

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. Students away from home \$3.00 a term; Out-of-State \$3.50. Back issues, more than one week old, 15c.

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



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. 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, Towne House Restaurant; Shavertown — Evans Drug Store, Hall's ant; Luzerne — Novak's Confectionary; Beaumont — Stone's Grocery, Colonial Restaurant, Daring's Market, Gosart's Market, Drug Store; Trucksville — Cairns Store, Trucksville Pharmacy; Idetown — Cave's Market; Harveys Lake — Javers Store Kocher's Store; Sweet Valley — Adams Grocery; Lehman — Stolarick's Store; Noxen — Scouten's Store; Shawanoses — Paterbaugh's Store; Fernbrook — Bogdon's Store, Bunney's Store, Orchard Farm Restaurant 85c per column inch.

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"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution"

Editorially Speaking Always Ready

Your ambulance and fire engine are both on tap, day or night, at the other end of your telephone line. Volunteers, your neighbors, are ready to help when you need it most. The coin card distribution has already started. Be generous. Volunteers expect no money, but apparatus has to be maintained. The ambulance and the pumpers must be kept in condition to start at a moment's notice. Support of fire apparatus and the ambulance is a community project, for YOUR benefit.

The Magic Wand

If you could wave a magic wand, and help a person who has walked in darkness to see the light of day, would you wave the wand? If you could help a blind man to throw away his white cane and march across the street with confidence, would you stretch out your hand? You can do this magic thing. You can sign a little card which says that after you no longer need your eyes, they may be used to restore sight to somebody else. You can insure that the most valuable of your possessions will not be wasted... that your precious eyes will be used by skillful surgeons to bestow that most priceless gift, sight for the sightless. The Lions Eye Bank is making its annual appeal for pledge cards. Sign one and carry it in your wallet. When night falls for you, the dawn will break for a blind person who is groping toward the light.

William H. Hanna, Jr. Services for William H. Hanna, Jr., 35, Levittown, who died April 6 at Lower Bucks County Hospital, were held Friday afternoon in Bible Presbyterian Church, Levittown. Officiating was Rev. Paul Gilchrist. Interment was in Beverly National Cemetery, N.J. Born in Blakeslee, Mr. Hanna grew up in Shavertown and graduated from Kingston Township High School. During World War II he served in the U.S. Navy. First stricken ill eleven years ago he had continued to work until November. He had resided in Levittown for the past ten years. The son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hanna, Summit Street, he was well known in the Back Mountain. He is survived by his wife, the former Agnes Elkstrom and three children, David, John and Rosemary, a brother, Kenneth, Dayton, Ohio.

HOTEL JEFFERSON ATLANTIC CITY NEW JERSEY

Central location overlooking Boardwalk and convenient to Piers, Churches and Theatres — Near Rail and Bus Terminals — Inviting Lobbies and Parlors — Closed and Open Sun Decks A-top — All Rooms Delightfully Furnished — Modified and European Plans — Conducted by Hospitable Ownership Management that delights in catering to the wishes of American Families. Write for Literature and Rates

Hotel Jefferson Atlantic City, New Jersey

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post 30 Years Ago

Late primaries were approaching, the Republican and Democratic organizations slugging it out with renewed vigor. Very few local contests of any moment, but the county was simmering. A Shavertown man who received \$54 for two weeks pay, was supposedly forced to contribute \$25 to the Gifford Pinchot war chest for governor. It's called macing.

Mrs. Grace Wiese, Shavertown, headed the Shavertown Branch Nesbitt Auxiliary. St. Theresa's staged a gala welcome for their returning pastor, Rev. John J. O'Leary. Father O'Leary had recently returned from Florida, where he had been recovering from an illness. Injured in World War I near the Argonne Forest, Father O'Leary, then a chaplain with the armed forces, had suffered such serious head wounds that a metal plate had been used to mend his skull. The wound pained him until the day of his death. It was Father O'Leary's consuming urge to establish a church in Kingston Township that resulted in construction of St. Theresa's. Father O'Leary celebrated a Christmas midnight Mass before the church was completed.

James A. Martin was again elected to head Kingston Township school system as supervising principal, with an increase in salary from \$2,100 to \$2,400. Teacher's salaries were commensurate. They hovered around the thousand dollar mark, with an art supervisor well under that figure, the rest a little over. Janitors received about the same princely salary.

Thirty new members joined the Trucksville Fire Association. Ralph Hazeltine was elected president. Farm work, delayed by cold weather, was speeding up under bright sunshine and moderating temperatures.

