetown and the family resided at Idetown. A daughter, Helen, resided in Kingston. A son, Randolph married Ruth Rice, also descended from the first Francis Cooke, having two children, Edward and Janet. Another son, Charles, married Beatrice McKeel, having daughters, Ethel and Eva.

Andrew H. Cooke married Della Knapp, having four children: Vivienne, Russell, Hope, and Elizabeth. Vivienne married W. Howard Crosby, having children, W. Howard, Carol, and Andrew. Russell married Margaret Shepherd. Hope married David Ide with children, Ethel, Claire, Richard, and Harold.

Mrs. Evans, wife of the late Alvah Evans, Carverton was a long time member of this community. She was active in Carverton Methodist Church and taught the Anderson Class for a number of years.

A resident of the Methodist Home at Narrowsburg, N. Y., she reports that it is just a grand place and she is most happy there. She enjoys hearing from her friends and former neighbors.

Leaving the state in which you were born and raised and departing from family and friends is difficult at best. The people and merchants in Wyoming Valley make a sincere effort to lift some of this burden through their friendly greetings and the service of The Welcome Wagon.

This organization founded in the tradition of the pioneer women who drove covered wagons out to meet new settlers with fresh water, food and supplies, brings a warm glow of acceptance to the twentieth century new-comer.

Entrance was made to the store through a broken plate glass door. Formation of a community rescue squad was discussed in an area-wide meeting at Shavertown Fire Hall.

Samuel R. Cooke, teacher, lawyer, and contractor, died in 1913. Edward C. Cooke married Elinore Evans with three children: Mary, James, Gladys.

Clare G. Cooke married Wallace Kochee, residing at Noxen and Williamsport. They had four children: Ellsworth, Edward, Margaret Crosby; Wallace, Karl, and Rebecca.

The above completes the family of Edward Cooke. George W. Cooke, son of Samuel and Phoebe Swazey Cooke, first of that line born in Pennsylvania, married Emma Florence Clark and lived at Beaumont, Bowman's Creek, Methoapan, and Tunkhannock, then later in the south.

Margaret C. Cooke, a sister of Samuel B. Cooke, visited her brother at Beaumont, and later married Abram Ryman of Dallas. His first wife, Jimima Kunkle Ryman, having been dead several years, left six children.

The only son of Mr. Ryman and Margaret C. Cooke, Leslie Ryman, was born on the Ryman farm but grew up in Wilkes-Barre, where he married Louise Lynch. They had a daughter, Helen, who married Charles King, residing in New Jersey with children, Mary and Charles.

As previously stated, this is condensed from "The Family of Elisha Cooke" by Florence Cooke Newberry, 1934, and the information is therefore about thirty years old. Many changes since are not reported.

Mrs. William's Talk

Mistepiece. Your chosen character should have flashes of humor and a fresh approach to living. She exploded that myth that "Everybody has a book in his system," remarking dryly that he probably has, but it's getting the stuff published that is the problem.

She also warned about literary agents. No literary agent worth his salt, she stated, advertises for business. He has all he can do fending off customers without sticking his neck out for more.

The road is rocky, she warned, citing her own rigorous schedule when writing a book, a daily grind after accumulating and organizing all the information possible by determined research.

There seems to be a strange code in force here governing motorists. It works like this: You wait at an intersection for oncoming traffic or pedestrians and then test your skill at beating them to the right-of-way.

With this approach to life, they can't help but be nice. By now up north where I came from it's getting cold and up there hospitality fluctuates with the weather.

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott HOW COULD WE?

Where were we when the lights went out? How could we forget to mention names of police on traffic duty, after the signals were burned out by fallen wires?

Aware of the complexities inherent in a "5-points" intersection, we hereby commend the Dallas Borough Police Force for rising to the occasion, despite cold, long hours, and crazy drivers.

Casualties: Cliff Foss was clipped on the hand by a passing motorist, and a woman driver reputedly ran over a cup of coffee which Jack Berti had set down on the road for a minute.

I don't like to range so far afield for my entertainment, and I can't say as I like the place as well as my old haunt, but that's the breaks. The Kausalys play there Saturday nights, if you happen to be addicted to them.

Incidentally, in most knowledgeable places, the Twist is dying the slow painful death it deserved, just as your old dad said it would.

But, at these recent attempts around rock 'n roll joints, it's still, and always will be, like amateur stockcar racing: watching a few people trying to kill themselves, clumsily.

Whether you roll down the wide sweeping lanes that is route 15, to Williamsport, and cross the vistas and valleys eastward on routes 220 and 118 or take the northern route six across the State to route 309, you are bound to at least pass through the Carnival of Contrasts that is Wyoming Valley.

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Army Pvt. Clyde E. Dendler, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Dendler, Noxen, R.D. 1, recently was assigned to the 14th Armored Cavalry Regiment in Germany.

