

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

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

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

It Happened 30 Years Ago

Back Mountain teams were all set to open the baseball season of the Bi-County League.

Large sums collected in land returns by county commissioners were not being claimed by local communities.

Robert Laux needed twenty sutures to close the wound in his arm suffered when a truck sideswiped the vehicle in which Bob and his father were riding near Birch Grove.

Mt. Greenwood Kiwanis Club scheduled a large card party to raise funds for their Underprivileged Children's Fund. The organization paid for tonsil operations on 39 children last year.

Young people in Dallas were completing plans for a tennis court to be erected on Lehman Avenue between Anderson and McCarty properties.

Early pictures of local folk appeared in this issue loaned by Wyoming Valley Motor Club, a Dallas Post customer.

John Hanso, general manager, Harvey's Lake Picnic Ground, was planning new improvements to the recreation park.

Superior chicks, blood tested, were selling for eight and nine cents a chick.

Marriage: MarthaONEY, Trucksville, was married to Fabian Odell, Shavertown.

Deaths: Purcell Johnston, 67, Shavertown; Samuel Griffith, 76, Dallas; Emma Major, 55, Lehman; Phyllis Benscoter, 16, Mühlenburg; John Sheridan, 76, Dallas; Charles Randall, Loyallville; Hattie Wilcox, 60, Huntsville.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Gold Star parents unveiled a beautiful Honor Roll in Trucksville. OPA officials investigated black market sale of gasoline ration coupons in Back Mountain area.

Clean Up Week was proclaimed in Dallas beginning April 26. Dallas Township began collection of 235,000 pounds of scrap for the war effort.

A picture taken in Iran and sent to the Dallas Post revealed the location of James Harris, Alderson, stationed with the Armed Services Weddings: Marian Remley, Shavertown, to Marsellus Hubschmitt.

A lovely doe amused local youngsters when she swam for an hour in Harvey's Lake, slowly sauntering through the yard of Frank Jackson before reentering the woodlands.

Bobby Snyder's pup was the 7th dog in the Back Mountain area to enter the K-9 corps.

Died: Doris Peeler, Sweet Valley; John Sutton, Beaumont; Mrs. Olive Scott, Lehman; Mrs. Anna Sutton, Beaumont.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Little Guy Zerfoss, Shavertown, was seriously injured by a hit and run driver, near his home.

Infant Cindy Haddie, Kunkle, was saved from suffocation by Jason Kunkle and Fred Dodson using new rescuator mask of Harry E. Smith Fire Company.

Shavertown Fire Company pondered dilemma of worn out fire truck.

James and Kenneth Oliver dropped the Hudson car agency.

Herbert A. Ward assumed management of the Dallas Ace.

Roger Paget, Yeager Avenue, Dallas, was awarded Wyoming Seminary Scholarship, a six week trip to Europe.

Weddings: Grace Marie Laux, Shavertown, to Robert Gardiner, Trucksville.

Died: Harbert Hill, Shavertown, well known Back Mountain florist and civic leader, died in General Hospital following a stroke suffered several days previously.

Mr. Hill was working among his beloved plants and flowers shortly before he was stricken.

Granville Sowden, Jr., 23, Wesleyan graduate, died at his home following several months illness.

Mrs. Calista Dymond, 73, Chase.

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 two 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 change of address or new subscription 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 that 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 other publications.

National display advertising rates \$4c per column inch. Transient rates 80.

Political advertising \$85, \$110, \$125 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 \$1.15.

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

Editorially Speaking: A Vanishing Breed? Sez Who?

People in the larger cities, sadly lacking in grass-roots knowledge, deplore the passing of the old fashioned general practitioner and of the rural editor.

To this, we make the simple statement, Bushwah! Folks in the Back Mountain may rest secure in the knowledge that they have general practitioners, plenty of them, and also a newspaper that is rolling right along in spite of many tribulations during the past year...

Judging by the cars which the general practitioners are running, the profession is flourishing. And judging by the ads which The Dallas Post is carrying, the rural newspaper which carries tidings of life and death, and marriages and birth, is also feeling no pain.

This is a good community. It deserves good doctors and a good newspaper, and it has both.

But in case you don't have the lowdown on rural newspapers and their value to a community, tune in next Tuesday evening at 10:30 to Channel 16, and hear about a grass-roots newspaper down in Kentucky, when the McLean County News and its editor Landon Wills sit for their portrait on "A Vanishing Breed." (Who says it's vanishing?)