Admiral Byrd was at the South Pole, ice box of the world.

20 Years Ago

Claude Warden turret gunner on a flying fortress, was at home in Shavertown after completing twenty-six bombing missions over Germany. He wore the Air Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and several bronze stars. "Roaches Rodents" were the crew of the Tag-along.

A visiting soldier on leave swiped a watch, a pair of pants, a jug of liquor, and some other items from a family on Parrish Heights which had befriended the stranger. The soldier met a tree in Tunkhannock, and was picked up by Staties. George Hackling, engineer of The Jersey Bounce won the Air Medal for bombing missions, based in England.

Two Back Mountain boys were listed as missing in action: Robert Ressigue, East Dallas, on a torpedoed ship in the Mediterranean; and Elwood Blizzard, Noxen, missing in Italy, presumably a prisoner of war.

Heard from in the Outpost: Joe Wallo, Italy; Bill Dierolf, England; Stacy Schoonover, Italy; Herbert Uskurait, Pacific; John E. Evans, Virginia; Bob Neimeyer, California; Irma Goldsmith, England; Walter Mead, Fort Bliss; Herb Updyke, Camp Edwards; Harold Dymond, Cherry Point; Omar Wyant, Fort Bliss; V. F. Spaciano, Italy; Don Metzgar, England; Glenn Kocher, Arkansas; Foster Sutton, CBI; W. E. Ray, Pacific Fleet.

Married: Jean Bogert to Lewis Culp. Martha Mueller to Thomas Dropchinski.

Times-Leader and Wilkes-Barre Record printers were on strike, publication was suspended.

Dr. Lewis T. Buckman gave an address on the dangers of Socialized Medicine.

Died: Martin Lutkevage, 75, Lake Silkworth. Hanna Lyons, formerly of Sweet Valley.

10 Years Ago

The Dallas Ambulance Association selected a used 1949 Cadillac Superior instead of the Buick they had practically been decided upon.

Larry Drabick resigned from Lehman-Jackson-Ross to take his Master's at State University. Triple jointure was hunting for another instructor in Agriculture.

Back Mountain was preparing for the opening of the Little League season.

Delbert Garinger was pinned under a power mower and his clothing drenched with gasoline. Del had sworn off smoking at Christmas time, so all he got was brush burns instead of an obituary.

Lake, Noxen, Franklin, Dallas and Monroe Townships were again discussing a five-way jointure. Dick Disque built his own funeral home on Memorial Highway. Died: Mary B. Sowden, 47, Shavertown. Mrs. Rose B. Waltman, Noxen. Mrs. Hazel Major, 56 Shavertown. Edwin H. Kern, 50, Idetown. Mrs. Francis Kytile, Mooretown. Married: Louise Miller to Curtiss Protheroe.

Full-page political ads for Harold Plack and Newell Wood.

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

The following notes on the Civil War are selected from actual soldiers letters, which give on the spot accounts. The Battle of Spottsylvania was fought just 100 years ago, May 8-19, 1864.

Nov. 13, 1862 Camp near Deals Station, 8 miles south of Catletts Station. We have been on the march nearly every day and some nights. We crossed the Potomac at Berlin Station on the B&O RR, the music playing, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," which we thought very much out of place. We have to carry our knapsacks 60 rounds ammunition and 3 days' rations and it has me about bushed. I haven't got rid of the chills and fever yet, but I am bound to take no more quinine. These small tents and single blankets are a poor substitute for a house and bed in a snow-storm. We encamped last Friday near Warrentown and snow fell that day about an inch deep.

Dec. 6, 1862. I am sitting in our little tent size 5X6 and have got quite chilly. I am taking medicine all the time for ague and I have a touch of the rheumatics. Our orders for marching were countermanded perhaps on account of the snow storm. We are about 6 miles from Fredericksburg, Va.

Jan. 16, 1863. Army of the Potomac, General Burnside's Hq. I got the letter and the receipt (receipt) but the box I haven't got yet. I need tobacco. There is none here and if there were I have no money. We think there will be another big fight in a few days. We are all ready for a fight if it is needed. I don't know how soon we will get our pay. I am writing in John's tent, he is roasting corn for dinner. We have something besides corn to eat yet.

May 19, 1864. Behind breastworks one mile north from Spottsylvania CH, Va. We arrived here on the 16th. Have not been engaged yet. Yesterday we lay three or four hours supporting a battery under sharp shelling. It is thought we have got Lee in a tight place but time will tell.

Erastus Waters, half-brother to my father, who was killed at Spottsylvania Court House, about a

month before his death, wrote down and sent home the following song in use on the southern side, tune "Bonnie Blue Flag" (Chorus omitted).

