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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, \$110, \$125 per inch. Preferred position additional 10c per inch. Advertising deadline Monday 5 P.M.

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Shavertown came out in number one position in the Miners' Bank League this year after a very successful season.

First row (left to right): Cliff Dungey, Andy Roan, Chuck Glenn, and John Schneider. Second row: Robrt Way, coach; Brian Wadas, Bob Merithew, Scott Wimmer, David Way, Ricky Shel-

don, and John Schneider. Brobst, Tony Fannick, Bill Flock, Bob Boylan, Robert Flar, Gary Klippinger, Lyle Merithew, manager. Absent: Donald Voelker.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

It Happened 30 Years Ago

Eighteen huckleberry pickers from Wyoming Valley were lost for three days on North Mountain. Boy Scouts later traversed the same route.

Saturday night closing of Dallas Bank was authorized. The bank had been open for business, the only bank in greater Wyoming Valley to give this service. Closing hour was set for noon.

Stormy weather decimated the crowd at Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company carnival.

A Forty-Fort boy of 17, Theodore Smith, was killed when the car in which he was a passenger overturned near Hillside on the Lehman road.

Mrs. Mae Worthy, Wilkes-Barre, was killed near Hillside when her head struck a parked car. She was a passenger in the rumble seat.

Dorrance Reynolds won national recognition for his pure-bred Guernsey bull, Edgewood Herald.

Speeding on Main Street was a problem. No traffic lights.

Raymond Laux announced his candidacy for Kingston Township tax collector.

Merle Shaver was advertising to paint porches at 50 cents an hour, or a flat charge of 1 1/2 cents per square foot, best paint included.

Thin drinking glasses were 29 cents a dozen.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Joseph Schuler, Trucksville, was appointed head of the Ration Board. Fred Howell was granted a patent for his gear shift indicator, for use on semi-automatic shifts.

William J. Corcoran, Dallas rural carrier, celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary of service.

Evans Drug Store was cited for community service by the Rexall firm.

Two Kingston boys were badly injured when their car flipped twice at Ruggles on the Noxen road.

Air raid wardens in Dallas got their signals 15 minutes late, throwing a monkey wrench into operation of a practice alert.

Thomas Ayre felled the first tree for clearing of the Memorial site in Trucksville.

Service personnel heard from: W. Montross, Camp Carson; Don Watson, Camp Shelby; Estella Prushko, Denver; Woodrow A. Ruth, Atlanta; Chet Rusiloski, Atlantic Fleet; Don Metzger, England; Tom Templin,

Married: Marjorie Wendell to Harry Boice. Candidate for Sheriff, Jacob E. Hess.

Mrs. Rachel Wykoff was 95 years old. Mrs. Daniel Evans, 93. Died: Kathryn Girvan, 26, Dallas. Mrs. Edith Davenport, 64, Sweet Valley. Mrs. Margaretta Keil, 21, Shavertown.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Edward McDade and Andrew Sokol were appointed mail-carriers for house to house delivery in Dallas.

William Perry, bee inspector from Orange, was in Dallas looking for Foul Brood.

Lewis Reese headed the American Legion.

Shavertown awarded a contract for a new fire truck to Peter Pirsch Company for \$14,800.

Frank Jackson had scar tissue removed from his eye, following a long period of sightlessness after a cataract operation.

Wayne Harvey won the Commendation Medal for service in communications in Korea.

Died: Mrs. Mae E. Hunt, 67, Shavertown. Daniel Hoover, 82, Outlet.

Married: Coelia Kasaba to A. Bruce Roberts. Charlotte Gregory to Raymond Kuhnert. Ruth Haycox to Donald Bessecker.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

The site of the Lundy property on Main Street, recently offered at auction, was the location of one of the better log houses in Dallas, originally built by Christian Rice, about 100 years ago.

Around 1862 it was removed to make room for a new home for Clinton Honeywell, who built there a big white house, most of which is still standing although it would be hard to find it. A little over forty years ago, John Sullivan acquired the property and built additions on three sides of the building and above it, completely concealing the old house, which was changed inside also to conform to his plans for his stores and apartments.

