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"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.

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.

Political advertising \$.85, \$1.10, \$1.25 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.

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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; Shawanoses — Putterbaugh's Store; Fernbrook — Bogdon's Store, Bunney's Store, Orchard Farm Restaurant; Luzerne — Novak's Confectionary; Beaumont — Stone's Grocery.

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Editorially Speaking:

Will The Railroad Go?

It comes as no surprise to the Dallas Post that Lehigh Valley Railroad is petitioning to abandon its service between Luzerne and Dallas, a move which will put a period to a colorful facet of Back Mountain life.

Construction of the newly located highway is the occasion, not the cause. Long ago the Dallas Post read the signs and commented on them editorially.

For years, the volume of traffic by rail between the Back Mountain and Wyoming Valley has been steadily lessening, producers switching to trucks in the interest of speed and economy, using roads supported by the taxpayers instead of rails financed by private industry.

In spite of projected relocation of Lehigh Valley tracks by construction crews, and present beginnings of the necessary cut through the mountain, the Lehigh Valley Railroad will doubtless vanish from the scene, just as it did from Noxen, and Harveys Lake, and long ago from Stull and Mountain Springs.

Residents who used to thrill to the sound of the deep-toned whistle on the old puffing steam locomotives, became accustomed to the braying of the newer Diesels, waking at night to the whoo-who-who as a freight engine warned motorists at crossings.

The railway used to be a big thing in the area. At the turn of the century, picnic crowds came up from New York to spend a day at Harveys Lake, returning late at night to the steaming city.

In the ice-harvest days, before artificial ice became the norm, trainload after trainload of ice cut from the clear and unpolluted waters of Mountain Springs, traveled to New York by steam-powered trains.

The Lehigh Valley stations are disappearing. The Dallas Post carried a picture of the station in Trucksville some years ago, just before it was torn down.

Very few residents will regret the Dallas station. It could have been made a charming tribute to early days. Many moves have been made to refurbish it, paint it, furnish it with flower-boxes and suitable planting, as a conversation piece, and an advertisement for Dallas.

As late as four years ago, a group of solid businessmen thought it would be a lark to get together on Halloween and paint the station a bright barn red, but abandoned the idea.

When it goes, and it will go, the Back Mountain will have lost one more link with the past.

That dingy structure was once a vital link with the outside world.

Act Before It Happens

Before glaring billboards crowd out the scenery on the new Highway between Luzerne and Dallas, is the time to wage war against them, not after they have been erected and the advertising paid for.

This will be a scenic route. Just as scenic as it was before, in spite of the elimination of the wide bend leading into Luzerne.

The scenery is a heritage for the entire community. Now is the time to decree NO MORE BILLBOARDS.

It is a pleasure to drive down Route 29, through the gorge beside the stream. Going through State Game Lands, it is not defiled by advertising.

Route 309 from Luzerne to Harveys Lake could be equally beautiful.

Dallas Borough has an ordinance against billboards. A move is on foot to preserve the beauty of the natural scenery in this area by prohibiting blatant outdoor advertising.

Look it up in the yellow pages if you want a septic tank or a diaper service, and enjoy the scenery while on the road.

For Wedding Invitations, Try The Post

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

It Happened 30 Years Ago

John Durbin was chosen to fill the Dallas School Director post vacated by Daniel Waters.

Lake Street was flooded during a devastating down pour.

Fire destroyed a barn on the Z. Platt Bennett farm, set off by a severe electrical storm.

Lower trolley rates were sought by the local taxpayers association.

Lauren Dymond was saved from death by drowning, when his brother, William grabbed his hand as the former fell into a step off at Cummings Pond.

Philip Reynolds, local pilot, took part in the greeting extended to Balbo's world armada.

Dallas fire truck was taken to Allentown for renovation.

Deaths: Mae Stock, 49; Mrs. Isaac Demmon, 82; both of Shavertown.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Memorial Park Fund established by Trucksville residents received \$10 gift from Mr. and Mrs. Albert Klump, Provo, Utah.

Ralph Hazeltine, Raymond Kuhnert and T. A. Williamsee, Community Security Panel, arranged for local stores to ration and distribute sugar.

Mrs. Ida Covey, 51, Trucksville, died following sudden heart attack. Huntsville Christian Church announced plans to celebrate 100th anniversary, this year.

Paul Shaver relieved Ray Geringer at Dallas Observation Post when latter suffered severe toothache, while on watch.

Howard Hendricks was named supervising principal of Lehman Schools.

Sum of \$510 was reported raised for Dallas Honor Roll.

Terrific electrical storm uprooted victory gardens in area.

George Kostenbauder, Chase, Spanish War veteran, died at his home.

