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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.

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

It Happened 30 Years Ago

Noxen Tannery employees formed a union to plump for more wages, fewer hours, and more men. Rumors of a strike were unfounded.

Henry Disque, Dallas, was appointed to inspect places selling 3.2 percent beer. (Remember prohibition?)

Water Company was again on the pan because of complaints of Truckville residents.

The new Kingston Township Veterans Association planned a big clam bake to which vets of World War I and the Spanish American War were invited.

Dr. Carl Hontz, Sweet Valley, having passed his State Boards in Dentistry, was interned at the Fifth Avenue Hospital in New York.

Arthur Lee, pressman for the Dallas Post, recalled events nineteen years earlier when he was in Manchester at the time England mobilized for the First World War. Apprentice in a printshop, he was among the first to volunteer.

Kingston Township and Dallas Borough agreed that thoughts of consolidating were premature.

The area adopted President Roosevelt's NRA blue eagle.

Katherine Yesley was married to Earl VanCampen.

Pap Hilbert, 83, was feted by his friends at Beamount.

Macaroni was four pounds for two bits, sugar 10 pounds for 49 cents. Delinquent taxpayers in the Borough were warned to pay up or else.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

A Truckville man flying with the Canadian Air Force, was reported missing in action. Fred Westerman was on a bombing expedition over Germany.

Dean Shaver, drilling a deep well in Beamount on the Clarence Hilbert property, struck an artesian flow of 750 gallons an hour. Clarence cancelled his order for a deep well pump, was delighted that he no longer had to carry water for his hatchery.

Three big barns in Wyoming County were burned to the ground during a severe electric storm. Losers were Burns Sheldon, Donald Williams, and Herbert Place. Barns, widely separated, were struck within a few minutes of each other.

Nine of Col. Kirkendall's bomber crew were killed during a span of thirteen months.

Truckville Community Association took as its first project establishment of a small park around the Honor Roll. Donating grading services were Ben Banks and Mathers. President was Dr. G. L. Howell.

Rev. Roswell Lyon resigned his pastorate at Shavertown Methodist. In the Outpost: Jack Reese, Max well Field, L. J. Spaciano, Camp Edwards; Al Swolgin, Texas; Lloyd Garinger, Fort Bustis; H. V. Lybe, Shreveport; Dorothy King, Gulfport; Thelma Gregory, Maryland; George Swan, North Africa.

Alice Eipper was wed to Leslie H. Tinsley.

Fred Eck published a long letter to boys from Shavertown in the service.

Pillar to Post was written, by remote control by a young Air Force lieutenant on his way through mid-night skies to the Far East, where he would fly a P-40 over Burma. Warren Hicks had worked summers on the Post.

The engagement of Eleanor Jane Dunclee to Lt. Robert Fleming was announced.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Dallas Borough-Kingston Township school board discussed advantages of a larger jointure with surrounding school systems. Present housing was seen adequate for five years to come.

Polio took the life of a former Dallas boy, Nicholas C. Durand, second victim of the season.

Water situation steaming up again. Bernard Bush advised on forming of an Authority.

Norti Berti and Jim Beseker administered oxygen to a visitor at a funeral parlor.

John Sheehan was elected to finish the term of Harris Haycox on Borough Council.

Residents were warned that house to house delivery of mail would not be made unless proper boxes were installed.

Died: Mrs. Ethel M. Harlos, 74, Lehman. Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, 84, former resident. Jack E. Roberts, Dallas. Mrs. Ruth B. Sutton, former Dallas resident.

Married: Bobby Lee Crews to Russell DeRemer. Dolores Adamshick to Rudolf Ruiz.

Ramona Lugar Wins

Ramona Ann Lugar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lugar, Carverton, was adjudged the most charming girl in a recent contest held at Lazarus Portrait Studio, and has a transistor radio from Jim Ward at WBAX to prove it.

Ramona has two sisters, Elaine Ann and Mary Barbara, also students at Gate of Heaven, and a brother Andrew at Dallas High School.

Rambling Around
By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

It is generally agreed and officially stated that there is a surplus of milk. It is likewise pretty generally accepted that the surplus has the effect of reducing the unit price and therefore the income of dairy farmers. There seems to be a surplus of distributors also.