The center part of Dallas was included in Lot 3 of the Connecticut Township of Bedford, bought by William Trucks in 1801, patented to him by Pennsylvania in 1812-13 and sold to Philip Shaver in 1813. He shortly sold part to Jonah McLellan, who in turn, sold 25 acres to Christian Rice in 1816. This included the land covered by the Lundy property and reached over to include Woodlawn Cemetery. Rice built a saw-mill in 1818 about where the Devens building, across from the office, is now located. The Rice family, through about four generations, sold it off piece by piece. One of the last parcels, including the house owned by Charles Gregory, they owned for over 100 years.

In 1846, Christian Rice bought a farm on the top of Huntsville Street Hill, which the family held about 97 years until it was sold to Elmer Parrish in 1913. Jacob Rice, son of Christian, born in 1817, probably the first to occupy the log house on Main Street, in 1838 bought 37 acres from Abram King, and other parcels of land so that the Rice family became one of the largest property owners in town. Huntsville Road, laid out in 1823, began at the mill of Christian Rice and passed his house on top of the hill.

Christian Rice in 1841 was taxed as the owner of a watch (there was only one more in town) and a pleasure carriage, the first one in town. The carriage, an open buggy, was

traded to Rice in exchange for the corner property at Main and Huntsville Streets. (no buildings there then), occupied by Joseph Hand, and extending some distance on both streets. Rice used his home for Methodist meetings and was otherwise prominent in public affairs. In 1818 he owned 70 acres, one house, two horses, and two cows. He always listed himself as a farmer. His son, Jacob, also a farmer, became a business man in various lines. He was a captain of militia and was always called Capt. Rice. He served in the Civil War as a lieutenant and maintained a home for the local GAR post. He later lived in the big house now occupied by Dr. Bodycomb.

Coming back to the Lundy property, the white house built by Clinton Honeywell stood fairly close to Main Street with a small lawn on the side toward the alley along Ryman's Store, variously called Rice and Mill Street. There was a white picket fence on both sides of the corner with a barn at the back, later used for many years by B. W. Brickel and son, Ralph. There was a big tree, probably an elm, just inside the picket fence, and a big telephone pole about a sidewalk width from the fence.

Prior to the advent of numerous autos, the favorite coasting place in town was Huntsville Street Hill. In swinging around the corner into Main Street, the favorite plan, or in crossing into the alley by the store, the white picket fence along the Honeywell property was a perfect backdrop in ease of skidding. Numerous injuries to coasters were reported every year and damage to the fence was a frequent occurrence.

When Main Street was paved, with a speed limit of 15 M.P.H., the sides were lined with a concrete walk and curb, which reached out several feet from the fence, and the corner rounded. This was about forty years ago, or a little more. By then coasting had declined and the fence could stand for a whole season undamaged.

Home From Hospital

Warren Gensel, 5, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Gensel, Chase Manor, returned home on Tuesday from General Hospital, where he had been a patient for two weeks.

HAYCOX VISITS

Harris Haycox, Boyton Beach, Florida, came up to attend the Center Moreland Auction on Friday. His friends were delighted to see him.

Put In New Floor

Shavertown Fire Company is installing a new asphalt floor in the meeting room of their new building.

For Letter Press Try The Dallas Post

DON'T MISS THIS OFFER!

BUY \$2 IN GAS or Merchandise and you will receive a FREE DRIVER'S TICKET to DALLAS DRIVE-IN Theatre. Must Be Used MONDAY Through THURSDAY. Driver must be accompanied by PAID ADMISSION!

We're Open 24 HRS. A DAY

Official AAA SERVICE and We Give S & H Green Stamps!

BIRTH'S DALLAS ESSO SERVICENTER

MAIN HIGHWAY — At The "Y" Routes No. 309 and No. 118

From — Pillar To Post...

By Hix

This is the season when mothers wonder where the summer has gone, marvel at the manner in which Junior has outgrown his school shoes and added two inches to his stature, and remind themselves that it is time to emerge from that halter and pair of shorts, don civilized raiment, and take their sunburn to the shopping centers to purchase fitting garb for their school-age children.