Died: Paul Liem, 51, Truckville; Mrs. Minnie Mosier Harris, Dallas; Dr. Fred Girtson, 31, Detroit; Mrs. Mae M. Newton, 60, Sweet Valley; William Glace, 60, Truckville.

American Legion Home on Huntsville Road was being faced with Permadeo.

From— Pillar To Post...
By Hix

Just between us girls, what is it that the announcer on the television commercials buries in the bottom of that bowl of cat-food which makes the pampered feline leap into the chow with all four feet, snapping and growling in ecstasy as she squares her elbows to keep all lesser cats out of her feed dish?

The cat-chow was displayed prominently on the shelf at the Super Market. Tom and I were planning to get a kitten. We bought a package of cat-chow in preparation for the great event.

We watched the Dallas Post for some time after that, searching for that familiar and frantic ad, "Six nice little kittens, FOR FREE."

The kittens advertised last week in the Dallas Post bore no price tag. When the ad came across the desk, the happy owner of the kittens had a hand-picked recipient at once.

It seemed a good idea to get the kittens home immediately. "Now just hold everything," I told the kittens, "I've got something at home that you will just LOVE."

"NOW, stand back while they make a rush for it. See that they both get a break. It wouldn't do for one of them to hog it all."

So what DO they put in the stuff to pump up that frantic urgency the Siamese cat and the angora cat and the striped cat and the black cat display on television?

The death of Mrs. Carleton C. Jones of Glen Summit, the Dallas Post has lost one of its most valued friends.

Always, early in the fall, Mrs. Jones sent a delicate Christmas poem to be imprinted on her Christmas cards. A little later, a box of Christmas cards from the Wide-Awake Book Shop arrived.

This year, the box of Christmas cards was wrapped and ready for the mailing on Wednesday. Mrs. Jones had checked with the Dallas Post a few days earlier. She felt that she wanted to get the envelopes addressed ahead of time, well in advance of the Christmas mailing rush.

It was then, that the news of her death was reported over the radio station. Mrs. Jones, 83, was one of these rare people who make the world better by the very fact of their presence in it.

When you want kittens, you can't find kittens. They are out of season. For awhile there, we thought we had a kitten. A nice little black and white kitten. But that was before the little girl who owned the kitten found where it was living after it strayed from home.

Having sawed off a surplus of kittens on an unsuspecting family on numerous occasions, we knew exactly how Janie's mother felt. But the fifteen cent price tag was a new one. Probably made it more valuable to have to pay for it out of a slim allowance.

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Let The People Speak
What a wonderful opportunity for forthright, capable Independent candidates to be swept into county office at the next General Election!

Editorially Speaking:

Do You Want Toll Free Service To Kingston And Wilkes-Barre?

Robert Laux, realtor, representing the Back Mountain Protective Association, has asked Commonwealth Telephone Company to consider the installation of toll-free service between Wilkes-Barre and Kingston and its Dallas and Dallas South telephone exchanges.

In his letter Mr. Laux states: "I think we are all interested in the Back Mountain Area and its continued growth. In this regard toll-free service would help in the area's development. As a realtor I have lost a number of sales of homes because of the toll call."

"Many men in the sales field are attracted to the Back Mountain area and would like to live here, but because of the necessity of many Wyoming Valley phone calls and the tolls, hesitate. "I think this should be of interest to your company. I am sure that a majority of your existing subscribers would not object to a reasonable increase in base phone rates in order to have this toll-free service . . . and I am confident that toll free service would be an impetus to more rapid growth here."

Some three years ago Mr. Laux, Atty. James Brown and Dr. F. Budd Schooley, representing the Back Mountain Protective Association, met at a round table with Col. Pete Butler, then General Manager of Commonwealth, Charles Clawe, Elmer Evenson and John Landis, manager of the Dallas office.

At that time they were told that Commonwealth was in complete sympathy with their request for toll free service but that the first thing necessary was to install a new exchange and added cables in the Truckville area. This has now been accomplished.

It is now believed that toll free service can become a reality to Kingston and Wilkes-Barre, adding 55,000 telephones to the 4,300 in the Dallas offices that we can now call free without toll charges.

This can be accomplished, according to Commonwealth officials, by only a slight increase in the basic rates to all telephone subscribers in the Dallas and Dallas South District exchanges. This increase would be only \$1 per month to all multi party residential subscribers and \$1.25 month to all private line residential subscribers.

These Things Endure

These things endure: the memory of a smile That once lit up your true love's eager face; The glory of the western sky, the while The sun sinks slowly to its resting place, The laughter of a child, its cry of pain, The sighing of the night-wind through the trees, The soft and gentle music of the rain The magic spell of starlight. . . These Endure. So, too, love's soft, sweet melodies Bring back a fragrance from a far, dim youth, Singing forever, while their harmonies Bridge o'er the years with beauty and with truth. —Stephen North