Servicemen heard from: Staff Sgt. William H. Baker, Mississippi; Earl D. Williams, Georgia; Karl Borkowski, Texas; Bill Renshaw, Fleet P.O. San Francisco; Tommy Evans, North Africa; Bob Lewis, Shavertown; Roland Masters, Colorado; Billy Price, Jr., South Pacific; Howard Wilcox, Nebraska; Louis Kelly, Illinois; Lt. George Turn, Hawaiian Frontier Patrol.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Thirty unit motel proposed for Dallas Area, opposite intersection of 309 and Memorial Highway.

Power rate hike for Natona and Bloomsburg Mills suspended for six months.

Ground was broken for the new Masonic Building in Dallas.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Nature will cover the scars, a comforting thought when we see the devastation brought about by chain saws, bulldozers, and modern monsters along the valley of Toby's Creek. Excepting the ghost towns caused by industrial changes, the places like Jackson Township in the vicinity of the Correctional Institution, rural homesteads usually died a more tranquil death, although once in a while they were felled by fire.

Along a roadside when you see telltale signs of old lilac bushes and glimpse dimly in the brush remnants of old fireplaces and chimneys, with maybe a few old apple trees nearby, is safe to look for old cellar walls. Some of these spots once had happy families in the long ago, sometimes not so long either. Farms I visited in childhood are now brushland with houses gone.

Family housing is one field where the "Bigger is always better" bubble has burst, as far as the rural area is concerned. We are getting back to smaller houses with big kitchens. The extreme jump back to the very small trailer was too far, like the primitive houses first built in Plymouth and Salem, Mass., which were too small and not comfortable.

The fireplace, the most important part of the house, including the chimney, was built and plastered with clay or mortar, forming all of one end. In front of it was built a frame of bent poles shaped about like a short loaf of bread, with a wooden door framed into the other end. The frame was covered with bark or thatch. This crude dwelling was called a "wigwam".

Better houses were of frame construction with pine boards placed horizontally, one room with steep roof and loft, windows of oiled paper, and wood shutters outside. Fires in the thatch roof were a serious problem. Every house had to have a ladder long enough to reach the roof and later thatch roofs were prohibited by local laws.

"I can count many families living in log houses with a ladder only for a stairway to the loft, where one or more beds and sometimes house plunder and grain were kept; while the room below-kitchen-diningroom-and-parlor-where the wool was carded into rolls, spun and sometimes woven into cloth, prepared for the puller, to be made into good warm winter goods. Here, too, flax goods for summer wear, sheets, towels, etc. were made. It was a busy place. And then sometimes grandmother, in her younger days had carried to Wilkes-Barre butter and eggs. I have been told that she cleared off the ground where the old Ferguson house stood on the day before a son was born. That son was a leader in debates at the old log school-house debating club, involving questions of history and science. This boy's father kept books in the house, took a weekly paper, and was a kind of Socrates in the home circles and neighborhood. Pine knots were plentiful and they made a good light."

Lime was usually procured not too far off and sand was fairly plentiful. Nails were ordered in advance and made by hand by local blacksmiths, who also made hinges and latches. Window glass was usually imported, and in most places pigment for paint had to be bought, but the linseed oil to mix it was made in local mills from home grown flax. Shingles were split out by old men by hand, some making a good business of it.

In his HISTORY OF DALLAS TOWNSHIP, Mr. William P. Ryman quotes from a letter written by John R. Barton, who lived in Dallas in the early 1800's:

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James Eckerd, Shavertown, won the Soap Box Derby. Franklin Township Firemen burned their mortgage at a Corn Roast.

Back Mountain All Stars announced plans to seek State title. Married: Mrs. Emma Ayre to Clyde Bullard, S. Carolina.

Died: Honeywell, 70, Alderson; Evelyn Williams, 80, Loyallville; John Rice, 56, Trucksville; Henry J. Wolfe 78, Loyallville; Elissa Hopper, Pittsburgh, formerly of this area; Mamie Thomas, 81, Shavertown; Mrs. Harry Lord, 71, Outlet; Louise Gabel, Harveys Lake; Mrs. Thomas Stephens, 57, Carverton.

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

YOU'RE NEXT

The way I felt after an all-day broil in the exotic Laurel Run sun Friday at Giants Despair hillclimb races, I wouldn't have minded if someone pushed me into a swimming pool with all my clothes on.

Still suffering from heat madness at the drivers' party at the Host that night then, I didn't really object when it happened, just like at the best Washington parties.

It didn't really take ten guys to throw me in. It's just that I had made myself such a popular target by encouraging everyone else to push his neighbor. Cocky to the end, I refused early warnings from some buddies that I should at least take off coat, tie, and shoes, and, in fact, led the mob a merry chase several times earlier.

The hero then edged up to pool-side for the fourth time, unnoticed, stopped abruptly, sat down, and asked two girls (it always works in the movies) if they had, as he suspected, actually just had the nerve to yell "Hey, here comes the guy again!"