A Great Crusade Begins

By Mrs. Frederick W. Anderson April is with us again. Harbinger of new life and promise, it serves a dual purpose.

For as all nature swings into a lovely growing season and its sunlit days signal death to winter, so we, too, must labor that 88,000 among us may not die.

We are in the opening days of a great Crusade and from every street in every borough and township, an army is massing its forces.

The banner it follows indeed bears the symbol of a mighty sword but in this war it is a weapon of mercy and not of destruction.

Its soldiers are unskilled in the techniques of battle but throughout its ranks there are none more dedicated to a cause.

So that others might live, free of the great scourge, they march. And their foe is Cancer!

Why do they march? In hope that an additional 4700 children may not fall victim again this year; that 250,000 mothers will not have died in vain; that 300,000 fathers torn from their needed families will not have made the supreme sacrifice.

The foe creeps insidiously among us, respecting no one. Rich and poor, young and old, white or black, Christian or Jew, it claims with unrelenting invasion, one every two minutes.

The American Cancer Society needs your support. By research, education and service it can conquer. Open your doors and your hearts to its volunteers.

Rural Republicans To Meet At Hunlock's

Chairman of the Fourth Legislative District, James Cooke will preside at a joint meeting of the Republican Women of Hunlock Creek and the Rural Republican Club Tuesday, April 23 at 8 p.m. at the Fire Hall Hunlock Creek.

Co-chairmen are Mrs. Edgar Sorber, Mrs. Florence Cragle, and William Goss; on the refreshment committee are Mesdames Frances Sutton, Florence Cragle, Ronnie Sutton, Doris Roberts, Erna Ziska, Beatrice Hummel, and Ida Roberts.

The Rural Republican Club comprises these areas: Lake, Ross, Union, Hunlock, Fairmount, Huntington, Conygham, Salem, Lehman, and Slocum Townships, and Shick-shenny and New Columbus Boroughs.

The first American artillery shot of World War I was fired Oct. 23, 1917, by Battery C of the 6th Field Artillery.

Whittaker Member Of Pershing Rifles

Cadet Corporal William A. Whittaker, sophomore at Pennsylvania Military College at Chester, is now a fully accredited member of the famous Pershing Rifle Drill Team, according to word received at Easter time by his parents Mr. and Mrs. Alton Whittaker, Church Street.

Bill, a 1960 Dallas High School graduate, said here on his spring vacation, that one of the thrills of a lifetime was taking part in the drill team meet at Champagne, Illinois, March 8 and 9, where the Pershing Rifle Drill Team took top National Honors.

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Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Dr. James Rowley Lewis, first physician back of the mountain, is said to have located in the wilderness in the Carverton area in 1831. In 1833, he purchased a homestead in Truckville where he practiced over half a century, being the oldest practicing physician in Luzerne County at the time of his death Nov. 2, 1883. He was about 29 years old when he settled in Truckville and his first wife died the same year, possibly before he came here.

His second wife was Mary Ferguson, daughter of Alexander Ferguson of Dallas. Their children, most of whom lived to very old age, were: Thomas H. B., Jeanette, Margaret, James M., Esther, Sylvia Jane, and Mary. Small-pox was a dreaded disease in Dr. Lewis' time. Levi Hunt of Dallas died of it in 1828-29, caught while on a rafting trip down the river to Baltimore, said to be the first death from that disease in Dallas Township. Jacob Miers also caught it on a similar trip and died not long afterward.

A Doctor John Smith served as a viewer in 1831 when Monroe Township was cut off from Northmoreland and Dallas and other parts of adjoining townships. This was probably the Doctor John Smith of Wyoming, a grandson of one of the original Susquehanna Company proprietors, who was active in politics. He started in Wyoming in 1815.

The first doctor in Dallas Township is said to have been Doctor Thomas Henry Nutt. He was so assessed in 1844, the year after Franklin Township was cut off. The next was Doctor Isaac Whipple, who came to Dallas about 1844-45. For generations, up to fairly recent years, Dallas was known as a two-doctor town. There were other doctors scattered around in the smaller villages, a few miles apart, in the horse and buggy days, but usually only one in a place. In earlier days doctors learned to practice by training with a practicing doctor, like lawyers learned law in the office of a lawyer.