The consumers price of milk is regulated somewhat by what the traffic will bear. It is high, maybe too high, now. Therefore the prosperity of the distributors, unless they reduce expenses somewhere else, must be at the expense of the farmers. While this is denied by the distributors and some professional economists, the farmers, who sustain the squeeze of increasing production costs and falling income, are forced by hard facts to continually increase efficiency or go out of business. Many times the expense for machinery, etc., to stay in business at all, is extremely burdensome.

All figures hereinafter are for the whole country, on an average basis, furnished by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, unless otherwise stated. Since milk is handled by the pound until it is placed in fluid containers, and dairy products are from milk bought by the pound, equivalents are used as follows: 1 qt. is paid for as 2.18 lbs.; in butter, cheese, etc., the equivalent quantity of milk required is estimated per pound of finished product. In any certain area, actual prices may be more or less.

In 1922, retail price of milk was 12.6 cents, the farmer got 5.3 cents, the middlemen 7.3 cents. The farmer's share of the retail price was 42%.

In the depression year of 1933, retail price was 9.8 cents, farmer's share 3.7 cents, middlemen's share 6.1 cents, farmers share 38%, lowest since 1922.

In the highest priced year on record, 1952 for farmers, the farmer received 11.9 cents, but the retail price jumped to 23.2 cents, giving the middleman 11.3 cents. The farmer for a year or two got 51% of the retail price. This has dropped right along ever since. In 1960 the farmer got 10.9 cents out of a retail

price of 25.3 cents or 43%, leaving 14.4 cents or 57% for the middlemen. All these figures are subject to slight revisions for 1943-1946 in which certain price supports applied. Using price support figures the farmer got 50% to 59% in some of those years. Also in 1947-48, no supports, the farmer got 54%, with prices 10.3 to 11.3 cents out of retail prices of 19.0 cents and 21.1 cents.

For the equivalent of a pound of butter the farmer got 43.8 cents in 1919 out of a retail price of 68.8 cents, middleman's share 25 cents, farmer's percentage 64%. Excepting for the depression years of 1932 on, when the farmer's percentage was 53%, most of the time it ran in the 60% class up to World War II. Then it jumped to 71% to 84%.

Estimating price supports for those years it ran from 80% to 101%. In 1960 the farmer received 53.1 cents out of a retail price of 74.9 cents or 71%, middleman's share 21.8 cents.

For milk equivalent of a pound of American cheese selling at 21.6 cents in 1913, the farmer got 13.4 cents or 62%. In 1932 retail price was 22.6 but the farmer got only 8.5 cents, or 38%. The middleman got 14.1 cents or 62%. The burden of the depression in the cheese fell entirely on the farmer, or almost so. Again in World War II the farmer's share jumped to 60% to 67% without supports, estimated with supports as 69% to 81%. In 1960, the farmer received 29.6 cents or 49% of retail price 60.6 cents.

For evaporated canned milk, the farmer received 35% of the retail price in 1922, which dropped to 28% during the depression, rose to 55% to 61% during World War II, plus a few cents extra supports, and then dropped ever since. In 1960 the farmer got 6.3 cents out of a retail price of 15.7 cents or 40%, middleman's share 9.4 cents or 60%.

Now after several columns setting the ground work, we are next time going to tackle the hard problem, "Why does the farmer receive so little, and the middleman so much?"

Dale Mosier And John Parry Visit Historic Castles Along The Rhine

Mrs. Sheldon Mosier, mother of Dale Mosier, one of the foreign exchange students now touring Europe after finishing a year's schooling in the Netherlands, shares with Dallas Post readers some of his letters:

I stayed with John Parry's Rotary family in Amsterdam until early Tuesday morning. Their boy is at the present time in Stroudsburg with the Rotary program. I saw my first game of Cricket while here. It is a real English gentleman's game, starting at 11:00 A.M., stopping for lunch and tea before finishing at 6:00 P.M. and beginning again the next day if it isn't ended. The Dutch have a lot of sports from many countries, even American baseball.

