

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations
Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association
Member National Editorial Association
Member Greater Weeklies Associates, Inc.

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 six months. Out-of-State subscriptions; \$4.50 a year; \$3.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 15c.

'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 80c.

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.

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

Editor and Publisher MYRA Z. RISLEY
Associate Editors —

Mrs. T.M.B. HICKS, LEIGHTON R. SCOTT, JR.
Social Editor Mrs. DOROTHY B. ANDERSON
Business Manager DORIS R. MALLIN
Circulation Manager Mrs. VELMA DAVIS

Sports JIM LOEHMAN
Accounting SANDRA STRAZDUS

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

It Happened 30 Years Ago

Wyoming Valley Motor Club was campaigning to have Effort Mountain road paved with concrete. Sweet Valley Fire and Drum Corps contributed their services to the carnival staged by Dallas firemen. Bad weather decimated attendance one night, but the carnival was a success and the chicken and biscuits superb. John Yaple was general chairman.

Again the water situation reared its horrid head in Dallas Borough. Subscribers were invited to attend a meeting of Borough Taxpayer's Association.

Borough schools were expecting an enrollment of 400, according to Cal McHose.

Burgess Anderson filed for reelection, in spite of having frequently stated that he was not interested. Filing petitions for tax collector were Art Dungey, F. M. Gordon, Donald Prantz, and M. B. Cooledge.

Filing for school director: Harry Pittman, James Ayers, Henry Disque, and John Durbin.

For Council, Wesley Himmler, Corey Gordon, Peter D. Clark, George Stookley, James Franklin, Harry Garrahan, and Clark Hildebrand.

Looked like a hot primary election. Oliver's Garage sold ten big Dodge trucks to Park's Bakery.

Things were picking up in Dallas, and there was expectation that repeal of Prohibition was in the wind. Kitchen Creek with its beautiful falls, was attracting recognition all over the state. Too bad the lovely spot was not state-owned, was the feeling. Maybe some day it would be a state park. (It's Ricketts Glen now.)

Wayne Conklin, 69, of Carverton, died after a long illness. Luther Hunsinger, 68, died at Laketon.

You could get two tall cans of pink salmon for 25 cents, and butter was two pounds for 47c.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Resigning from the Ration Board after a stormy session were F. Gordon Mathers, Walter Elston, Clyde N. Lapp, and Dewey L. Edwards, protesting WPA administration of OPA.

Cooney Honeywell, 15, had infantile paralysis (polio) you.

Sneak thieves entered Titman's Store on Main Street, got a measly \$30.

Dallas Water Company closed a deal for Wallo property on the Heights, adding the Wallo well to its supply lines.

Mrs. Hettie Morgan heard from her son, Clarence, for the first time in two years. He was a prisoner of war since fall of the Philippines.

Stronger scented soap in the men's washroom at Oliver's was recommended after a handsome stranger took a snooze on the bank of Toby's Creek and woke up in the water.

Canning classes were being held in the Borough high school kitchen. An editorial against boondoggling made the front page. (Remember what boondoggling was?)

Edith Blez was still writing "On The Sentimental Side." Javiesich was writing "Second Thoughts." Hix, from a stance in Kingston, was established as "Pillar to Post."

From the Outpost: Jack Tribler, Texas; Francis Sidorek, Alabama; Glenn Kitchener, Fort Snelling; George H. Ray, New Guinea; Wilson Garinger, Miami; Allen Daniels, Fitzsimmons; Thomas Swire, Fort Custer; Byron Atkinson, Navy; John Seletsky, Newport News; Lloyd Rogers, Camp Pickett; Loren McCarty, Jacksonville; Howard Boice, Washington; Arthur D. Dunn, Seymour Johnson Field, N. C.

Martha Hadsel was keeping the servicemen happy by rounding up correspondents for them, tailoring blouses and brunettes to fit requirements of lonesome soldiers and sailors.