It's the season for coolish nights and hot days. The season for a memory lapse about that cold spell that always occurs around about the 25th of August, catching everybody by surprise. (It NEVER happened before, the climate must be changing).

One thing is for sure, the first day of school the thermometer will outdo itself, and kids will steam in their unaccustomed clothing. And two weeks later, the radio will warn of expected frost tonight.

The first flaming branch of the sumac is already visible. Golden-rod lights the dusty roadside.

Six weeks from now, it will be too cool in the house, and folks who are lucky enough to have old fashioned cookstoves in the kitchen will stoke them up in the morning, postponing the inevitable starting of the furnace.

The windshield will be frosted on the first of October, and Indian Summer, deceptively mild, will follow the turning of the leaves.

The heady aroma of burning leaves will follow that final raking of the lawn and burying of the new bulbs, as the garden is put to bed for the winter.

And there will be that frantic rush, late in October, to find a filling station open late at night, when the thermometer starts to plummet, and you have forgotten to get anti-freeze for the car. Summer is about over, and now you can begin to look forward again to the first crocus.

Pillar to Post has come of age. It is twenty-one years old this summer.

It has followed the seasons, winter and summer and spring and fall; it has welcomed grandchildren; it has lived through a war and a Korean conflict; it has commented on disasters, but mostly it has dealt with the sunny hours.

It has followed the astronauts through space, and deplored shooting the moon.

It has always felt that the moon should be left in peace, to shine peacefully down upon the earth, bringing into sharp relief the inky shadows under the trees, sailing serene across the vastness of the sky.

Little people on the earth need something vast and limitless to convince themselves of their own smallness.

Something like the unchanging procession of the seasons, and the conviction that winter ends, spring comes, and life renews itself.

MARINE NOTES

By Bill Barbour Editor

Marine Products Magazine A Chilton Publication

It's later than you think. In most sections of the country pleasure mariners soon will be faced with the chore of wrapping up the season. This means lifting the boat out of the water making arrangements for storage, and, most important, putting all of the gear in shape for a quick and easy start next spring.

Distasteful as the mop-up job may seem, it has to be done. The temptation to skip a few of the dirtier details is great, but a few extra moments of work in the fall may save many hours (and dollars) next spring.

A common springtime complaint of outboarders is stalling and rough idling engines. Usually this condition is caused by gummed and fouled carburetors. And, more often than not, the carburetor is gummed and fouled simply because the boater forgot to run his engine dry the previous fall. This oversight leaves gasoline pockets in the throttle plate and float assemblies. Evaporation sets in during storage and leaves a gummy residue which fouls and slows action in the carburetor. When this happens, the only solution is a tear-down and thorough cleaning of the carburetor.

A lesson in proper storage practices will prevent the problem in most cases. After running the engine dry in the fall, if you have a little spare time, it might even be wise to give the carburetor a do-it-yourself overhaul. You don't have to be a super mechanic to do the job, and ordinary shop tools will suffice.

Of course the carburetor should be removed from the engine for thorough cleaning. While you've got it in the shop, check the condition of bolts and stud nuts, gas strainer element, movement of the choke valve, and freedom of throttle linkage. Then, after cleaning fuel residue and other foreign matter from the carburetor, a thorough flushing of the fuel system is in order. This extra clean-up entails re-

moving and cleaning the fuel filter bowl and rinsing it with neutral spirits of gasoline. Follow this by blowing out the fuel lines, paying particular attention to areas where hoses are bent or connected to fittings. These are the spots that retain gasoline pockets and give you trouble next spring. Next, as long as you have the carburetor off and the lines disconnected, you might as well go right ahead and flush out the gas tank.

Kunkle Drug-Store

Postmaster of Kunkle in 1880, Dr. D.H. Silkworth owned a drug-store on the site of what is now Dan Meeker's garage. His first baby delivery was Mrs. Calla Parrish, Beaumont.

