

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution Now In Its 73rd Year

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.

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 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 4:30 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, Gosar's Market, Towne House Restaurant; Shavertown - Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store, Truckville - Gregory's Store, Truckville Drugs; Idetown - Cave's Market; Harveys Lake - Javers Store, Kockers' Store; Sweet Valley - Adams Grocery; Lehman - Moore's Store; Noxen - Scouten's Store; Shawnee - Putterbaugh'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

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer - D. A. Waters

In Pennsylvania, in 1960, there were about the same number of cows as in 1924, being about 10% more than the low count in 1923 and about 6% less than the highest figure in 1945.

In 1924, Pa. farmers made nearly 40 million lbs. of butter, which has dropped every year since to about one and a half million lbs. in 1960. This required about 674 million lbs. of milk in 1924 and only 32 million lbs. in 1960.

In 1924, Pa. farmers delivered to dealers about two and a quarter billion lbs. of whole milk, and about 250 millions more as cream.

In 1924, Pa. farmers delivered to dealers about two and a quarter billion lbs. of whole milk, and about 250 millions more as cream.

But the price has changed frequently, with big changes sometimes in a single year. The average cwt. lined return per 100 lbs. of milk was \$2.81 in 1924, rose to \$5.52 in 1948, since which it has dropped to \$4.87 in 1960.

Excepting in recent years, butter was important and is included in the cash receipts which stood at about \$100 million in 1924 and \$314 million in 1960.

Excepting in recent years, butter was important and is included in the cash receipts which stood at about \$100 million in 1924 and \$314 million in 1960.

The figures herein, but not the comments, are from the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Since 1960 the trends shown have no doubt continued.

Everybody knows Mrs. Hicks' oft-fabled Austin, which, we might add parenthetically, puts up with a lot in a typically tight-lipped British manner.

Well, I've seen the car snow-bounded in front of the Post this miserable winter more times than I can count, and it has been my accustomed duty to physically push her and it on their way home from a hard day's work.

Noticing the Austin's ungainly position in some anonymous drift Monday afternoon, and hearing the wheels yell, I was hastening to finish a sentence on my typewriter, but was beaten to the door by Mrs. Hicks, who let out with the usual imperious "Scott, I'm stuck!"

I followed her out of the door, and there was the Austin still digging, as if it had made up its mind years ago never to give up, driver or not. The two journalists, standing on the porch in amazement, concluded by classical British reasoning that the car had been left in gear.

HURRAY FOR GOVERNOR SCRANTON

Governor Scranton has taken an intelligent step toward safety on the highways of Pennsylvania, with his announcement that State Police cars will be plainly marked.

It outlined the advantages of the "ghost car" which once advertised its presence by its white body. The Dallas Post hopes that the ghost car will return to the road.

It adds up to nobody trying to beat the gun. What it amounts to is this: If the object of the State Police is to make arrests after a violation occurs, the unmarked car or the car that is not recognized at a glance, is the answer.

It sounds like commonsense. How about it, Governor Scranton?

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

It Happened 30 Years Ago

The six school districts of the Back Mountain area have been designated as District No. 2 in the proposed school legislation which would convert 73 Luzerne County units into 34.

Dallas Borough defeated Truckville with a score of 28-21 and upset Dallas Township with a 25-12 victory in basketball contests during the past week.

Lake Township will appeal a verdict handed down by Dauphin County Courts favoring the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in its claim for \$20,949.66. Amount is being sought for construction of roads in the township between 1920 and 1927. Case will be carried to the Supreme Court.

Died: Mrs. Harriet Crane, 77, Pikes Creek, Edward K. Scott, 78, Sorber Mountain. Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Adam Stock, Shavertown, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on March 4 with an open house and family dinner on Sunday.

The valuable bird dog, belonging to R. B. Evans, Center Street, was found poisoned in an unknown manner.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

William Davis, 19, formerly of Dallas, and an employee of Sordoni Construction Company met instant death beneath the wheels of a D.L. and W. Passenger train at Shick-shinny. Pinned to the tracks when a carload of telephone poles from a side car toppled on him, fellow workers were unable to release the victim before the locomotive, running 50 minutes late, came swiftly around the bend.

