

**THE DALLAS POST** *Established 1839**"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution  
Now In Its 73rd Year"**A non-partisan, liberal progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.*Member Audit Bureau of Circulations  
Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association  
Member National Editorial Association  
Member Greater Weeklies Associates, Inc.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$4.00 a year; \$2.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-State subscriptions: \$4.50 a year; \$3.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 15c.

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.

Political advertising \$1.10 per inch.

Preferred position additional 10c per inch. Advertising deadline Monday 5 P.M.

Advertising copy received after Monday 5 P.M. will be charged at 85c per column inch.

Classified rates 5c per word. Minimum if charged \$1.00.

Single copies at a rate of 10c can be obtained every Thursday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas — Bert's Drug Store, Colonial Restaurant, Darling's Market, Gosart's Market, Towne House Restaurant; Shavertown — Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville — Gregory's Store, Trucksville Drugs; Idetown — Cave's Market; Harveys Lake — Javers Store, Kockers' Store; Sweet Valley — Adams Grocery; Lehman — Moore's Store; Noxen — Scouten's Store; Shawnee — Paterbaugh's Store; Fernbrook — Bogdon's Store, Bunney's Store, Orchard Farm Restaurant; Luzerne — Novak's Confectionary.

Editor and Publisher—HOWARD W. RISLEY  
Associate Editors—MYRA ZEISER RISLEY, MRS. T. M. B. HICKS  
Sports—JAMES LOHMAN  
Accounting—DORIS MALLIN  
Circulation—MRS. VELMA DAVIS**Better Leighton Never**

by Leighton Scott

Down at the bank Friday, while transacting some routine business, I had occasion to do a couple of takes. All of a sudden I'm interrupted in the act of scooping up my millions by what sounds as if somebody's playing one of those "Sounds of Sebring" records behind the counter.

Plainly this is not the practice of banking houses, whose daily routine of perpetuating the pulse of civilization has nothing to do with the cam-film of a Jaguar or the tuning of a Maserati.

Well, pretty soon that program is over, and I'm still waiting for the cashier to count out another hundred thousand, when a new sound wafts up out of the walls.

This time it's a gentle "crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch", as though Tonto is walking into camp through four inches of snow beginning the second half of the show and is about to say: "Bart Slade, him in town, Kemo-Sabé."

Instead, he says loud and clear: "Beautiful day, isn't it?" And the Lone Ranger says: "Sure is!"

I'm still getting the feeling that the cashier isn't listening to the show, since she certainly ought to register on that conversation. Everybody knows that the Lone Ranger and Tonto don't have time to fool around with this weather nonsense.

Anyway, the boys must have saddled up and rode into town, or maybe they thumbed a ride with that Maserati. Somebody had changed the program again, and it was warm-up time in the pits at Bryn-fan Tyddyn.

"Nine hundred ninety nine thousand, nine hundred ninety eight, — ninety nine, one million, thank you", says the cashier, as I'm fumbling to fit it all into my wallet.

All of a sudden, I hear Tonto's foot-steps again, and then I see him out the drive-in window, only he ain't Tonto. He's somebody I know from Huntsville. And then I see the Lone Ranger, and hear his footsteps, still sounding transcribed, or "taped", off in the distance. He's not wearing a mask. He's wearing a Woolrich coat, and he has his wife with him.

"Sensitive radio you've got there", I observe to the cashier, nodding toward the drive-in window. A schoolbus is warming up out on Main Street, with a rapid fire belching sound that characteristically comes from those racing mufflers they put on them.

"I imagine you pick up some fairly foul language on that thing over the weeks", says I. (I don't know why, but that's the sort of thing that first pops into my mind.)

"Sure do", she smiles, and I walk off grinning to myself about the multitudes who must have nonchalantly traded chummy opprobrium in front of that window, and had not known they could be seen and heard.

The radio is on constantly, and I'm pretty certain that it's about twice as sensitive as the human ear would be at the same distance without glass in between.

**KEEP THE SINKING FUND AFOAT**  
Maybe I ought to let bad-enough alone, but I'd prefer to clear up something if I can.

Several weeks ago I reported on a meeting of the Ambulance Association, and mentioned certain routine facts about their treasury.

Three of the boys on the staff, two of whom incidentally missed the meeting, objected to this mention, saying that volunteer organizations depend on public drives, and I made it look as if the Association didn't need money.

They have a point. **BE YE ADVISED**, there are many ambulances that have lots more money and lots less willing and able help than ours.