Married: Edna Fritz to Dr. Benjamin Shortkroff, Josephine Crossen to Hilbert Edwards.

Died: Frecu W. Cragle, 57, Hunlock Creek. Mrs. Rosa Shaver, 78, Trucksville.

An eight-page issue was the norm. Only once in a blue moon twenty years ago was there a larger paper.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Residents were again warned in Dallas that lack of mailboxes and numbers on their houses would interfere with house to house delivery of mail. Many folks missed that morning walk to the Post Office and the visit with the neighbors.

Arthur B. Mayo was the new minister at Trucksville Methodist.

A discussion group at the Library was launched, with six Wilkes professors signed up.

Dallas got a tailor shop in the old Post Office building on Main Street, something residents had been asking for.

"Snowball" broke the law when she adopted a baby rabbit. Snowball couldn't read, but she did a good job of nursing the orphan, in spite of the Game Commissioner's ruling on keeping wild animals. Cat and rabbit were centered on the front

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

It is possible that the property, upon which I received my first mangled pay (\$1.75 for a ten hour day) over fifty years ago, may soon be a thing of the past. I was employed as a trackman on the section extending from a point back of the Ice Cave Hotel to the top of Chestnut Ridge. We moved about by a hand-powered car, pulling another flat truck with tools, etc. After I crushed a finger between the rail and a heavy clawbar on the curve above Devens' Mill I was laid off. The big job that summer was putting a new top on Trucksville trestle.

After an absence of about seven years I again entered railroad service. Since that time I rode over the entire Bowman's Creek Branch on a tractor motor car. I also rode passenger trains through in both directions, made numerous short trips as far as Mountain Springs, also traveled up and down this part of the road on freight trains. For years I rode passenger trains to and from work, sometimes one way.

Men of my father's generation always said that the railroad had made Dallas, as compared to other nearby communities. Prior to the railroad building there were several villages as large or larger than Dallas, equally busy as to mills, hotels, stores, blacksmith and wagon shops, churches, etc., including Huntsville, where my father lived at the time. Soon thereafter Dallas forged ahead, and some of the other towns began to languish. Between 1880 and 1890 censuses Dallas Borough increased 143 and Lehman, represented by a named station, jumped 153. Lake Township went up 281, while Franklin and Jackson Townships dropped.

No comparison is possible for Kingston Township as several sections were cut out in the interval. According to W. P. Ryman in his History of Dallas Township, Albert S. Orr started the ball rolling to build a railroad from Wilkes-Barre to Harvey's Lake in 1885. He began by interviewing owners of large blocks of land and timber asking them to take stock in such an enterprise, estimated to cost up to \$150,000. Many agreed to take the

stock. Then he went after a right of way. Some owners gave land at very little cost, and some made long-term leases. On May 30, 1886, Mr. Orr started to grade near the present Luzerne Lumber Company with 100 Hungarians, and kept at it. A month or so later, Albert Lewis, representing the Lehigh Valley, bought up the franchise and the Lehigh Valley built it as a feeder line. The first engine entered Dallas

December 9, 1886, but the road was not open for general business for several months according to Mr. Ryman, who was familiar with Dallas at the time.

According to a tradition in the Bulford family, Mrs. Rachel DeLong Bulford, wife of John J. Bulford, who owned the property on which Dallas Station stands, was killed by the first train that entered Dallas September 12, 1887. She saw a coal on the track and started to chase it off. She was struck by the engine and killed instantly. Mrs. Bulford was the mother of Samuel, Foster, and B. Frank Bulford, grandmother of several descendants still living in the area, some not named Bulford now. The Bulford home, which stood where the station is now, was moved back and is now used by Mrs. Maude Veisley.

At first the line extended only to the vicinity of Harvey's Lake. It was completed through to Towanda in 1892, the first official inspection trip made through in October, 1892. It was not opened for regular business until a little later.