Eleven thousand local persons registered for War Ration Book No. 2. Original sugar ration book No. 1 was required before new coupons were handed out. No one grumbled, apparently satisfied that the method insured fair distribution of limited stocks.

Servicemen heard from: John Szwowski, Camp Elliott; Willard Lewis, Garey U.S.N.; Pvt. Thomas Templin, Camp Campbell; Louis M. Kelly, U.S.N., Camp Weston; Pvt. Robert Price, Fort Myers; Pvt. Howard Culp, Drew Field; Pvt. William Trendnick, Miami Beach; Lt. Glenn Kitchen, Fort Snelling; Sgt. William Gensel, Chicago; S 2/c Donald Smith, Daytona Beach; Herbert Culp, San Antonio, Tech. Sgt. Paul Oberst, Ecuador, S. A.; Pvt. John Borton, Keeler Field; Velton Bean, U.S. Coast Guard; A/C Frank Kamor, Texas.

Married: Anna Dutgar to Lloyd Storey, Noxen.

Died: James Kresge, 14, Dallas; Leslie Betram, 63, Chase. Fire damaged the home of O. H. Gordon, Pike's Creek, causing \$3,500.00 damage.

The War Stamp and Bond Booth at Dallas Post Office reported a good week in sales as did local schools.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Fred Anderson, president of Dallas Borough-Kingston Township Joint School Board asked for an evaluation of Westmoreland High School leading to its recognition as an accredited school at a meeting of directors held this week.

Kingston Township Ambulance Association purchased its first community ambulance with funds donated by 870 citizens. Officers are Martin Porter, president; William Clewelly, secretary; Thomas Morgan, Jr., treasurer; Howard Woolbert, captain of drivers.

Dallas Borough Council retained its millage at 22 mills for the current year. Ross Township taxpayers will oppose proposed increase in road levy. Raymon Hedden was low bidder for the general construction of a new elementary school at Sweet Valley, submitting a figure of \$151,000.

March came in like a lion, leaving residents with hope of a mild ending. Deaths: Leroy Platt, Carverton; Mrs. Lucinda McNeal, Dallas; Philip Ritter, 66, Dallas.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hall, Shavertown, on a trip to Massachusetts, had a narrow escape when their car caught fire near Milford. Interior was completely gutted.

The first boy in the Lewis Nulton family in 20 years was born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nulton, Woodbridge, N.J.

Police Auxiliary Sees Hair-Styling Program

A demonstration of hair-styling by Carol Yeust was the feature of a Back Mountain Police Auxiliary meeting February 28 at Lake Silkworth Fire Hall, Mrs. Robert Cooper presiding.

Mrs. John Lukavitch, Mrs. Michael Nemchick, Mrs. Michael Kernag served refreshments; Mrs. Lukavitch was elected chairman of refreshments for the year.

Mrs. Michael Nemchick, entertainment committee, assisted by Mrs. Michael Kernag, announced that

Tribute Paid To Senator

Mailed To His Son Just Before Death

This tribute to Senator A. J. Sordoni was written before his death by Rev. Ralph Weatherly, and given to his son, Jack, to forward to him in Florida. "It was a strange coincidence," writes Ray. Weatherly.

Senator Sordoni met me on the path to his summer house near his dairy farm at Harvey's Lake. In the background were visitors, friends or business men. Smilingly he led me aside towards a small pond overgrown with lilies and waterplants.

He showed me several floral specimens, then with an air of innocence inquired if I would like to meet his pet, the bull frogs. Of course I assented though I was not thrilled especially at the prospect. But he astonished me by calling frogs as we circled the pond. Some promptly appeared, big, green, old, solemn looking fellows to whom he threw grains of food he'd carried in his pocket. Each frog seemed to listen as the Senator greeted: "Here Bulbul! Here Boombomb! Here Beeelzebub!" tossing crumbs. He conversed rapidly and well about the intimate life of his frogs.