One such doctor was Doctor David M. Silkworth (1820-1890) who came to Monroe Township area in 1862. To him is credited the name, "beaumont," meaning, in French, "beautiful mountains." After practicing in several other states, he came here during the Civil War and shortly thereafter served with the 53rd Pennsylvania Volunteers as a physician. After the war he returned and resumed practice, also keeping a drug store and post office.

Much later, Doctor Lorenzo Byron Avery, kept a general store and drug store at Alderson. He was trained as a physician but practiced very little. He was commonly called "Doc" Avery and was a very well read and popular man at the Lake. He wrote prose and poetry and was a regular contributor to THE DALLAS POST for many years.

Henry Hagaman was the first post rider, carrying the mail from Wilkes-Barre to Bowman's Creek. J. Wesley Kunkle became the first postmaster at the Kunkle Post Office, Sanford Morse the postmaster at Ketchum postal quarters. The latter branch was named in honor of W. W. Ketchum, member of Congress.

Peter Ryman opened offices as the first pettifogger and was extremely successful. Thomas Irwin was first justice of the peace.

The first painted house was owned by Jacob Rice, the first spring buggy also was acquired by him. Abram Honeywell was the proud owner of the first cast iron plow and William Honeywell, the first patent wagon brake.

Farming and lumbering were the chief occupations in the district, much of the land being cleared and cultivated. The area is twenty-one square miles.

Among the pioneer preachers were Marmaduke Pierce and Benjamin Bidlack, the latter a Revolutionary soldier. Services were held in the rude residences until the schools were built.

No account of the early office holders is available nor that of early township meetings, all records having been destroyed.

Chairman of Noxen Ambulance Fund drive Dave Fritz extends thanks to committee members who have given whole-heartedly of their time and energy, and asks anyone in the area not called on to come forward and help.

Every year a certain portion of the fund is set aside for the purchase, some day, of a new ambulance. This year the committee hopes, with the aid of those who may still come forth, to double that amount set aside over last year.

Committee members are: Roger Opdahl, A. E. Ruff, Alan Kitchen, Ed Condon, Elmer Race, Arlie Harvey, Spencer Holmgren, and Oscar Fish. To date they have collected \$950.45, and last year's campaign brought in \$1015.05.

Anyone who has not yet contributed can give whatever he likes to Dave Fritz.

Meetings are at 7 Monday nights, excepting the fourth Monday of every month when the class will meet at 6:00.

Ambulance First Aid Course In Session

First Aid classes for ambulance crew-men began Monday night at the borough building, William Wright instructing.

Those in attendance received manuals if they wanted to buy them, and heard Bill Wright speak briefly on the aims and goals of first aid instruction.

Standard and advanced first-aid will be taught during the sixteen hours of course, at the end of which members will be tested for qualification.

Those registering were: Robert Besecker, Gilbert Morris, John Carey, Hayden Richards, L. R. Scott, James Davies, Leslie Tinsley, Don Shaffer, Leonard Harvey, William Wright, Charles Youngblood, Robert Block, and Charles Black.

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott LAKE BUSINESSMEN

At least one Harveys Lake business-owner is getting more and more put out every fishing season.

Perennially, the opening of season denotes a brand new year to those who have just held their own, staying open through the hard, unprofitable winter.

Now, and for the last several years, push-cart and hot-dog truck peddlers have invaded the area, settling down right next to the water. Nobody's going to walk for a sandwich on opening day if they can get one without pulling out their line, even if the nearer sandwich doesn't taste like much.

Now a lot of fishermen go to the established businesses only to use the rest-rooms. Even the peddlers use them.

What the business-owners need is a stiffer transient merchants license, especially with seasonal aspect of business at the Lake.

Problem is, as one supervisor sees it that signs warning peddlers must be put at every road into the township, and this would run many hundreds of dollars.

WE DIDN'T SAY THAT

I was rather amazed last week to note an interesting twist given to our little story about the sale of Noxen tannery.

More amazed, probably, are executives at Armour Leather in Williamsport, who by this time must have set up barbed wire and Bren guns in front of their offices in order to hold off indignant reporters righteously demanding to know who bought it.

It's no trick for a paper or a radio station to borrow another's material, and in fact, it is reciprocally practiced all the time, with the help of "rewrite men."

I'll never forget the time we wrote about a quiet pastor's wife modestly going about some man-sized construction chores for the good of her husband's flock, and we commented "Who says the pioneer spirit is dead in America?"