All volunteer emergency groups have sinking funds which sink plenty fast, as emergency vehicles use expensive equipment, need top-flight service, and are notorious gas gobblers.

Every once in awhile somebody leaves an oddity on his back porch.

**Rambling Around**

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

The "Bigger is always better" boys, having put through the Dallas Union School District (which has so far not lived up to its advance promises) are now working to extend it to Ricketts Fire Tower and Columbia County. They have also started on the postal service and wiped out the independent postoffices in Kingston Township, by no means an unmixed blessing.

Now they are starting on the pre-vailling municipal governments, borough and township, in the Back Mountain. According to their view this area has been neglected for a hundred and fifty years mostly because it is divided into separate municipalities, and all that is needed is to get rid of some old fogies, whose families have been around for several generations and import some new and younger blood, never distinguished anywhere else, and give them a chance to see what can be done by one big government.

Excepting a single year a mile away in Dallas Township, I am one of the third generation old fogies living in Dallas Borough and I know from personal knowledge that this story of longtime neglect is not true. About the time I started to school, maybe a year or two before, my father was street commissioner in the borough. He opened a red-shale quarry on the then Welch farm, later Wallo's, and stoned Huntsville street hill from Ryman's store to the old pines at the cemetery. Also then they laid a stone base on Norton Avenue, then new, and built a stone arch bridge over the little stream there, since submerged. These were good roads for those days, in the absence of speeding automobiles.

And such activity continued right along year after year.

While I was in high school the County blacktopped the old turnpike road along the creek. Shortly thereafter the Borough worked a steam roller and had a stone crusher, as well as a grader. Power from the roller was used on the crusher which was set up to provide crushed stone from convenient points, spread, and then rolled down. About the time of World War I, they removed stone walls along Center Hill and stoned that road, Machel Avenue, and other roads. Shortly thereafter the state took over the lower road from Luzerne and the county took over Pioneer Avenue, later a state road.

The Borough participated with the state in work on Church Street and paving Main and Lake Streets. In those days, and maybe now, the laws were more favorable to townships as to state road aid than to boroughs. This was done shortly after World War I. In 1925-26 the state came along with plans to widen the road, the borough to assume all the expense of additional right of way, which would not only cost money but destroy most of the income-producing properties on

Main Street. The borough declined. Eventually the right of way of the street car company was utilized, a better plan at less expense. About 1922 the County took over Huntsville Street.

While a member of the council in 1925-27, with the assistance of John Jeter, Borough Engineer, I personally prepared and introduced ordinances covering the numbering of houses in the borough, and requiring the laying of sidewalks. There were some complaints. Someone remarked that, "If Dan Waters had not had to push a baby carriage up that hill, no one would have asked for sidewalks."

Even before I went on the council, a policy was in force to build permanent-type blacktop streets, one or more every year, to be resurfaced when required and as money was available. To this plan, in depression days, the borough added a lot of W.P.A. work, especially in laying drainage and stone curbs. As new plots were opened over the years the borough has accepted additional streets and stoned and surfaced them one by one, replacing the old drains with pipe 12 inches or over as needed. At present the borough has about ten miles of streets.

Street lights were installed when I was a small child. I attended a meeting in Raubs Hotel about the time The Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company was organized. Our police protection has not been too bad over the years, as far as I know.

Our roads are plowed and ashed frequently, sometimes several times a day. As far as temporary road repairs are concerned, to which the "Bigger is Always Better Boys" seem to be taking exception, I would suggest they accompany me in my regular drive to work through several of the bigger towns they think so well of, in which I have to drive over or around holes you can lay an inflated tire in. Some of the temporary repairs they complain of would be useful on North Street Bridge, and other places also. As far as snow removal and ashing is concerned, Back Mountain roads that I drive on are in better shape than some of those in the Valley.

Last summer the borough surfaced or rebuilt Franklin Street and Center Hill Road, and built about 1,000 ft. of all new road on Powderhorn Drive. Our roads are not neglected and our money is not thrown away. Most of our borough officers serve without pay, and those paid are not paid exorbitant salaries.

It is true we have a sewer problem, but we are not facing trial or prosecution by the state as are many of the Valley municipalities. For the Borough to enter any big municipal work would throw away at least half a century of improvements and assume obligation to bring all the area up to the Borough standards.

**Area Passing Up A Fine Chance To Establish A Small Museum**

Dallas is missing a good bet if it does not establish a small museum to house some of the interesting Early American things that normally get shovelled out with the trash when householders do not know what to do with them.

