

From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix

She came staggering across Wyoming Avenue, Friday evening, loaded down with dunnage, a carryall and handbag under one arm, a brown paper package in her hand, and a long object that looked like a rifle case swinging from her other hand.

She collapsed in the Austin, said she was starved, that her hosts had gotten off the road three times coming through Connecticut, and that she was looking forward to a little something to eat.

Twenty minutes later, with the makings of a steak sandwich sizzling in the pan and ready to turn, she explained about the rifle case.

It wasn't a rifle. She realized, without instruction, that deer hunting season didn't start for some weeks.

It was a knitting machine, and right after she finished her two steak sandwiches and her third cup of tea, she would set it up and get going.

All the tables in the house are round. The shelf under the living room window is long and narrow, and looked like a possibility, but it proved not solid enough.

The piano bench filled the bill.

Rinsing the steak sandwich from her fingers, Persis screwed the knitting machine in place, settled herself in a low chair, and got busy.

A knitting machine is a remarkable invention. It turns out knitting that looks exactly like a hand-made job, but in jig time. An hour later, when Jimmie Kozemchak and his wife tapped at the door, the entire back of a baby sweater in white and pale green stripes was in the bag. The front was well underway by the time they left, carrying tenderly a white African violet in need of artificial respiration. (If I could remember to water the thing, it might flourish, but I've been waiting hopefully for it to die, on account of I don't like African violets, and it knows it, and stubbornly puts forth sad white blossoms while dying on its feet.)

By midnight, with Mrs. Pillar to Post hanging on the ropes, the first baby sweater was finished, complete with rolled collar and cuffs.

Late Saturday evening, with suitable time off for meals, shopping, and chewing the fat, the second sweater was finished, all except the knitting together of the sleeves.

"I wouldn't want to be obstructive," I ventured, "but if these outside sweaters are for a pair of twins up your way, only three weeks old, they do look a mite large."

"They're only three weeks old now," was the commonsense reply, "But you'll be astonished how big they'll be by spring. Right now, they're flooded with sweaters, all of them microscopic."

"If they're not going to wear them until spring, what's the sweat?"

"Baby presents," I was instructed, "have to be delivered on the dot, to prove that you really CARE."

"Well, those six-pound twins are going to look pretty silly, with the turtle necks coming up over their faces and the bottom ribbing covering their feet. What you really want to do," I continued, pursuing the subject, "is to insert a drawingstring in the bottom, and label the sweaters Baby Bunting."

This elicited no comment whatsoever. Persis was too busy braiding a pony tail for the green and white cap. "See, I'm going to finish it off with a cunning little bow."

"How are you going to get all those bulky things in your hand-bag?"

"I got in the yarn, didn't I?" And the sweaters don't take up any more room than skeins of yarns."

"For Pete's sake, let's go to BED."

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

Dr. Gideon L. Howell, born in Trucksville was a son of Judson J. and Carrie Good Howell. He was grandson of Levi Howell and his fifth wife, Emilie Griffin. For three generations the family owned a farm of 386 acres in the Harris Hill part of Kingston Township. The boy, Gideon, rode a bicycle to the old Dallas High School and was graduated there, then went on to become a general practitioner and later a surgeon and roentgenologist. He served twelve years as a school director, and was a director, vice president and president of the Mt. Greenwood Kiwanis Club at the time I served as secretary. He examined inductees in World War II and later veterans. After thirty-six years practice he died in 1949. He served in various capacities at Nesbitt Memorial Hospital.

Dr. George Krumrine Swartz came from the vicinity of State College. There is a crossroads settlement named "Krumrine" nearby, the family name of his mother. He trained in Philadelphia and married Clementa Miller from that area. He began practice here in the Albershousen house across from the Methodist Church, later moved to upstairs offices in the Sullivan Building and finally bought and remodeled the old Rice property, presently owned by Dr. Bodycomb.

Dr. and Mrs. Swartz had three children born in Dallas, one at each of the places of residence. The first, Phyllis, died at birth. Nancy, who left here as a schoolgirl, has four children residing in Toledo, O. The youngest, George, is a lawyer, has one child, and lives in Fort Meyer, Fla.

Dr. Swartz was active in public affairs. He was a loser in 1927 in a four-way school election in which I was one of the winners, but was elected shortly thereafter and served as president of the school board.