The big item of freight in earlier days was lumber and lumber products such as tanning bark, etc. Then at Mountain Springs a big business of harvesting, storing, and shipping natural ice developed. Noxen developed a tannery, originally to use local bark. A semi-bituminous coal was mined and shipped from the vicinity of Lopez and Mildred (Bernice). In dairy areas creameries shipped milk and products. There was a general business in flour, feed, lime, fertilizer and other farm supplies, machinery, and later autos, and all kinds of merchandise for stores and dealers.

For over ten years, the Lehigh Valley passenger trains were the only public transportation from the valley, and then the Wilkes-Barre and Northern was built, a disguise for an electric trolley line which it shortly became, and took over most of the passenger business. The lumber was exhausted, the ice business ruined by artificial ice, mechanical and electric refrigeration, etc., and most of the general merchandise is now handled by trucks.

The portion between Port Bowley and Forty-Fort was abandoned when the river bridge became unsafe. Since the North Mountain part of the branch produced very little traffic, after the lumber and ice businesses failed, the middle part of the branch was lifted, piece by piece. The portion near Towanda, called the State Line & Sullivan Branch, is still in service. It is now proposed to abandon track west of Luzerne.

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

SALAD

"Salad", reflected Marshall, as we stared out over a silent Pike County Lake. "That's Dallas, spelled backwards."

I thought this was a pretty remarkable response, considering I mean, usually, when I go away to one of these reunion parties, I'm restricted to explaining why so many of our local place names are stolen from the wild west — like Wyoming and Dallas.

This time I took along a sample of our product, and you might be surprised how something like the Dallas Post will catch on at a party of people who don't even know where the place is.

I get a certain amount of ribbing for farm items, and people expect me to be countrified just because they never heard of northeastern Pennsylvania, and because they watched that program on T-V called "Vanishing Breed" and thus know everything about weekly newspapers.

So I always talk with a soft drawl at these parties, and keep glancing out at the trees as if I expect some provoking weather sign.

Really, though, it isn't that easy to describe the Back Mountain area, which is many things all wrapped into one. Lancaster County, for example, is principally agricultural, Pike County, where this party happened, to be for a change, instead of in the city, principally vacationland and lumber.

Here we're a college town around the mountain from, but not sharing the geology with, the coal regions, and containing prize-winning Holstein and Guernsey herds and Pennsylvania's largest natural lake. We have industry, and a new highway coming, and also a state park projected.

"Sort of like a salad", I explained to Marshall, who was looking doubtful as he tried to visualize the community. "Say, where did you learn that trick of spelling town names backwards?"

"In the Orient", he replied. "Give me another one."

"Shavertown!", I yelled triumphantly, and watched him trudge off, mumbling to himself.

Rebel Clean-up

Franklin Township had a handful of men sympathetic to the Confederacy in the Civil War. It is reported other rebel sympathizers came into the township, joined these men at Orange Hotel, and "began to hurrah for Jeff Davis", whereupon the people of Orange, led by Myron Brown and Calvin Dymond, beat them up and ran them out of town.

From — Pillar To Post...

By Hix

If a dashboard suggests to you a black leather upright object equipped with a whip socket at the right, and with a good view of a horse's hindquarters and swishing tail . . .

If you remember when folks said "twenty-three, skiddoo" and shrieked with laughter . . .

If you wore a hobble-skirt or a pair of black glove-silk stockings . . .

If your mother told you NEVER to let a boy kiss you unless he had the wedding ring in his pocket . . .

If you put your hair up and let your skirts down when you were sixteen years old . . .

Boy, YOU'RE DATED!

You're at least sixty-five years old, and more than likely seventy, and the grandchildren may go for your cinnamon buns in a big way, but they are convinced that you don't know the answers.

And probably you don't.

And isn't it a delightful feeling to know that somebody else must now hold the bag, and give you a breathing spell after so many years of holding the reins and upon occasion the switch?