Zel Garinger, whose collection of early farm implements on Lake Street has been featured in the Dallas Post from time to time, has permitted the Historical Museum in Wilkes-Barre to take fifteen of his prized possessions, because, "Nobody is interested in them out this way."

Mr. Garinger gets a big kick out of some of the misconceptions of the present generation. He has recently seen, in museum, a frow for making shingles labelled "ice-cutter." A frow slices off straight-grained wood into straight-grained shingles.

Every once in awhile somebody leaves an oddity on his back porch.

Right now Zel has a pair of skates used on the Zuyder Zee over a century ago, racing skates with turned-up toes and exceptionally long blades. Zel enjoys showing his things. He has a marvelous nucleus for a small museum, right out back of his kitchen.

**OUR ROBERT FROST WILL LIVE ON IN LOVING MEMORY**

Robert Frost, winner of four Pulitzer prizes for poetry, is dead at 88. People in this area remember him as they last saw him two years ago on television at the Kennedy inaugural, when the intrepid older, hair fanned to wild disorder in the bitter January wind, read one of his poems in honor of the new President of the United States.

**Heart Fund Aides Plan Campaign**

Heart Fund drive officials for the Back Mountain Area met recently at the home of Mrs. Fletcher C. Booker, Jr., Back Mountain Chairman. The co-chairman is Mrs. Thomas P. Shelburne of Centermoreland. Raymon R. Hedden is Special Gifts chairman. Pictured at the meeting at the home of Mrs. Booker on Machel Avenue, Dallas, are first row, left

to right: Mrs. Chester Glahn, Bunker Hill; Mrs. Thomas Shelburne, co-chairman; Mrs. Booker, chairman; Miss Priscilla Roselle, executive director, Northeastern Pennsylvania Heart Association; Joseph Wroblewski, general chairman of the campaign; and Mrs. F. Allan Nichols, Trucksville.

Sweet Valley; Mrs. Harold Davenport, Franklin Twp.; Mrs. Andrew Lavix, Lehman Twp.; Mrs. William Pierce, Harveys Lake; Mrs. W. Wayne Dornisfe, Dallas; Mrs. Joseph Reynolds, III, Trucksville; Mrs. Frank Summa, Dallas; and Mrs. William Hughes, Chase. Others are Mrs. Don Innes, Huntsville; Miss Elizabeth Warden, East

**Only Yesterday**

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

**It Happened 30 Years Ago:**

Asa R. Holcomb, 78, severely burned while building a bonfire at his home in Huntsville in the fall, never recovered from the shock. He died at his home, where he had been an invalid since the accident.

Warm sunshine and mild breezes for several days were a pre-uv of spring. Honey bees buzzed, small boys waded happily through mud-puddles, and the groundhog saw his shadow, but didn't do anything about it.

Castle Inn was leased to Gene Gabriel of Pikes Creek, former manager of Redington Hotel.

Marie Dressler was the star of a picture "Prosperity" at Himmler Theatre.

Four airplane pilots dropped flowers over St. Mary's Cemetery as Rev. J. E. Sullivan, the "flying priest" was buried.

Rev. F. D. Hartsock, pastor of Dallas M. E. Church, officiated at services for Mrs. Wilhelmina Krauss, Dallas, who died at 77 of pneumonia.

You could get a tall can of evaporated milk for a nickel, and eggs for 19 cents a dozen, pork butt for 8 cents a pound.

Wild windstorm in the area leveled trees, signs, fences, uprooted roofs.

**It Happened 20 Years Ago**

When a heavy snow blocked roads for motorized equipment, Cliff Space sent in a team to bring out the Goodleigh Farm milk. A few weeks later, another storm struck, and Cliff sent in a team, saying it was the neighborly thing to do. Each time he refused payment. But Mary Weir, farm manager, settled her obligation by presenting Cliff with a purebred Guernsey bull calf, Little Romulus' mother won the State championship for production, two years after her calf went to Mr. Space. Cliff stated he wouldn't take \$1,500 for his bull.

Mrs. Jennie Buffington, teacher at Lehman schools, died after surgery.

John Miller, 87, a native of Switzerland and a former prospector for gold, died at the old Brace farm in East Dallas.

Heaviest snowfall of the season kept snow plows busy all night.

Dallas rationing board was ordered to make drastic cuts in B and C gas rations, holding that there was less ride sharing in the area than indicated, and gas was becoming steadily scarcer.

A cartoon in a magazine showed two cars on the empty road, one driver saying "Hi, Doc," the other "Hi, Reverend."

Night clubs were finding heavy sledding since the ban on pleasure driving.

