

## THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

"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.

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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 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 84c per column inch. Transient rates 80.

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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; Harveys Lake — Javers Store Kocher's Store; Sweet Valley — Adams Grocery; Lehman—Stolarick's Store; Noxen — Scouten's Store; Shawanese — Putterbaugh's Store; Fernbrook — Bogdon's Store, Bunney's Store, Orchard Farm Restaurant; Luzerne — Novak's Confectionary; Beaumont — Stone's Grocery.

## Editorially Speaking:

### Good Sportsmanship!

Boys used to fight with their fists, matching their strength with that of other boys.

Learning how to fight was termed the manly art of self-defense, and fathers took pride in the prowess of their sons, while mothers secretly wrung their hands, or openly advised junior that "it wasn't nice to fight, don't you want to be a little gentleman?"

Do fathers these days take pride in their sons when the sons gang up on one boy and beat him to insensibility?

Is it considered good sportsmanship for two boys to hold another while a third boy kicks him in the stomach and rains vicious blows on his face and head?

What has become of the old fashioned standards that saw a boy matched with another boy of equal weight and ability, while the circle of onlookers kept their hands off, while yelling for their favorite?

The boys who do the beating up should really have switch-blade knives, in order to live up to the standards of conduct set forth on television shows.

It would be so much simpler to just stab a boy in the stomach than to go to the trouble of holding him and kicking him until he is unconscious.

What on earth has happened to good sportsmanship? There was a lot to be said for a good pummeling, when two boys who had spoiling for a fight, mixed it in the vacant lot after school. The fight cleared the air, and usually cemented a firm friendship.

A young boy brutally beaten in a lavatory by three or four other boys cannot in all conscience entertain charitable feelings toward his assailants.

Gang warfare leads to more gang warfare, not to friendship and a respect for the other fellow's muscles.

It also leads to juvenile court, with family ranged against family, and nobody the winner.

### What, No Billboards?

It's a beautiful stretch of road, as route 29 winds steeply down toward West Naticoke, curve on curve, through a gorge where mountainous slopes rise higher and higher against the sky.

But there is something missing, something which no educated motorist can do without.

Where are those highway billboards, those signs advertising septic tanks and convenient diaper service and the Peek-a-Boo outdoor movie, and Honeymoon Hill Tavern?

Those billboards should be overlapping each other like shingles on a roof, obliterating the towering rocks and standing with their feet in the creek.

Something to make the motorist feel at home, not out in the wilds.

And the new spring greenery, why isn't it browned with chemicals along the right of way under the power lines?

What is anybody thinking of, permitting a beautiful piece of scenery to go undefiled?

Where is the garbage and the beer cans? But relief is in sight. Just wait until route 309 is pretty much tied up with the construction job due to start any minute now.

Traffic will perform spray out into smaller roads, and route 29 will no longer be neglected. Outdoor advertising men will see the light, and the billboards will follow, the advance guard of civilization.

### Mother

Mothers are the queerest things!  
Member when John went away,  
All but Mother cried and cried  
When they said goodbye that day.  
She just talked, and seemed to be  
Not the slightest bit upset—  
Was the only one who smiled!  
Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came back again  
On a furlough, safe and sound,  
With a medal for his deed,  
And without a single wound,  
While the rest of us harrowed,  
Laughed and joked and danced about,  
Mother kissed him, then she cried—  
Cried and cried like all git out!

### Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

#### UPS AND DOWNS

The new bank Time 'n Temp clock sure got a workout its first week in Dallas. Temperatures ran anywhere from freezing to uncomfortably warm, in what was surely the wackiest beginning of May in many a year.

#### FOR THE OPEN ROAD

Fred Lamoreaux had a time trying to establish the new forty-mile-an-hour signs as part of Overbrook Avenue's way of life.

Everybody wanted the signs in front of somebody else's yard.

The homeowner objected that a sign was on his land. When it was measured, he found out his mail-box was in the road right-of-way.

Another threatened to remove the sign after a week.

And yet nobody wants cars to be allowed to do fifty in front of his house.

#### TERROR IN THE STREETS

Of course I had a swell time at the Pancake Festival, but couldn't do the gastronomic opportunities justice, for a couple of reasons.

One problem was a cold, which stifled my famous appetite, and the other was fear of bands of brigands reported roaming the Back Mountain.

Fortunately I was missed by this reign of terror, but I understand it consisted of teenage hoodlums using gang methods.

We all know what gang methods are.

I don't know why the wires rang with news of martial law in the south, and completely ignored the deplorable situation here. You'd think it was just any other day in Dallas.

Responsible parents and teachers I ran into at the school Saturday were pleased with the way the press played it all down, because otherwise youngsters would be encouraged to seek notoriety.