I was driving home before I realized that my visit had got no visible results. The Senator knew that I was looking for a financial donation to a good cause; apparently he was not ready to give or wanted time to consider the matter. So neither of us had mentioned the cause of my visit though each knew well all about it. A generous donation came later.

Mr. Sordoni was president of the Wilkes-Barre Rotary Club when, as a visiting Rotarian, I attended a meeting over which he presided in the Sterling Hotel. The meeting was opened with a song and prayer; we ate; a speaker did his chore, the Senator having conducted business with no wasted words. Years later a brilliant woman dismissed a conference of college women with, "If any one has an intelligent contribution, let her speak." We adjourned quickly.

When the Sordoni company was building Grace Church, Kingston, in 1930 I learned more about the Senator. A foreman told me of his extended interests, he then headed a dozen enterprises or more. He had bought at maybe 20 per cent of its cost to Montrose citizens the Montrose Inn (this method was used by F. M. Kirby and others) and hotels in Binghamton, Allentown, Hazleton, Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. The ingenious Montrose investors had imagined that their village would blossom into a popular resort and they would make money.

Mr. Sordoni combined the inn with the telephone company which he owned there and he probably did make money. On his way up there one day he noticed a lineman loafing on top of a pole, smoking and just sitting. "Who are you working for?" asked the Senator when he had stopped his car. "I don't know, some Italian so-and-so in Wyoming Valley, I think," replied the lineman.

"You were, but not now," the Senator explained. His bid for construction of Grace Church was 70% of his best competitor; his rival could build it in 18 months; Mr. Sordoni promised to complete it in six. Services were held in the old building on Easter, early next day men and equipment began tearing things apart, and before Christmas the work was done.

The Senator often would come by the church early on his way to office or other projects; he would inspect and remedy if necessary. His foreman, Ellis Swingle, loyally admired him. I found when Mr. Sordoni asked me to go with him to a canning factory he had acquired that he knew every foreman's name and the office workers'. He conducted me on a tour of the plant, first taking off his coat; he knew the works as well as the people. He sold it soon, for a profit. A plant worked well, earned income, or he would not have it.

In the army when he was young he learned the value of physical energy, promptness, courtesy and hard work, begun early and done late and well. Can it be done? Well done? Profitably? How much time, how much material, what able men are needed?—he worked, it seemed to me by these rules. He began his career after he had left school rather early. He trucked, set up telephone poles, contracted to build anything. He was elected as State Senator; he must have been popular with many friends; they helped him; he helped them. He bought utilities; he ran a dairy, organized as a hobby an automobile club. He made no excuses; the depression that ruined others gave him a challenge. Art and books he liked and when he could he learned from them. A philanthropist, he aided in establishing colleges. Like Mr. Kirby, Mr. Truman, Mrs. Roosevelt, he did not himself attend college, often a place offering opportunities for young people while they are growing up, in the hope they will think. That the Senator was an educated man few will dispute.

Carl Stainbrook will show slides from his travels March 28th at Lehman Fire Hall.

Mrs. Dennis Bonning, Jr., and Mrs. Edward Gdosky will serve.

From—

Pillar To Post...

By Hix

So many helpful people in the Back Mountain... the clerk at McCrory's who deftly applied a bandaid to a bleeding thumb which had been lacerated by a fall on sharp ice.

The anonymous person or persons who have been ploughing out my driveway late at night, the jeep chugging efficiently into the drive, backing and filling, its lights reflecting from the rear window of the snow-bound Austin, then disappearing down the road toward another rescue mission.

The boys at the Dallas Post who conceal their disdain so nobly when flagged to spread ashes under churning rear wheels: "Did you know you left the car in gear, Mrs. Hicks?"

Oh well, leaving the car in gear is either a sign of breaking up or a grand old ruin, one which has been sufficiently broken up by recent events, or simply an aberration of the mind, to be expected in one nearing retirement status... or for the matter of that, quite a spell beyond it.