We left Amsterdam at 7:30 A.M. and went to Bonn where we stayed with the Prittwitzes for one day. We had not planned on staying there, but we stopped in Bonn with the intention of maybe seeing President Kennedy but he had already left. I called up Mrs. Prittwitz to say hello and she insisted that we come over for lunch. (You remember I spent Christmas vacation with this family.) We stayed there that night and then left for St. Goarshausen the next day.

It is a beautiful village that lies in a narrow valley between mountains and the broad Rhine River. We visited one of the famous Rhine castles, "Rhinfels". It was really exciting to go through it. It was wonderful the way the castle was carved out of stone in the side cliff overlooking the village. It took us about 1 1/2 hours to go through the place and we still didn't see it all. It was a real castle and hadn't been restored in any modern manner. There were many secret ways, but we had to stumble our way through as we had no light with us.

The boat trip on the Rhine was fantastic. The Rhine is very broad and flows through the mountains with many castles on the tops and then the sides are covered with vineyards. The whole scene gives one a very unique and wonderful effect. I have never seen such a scene before.

We got off the boat at Mainz, took the train to the Youth Hostel and dragged our bags up a steep hill to get there, only to find that there was no room. We carried our suitcases down again and took the streetcar and bus to Wiesbaden, finding accommodations in the Youth Hostel. We were tired by this time so we went right to bed at 10 P.M. We got up at 7:30 the next morning and ate our breakfast. Wow! what a breakfast — 2 rolls, a piece of bread and a large cup of coffee-ice liquid. The overnight stay and breakfast cost 65c.

The next day we took the train to Heidelberg. It was a beautiful city with an ideal location along a river at the foot of a sharply ascending mountain. On the top of the mountain overlooking the city was a beautiful castle. It is supposed to be one of the most beautiful in Germany and I believe it. We didn't begin to get around the whole thing on the afternoon that

we spent there. It was more like a palace than a fortress like the one we saw on the Rhine. We saw a large wine cask which held about 50,000 gallons. It was so large that there was a small dance floor on top of it. We ate in a cheap restaurant and had a real good meal for 75c. We got a nice room at the hotel for \$1.60.

That night we went to the Hof-Brau house. The atmosphere is great. They have a band for singing and dancing sometimes, but usually they play the German drinking songs or conversation music. There is nothing like this in the states. We met a lot of Americans there. No wonder they call Heidelberg "Little America". It was funny going around talking to everyone. This is the first time we had seen so many Americans and we made a lot of friends.

The next day we went to Freiburg in the Black Forest where we joined a friend of mine who studies there at the University. He showed us the town and then introduced us to some friends with whom we went out for the evening and got back at 10 just as the Youth Hostel attendant was closing the doors. The next day we went hiking 10-12 miles, maybe more in the Black Forest. It is a maze of mountains and valleys with real woods but very clean and well kept. After that we left for Munich.

(to be continued)

Condition Improved

Friends of Harvey Bottoms will be pleased to know that he is improving and is now at his home, 636 Centre Street, Trenton, N. J.

To Enter Hospital

Mrs. Willard Paterbaugh, Mt. Airy Road, Shavertown, will enter Nesbit Hospital tomorrow for treatment of a leg injury suffered two years ago.

Better Leighton Never
by Leighton Scott

HAVING A HIGH TIME

What would you do if, standing on Main Street, you were suddenly overcome by a strong urge to know just how many feet above sea level you were presently?

I bet you've tried on the answer a hundred times without noticing it. Imbedded in the vestibule floor of the bank is a Coast Guard benchmark which says 1127.531 feet.

Other questions that immediately pop up: How many feet below sky-level am I presently? And why?

I pointed the mark out recently to the mayor, who happened along, and he hadn't noticed it before either.

Do not get a false impression. Although the marker is 1127.531 above sea-level, the chances are your perception of the object takes arrest at around 1133 feet, if you are of average height.

Also, you do not necessarily live at that many feet above sea-level if you don't live in the bank, which I think is probably the case.

The mayor remarked that he lives at a higher elevation, being on Pioneer Avenue. There's something to that.