#### LAKE BLOOMING AGAIN

Was glad to see things picking up at the Lake again this weekend, which lent itself nicely to encouraging business.

Rides are turning once again at Hanson's, and hot dog and ice cream stands at Sunset, Warden Place, and Laketon were dividing their time between fishermen and Sunday drivers.

There might be reason to fear a slow transient trade this summer, once they get to tearing up Memorial Highway. Even if they maintain traffic over two out of three lanes, those drivers who sweated it out in past summers bumper to bumper may cry "Enough!" to apparitions of dust and flag-men, and stay home.

#### TAMMY LINCOLN

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lincoln, RD 5, Shavertown, announce the birth of a daughter, Tammy, born April 28 in Nesbitt Hospital.

The couple have another daughter, Kim, aged two.

## ... Safety Valve ...

#### TRAFFIC CIRCLE NEEDED

Tell the lady who wrote in about the danger of the intersection of the Lake Highway with Route 118, that we are with her 100 percent. There should be a circle there, and there's plenty of ground to do it now.

Mrs. W. Russell Ide

Note: It's been a dangerous spot ever since the new Lehman road went through a number of years ago. Signs grow larger and more numerous all the time, but motorists simply cannot visualize a dead-end. Still, there hasn't been anybody over the bank for quite some time. It's a problem getting onto the highway from Route 118 on a

#### THE HORSE'S PRAYER

"To Thee, My Master, I offer my prayer, feed me, water and care for me, and when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean, dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

"Always be kind to me. Talk to me.

"Your voice often means as much to me as the reins.

"Pet me, sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you.

"Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going uphill.

"Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you.

"Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my feet.

"Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head.

"Keep me well shod.

"Examine my teeth when I do not eat; I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful.

"Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

"I cannot tell you in words when I'm thirsty so give me clean cool water often.

"I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition.

"Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I'm working but standing in the cold.

"I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night.

"Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

"Finally, O My Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, My Master take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter.

"You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the Name of Him who was born in a Stable." —Amen.

(Author Unknown)

Sent in by Herman Thomas

## Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

In the horse and buggy days when all transportation was slow and difficult, the local distances frequently traveled had to be short. This accounts for the villages scattered around the countryside every few miles. The village was the location of sawmills and gristmills, blacksmith shops, general stores, postoffice, churches, hotels, fraternal orders, some schools, doctors, wagon shops, dressmakers, milliners, carpenters, painters, handymen, shoemakers, and sometimes small industries. The small villages were more important than the town. One such village is Lehman, then frequently called Lehman Center.

In wilderness days this was part of the Connecticut Township of Bedford. It was later, for a few years, attached to the Pennsylvania Township of Plymouth, then made part of the new Township of Dallas in 1817. In 1829 it became Lehman Township. In its prime it had several blacksmith shops, a hotel, two large general stores, one run for generations by the Major family and another by W. R. Neely, an Odd Fellows Lodge, and several churches and doctors.

Pioneer Nehemiah Ide was a Presbyterian and rode horseback to Kingston to attend church there. Some Ides appear in baptismal records of the First Presbyterian Church at Wilkes-Barre before 1820. Later Presbyterians formed a church. The Methodist Church was so thriving that it became the center of a circuit, of which Dallas was one of the preaching points, in 1852. There was a Baptist Church, a circuit there also. My grandfather, Elder George Winters, lived there and preached nearly ten years, leaving in 1883. Two of his children were born there in 1876 and 1880, my mother being a small girl at the time.

Dr. Joel Jackson Rogers, later of Huntsville, first located in Lehman followed by Doctors named Moody and Frantz. Dr. Horace Greeley Colley went to Lehman as a young man in the 1870's and practiced there many years, later moved to Wilkes-Barre. He had four sons, Arthur, Albert, Fred, and Robert, some born in Lehman, who all became pharmacists. Albert, born in Lehman in 1877, where he was commonly called Bert, is currently employed in Kyehe's Drug Store. His brother, Robert, retired, lives in Wilkes-Barre. The others are dead.

Dr. E. W. Wilkinson practiced in the house adjoining that of the late Dr. Harry A. Brown many years. He also had a son named Albert. About the same time, Dr. W. S. Young (1861-1920), of German descent and from the Pennsylvania Dutch area, came to Lehman, shortly after his graduation from a Philadelphia College. He lived in the small house, now with white trim, on the right on the Meeker road. His daughter, Ann, absent many years after the death of her mother, Min-

Mrs. Arthur Major recalls many incidents in the life of a small town or country doctor in the horse and buggy days. There being no telephones in the rural area, people would come to the house in the middle of the night. The doctor would get up and dress seasonably, take a kerosene lantern and hitch up a horse to a sulky or buggy, hang the lantern under the wagon to give a little light on the road, and start out. He would be gone all night, sometimes all day and all the second night, with his family meanwhile having no information about him. Then upon his return he would bring in butter, eggs, etc., which had been given him in payment.