Semi-Annual SALE!

20% off

The Following Summer Items!

- Sport Shirts (Short and Long Sleeve)
Shirts (Summer)
Shirts (Entire Stock)
Bermuda Shorts
Pajamas (Entire Stock)
Jackets (Entire Stock)
Sport Coats
Straw Hats
Robes (Summer)
French-Shriner Shoes (Present Stock)
Belts

Regular Price Tags On All Merchandise — You Deduct The 20%

Jordan's MEN'S WEAR

Narrows Shopping Center

Established Since 1871

STORE HOURS: Mon., Thurs., Fri. 9:30 to 8:55

Tues., Wed., Sat. 9:30 to 5:25

Editorially Speaking: Immunity For A Quarter

A quarter is the price of a loaf of bread, a pound of marshmallows, three tomatoes, half a dozen ears of corn, a small bottle of aspirin.

A quarter is what used to admit you to the movies. It will buy you a pint of cheap ice-cream.

A quarter will buy you status in the Sunday School collection plate.

And it will buy you immunity from Polio.

Luzerne County Medical Association has mounted the band wagon, following the lead of many other counties in Pennsylvania, and is now sponsoring the countywide vaccination program.

Take advantage of the program. It is not alone for your benefit, but for the benefit of everybody with whom you come in contact.

If you get polio, you are a menace to the community.

Line up September 15, take your lump of sugar with its drop of polio vaccine on it, drop your quarter in the box, and be thankful that one of the most devastating diseases of the century can now be controlled, along with typhoid fever and diphtheria.

It would be cheap at twenty-five dollars.. At twenty-five cents, it is fantastic.

Salute To Clarence Laidler

After reading the comprehensive coverage on our Clarence Laidler's retirement after forty-two years of banking, in the town papers, it seems redundant to publish the same material in the Dallas Post.

Mr. Laidler has always been one of the more solid citizens of the Back Mountain, spearheading movements for Civil Defense, zoning, better cooperation between Township and Borough, and everything worthwhile in the area.

Some years ago, when the merger of First National Bank of Dallas with Miners National Bank was new, residents were delighted to find veteran banker Laidler stationed at the Dallas Bank for a time.

What Clarence is going to do with his spare time is anybody's guess, but knowing the calibre of the man, the Dallas Post feels that it will be interesting.

Any more wild ducks on the pond, Clarence?

... Safety Valve ...

AND NOW A CURFEW

Dear Editor: It's good to be home — after nine weeks in the hospital — even though you do see your husband come 'round the corner of the barn every time you look out the window — hear his voice every time the phone rings — or miss the big kiss and "Hi", Myra, at 5 o'clock.

But the church bells! On Sunday — the day one needs to sleep after being wakened every four hours to take medicine — 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, (I must have dozed off through ten) 11:00, 12:00, 6:00 — and now a curfew! All we need now is both mills to blow whistles at 12 and 1 to signify lunch hours — just like the big boys do in the cities!

Our folks came up the hard way. Dad taught all day and tutored every night until midnight to send us girls to college.

Saturday at supper he'd say, "Sunday school tomorrow, kids. You get your baths, get dressed and I'll be up in time to cut your fingernails." We were up — without bells.

Weekday nights, "you may go out, but I want you home by 9:30." We were home — no curfew!

As grandpa used to say, "Holy cow! What's the world coming to." Myra Risley

IT WAS 30 YEARS AGO

Dear Editor: Thank you for the item about my brother Phil Reynolds, in your Thirty Years Ago column.

Phil was flying the lead plane in the welcome flight, and he was the first to spot Balbo and his armada.

Later on, the Italian flyers were entertained in New York, and some of them returned on the Ile de France. I met them en route to the Sorbonne, as they were in my section of the train going to Paris from Le Havre. We conversed in Spanish, and they were most courteous when I explained that my brother was a member of the welcoming group.

The item in the Post was passed on to Phil's older son, George Malcolm Reynolds, who is staying with us this summer and will matriculate at the University of Pennsylvania with a scholarship toward a Mas-

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