The meat clerk at the Acme who comes rushing out with a beaming face, waving a letter from one of my sons on Valentine's Day, and pinning roses on himself for having selected a very special rolled roast of beef to fulfill the requirements of the letter and the enclosed check.

"Hope you'll find it as nice as you expect it to be," he chuckles. "Your boy said be sure it would roast rare, and this one will sure roast rare."

The manager of the Acme, who upon occasion brings out the groceries himself to the waiting Austin, reminding me that oysters are still in season, but that there's only a little over a month left for oyster stew unless you go in for the frozen oyster package. Mr. Ward has a feeling for Chesapeake Bay. "Wonder what it's like down on the Eastern Shore now?" he inquires with a nostalgic gleam in his eye.

For anybody brought up within sight and sound and smell of Chesapeake Bay, no frozen fish or oysters ever hit the spot, but Mr. Ward does not see eye to eye with me on oysters... he doesn't like them raw.

But I do, and there is nothing to compare with the flavor of a freshly opened raw oyster, briny from the Bay, its juice dripping from the lifted fork from the deeper side of the shell, not emasculated by washing.

Myra, bringing over a brace of blue-fish or a shad. "We don't seem to care so much for fish at our house, but I know Tom loves fish."

Or Mrs. Davis, leaving a pair of cream-puffs on the desk. "That's all the creampuffs the bakery truck had left," she says, and two puffs won't be enough for my family."

The cordial voices over the telephone, "I was hoping you'd answer the phone, Mrs. Hicks." I've never seen the woman at the other end of the line, but we exchange notes on grandchildren and the state of the nation before we get down to the business of writing a classified ad that will sell a three-piece living room set or a trumpet or a washing machine or a beagle hound. The Back Mountain is loaded with nice people.

... Safety Valve ...

THE JOLLY GIANT

Dear Editor: I was a stranger in the Back Mountain, having lived in Harrisburg for the past sixteen years before being transferred to Dallas. Being one to travel, I would explore every road and community to find a place suited to my taste to settle, when one day I came across this giant of a man, who reminds me of the Jolly Green Giant on T-V (except he isn't green) with a ruddy face and hands that would be an asset to any sportsman. He was dressed warmly, but his clothing showed signs of hard work and dirty jobs.

This man, as anyone who knows him will tell you, has a heart as big as his frame. In the dead of winter, and it gets cold in your country, this man will crawl under your car and spend many hours past his quitting time to see that you are safely on your way. He seems to get more pleasure out of helping you than out of the small amount of pay he receives.

As a stranger, I have never found such a good-hearted man who works endlessly with so little financial return. I doubt if half the people in the Back Mountain know him, but if they would take the time to know this man, I'm sure they would be proud that he lives here.

I take this means to thank Cliff Culver for his many acts of kindness to me, and to his many friends. As an obscure junk-man he has restored my faith in many a man in this fast moving world of competition for the almighty dollar.

Sincerely, Mr. D. of Dallas

Editorial note: It's the human touch that's important, Mr. D (We know Mr. D's name, but we promised not to use it.)

IT'S THE CATS!

February 25, 1963 Dear Mrs. Hicks: I have been intending to write to you since your "Pillar" about your cat and the cat chow. My cat would never eat it soaked up but she loves it dry. A neighbor fed her for me a few days last spring and she sprinkled Purina cat chow on a chair on the porch and let her bat them off and chase them. Even though she is over a year old she jumps up on a chair and cries for cat chow but doesn't want it in a dish and she wouldn't touch it

Let's hear about the camera club, too. Hix.