The 64 dollar question is: where's the lowest point in Dallas? To find out, I'm going to pour a bucket of water in front of the bank in the near future, to see which way it runs. Where it stops we'll put another marker.

BACK PITSTON

I never took a hankering to baseball until Little League captured my fancy, namely last year with Back Mountain's terrific season. Before that I was convinced (although a onetime letterman in several sports — don't laugh) that baseball was a tired game.

This year both Back Mountain and Bob Horlacher All-Stars lost out in the sectional eliminations, but that's no reason for us to stop cheering. Our neighbors are still in the running today.

I remember last year at Williamsport, among all the Back Mountain boosters' signs, one which stayed with me as a nice tribute from a bunch of zany good-sports: "Pittston Boozers Back Back Mountain All-Stars."

Wherever you are, boys, and no matter how the kids make out at the State finals at Latrobe today and henceforth, we only wish Lincoln's immortal sentiment prevails, and the War Department sends you a case of the same and —uh, soda for your little friends.

Hopfer Schultz Families Meet

Hopfer and Shultz 9th Reunion was held July 28, 1963 at Benton Park. A picnic lunch was enjoyed and business meeting presided over by president, William Shultz. Gifts were awarded.

Attending were: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Hopfer and family, Mr. and Mrs. William Long and family, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Hopfer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burkland and family, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hartzel and family, Pamela and Charles Rambo, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hartzel, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hartzel and family, Mrs. Richard Vought and son, Richard, Mr. and Mrs. Billie Shultz and family.

Mrs. Eva Cartwright and son John, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hopfer and family, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Ickes, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shultz, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Traver, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Traver and family, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Conner, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ridall, Mr. and Mrs. William Mowery, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridall and family, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kitchen and family, Mr. and Mrs. James Hotteshamer and family, Charlotte Patton, Pat Andy, Chuck and Joe Hovery were visitors.

From — Pillar To Post...
By Hix

Who ever could have guessed that it would one day be a collector's item?

The antique cars trundle along the highway, pausing now and again to let the perspiring driver pour a bucket of water into a steaming radiator, holding up traffic and engendering a nostalgic gleam in the eye of anybody who drove a car before the 1920s.

I keep wondering what happened to the 1902 Cadillac that Papa used to drive on his professional rounds in Baltimore before he abandoned the pursuit of status for the pursuit of efficiency, and switched back to horses, which could be depended upon not to get flat tires or shed the drive chain.

Two horses, one for morning, one for afternoon, hitched to the sober black buggy with its leather storm curtain for rainy days and its hot brick for winter, covered the area much more effectively than one of those new-fangled contraptions which everybody agreed would never replace the horse.

And the buggy was a much more comfortable mode of locomotion in bad weather. Those first cars seldom boasted such frills as tops.

The one-lung engine was under the seat, with driver and passenger frying in hot weather. The radiator looked like a waffle smacked flat to a dashboard, and gear shift levers, brake, and bulb horn were on the outside, handy to the driver, who sat at the right.

No doors. You just hung on and hoped for the best.

And of course no windshield, and in those first cars no lights, though later models sported an acetylene tank and twin brass headlights, which had a way of flickering out and leaving the motorist in his duster and goggles to grope his way home in the dark at ten miles an hour.

Access to the rear seat was by a little door and a steep step. Once aboard two passengers could enjoy the luxury of corner seats upholstered in black leather. If a third passenger must be accommodated, a board could be slipped across between the two corner seats. There was always the delightful uncertainty about the condition of the door latch. Would it hold, or would the third man go catapulting off into space? The thirdman got a good grip on the shiny brass rails surrounding the tonneau, and prayed as he bounced.

It attracted a lot of attention, advertising itself liberally as it came chug-chugging up the street. When it stopped before a patient's home, and the doctor disappeared within, carrying his little black bag, urchins swarmed over it, leaving eager fingerprints on the brass rails, tooting the horn, and yelling "Get a horse," when dislodged.

They always retired to a respectful distance when Papa swung the crank and the motor sprang into life.

Who knew? It might blow up.

They wanted to be around if it happened, but they maintained a safe distance.