Oh yes, I am a Southern girl, I glory in the name; And boast it with far greater pride, Than glittering wealth or fame. I envy not the Northern girl Her robe of beauty rare Though diamonds grace her sunny neck And pearls bedeck her hair.

The homespun dress is plain, I know, My hat's palmetto, too, But then it shows what Southern girls For Southern rights will do. We've sent the bravest of our lads To battle with the foe; And we would lend a helping hand— We love the South you know.

Now Northern goods are out of date. And since Old Abe's blockade We Southern girls will be content With goods that's Southern made. We scorn to wear a bit of lace, A bit of Northern silk, But make our homespun dresses up And wear them with much grace.

We've sent our sweethearts to the war, But dear girl never mind, Your soldier love will not forget And the girls he left behind. A soldier lad is the lad for me, A brave heart I adore. And when the sunny South is free And fighting is no more—

I'll choose one then, a lover brave From out that glorious band, The soldier lad I love the best Shall have my heart and hand. And now young men, a word to you, If you would win the fair, Go to the field where honor calls And win your lady there.

Remember that our brightest smiles Are for the true and brave, And that our tears fall for the one Who fills a soldier's grave.

Better Leighton Never

SEEN AND HEARD

Borough road crew is perplexed over continual disappearance of their morning paper, a Wilkes-Barre daily, from the Borough Building.

Pete Ambrose is incensed, to say the least, after losing his German Shepherd when it was run over by an empty school bus in front of his Sunset, Harveys Lake, restaurant, last week. According to Pete, the bus driver never bothered to stop.

I saw something wild on my way through Bear Creek area on Route 115 Sunday: A tractor-trailer rolling backwards down a hill after its emergency brake apparently let loose. The driver was down below putting out "caution" reflectors after parking it half on the road, half off with a flat tire or something. He ran about 150 feet uphill and caught it before it finished its jackknife. You should've seen his face.

Incidentally, if I'm still limping,

Services Today For Mrs. Myra Sutton

Services for Mrs. Myra Sutton, Harveys Lake, are scheduled for this morning at 11 from Nulton Funeral Home in Beaumont. Burial will be in Shaw Cemetery, Conklin, N. Y. Rev. Paul Hosier will officiate.

Mrs. Sutton, 41, died Tuesday morning at General Hospital where she had been admitted March 25 to the medical service.

The former Myra Louise Matthews, daughter of Clarence and the late Bertha Lewis Matthews, she was born in Hickory Grove. She attended Bowmans Creek Free Methodist Church.

She leaves her husband Robert; her father; a daughter Carol, at home; a son Robert Jr., Somerset; sister Mrs. Ruth Stolarczyk, brothers James and Lawrence, all of Binghamton, N. Y.; Clifford, Hop Bottom; Maurice, Harveys Lake.

Get Chest X-Ray

Mobile Chest X-Ray Unit will be stationed in front of The Town House Restaurant, Dallas Acme parking lot, Monday from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Wyoming Valley Tuberculosis and Health Society's modern unit offers annually an opportunity to all residents of the area to get a chest X-Ray for an extremely modest sum, and with no delay, no time-consuming trip to town, no parking problems.

Physicians agree that a chest X-Ray once a year is a safe-guard, and advise their patients to have it done. At a hospital or private laboratory, the procedure is expensive. The T-B unit charges only for the film.

On the board are a number of Dallas area people. They include J. F. Sallada, newly elected president; Dr. Robert A. Mellman, superintendent of Dallas schools; Rev. Robert D. Yost, pastor of Shavertown Methodist Church; Charles Manneer, former president of Dallas School Board; Dorothy Shepherd, for many years with the Blue Cross.

Day Camp Director



Miss "Maggie" Jacobs

Margaret Jacobs has been selected by the Back Mountain Branch YMCA Day Camp Committee as the new director of the 1964 Day Camp to be conducted at Melody Park, July 6 - August 14. Miss Jacobs was selected after a very thorough search that extended over two months.

Maggie, as she prefers to be called, hails from Canada. Her parents live in Montreal, and she is going into her senior year at Carleton University in Ottawa. Maggie has close ties to the Back Mountain area, however. Her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Samuels and their two children have been residents for several years. Maggie spends some of her vacations here and is well-known in the Valley.