DEAR "PUZZLED"

To "Puzzled" from Southwest district of Lehman Township, who wrote Wednesday about birds: A rule of thumb at the Post is not to print unsigned letters. This, ideally, is to make people stand up for their beliefs. There are other reasons, too. Your letter is obviously sincere, and, if an exception were made in any case, it would be yours. But rules are rules. Call in your name, and we'll print the letter. Editor

Editor

DEAR "PUZZLED"

A rule of thumb at the Post is not to print unsigned letters. This, ideally, is to make people stand up for their beliefs. There are other reasons, too. Your letter is obviously sincere, and, if an exception were made in any case, it would be yours. But rules are rules. Call in your name, and we'll print the letter. Editor

Editor

DEAR "PUZZLED"

A rule of thumb at the Post is not to print unsigned letters. This, ideally, is to make people stand up for their beliefs. There are other reasons, too. Your letter is obviously sincere, and, if an exception were made in any case, it would be yours. But rules are rules. Call in your name, and we'll print the letter. Editor

Editor

DEAR "PUZZLED"

A rule of thumb at the Post is not to print unsigned letters. This, ideally, is to make people stand up for their beliefs. There are other reasons, too. Your letter is obviously sincere, and, if an exception were made in any case, it would be yours. But rules are rules. Call in your name, and we'll print the letter. Editor

Editor

Editorially Speaking:

NEEDED: A SOUND AND PRACTICAL PLAN

Thirty years ago, this community realized that real progress depended upon three things: an adequate water supply; a good school system; an improved sewage disposal plant.

We have at this point a good school system. In both the Dallas and Lake-Lehman area, this was accomplished over the dead bodies of a host of preconceived notions, all of them based upon cost, bolstered by the firmly established feeling that "What was good enough for grand-father, was good enough for kids."

We have not, and have never had, a good enough supply of water. A water supply is obtainable, because anything that a community really needs is within reach. In the last analysis, we only "borrow" water. We use it, but we do not use it up. It returns to the earth and to the lakes and streams, to the clouds, and falls again as rain. The rate at which we "borrow" it is the nub of the problem.

With modern developments, most new homes feature automatic washers. Automatic washers are a fine thing if you want to wash every day, but they use a great deal of water.

Every household wastes a great deal of water. In the east, water is taken for granted. In parts of the west, washing your car leads to a stiff fine, and people are so water-conscious that they blanch at the thought of a hot bath more than six inches deep in the tub. No wallowing, completely submerged.

It is all a matter of relativity. What is luxury in some parts of the country is commonplace in another part. BUT, we come of ancestry that expects plenty of water on tap, and plenty of water on tap is prerequisite of attracting to this area the kind of people who will cherish it, and enjoy it, and instill in their children a love for it.

Plenty of water can be had... but probably not from sinking more wells. Bubbling up from the center of Harveys Lake are inexhaustible springs, pure and cold from far beneath the surface, not contaminated by any fringe of bathing beaches.

Planning commissions envisage houses placed so close together in focuses of housing that water supply, sewage disposal, and power supply would be far more practical.

The drawback to this is that people move out into this area primarily to have elbow room. Unless they are completely without a sense of values, they realize that you cannot eat your cake and have it too.

The price you pay for elbow room is more snow to shovel in the wintertime, longer electric lines, private wells or longer water supply lines, increased transportation costs, and the ever-present problem of the septic tank.

Except in the more populous centers, Dallas Borough and Kingston Township, a complete sewage disposal system would be ruinously expensive, involving tremendous distances.

Underlying strata of rock make laying of pipes difficult. Septic tanks imbedded in heavy clay soil or hardpan find difficulty in discharging their cargo to the dispersal grounds where absorption is slow.

We need in this area a public dump so that trashmen would no longer need to haul refuse down into the valley for disposal. In Kingston Township there was a tremendous crater, relic of strip mining, which was for years used for a dump. It was closed to dumping when people became careless and dumped debris over the approaches to the ravine. The place would have held an almost unlimited supply of garbage and trash.

A public dump requires care. Trash must be burned and a landfill employed, to eliminate a rat problem.

All political subdivisions of the Back Mountain would have to contribute to the proper care of a dump. It would not necessarily be too burdensome in any of the Townships or the Borough. It could be worked out if Township supervisors and Dallas Borough Councilmen got together.

Water supply, and sewage disposal, including a practical public dump, are the two problems which now need to be studied and met. We already have good schools.