The horse and buggy doctors lived a rugged life, were very necessary and helpful in the community, and were respected accordingly.

### Mrs. Ben Banks Heads Mercy Auxiliary

Mrs. Ben C. Banks will head Mercy Hospital Auxiliary, Back Mountain Branch during the coming year.

Other officers installed at the Spring Luncheon Tuesday at Irem Temple Country Club were Mrs. Don, ald McCrea, vice president; Mrs. George Arzente Jr., secretary; Mrs. Harry Gallagher, treasurer.

Mrs. Roger McShea Jr. introduced the incoming president, Mrs. Banks.

Mrs. McShea was presented the past president's pin and received a rising vote of thanks for an excellent job.

Plans for the summer card party to be held at O'Connell's Twin Lakes June 25 were discussed and a special meeting scheduled for June 4 to complete details.

Mrs. Banks was chosen delegate to the Hospital Auxiliaries Workshop at Penn State University June 17 - 20.

Announcement of the Wilkes-Barre Auxiliary Spring Luncheon and Card Party June 12 at Fox Hill Country Club was made by Mrs. McShea.

The Dallas Post  
Does Full Color  
OFFSET PRINTING  
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## A TICKET DESIGNED ... With The PEOPLE In MIND

### Lehman Township Republican Ticket

#### SUPERVISOR

19 B—ALAN MAJOR

#### JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

22 A—HAROLD MAJOR

#### SCHOOL DIRECTOR

(Vote 2)

20 A—BARBARA VIVIAN

20 B—DEAN SHAVER

#### AUDITOR

22 B—BARBARA SIMMS

The LEHMAN TOWNSHIP REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE  
Sincerely Solicits Your VOTES for the Above Candidates.

## Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

### It Happened 30 Years Ago

With only \$40.00 in the general fund, a \$115.00 insurance due and tires on the fire truck in bad condition, Shavertown Fire Company was seriously considering a half mill assessment.

Rain and cold slowed crop growth causing much concern among farmers.

A new water tank on Hillcrest Street, Shavertown, installed by H. F. Goeringer Water Company, was expected to greatly improve the water supply in this area.

Additional white lines were painted on the county highway from Trucksville to Dallas to improve safety measures.

George Traver, Beaumont, purchased a new Chevrolet, Ed MacDougall, a new Ford coach and Bob MacDougall, a Chevrolet coupe.

Potatoes sold at 10 pounds for 29 cents, butter, 2 pounds for 47 cents and picnic hams at 8½ cents a pound.

Died: Mrs. Nettie Perrego, 75, Laketon; Mary Feigun Delay, 90, Berwick; Bobby Weaver, 4, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Weaver, Centermoreland; Mrs. Amanda McCarthy.

### It Happened 20 Years Ago

Mrs. Martha Swelgin, two star mother, Jackson Twp., suffered a fatal heart attack while viewing movie, "Stand By For Action," at Naticoke.

Gasoline shortage was plaguing farmers in the operation of their tractors.

Scores of citizens were assisting in the Scrap Salvage Drive in Dallas Township.

Melvin Adler, US Marine Corps, veteran of Coral Sea and Guadalcanal, after 35,000 miles of world travel while in the service, still preferred the Back Mountain as the place to make his home.

Local airplane spotters received their first instruction at Dallas Borough High School.

Service men heard from: Ken Davis, Earl Williams, Lewis Button, Frank Morgan, Lou Kelly, Joseph Polachek, Herman Brislin, Harold Casteline, Ralph Antrim, Fred Wilcox, Larry Drabick, James Harris, Glenn Kocher, Stewart Yorks, Len Hooper, Peter Skopie, Lester Fiske, Bill Oberst, G. A. Loveland.

Married: Ruth Crispell, Noxen, to Carl Newberry, Beaumont; Frances Darnell, Atlanta, Ga., to Samuel Brace, Huntsville.

Anniversaries: Mr. and Mrs. Merle Shaver, Dallas, celebrated their 25th wedding day.

Died: Mrs. Mae Roberts, Harvey's Lake; Eugene Montrous, Beaumont; Mrs. Esther Purhen, Dallas.

### It Happened 10 Years Ago

Harry Steltz, 4, Hunlock's Creek, was badly injured when attacked by the family dog.

Dallas Township began construction of the short cut road between Fernbrook and Shavertown.

Commonwealth Telephone Company's rate increase roused protest among local users.

Bi-Century League numbered one hundred members.