That 1902 Cadillac would probably bring a pretty penny these days, much more than it set Papa back when only slightly second-hand.

Editorially Speaking:

It's Our Little Theatre, Too

Little Theatre of Wilkes-Barre is keeping its nose above water by herculean efforts. Upon several occasions during the past forty years, the Little Theatre has been on the verge of being swept away, but has been rescued, and has been saved by artificial respiration.

It is the oldest such group in the country which has been operating continuously, and the third chartered.

One thing which has served as a stranglehold, and one which could be eliminated, is the amusement tax, which was never intended to work a hardship on a community enterprise.

Out of every dollar taken in at the box office, Little Theatre has to give ten cents for amusement tax.

The Chamber of Commerce realizes the cultural value of the Little Theatre, enlarging upon in brochures of the community.

Somebody, perhaps the Chamber of Commerce, should carry the ball to get abatement of the amusement tax.

Little Theatre, like any other cultural project, sails always very close to the wind.

That tax, ten cents on every dollar, could well mean the difference between life and death of a truly remarkable institution, one which reflects credit upon the Back Mountain as well as the Valley.

Many of our people are active in Little Theatre, either as members of the cast, or serving on the directorate and on committees.

How about it, Joe? You've made every effort in the past to put the Little Theatre on its feet, including trips to Harrisburg to protest the amusement tax.

How about an all-out effort again, to help get that tax abated?

Joe Who?
Joe MacVeigh, of course.

Deborah Rogers Heads Frances Slocum Group

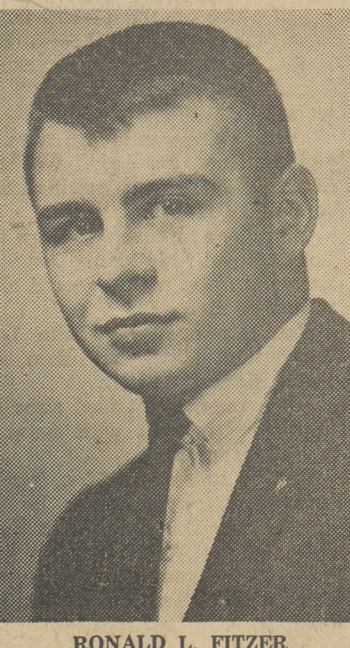
Members of the Frances Slocum Society, Children of the American Revolution, enjoyed their annual picnic meeting at the summer home of Dr. and Mrs. Carlton Davies at Mehopyny. The some-what brisk weather didn't daunt a number of youngsters who went swimming in the nearby mountain stream.

President Patricia Rogers read the slate of candidates selected by the nominating committee, Penny Parkhurst, Jeffie Flack, and Linda Bell. Deborah Rogers was elected president; Helen McLellan vice president; Penny Parkhurst treasurer; Jeffie Flack secretary; Lewis Rogers historian; Nancy Coleman chaplain; and James Rosenblum registrar.

Mrs. Robert Rosenblum enumerated the society's successes of the last year and the new president outlined a program of advancement for the coming year.

A staff was picked for the new society newsheet, Frances Slocum's Diary, with Nancy Coleman as Assistant Editor and Susan Rogers as Circulation Editor to work under President-Editor Debby Rogers.

Members attending were Patricia, Debby, and Susan Rogers, Lewis Rogers IV, Linda and Diane Davies, Nancy Coleman, Frank Weiss, Helen McLellan, Jeffie Flack, and Jim Rosenblum. Mrs. Robert Rosenblum, the group's senior president, was aided by Mrs. Lewis L. Rogers III and Mrs. Davies, all members of the Wyoming Valley Chapter DAR which sponsors the Frances Slocum Society.



RONALD L. FITZER

Recipient of an Athletic Scholarship to King's College is Ronald Lee Fitzer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fitzer, 65 Staub Road, Truckville.

A June graduate of Kingston High School, Ronald was a member of the Football team, Senior Class Executive Council, Letterman's Club, Key Club, Pi Delta and Gridiron Clubs. He was voted "Mr. Kingston High" and also selected to play in the Unico All Star Game Friday evening.

The Fitzers formerly lived on Harris Hill Road.

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