A Pillar to Post outlined the difficulties of reserving a berth in a Pullman between Philadelphia and Norfolk. Remember standing in those swaying aisles or perching on a suitcase, while mere civilians got the brushoff and the sailors reigned supreme? It didn't pay to travel unless absolutely necessary during the war. "There's a war on," was the standard come-back to civilians.

And it was a pleasure to give up accommodations for boys who would soon be fighting it out on the high seas, or drowning in a smother of icy foam. It was about the only thing the average civilian could do for the boys . . . that, and keeping home fires burning at war temper atures.

Servicemen heard from: Eric Weber, US Navy; Paul Oberst, Ecuador embassy; Robert P. Hanson, Fort Devens; John Sholtis, Jr., Camp Blanding; Daniel Linsinbiger, Africa; Albert Salansky, Camp Hood; Harry Rogers, Emmett Hoover, John McCulloch, in England; Howard Rice, Camp McCoy; Bill Baker, Florida; Darwin Husted, Fort Bragg; Dan Boyle, Camp Edwards.

Married: Elva Knecht and Gomer Isaacs Elston.

Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Washington Spencer, 53rd.

Mrs. Albertine Allen, daughter of Chester Fuller, first postmaster of Idetown, died aged 87. Rev. Frank Abbott officiated at the funeral.

**From— Pillar To Post...**

By Hix

Would it be asking too much of the groundhog to stay in his burrow Saturday and pass up that annual chance to see his shadow?

On account of, most of us have HAD it.

This has been the most brutal winter in many a year, a godsend to the fuel dealers, and the service stations, but not what the doctor ordered for people whose cars must stand out in the driveway as the mercury shrinks down into the bulb and draws the bulb around it.

This spring should find householders studying blueprints for an attached garage, and figuring estimates on the cost of laying a new driveway on the opposite side of the house, uprooting a section of picket fence, and relocating it across the present driveway, all in the interests of preserving what frontage to the winter sun there is on the southeast.

Anyhow, that's what one householder on Pioneer Avenue is considering.

But then, there's this counter-thought. After all, how many subzero mornings do we have in this area, compared with how many mild mornings when the car starts up in a flash?

And what about the idea of a small collapsible aluminum tent which could be hoisted into place with one finger in the face of an expected reading of ten below at 7 a.m.?

And, happy thought, what about those crocus shoots, already pushing their way toward the surface through the frozen earth? Six more weeks, and in sunny spots close to the house, warmed by reflected sunshine, those crocuses will be in bloom, orange cups opening to the buzzing bees, green shoots of hyacinth pricking through the humus, and a solicitous cardinal stepping politely back from the bird feeder so that the lady friend whom he has nudged aside all winter may have first go at the sunflower seed.

Ah, spring.

Come to think of it, we don't have a winter like this in a blue moon. Maybe next year the thermometer will remain safely above zero, a situation to be deplored by the fuel dealers, but a break for Mr. I. Q. Public.

Probably it would be a sinful extravagance to build a garage and relocate the driveway.

But it certainly would be comfortable to step out of the cellar door into a garage instead of stepping out the side door into a drift and excavating the car with a shovel.

Come next summer, these subzero mornings might be a happy memory in the grip of a heat wave.

Six more weeks of nipped fingers and ice on the windshield. Six more weeks. That is, if the groundhog sees his shadow.

But if he should stay put Saturday and not venture forth, the oldtimers say that spring will come on apace.

Of course, there are other oldtimers who say that if he doesn't see his shadow, goodness knows when spring will come, because there will be nothing to frighten him and he just might sleep until April.

One thing is for sure, you can't win.

Not in weather like this.

And of course there's that annual March blizzard to anticipate, the blizzard that the papers always refer to as phenomenal, the usual unusual March weather.

Followed, naturally, by the five onion snows early in April.

Move over, groundhog, here I come.

**Services Today For Mrs. Edna M. Brown**

Mrs. Edna M. Brown, 84, widow of the late Dr. H. A. Brown's brother Arthur, and well known in the Lehman area, died Sunday morning at Fairwinds Nursing Home, near New Kensington, after several months of illness.

Funeral services are scheduled for this morning at 11, from the Hughes Funeral Home, Forty Fort, Rev. John R. Prater, rector of Prince of Peace Episcopal Church, officiating. Burial will be in the Brown family plot in Idetown Cemetery.

Mrs. Brown, the former Edna Miller, a native of Clarion, taught at Lehman schools for a time before marriage with Arthur. She and her husband observed their Golden Wedding June 10, 1963. Mr. Brown died in 1959. Following his death, his widow moved from Kingston to Narona Heights to make her home with her son Robert, head of the research department of Alcoa Company at New Kensington.