The next day I was delighted to find elsewhere that she had been quoted as asserting "The pioneer spirit is dead in America!"

Well this time everybody (and you all know your names), decided to emphasize the tail-end of our story to wit: "Word from Williamsport has it that official declaration can not be expected until next week at the earliest."

We had phoned the company, stated the nature of the call, and were told that no one could even talk to us on that subject until next week. Hence the "at the earliest" part.

Deducing that a little outfit like the Post wouldn't waste money phoning Williamsport, the others, I guess, figured the "word from Williamsport has it" part to mean that the foremen had been sent back to Noxen by the plant manager with a sealed promise on the part of the company to declare their purpose this week.

We didn't say that.

DANCES (RESUME)

It was gratifying to see attendance so good at the teenage dance Monday night at the Legion Post Home. The dance had stopped for Lent.

From here on, the event will be held, as before the season, Saturday nights.

We wanted to do our part to help these dances by giving them publicity for the opener Monday, and had set the story in type, ready to go. It was then that the occasional and unforeseeable space problem arose, and we had to do some fast cutting of material.

Actually, the note about the dance should have been given priority, since the upcoming event was the following week. But in the mad last-minute dash to throw some news in the path of wildly vegetating Easter advertising, it must have gotten overlooked.

Community Concert To Close List April 27

Membership in the 1963-1964 Community Concert series will be closed Saturday, April 27. Admission is by membership card only. The campaign is now going on, Mrs. John Bennett of Kingston is chairman.

Four top concert attractions are scheduled, with Robert Merrill, opera baritone, heading the list.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra directed by Maestro William Steinberg, returns after an absence of two years.

Completing the season will be Lorin Hollander, young American pianist, and the Schola Cantorum of New York City. Many residents saw on TV the Schola Cantorum on the program at the gala opening in New York's Lincoln Center, when it was directed by Leonard Bernstein.

Moved To Valley Crest

Mrs. Emma Gensel, 90, was moved from Mercy Hospital to Valley Crest Tuesday by Dallas Ambulance. Mrs. Gensel, who lives with her daughter, Miss Catherine Gensel, 211 Hellers Grove, Trucksville, fractured her hip election day and has been a medical patient at Mercy Hospital since. Manning the ambulance were William Kreischer, Kingston Township and Bob Besecker, Dallas.

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Every contributor to CARE'S Food Crusade gets a receipt that shows the countries whose people will be helped.

From — Pillar To Post... By Hix

Joe Hoeg dropped around Easter evening to discuss this and that before returning to University of Maryland after the spring vacation, and the talk turned on the lost submarine. Joe has been doing some boning up on stresses and strains in metals, the changes that take place when a welding job is done, not in the weld itself, but in the surrounding metals.

Almost at once I was far over my head in technicalities, but bits and pieces came back from a childhood spent in boundless admiration for a surgeon father who could do everything just a little better than anybody else could do it, and who held that surgery was simply applied mechanics.

Watching Papa fashion a special surgical instrument, one designed for a specific job, I learned quite a bit by indirection about metals. Papa explained that it was the rate of cooling that did the trick, that if you wanted a soft result you cooled it slowly, and if you wanted a good hard brittle job you plunged it sizzling into cold water, and the larger the job the more difficult it was to control the cooling temperature.

Papa hammered delicately, shaping his instrument on the anvil, and plunged it into the tub of water. Then he hammered out the other piece, and when he assembled the thing, it was a rib-cutter with a particularly vicious snap to its jaws, in a baby size, just exactly right for the very small baby he was intending to use it on, a far smaller model than could be purchased at that time.

After the operation was successfully performed, Papa sent the rib-cutter to be plated. There wasn't time to do anything in advance except fashion the life-saving bit of metal. It probably looked odd, sterilized with all the shiny clamps and scissors scalpels but it did the trick.

Joe listened with interest, and then he returned to the submarine. If it could be snared at the end of a towing cable, he thought, it could be jockeyed up to the Continental Shelf into shallow water and examined more minutely than would be possible while resting deep on the ocean floor.

"Nobody would ever sell me a bill of goods on signing up for submarine duty," I ventured. "You'd be caught like a rat in a trap if anything went wrong."

"Now Mrs. Hicks, don't give me that stuff, you'd be the first to go down, and you're not fooling me a bit."