Maggie is majoring in English and plans to enter the Peace Corps after graduation. She has been a camper for the past twelve years and athletic instructor for the Jewish Community Center Day Camp in Wilkes-Barre. She has also been a cabin counselor at a large private camp for three years. One of her most valuable experiences occurred two years ago when she was a unit leader of some forty children at a camp for problem children, ages 9 to twelve. In this experience, Miss Jacobs was also responsible for the supervision of five counselors and programming.

An active participant in many campus organizations, Maggie is a member of the Crimson Key Honor Society - a service organization working with the Administration. She is also hall advisor and a member of the women's residence executive council and an orientation leader for freshmen women. In this capacity, Maggie is responsible for both the academic and personal welfare of the new students.

In athletics, Miss Jacobs has not been on the sidelines. She is a member of the intercollegiate basketball team, volleyball and ski teams and the university Badminton Team. Not content just to participate in university sports, Maggie also writes about them, in her job as women's sports editor and columnist for the university newspaper. Maggie has maintained a B average throughout her college career.

Barbara Lawry Hurt

Barbara Lawry, seven-year-old daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Russell Lawry, Parsonage Street, recently suffered cuts and bruises of the leg, resulting from a bicycle mishap, requiring medical attention from Dr. H. G. Gallagher.

From — Pillar To Post...

By Hix

After publication of that tabloid last week, there is only one thing left for Hix to do, and that is to paint the fence.

And if there is any time left over, weed the garden. Appearing in green ink, high on an extension ladder, is testimony to the fact that some years ago she was able to get up there and wield a dripping paint brush; but times have changed, and Hix, at this point, stays off ladders.

It used to stop traffic. The bus drivers changed their point for fare collection slightly, in order to give the travelling public a good view of that old biddy up under the eaves. The old biddy should have known better. It was a lot of fun. Perfect strangers leaned over the fence and made inquiry.

It took forever, especially around the window frames. Some of the panes needed puttying, and that was a mess.

There was a willow tree alongside the back porch, and the willow tree had those wretched little bugs on it that turn purple when squashed. They kept brushing off into the paint, along with willow twigs.

The willow tree is gone, praises be. The small bugs exuded a sticky sort of a glop which attracted swarms of yellowjackets, and the yellowjackets were always in a harried state of mind.

Taking down the willow tree left the kitchen porch naked to the public, and a hasty planting of shrubbery was necessary.

The pink dogwood tree which looked so small when it was first planted, has been moved twice, and the curving flagstone moved to accommodate. It now looks as if it were espaliered on the porch screen, and is reaching its branches up past the sleeping porch, on its way to the moon.

The riot of blossoms from spring to fall in Pillar to Post's yard, lives, regrettably, only in the imagination of Mrs. Anderson.

Now lookit, Dorothy: You've let me in for feeding that side flowerbed, the one that got the well rotted manure spread on it last weekend.

Never let it be said that Hix did not at least get A for effort in living up to what is expected of her.

But Hix does not stand on her head as gracefully as she did at the time when she was mounting ladders with aplomb (and also with a bucket of paint), and weeding is one of those things which requires deep bends.

There's also that mental crisis. Is that a weed, or a budding bleeding heart?

Advise from somebody who can distinguish a weed from a flower would be helpful at this point, and assistance from somebody who can lean over to do a spot of weeding without getting dizzy.

Anyhow, the grass has been cut.

SANDY BEACH

Fri. - Sat. - Sun., May 15 - 16 - 17

Double Feature

"VIP'S"

Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton

Fri. and Sun. - 8:30 p.m. — Sat. - 10:00 p.m.

Fri. and Sun. - 10:30 — Sat. 8:30 p.m.

"Mail Order Bride"

Buddy Ebsen — Keir Dullea

MERCHANDISE PARTY

SUNDAY — 2 P.M.

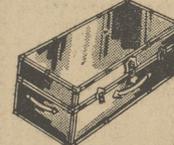


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Reg. \$2 (69"X27")

Plastic

AIR MATTRESS

only \$1.19



TENNIS RACQUET REPAIRS

Restrunging - \$5.00 up New Leather Grips - \$1.95

Complete Selection Racquets and Wearing Apparel.

Narrows Shopping Center - Kingston 288-3204

Advertisement for O'Malia's Laundry & Dry Cleaning. Features: Guaranteed MOTHPROOFING! FREE! Guard your fine woollens against moth damage—at no extra cost. We'll mothproof them unconditionally, and return everything Sanitane clean, luxuriously soft and new looking. Get this complete, professional service today! FREE pick up and delivery 288-1496 Enterprise 1-0843 MAIN PLANT and NARROWS SHOPPING CENTER BRANCH STORE O'Malia's Laundry & Dry Cleaning Luzerne-Dallas Highway