In addition to her son, Mrs. Brown leaves a sister Mrs. Walter Clarke, Riverside, California; two grandchildren, Mrs. Nicholas Kloap of Tafford, and Donald A. Brown of Narona Heights; and one great-grandchild.

Brown, Kentucky; J. Marchakitus, infantry overseas; Paul Redmond, New York APO; Irving Ashton, Fort Devens; John Sholtis, Jr., Camp Blanding; Daniel Linsinbiger, Africa; Albert Salansky, Camp Hood; Harry Rogers, Emmett Hoover, John McCulloch, in England; Howard Rice, Camp McCoy; Bill Baker, Florida; Darwin Husted, Fort Bragg; Dan Boyle, Camp Edwards.

Married: Elva Knecht and Gomer Isaacs Elston.

Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Washington Spencer, 53rd.

Mrs. Albertine Allen, daughter of Chester Fuller, first postmaster of Idetown, died aged 87. Rev. Frank Abbott officiated at the funeral.

**It Happened 10 Years Ago**

Featured on the front page was a picture of a class at Dallas Township taken forty years earlier, starring John Yaple in the front row.

Dallas Water Company located a break in one of the mains supplying upper Dallas properties.

Mary Weir received a trophy for outstanding production of the Goodleigh Guernsey herd.

Ralph Dixon bought Bowman's Restaurant.

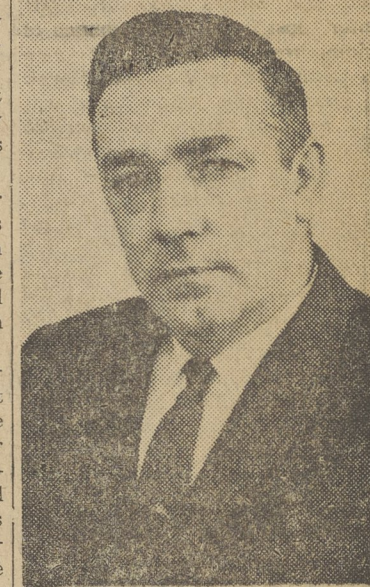
Married: Helen Marie Brody to Harry Jeter.

Hillside Farms brought home 17 ribbons from the Farm Show, showing 11 milking shorthorns.

Edward H. Kent, Lehman, died after a painful illness.

Mrs. Mary Hardisky, Lehman Heights, was found dead in bed.

Despite patrols on the Red China border, 200 to 300 refugees reach Hong Kong every week. CARE has special \$1 Food Crusade packages to help new arrivals and other needy Chinese families in the colony.

**Promoted****EDWARD L. McMANAMAN**

Edward L. McManaman, controller, was elected Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer at a meeting of the Board of Directors of Linear, Inc., according to announcement by Philip H. Moore, Vice President and General Manager.

Mr. McManaman joined Linear in 1956 as a cost accountant and has served in supervisory positions within the accounting department. A native of Wilkes-Barre and a graduate accountant, he attended St. Mary's High School, Alfred University, Manhattan College and King's College. He is a member of Scranton-Wilkes-Barre Chapter of The National Association of Accountants and Data Processing Management Association, and of American Legion Post 132.

Mr. McManaman is a veteran of World War II, an officer with the Air Force in the China-Burma-India Theater. His wife is the former Doris Kelley of Hornell, N. Y. The couple has five children: Edward, Patricia, Michael, Ann Marie and Kelley.

Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Washington Spencer, 53rd.

Mrs. Albertine Allen, daughter of Chester Fuller, first postmaster of Idetown, died aged 87. Rev. Frank Abbott officiated at the funeral.

**Lions Clubs, Guests At Annual Meeting**

The Second Annual Meeting of Zone "B" Lions Clubs, consisting of Dallas, Noxen, Harveys Lake and Back Mountain Clubs was hosted by Noxen Lions Club on Tuesday Night January 15. Chairman of the meeting was Ronald Fielding.

Marino Fiorucci, District Deputy Governor of District 14H, from Sugar Notch, was guest of the evening.

Among those present, besides members of the Noxen Lions Club were Richard O. Myers, president, Russell A. DeRemer, Secretary, and Russell E. DeRemer, Vice President of Dallas Lions Club; Leonard Bruce, president, Joseph Schappert, vice president and Donald Kitchen, Harveys Lake Lions Club.

The next Zone "B" meeting will be held in March 1963.

**BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENTS**Wedding Invitations  
THE DALLAS POST