Maybe It's Water Over The Dam Now, But Still Good Reading

They're back now, Dale Mosier and John Parry, but their experiences in Europe after completing their student assignments still make excellent reading, so here goes for another installment of Dale's letters to his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Mosier, Dallas Township:

We stayed Sunday and Monday at Wasserburg with a boy whom I had met in Freiburg when I visited one of my friends from Louisenlund. He invited John and me to come there that weekend. He lives right on the lake and showed us around. It was a real nice family; receptive, homely (in the domestic sense) and good down-to-earth people. We went both nights along the shore to the village of Wasserburg for a small walk. Both days were beautiful. We rowed and swam a lot and just enjoyed the good life.

We are really getting a lot of varied experiences. Anywhere from riding first class down to starving ourselves and sleeping in youth hostels. The youth hostels save us a lot of money though, because we can sleep for 50c and get a large hot supper for another 40c which carries us through the whole day for food, except for rolls with margarine and marmalade.

Monday evening my friend went back to the University but the family had us stay on till the next morning and then saw us off at the station. We got on the train and looked up in our maps and youth hostel books where a good

place to stay would be. We chose Brezeng on the Bodensee. It is right at the foot of the Alps and is fed by mountain waters. If you look at the map you can see that it is about 40 miles long and 7 miles wide. The bathing is fantastic; crystal clear, clean water of just the right temperature.

I am now in the youth hostel nursing my sunburn. This was the first day that I was really out and it was a scorcher. The bunks are pretty good though and the food tasted good. We had all the soup we wanted plus three small meat patties and large servings of macaroni and potato salad. We took a ship ride on part of the Bodensee to Meersburg where we saw the oldest fortress in Germany along with the old village with the beautiful half-timbering and ornamental work on the houses.

We are in Zurich staying with the parents of John's neighbors in Holland. We arrived about 3:00 o'clock after lugging our suitcases about 1/4 mile. At times like this we begin to regret that we brought so much luggage. The family was really terrific. The husband makes all sorts of things by hand from wood and plastic. He was very well off for the size of the shop he had. He had one worker and one apprentice, but they turned out excellent work. They lived outside of Zurich in a small town, Stafa; so the first night they took us in and showed us the city and took us out to eat. We were a little disappointed in the city at first because it had nothing but nice looking houses about three stories high and shops. The latter were only attractive as to what they contained and the fairly cheap prices for which they were sold.

We were really impressed by the friendliness of the Swiss people. Luckily for me I could speak German. In two other regions of Switzerland the people speak French and Italian. I think the Swiss were the friendliest people I have run into all year.

Mr. Lips arranged to have us go through the main factory of Mettler C., the largest company in the world for making analytical balances.

The next morning we left for Goschenen, a small town high up in the Alps. We stayed here two days in the youth hostel while doing some mountain climbing and hiking. We climbed straight up one peak for about 2 1/2 hours and were so tired that we took the path back down. It was a bit steeper than it first appeared. In all we climbed about 5 hours strenuously, so we hit the sack early.

Next day we went on the other side of the valley and climbed up one of the peaks (about 10,000 feet) since we had all day. The view of the valley, the peaks on the other side, and the facade of the mountain below you is tremendous. That night we ate like pigs and went to bed. I had put holes in the bottom of both my shoes, but it was well worth it. Again we experienced the Swiss hospitality through the youth hostel host.

On Sunday we went to Parma to join my Italian friend whom I met on the trip during my first two weeks in Europe. I tried to phone him but without much luck since I couldn't speak Italian. However, I soon saw him walking toward me. That is how our luck has been the whole trip. That night he took us to Busseto to see a famous opera, Troubadour. My friend had to take pictures for publicity, as you know he is a professional photographer. He just walked in and asked to go up in the bell tower of the town hall overlooking the whole opera, and before he finished he had the Mayor helping him. We sat way up in the top and heard the opera—just about this time we thought we were dreaming. The whole stay here in Parma has been fabulous with Giovanni.