When he glanced a precautionary glance over his shoulder, his view was filled as far as the eye could see with dripping, grinning faces, plainly honored with a visitor from the dry race.

It was too dark to identify members of his lynch-band, except that one of them was very, very big.

When I get a chance, I'll ask some of my friends, many of whom seemed to have already heard of my fate the next morning. Tom Hillyer asked me a couple of times at the Devils Elbow turn if I had brought my bathing suit.

FANS LAMENT

A whole lot of people turned out at Tunkhannock Thursday night to cheer and cry for Bob Horlacher League All-Stars who played Sayre for one of the contenders for district championship. They lost 4-3 in an extra inning.

The little sportsmen fought hard for the title, and were really Sayre's match, but the winners had, of course, had last bats, and one was all they needed.

SPEEDING ALONG

One bunch who found the condition of Memorial Highway to their liking were the antique car bugs from New Jersey, who can go just so fast anyway. They were on tour, hosted by our local antique club, and Tiny Gould saw to it that they were able to parade their cars around Harvey's Lake Saturday.

Key Club indoctrination, says George McCutcheon, holds over to adult life, after the kids grow up and get out of school. Here's George Jacobs taking his leftover sweet corn last Sunday night to families where once he delivered Christmas baskets as part of the Key Club program of community welfare. He was accompanied by Mr. McCutcheon and Steve Silic.

And was I glad! There's nothing can compare with that Style-Set® finish developed by Sanitone, for making Wash 'n' Wear Suits keep their new look.

And, my husband sure was glad, too."

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O'Malia's

Laundry & Dry Cleaning

Luzerne-Dallas Highway

From —

Pillar To Post...

By Hix

It must be fun to write a column of advice to the lovelorn, hints to prospective brides, how to get along with the boss, what to say to Junior when he stays out late for the first time, and how to peel an onion without bursting into tears.

Sounds as if it might be the life of Reilly. Every once in awhile I toy with the idea of writing letters to myself and answering them.

Like for instance: Dear Old Sag: My mother-in-law is wearing me down. What do I do to keep her off my neck? She interferes with the children's discipline. And you know yourself, times have changed.

Despondent Dear Despondent: Don't look now, but it's breathing down your neck. Two more years, and you'll be a mother-in-law yourself. And then you won't have time to worry about your own mother-in-law's shortcomings, you'll be too busy covering up for your own.

Or this one: Dear Old Sag: My twelve-year-old son is just too bright. I start spreading out the slices of pineapple from the can, so I can cut them up into small pieces for a salad, and he stacks them back in the can, runs a knife up and down, and there they are, cut up neat as a pin. How can I keep his respect?

Wondering Dear Wondering: It isn't worth it. Open your mouth and drop them in; or feed to the cat.

Dear Old Sag: That woman I see on the Television commercial, the one with the minus front tooth. When she gives that happy start of surprise when she finds she's been on T-V without ever suspecting it, she's looking right down into that broadcasting dings, the one just barely showing above the vee of her blouse. Do you suppose that she KNEW it was there? All the time she was telling how much nicer her wash looked when done with the new detergent?

Suspicious Well, what do YOU think? And frankly, nobody, but NOBODY, could look quite so much like a downtrodden housewife without a whole flock of make-up.

Dear Old Sag: How does that typist on T-V get away with bawling out the boss, just because she needs a slugof headache remedy?

Headachy Typist Dear Headachy Typist: She doesn't. She got fired.

Yeah, it might be fun. But you'd have to remain strictly anonymous, or you'd be hightailing it out of town, one leap ahead of the sheriff.

Advertisement for SUTLIFF'S FURNITURE featuring a map of the area and text: "BIG CLEARANCE SUMMER FURNITURE BUNTING LOUNGES and CHAIRS VERY BIG REDUCTIONS Follow The Map To Our Store"

Advertisement for Miners National Bank: "Come as you are! Act Before It Happens Bank from Your Car at The Miners! No need to get 'dressed up' — no baby sitters. Handiest service ever. Try it. Member F. D. I. C. At The Friendly 'Miners in Dallas' MINERS NATIONAL BANK Main Street, Dallas, Pa."

Advertisement for Sanitone: "Imagine ME! Getting a 'Wash-n-Wear' Suit DRYCLEANED! And was I glad! There's nothing can compare with that Style-Set® finish developed by Sanitone, for making Wash 'n' Wear Suits keep their new look. And, my husband sure was glad, too." Find out for yourself by calling

Advertisement for O'Malia's: "While supply lasts... \$1.25 VALUE GOLF BALL 50¢ with any drycleaning order. FREE pick up and delivery 288-1496 Enterprise 1-0843 MAIN PLANT and NARROWS SHOPPING CENTER BRANCH STORE O'Malia's Laundry & Dry Cleaning Luzerne-Dallas Highway"

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