Mrs. Malcolm Nelson, Harvey's Lake, was proud of her huge rainbow trout catch.

Marriages: Jeanne Margaret Scott, Kingston, to Walter Schultz, Fernbrook; Joan Shiner, Loyalville, to Lt. William Smilnick, Denver, Colo.

Deaths: E. R. Dymond, 41, Carverton; Fred Ide, 81, Nescopeck.

#### RETIRED TEACHERS LUNCHEON JUNE 1

Retired teachers of Luzerne County will stage a luncheon in the Adams Room at Hotel Sterling Saturday, June 1, at 1 p.m. Special guest speaker will be the Hon. Bernard O'Brien, State Representative from the legislative district.

Catalogues - Brochures  
Try Post Offset

## From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix

So much free advice is handed out these days that it is difficult to know what to believe and what to dismiss as some manufacturer's pitch for customers.

What with the screaming about pain-killers for minor complaints, each product outbidding the other, and all products tending to put the corner drugstore on easy street as the gullible public invests in first one and then the other, returning inevitably to aspirin, relief is just a tablet away.

There is one thing, however, that most doctors agree on, and that is, if your back aches, your mattress is probably sagging and you'd better do something about it. A bed-board doesn't get featured on Television normally, because once you buy a bed-board, that's it, and there is no constant reordering to keep a store in business.

It seemed a sound idea to buy a bed-board the other day, after limping out of bed in the morning. Pills are all very well, but if your mattress sags, your back aches, no matter how much aspirin you take aboard. Start with a solid foundation. The first cost is the last.

Business of ordering a bed-board.

One local store offered to order a bed-board. Another said, what you mean is a bed slat, isn't it, and we can cut slats to length at so much a running foot.

A town store said it had bed-boards, and a delivery on Monday. It looked as if a table leaf inserted between mattress and box springs would hold the fort until Monday, just a short weekend away.

Came Monday, with the happy thought of a bed-board by night. Just leave it on the front porch, I had instructed, in giving directions to find the house. The name's on the mailbox, and the house is behind the picket fence, the only picket fence on Pioneer Avenue, Dallas.

No bed-board on Monday, no bed-board on Tuesday, no bed-board on Wednesday. The table leaf seemed to be growing steadily narrower.

Seems that Pioneer Avenue in Shavertown bristles with picket fences, and the truck driver had become discouraged.

Eventually the bed-board appeared on the front porch. Getting the thing properly located presented difficulties.

Ever try lifting a mattress and shoving a bed-board beneath it?

No space to stand at the side and jockey the thing into place. Well, try it at the end.

That mattress. It weighs a solid ton. It didn't weigh that much before the back-ache developed. Just half a ton.

Lift it up at the end and start sliding the bedboard, beneath. It can't be done, not without something as a prop. And your head won't do.

Try a suitcase. Lift up the foot of the mattress and insert the suitcase. Push.

There goes the suitcase, propelled by the bedboard, like clockwork.

Now try getting the suitcase out at the head of the bed.

Business of lifting up the mattress again and delivering the suitcase.

And now, where's that heating pad? On account of by this time no bed-board is going to reconstruct that back, and heroic measures are now necessary.

And bring on the aspirin, four tablets worth.

## ... Marine Notes ...

### Charting The Course

BY BILL BARBOUR

Editor

#### Marine Products Magazine

What shall my new boat be, wood, aluminum, or fiber glass? In recent years this has become the most popular of all questions asked the so-called experts. Since no self-respecting expert ever passes up a chance to hold himself out as an authority, every question gets an answer. Usually, in fact, the wise expert comes up with at least six different answers. This permits the asker to pick his own answer, it thoroughly confuses the issue, and it lets the expert off the hook rather neatly. This expert, so-called and otherwise, is no exception.

There really isn't an answer to the wood vs. aluminum vs. glass quarrel. The choice can depend on many things: water and climate conditions; docking, handling, and storage facilities; economics; how and for what the owner intends to use the boat; and personal taste. Most of all, the boat buyer should ask himself what he wants in a boat, and what he expects out of a boat.

Notice, safety and reliability were not mentioned. Obviously, these should be any boat buyer's first two thoughts. But they have little to do with hull material. There are extremely safe and reliable hulls afloat today made of all three hull materials. Unfortunately, the opposite also is true.

Q. How strong is a glass boat? A. Fiber glass reinforced plastic is itself, pound for pound, stronger than steel. Strength of the boat depends on the job the builder does.

Q. Is fiber glass durable? A. Fiber glass cannot rust, rot, or corrode. After 11 years of service, a group of 40-foot Coast Guard glassboats showed no deterioration. One boat was in use 7600 hours, equal to about 35 years of normal pleasure boat operation