We spent 2 1/2 days in Florence. You cannot imagine how much art is located here in this area. We spent most of the time going through museums and churches. However, the concentration of masterpieces there was too much to absorb in such a short time. We stayed in the youth hostel which was the old palace of Mussolini's mistress; so you can imagine how great it was. We just about lived on spaghetti during our stay in Italy, but I think we will have to teach them how to make good pizza. They make their crust about 3/4 of an inch thick.

Visiting In Florida

Mrs. Andrew Denmon and Mrs. Jane Hazeltine, Pinecrest Avenue left Saturday on a motor trip to Florida. They will visit friends at Daytona Beach and St. Petersburg for a two week stay in the southern state.

Name Omission

The name of Mrs. August Strazdus, East Dallas, was unintentionally omitted from the guest list at the shower given for Carol Mae Storey, Cantermoreland, recently Mrs. Strazdus is the bride-elect's aunt.

First Circuit Preacher

First circuit preacher in Franklin Township was George Peck, early nineteenth century.

Editorially Speaking:

A New Highway—But At What Cost

by DOROTHY B. ANDERSON

It would be little hardship to travel a jammed up one-way traffic lane at the busy supper hour—

It would be simple to crawl along the busy thoroughfare in the morning when we may have overslept a bit and the boss is impatient of delays—

It would not be difficult to negotiate a tortuous trail through road pyramids or empty barrels—

We would not mind the dust nor the gaping holes along the berms—

If our children were protected.

We are all indeed in favor of progress, whether it be a new road, a better school system or more efficient government

If the result justifies the means and the expenditure.

Until recently everyone complacently accepted the state announcement that a new highway was at last to eliminate the deadly curves of the old road—

And then we found out the truth.

Thousands of tax dollars are being spent to build just slightly over six miles of thoroughfare—

But not one penny earmarked for safety precautions for our children.

At three separate points, the youngsters must cross against an increasing flow of car after car, truck and trailer.

No over passes, no underpasses.

It will cost a fortune to relocate the Lehigh Valley Railroad tracks which may never be used by the company now seeking abandonment of the line.

The first contractor had bid \$3,168,175 on the highway job but construction contract went to another firm at a price of \$184,096 higher than that previously bid or the staggering amount of \$3,352,271.

Yet no money for overpasses or underpasses to guard our offsprings, innocent pawns in the political maneuvering of officials.

Where are our state representatives and what are they doing about it?

It would be assuring to see some action on the part of Senator Flack and Representative Shupnik.

WASHINGTON GRAVY TRAIN

The planners plan and the spenders spend, And they comb the earth to its utmost end To find some underdeveloped spot And give it a billion dollar shot And that will waken its underdeveloped brain To the full import of "gravy train."

Refrain

Oh the gravy train is a wondrous thing A super colossal jigger, That's engineered, designed and geared To carry a super colossal share Of U. S. dollars to anywhere That's underdeveloped bigger.

The spender's pens dip the golden ink Then a billion goes while you scarcely wink, And some plaintive land o'er the bounding main Lands a lower berth on the gravy train With dollars given while they relaxes (And what gives here? - why super taxes).

Refrain

Oh I'd love to ferry the gravy train To a spot o'er some ocean deep And you heave ho o'er the starboard bow 'Till down with my unregretful wishes It sank to the underdeveloped fishes And an overdeveloped sleep.

—W. G. SEAMAN

Day Campers Conclude Program



Day Campers at the Back Mountain Branch Town and Country YMCA concluded their program with a covered dish dinner at the Back Mountain "Y" on Tuesday, August 20. Twenty campers participated in the six weeks Summer activity.

Mrs. Russell Montedonice was chairman of the committee making arrangements for the picnic. Also serving with Mrs. Montedonice were Mrs. Luther Wismer and Mrs. Clayton Klabeck. Decorations for the picnic were

made by the Day Campers during their Crafts periods. Crafts instructors were Mrs. Kenneth Young and Mrs. Robert Crosson.