He served as our family physician for fifteen or twenty years. He delivered three boys in our house and was still our doctor when one of them died. He took charge of my sister after several years of improper care had left her in serious condition. He arranged hospitalization and surgery for her in New York and personally went down with us for one of her operations.

After several years of general practice, he took special training in nervous disorders, then sold out here in 1942 and entered government service, working mostly in veter-

erans hospitals and similar groups. Thereafter he was moved about to an unusual degree, working in Coatesville and Norristown, Pa.; and finally Florida where he died a few years ago. His widow makes her home in Florida where she owns a dress shop, but is currently spending several months in London, Eng.

No present day Hallowe'en prank could top one played on my father about fifty years ago. He kept horses and wagons in the Rice barn on Main Street, where the George M. Dallas Lodge building is now. The high barn stood with the ridge parallel to the road. There were stables at the basement level, and on the descending ground in the rear, several sheds had been built at various levels with a continuous roof line from the ridge nearly to the ground.

On the morning after Hallowe'en, he led his harnessed horse up the drive by George Norton's Drug Store and opened the big front doors where he had left his two-wheeled cart the day before. It was nowhere in sight. Finally he had to hitch up to another wagon and drive off.

During the day the story spread around and numerous people walked up to the high sidewalk across the road and had a good laugh at the road cart perched astraddle the ridge. When father returned after six or seven hours, a passerby just happened to see the wagon and called his attention to it. He had been "pondering the matter all day and delivered an extensive and highly indignant discourse, which was a masterpiece.

Then another young man just happened to be passing and offered a suggestion that the wagon could be lowered down the receding roof at the back with ropes. A number of volunteers were soon rounded up who, conveniently, knew just where enough rope could be found. They took it down.

Other favorite pranks then could not be practiced now. One was the removal of gates from the picket fences, which stood in front on many properties. Another was the upsetting, turning around, or even removal of the outside toilets, which in those days served many homes in town, maybe most of them. The horse-drawn borough road machinery and equipment was moved a mile or so, frequently.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

A & P store on Main Street, Dallas, completed arrangements for moving into quarters occupied by the Meridian Restaurant, while the Meridian moved into the former A & P store. A & P planned to install a meat department and produce section to augment its grocery department.

Aimed at Wesley Himmler and Peter D. Clark, a surprise move placed a complete Citizens Ticket on the ballot. Running for Burgess was Harry Anderson; for School Directors, Henry Disque and Harry Pittman; tax collector, M. B. Coolbaugh.

New zoning resulted in lowering of fares to Dallas, eliminating one zone of the nine-mile trolley trip to Wilkes-Barre.

Water engineers were going over the pipelines in Dallas to find underground leaks.

Dallas won a surprise victory over Tunkhannock 25 to 6; lost to Swoyersville 28 to 0.

Albert Bush's garage in Shavertown was one of the most rapidly growing businesses in the area.

You could get an Easy washer for \$35.50 with no sales tax.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Anderson, Harvey's Lake, grew a 160 pound pumpkin.

Brown and Fassett's Feed Store branch at Fernbrook was stocking more and more goods, and Cobleigh Brothers Coal Co. was expanding.

N. R. A. was in full swing.

20 Years Ago

Out of State buyers scoured the Back Mountain for apples, prices rising to \$4 per bushel. Crop was slim, lucky growers hit the jackpot. Clyde Eggleston and his son Alva, finished harvesting their bumper crop at Vernon. Their youngest picker, Charles Garey, 15, harvested 76 bushels in a day.

A serious feed shortage threatened. Western corn was not moving Eastward according to schedule.

Local schools were in the salvage contest, harvesting waste paper. Harry Ohlman was chairman of the salvage committee.

Free immunization of all children between three and six, was launched, to help stamp out whooping cough.

Fred Brokenshire, Orchard Knob

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott

Up And Down The Highway

Talking to businessmen up and down tattered and torn Memorial Highway, one is impressed by rampant optimism. Despite deep cuts made into business at present, the merchants are quietly confident that they'll be rolling in dough when the road is finished.

Equally impressive is the way Williams and Coon companies have taken advantage of the opportunity to show how fast a big highway can be built under top weather conditions.

Not quite as happy: Gavy and Harry, for obvious reasons; Land along the highway has become both hard to find and expensive.

A Vote For A Vote

A famous politician once said: "I believe in getting a buck for a buck."