A horrid memory reared its head. It was in the harbor at Annapolis at least a hundred years ago. There was the submarine, fresh from the Spanish American War, one of the first models, lying at anchor off the Naval Academy, its oily surface lapped by small waves. And there was my great-uncle Delphine, gathering her voluminous skirts about her, and shaking her white curls, insisting upon climbing down the hatchway. It wasn't a conning tower in those days, just a small bluster on the cigar-shaped surface.

Aunt Delphine could always be depended upon to make a diversion. On this occasion, she was restrained from boarding the submarine by a scandalized officer who clearly considered that elderly women should remain in the kitchen, doing whatever it is that elderly women do in kitchens.

I was terribly disappointed. I had planned to slip aboard the submarine in Aunt Delphine's wake, after she had successfully negotiated the narrow ladder, but it was not to be.

And since that date, my enthusiasm for submarine has suffered a steady process of attrition. I could say with perfect truth Sunday night, and mean it, "No, Joe, you'll never get me on a submarine, go pack up your persuasive powers and get out of here, you have to go back to college tomorrow and bone up some more on metals. Who knows, maybe you'll be able to spot what was wrong, with that welding job."

And off Joe galloped, the best yard boy I ever had, and a boy the Back Mountain will be proud of some day. Joe is going places, a fine advertisement for what Dallas schools can do.

Guard The Arbustus

As housing developments spread farther and farther afield, and woodland hills are shorn of their trees, the region is in grave danger of losing one of its treasures.

Year after year the trailing arbutus is disappearing, and when it goes, it never returns. It is impossible to transplant successfully. It resents interference.

Children are not the only ones who tear it up by the roots heedlessly. "Well, it's GROWING there, isn't it, and it isn't doing anything any good, why shouldn't I take it home?" protests the picknicker with her hands full of the fragile pink blossoms.

She crams the beautiful fragrance and the shell-pink loveliness into a vase, and two days later all that is left of the trailing arbutus is a small bunch of dry twigs. Throw it out. It was pretty while it lasted, wasn't it?

Once, passenger pigeons darkened the sky. Uncounted millions were trapped for food. The supply was endless. There would always be passenger pigeons.

Came a spring when the flocks were not so large. Another spring when the flocks were perceptibly smaller. A spring when there were no passenger pigeons, and another spring when a substantial reward was offered for just one pair of passenger pigeons.

The reward is still offered, but nobody has ever collected it. Hopeful bird lovers have responded, but the passenger pigeon is now extinct.

Here in these hills we have a heritage for future generations. If you know where there is trailing arbutus, guard the secret from careless hands. If you pluck arbutus, pluck only a little, and take it with a sharp snip of the scissors, not tearing it up by the roots. Its woody roots extend under the surface. Disturb the roots, even by a gentle pull, and that portion will die.

New System Will Ease Detour Travel

Motorists touring the State Highway this summer will no longer have trouble with "Detour Signs," thanks to the ingenuity of George Bennett, traffic engineer in the Department.

Detour signs will be replaced by new markers, announcing "Road Closed—Follow Red Arrows." Another sign above the announcement will show a sample arrow.

Red arrows will then point out the motorist's route, indicating whether he should turn right or left. Two will often be used to make sure a turn is not missed.

The end of each detour will be marked "End Detour."

Robert J. Phillips

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Phillips, Burdette Road, announce the birth of a seven pound, four ounce baby boy, Robert John Jr., their first child.

Mrs. Phillips is the former Patricia Ann Wybersky of Wyoming.

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Mrs. Newman Needs Early Pix Of Area

Mrs. Arthur Newman, who is collecting material for a scrapbook for the Library Auction, would appreciate pictures, preferably of the early days of the century, showing the lumber industry at Stull. She needs pictures of the open street-cars which used to serve Harveys Lake, and of the Lake steamboats.

Does anybody in this area know when the last streetcar ran to the Lake? Who was the motorman?

Anybody who has a retired street-car man in the family is asked to get in touch with Mrs. Newman.

With the new highway about to change the face of the Back Mountain even more drastically than changes in the past, it is important to preserve the history of the region.

Things which do not seem of historical significance now, may well prove of great value in the future.

64 Donors At Linear

Tuesday's Bloodmobile collection at Linear saw 64 candidates offering their blood to keep their organization eligible for transfusion through the Blood Bank program.