Back Mountain Branch YMCA is a member of the United Fund of Wyoming Valley.

Services Held Monday For Mrs. Anna Hera

Services for Mrs. Anna Hera, Pioneer Avenue, Shavertown, were held Monday morning from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Zawloski, Broad Street, Pringle.

A requiem mass was celebrated in St. Hedwig's Church, Kingston, with interment in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Carverton.

Mrs. Hera, mother of Mrs. Leo Woidzik, Shavertown, died suddenly Friday morning of a heart attack. She had recently returned from a visit with relatives.

Born in Poland, Mrs. Hera came to this country in 1908, settling in Plymouth. She later moved to Kingston where she resided for many years. She came to live with her daughter, four years ago, following the death of her husband, Anthony.

In addition to Mrs. Woidzik and Mrs. Hera, she is survived by a son, Benjamin, E. Somerville, N. J. There are also seven grandchildren.

Mrs. Emma Gensel, 90 Dies At Valley Crest

Mrs. Emma Jane Gensel, Heller's Grove, Trucksville, died early Wednesday morning at Valley Crest Home, Wilkes-Barre, where she had been a patient for the past four months.

Born in West Nanticoke, Mrs. Gensel was the daughter of Philip and Hattie Brown Cragle. Her husband, Peter died in 1947.

She resided with her daughter, Katherine in Trucksville for the last fifteen years. She had been in poor health for the last twelve months and four months ago suffered a broken hip from which she never recovered.

She was a devout Christian, attending regularly services at Dallas Free Methodist Church, its Ladies' Aid and church endeavors.

Survivors beside her daughter, Katherine are sons and daughters, Mrs. Laura Boone, Lime Ridge; Charles Lehman; Willard, Harveys Lake; Mrs. Stanley Cragle, Hunlock Creek. Also one sister, Mrs. Genevieve Boyer, Warren, Ohio; 17 grandchildren and 38 great grandchildren.

Scotts Return After Visit To Seashore

The D. T. Scotts, Huntsville Road, have returned after spending a week at the shore. Durrelle III joined his family to celebrate his 21st birthday.

Oldest Family

One of the oldest families in America is the Crispell family, whose American progenitors came to this country in 1660, French Huguenots, and then migrated to Beaumont-Noxen area in the fourth generation.

Old State Road

Root Hollow Road was once called Old State Road, a trail blazed by one of General Sullivan's detachments in their war against the Six Nations.

Services will be held Saturday at 2 p.m., from Bronson Funeral Home, Sweet Valley with Rev. Grove Armstrong officiating. Viewing from 7 to 9 Thursday and Friday evenings.

Lehman... ampion... the E... oys Te... ay. Co... e boys... ending... s 9 to... ip lath... Both... ason v... ins and... ast Dal... ie hand... e four... ehman... aw as... nsive s... ins in... ehman... allas, I... fest W... East I... the p... e first... urth to... ottom o... In the... ew char... their... ounded... iple by... ed soon... allas w... e top... ern fro... ns to... Neithe... e bott... ehman... inning... left fr... alk, an... arria... unkle... ed and... eme W... eld lin... ast Dal... ing sir... oring... ith the

place to stay would be. We chose Brezeng on the Bodensee. It is right at the foot of the Alps and is fed by mountain waters. If you look at the map you can see that it is about 40 miles long and 7 miles wide. The bathing is fantastic; crystal clear, clean water of just the right temperature.

I am now in the youth hostel nursing my sunburn. This was the first day that I was really out and it was a scorcher. The bunks are pretty good though and the food tasted good. We had all the soup we wanted plus three small meat patties and large servings of macaroni and potato salad. We took a ship ride on part of the Bodensee to Meersburg where we saw the oldest fortress in Germany along with the old village with the beautiful half-timbering and ornamental work on the houses.

We are in Zurich staying with the parents of John's neighbors in Holland. We arrived about 3:00 o'clock after lugging our suitcases about 1/4