Well, I believe the same goes for election day. I want a vote for a vote. In other words, I personally wouldn't vote for anybody else for school director if there were an honest, qualified business administrator on the ballot.

Since Professor Welton Farrar is the only candidate close to that measure, there's not much question who should get the vote, to my mind.

It's your vote, What's it worth to you?

Dummy Burning

Dallas Township police had a busy night with pranksters last Thursday, most notably with the sort that throw pumpkins and drag dummies in front of cars. Up on the College grounds some hooligans burned a dummy with a sign "Dallas Borough Police Chief" hung on it. This is regarded more likely as a general flaunting of authority toward all policemen than an act directed at Russ. The pranksters were not caught.

A Suggestion

It is suggested that the state highway department have a look at Old Main Road between Memorial Highway and Pioneer Avenue at the next available opportunity. Two alternatives are open: Either repave it completely, or else remove and send it in one piece to Harrisburg to the State Museum for preservation as the worst piece of concrete ever continuously travelled by man for years without improvement.

The Hard Sell

I don't sell much in this column, but I think anybody's a fool not to take advantage of the Post's terrific offer on lots of 100 No Hunting signs, specially priced until the drought breaks. Take as many as you want! You'll be sorry if you don't.

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa. under the Act of March 3, 1889. 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.

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"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution
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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.

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 — 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.

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Editorially Speaking:

Referendum Question On Ballot

Mrs. James Green, President of the League of Women Voters, urges a yes vote on the question of calling a Constitutional Convention, she states, "It is not just the task of weeding out anachronistic regulations. Numerous constructive changes and valuable additions are in order.

"We are paying too much for unnecessary jobs required by the Constitution. Our State cannot grow properly in industry, educational attainment or judicial excellence with the constant drawbacks imposed by the Constitution.

"You can not hope for a prompt hearing of a civil or criminal case. At a time of great crisis in education, our State Constitution forbids the State to grant scholarships to help advance our educational standards.

"The average Pennsylvanian's own personal welfare and economic betterment depend on a new state Constitution."

Jefferson Fordham, Dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School, says, "the present Constitution is thoroughly inadequate. A Constitutional convention is the representative and tested method of doing the actual work of revision."

There will be (4) state-wide referenda questions, "Referendum with respect to a Constitutional Convention", asks the voters approval for a constitutional Convention, to convene for a period not to exceed from July 1, 1964 to January 15, 1965. At the 1964 spring primaries three delegates from each of the state's 50 senatorial districts would be chosen, and Independents would be eligible to run. The proposed Pennsylvania Constitution resulting from the Convention would be submitted to the voters for acceptance or rejection at the 1965 General Election.

Amendment 1A, would permit state grants or loans to Pennsylvania students attending institutions of higher learning.

Amendment 2A would enable the State Legislature to pass legislation establishing emergency government in Pennsylvania in case of an enemy attack.

Amendment 3 "Project 70". The Pennsylvania Government cannot borrow money to buy land under the present Pennsylvania Constitution. This amendment would permit the State to incur debt up to seventy million dollars in order to acquire land for various conservation and recreation purposes, joining with the local government in such projects.

The First Hallowe'en

by Norris King

We all remember Adam and Eve and the garden of Eden, but we don't usually associate Adam and Eve with Hallowe'en.

It happened something like this. Away back thousands of years ago, Adam was in the habit of hanging around some of the tougher corners of the neighborhood and Eve had stood it about as long as her patience could bear and had literally raised Cain.

This coming in at all hours of the night often as late as nine-thirty or ten o'clock continued until Eve's nerves were at a breaking point and she threatened to bring her night club down upon him.

One night Adam came creeping quietly down the sidewalk hoping to slip into bed without arousing the madam, but just as he reached

enter, with his shoes in hand, up popped Eve from the other side of the fence.

Adam taken by surprise tried in his softest and most cooing tones to cool Eve's temper. But the first woman was not to be deceived and armed with every movable article of furniture in the house, let fly a barrage of rolling pins, honnalled shoes, frying pans, irons and what-not.

Adam came back at her with a reminder of Hallow Eve, and she tore the gate from its hinges and wrapped it about his neck.

Ever since that exciting night, flashions and rolling pins have figured in the daily lives of many, many families.

Young men and women have, even to this day, continued to celebrate Hallow Eve or Hallowe'en by ripping down the neighbors gates and hanging them in the most ri-

FOR YOUR NEXT PRINTING JOB, CALL THE POST

Watch For The Grand Opening At Gosart's



Gosart's Grocery on Harveys Lake Highway, Dallas, is wearing a bright new face these days, with all the women arrayed in sky-blue smocks. Bill Davis and his wife (wearing one of the attractive smocks) are making themselves solid with their customers in their new venture.

Mr. Davis, formerly with Gavy's Market, a recent casualty of the current road-building program, will be introduced formally to the public as in complete charge of the market end of Gosart's Appliance Store, when plans are completed for a grand opening ceremony.

Mrs. Davis, formerly with Hall's Drugstore, has as big a stake as Bill in the new venture.

from the butcher's stance at the back of the store.

And the explanation for those two very sweet and garnished small boys in the foreground, weighing the merits of a Hershey bar apiece, is that they are on their way home from Sunday School.

Gosart's is an institution. Everything Charlie touches is a success. Recently, with real estate concerns in Sweet Valley, Charlie began feeling he could delegate some of the responsibility in his store. It has expanded mightily from its small beginnings, with the tail now wagging the original dog.

Charlie's motto has always been service to everybody, at a time and

you can't get it anywhere else, you can get it at Charlie's, as folks have found to their great relief when they run out of something essential at ten minutes to ten at night, or find company on their doorstep Sunday morning.

There are going to be no changes in personnel. The same well-known butchers will trim you up a T-bone steak, and you'll still run into all your neighbors.

On Saturday morning, the third day of Gosart's Grand Opening, Ann Hayes, representative for Vaughn's Bread over Channel 28, will be present in person to meet customers, from 9:30 to noon.

Customers have recently n-

Farm, dug 10,000 bushels of potatoes.

On the day of Fifth Army landings in Italy, Commando Joseph Malarkey was reported lost in action. Brother of Mrs. Thomas Bunney, he was resident of Luzerne.

Alan Kistler, in jungle warfare in the Pacific, wanted an official Boy Scout knife for Christmas.

In the Outpost: Glenn Kitchen, Fort Snelling; David Schmeier, the Aleutians; Allen D. Pritchard, Illinois; Clarence Boston, California; Lewis LeGrand, South Pacific; Sam Ashley, Camp Edwards; John Culp, on maneuvers in Tennessee; Louis Kelly, Corpus Christi; Robert Beck, Pittsburgh; Harold Fritzzes, California; Marjorie Darrow, Sampson AFB; Nelson Garinger, Fort Knox; Robert J. Pritchard, Camp Edwards.

Married: Martha Sedler to Melvin Adler.

Hilda Hodi, 9, Bunker Hill, died after a short illness.

Anna Appleton, nearing 80, died at her home in Shavertown.

10 Years Ago

Three little Ecks stole the show at Back Mountain Community Concert. Taking part were many talented residents, including Bill Valentine and Ruth Turn Reynolds.

Lake-Noxen was considering joining forces with Dallas-Franklin school District. E. S. Teter called all boards together for discussion of the problem. Dallas Borough - Kingston Township jointure was accused of dragging its heels in movement toward larger jointure.

Sweet Valley got its own dial exchange, Noxen exchange still two weeks in the future, but coming.

Lake Township looked to a favorable vote on a two mill raise in assessment, to provide funds for a new fire engine.

Gas war in the Valley resulted in similar cuts in price in the Back Mountain. Prices dropped as low as 12.9 cents, and happy motorists were singing, "Fillerup, fillerup." Highway travel was booming.

Sandsdale and Hillsdale had top ratings in the 2 Holstein sale at Bloomsburg.

Married: Lois Minchin to Mark McQuilkin. Audrey Campbell to George Coolbaugh.

Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Seth Howell, 45th. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Monka, Silver.

Died: Nelson Moore, 61, Sutton Creek Road. Fred Goodrich, 58, Harveys Lake. Charles Searfoss, 81, Dallas. Jacob Straley, 72, Kunkle.

NO HUNTING signs were going like hot-cakes.

section is sparkling. Bill is a fruit and vegetable man intent upon selecting the best.

Kindness is a language that mute can speak and the deaf can hear.

The Man Who Stands For
A Buck's Worth of Schooling
For A Buck's Worth of Taxes
Is

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