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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.

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**Editorially Speaking**

**TOMORROW'S COMMON-PLACE**

Today's miracle is tomorrow's common-place.

Can you name the astronauts in order of their flight through space?

You listened, holding your breath, when the first sub-orbital flight was made, following that intrepid man-projectile from take-off until his safe landing in the sea a few minutes later.

You watched, glued to your television, when the second man almost lost his life as his capsule sank, and helicopters circled helplessly above him, straining to lift him to safety.

You watched the lift-off of the man who first circled the earth, spotting his progress by the flashes on the map of the world.

Was it old-hat by the time the second man was catapulted into space? Or the third?

And now, after twelve futile tries to shoot the moon and get pictures of the surface, the moon-shoot was a complete success on the thirteenth attempt, and history was made.

How many people watched the take-off on television?

The time of the crash landing was well publicized, and many people watched for that jubilant reception at the base, as the count-down came closer and closer to the zero mark, twenty seconds, ten seconds, and then the sudden cessation of the humming sound which had marked the passage of the projectile through space.

Pictures had been taken up to almost the moment of impact, over 4,000 of them.

Does the populace get out and parade?

This is a historic moment in the saga of space flight, but there will be a re-run of the landing warmed up for the evenings news on T-V, complete with the moment of impact, the cessation of the humming noise, and the wild excitement of headquarters.

Flight through space has become an incident, not an earth-shaking event.

We have wiped the eye of Russia.

It has cost us goodness knows how much money. U.S. The U. S. Government.

And it will cost us goodness knows how much more, before two astronauts mount their space vehicle and head for the moon.

Much remains to be done before it will be safe for them to attempt that hazardous landing.

If they are lost forever, coasting hopelessly out toward the distant galaxies, the chances are that it will be a fairy-tale to most of the people in this country.

People become immune to wonders.

Wonders are something which happen on television, with no real effect on everyday living.

There is a saturation point for wonder.

**BAN BILLBOARDS NOW**

With the new highway almost completed, now is the time to see to it that billboards along that highway are banned.

One glaring sign leads to another. The gorge leading from the Back Mountain down into Luzerne is scenic. When raw earth is covered with greenery again, the route will be as beautiful as that of Route 29, leading to West Nanticoke, which remains undefiled by billboards.

The time to get rid of signs is before they are erected.

There is already an ordinance.

Let's put teeth into it.

And let's get rid of the billboards left over from the old highway. Some of them are still defacing the scenery. They should come down before the new stretch of highway is dedicated.

**Only Yesterday**

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

**30 Years Ago**

Showers relieved a drought which had endangered crops.

Insecticides, thirty years ago, caused death of cattle in drought-stricken Kansas, when they ate weeds sprayed to kill insects. Nothing new about a danger which came to a head in the news two years ago, when "Silent Spring" was published.

Theodore S. Snyder, 76, died. He had been associated in business with John A. Ryman and C. A. Frantz. Conducting services was Rev. Francis Freeman. Bearers included Ralph Rood, Addison Woolbert, W. B. Risley, William Dawkins, Fernbrook, headed the newly organized Quoit Club.

The annual meteor shower was spectacular.

An eight-page issue following a long run of four-page jobs. Robbers Roost occupied an entire page, and ankle length dresses in the height of fashion, another.

You could get 8 quarts of motor oil for 99 cents.

Patterson Grove was preparing for the annual grange picnic.

The Blue Eagle was still screaming.

**20 Years Ago**

Sgt. William Stritzinger, 22, Fernbrook, was killed in action in France, shortly after the invasion. Edward Baranowski, reported killed, was in a hospital in England, and was writing letters home. His parents had received a letter from the War Department announcing his death.

W. Glenn Knecht, flight officer during the airborne attack on France, won the Air Medal. He was in the glider troops.

Fred Kiefer purchased a building in Tunkhannock, planned to open an auto supply store.

In the Outpost: Bernard Polachek, on a landing ship; John Joseph, S. Pacific; Ted Parrish, Italy; Bud Mitchell, France; Lt. Claudia Cooke, England; Durwood Splitt, Corsica; Bernard Novicki, King's Point; Glen Ehret, Anzio; Eddie Tutak, San Diego; David Decker, California; Harry Sweppenheiser, Florida; Warren Stanton, Point Lookout Light; Joseph Statnick, New Guinea; Robert G. Pogan, England; Allen Ockenhouse, France; Lou Kelly, Pacific; Mrs. Rachel Wyckoff was 96.

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Winters, Center Moreland, celebrated their Golden Wedding.

Doyle Roberts, 50, Dallas, ran for a bus. Minutes later he collapsed and died of heart failure.

**10 Years Ago**

Polio fund containers were again on shop counters. Finances had been exhausted for care of crippled children and for purchase of gamma globulin to combat the disease. Life-saving serum was not yet available. Parents were still praying for a cure or a preventive.

Shavertown firemen, testing their new pumper, blew up some dried-out sections of hose. Better it should happen at a test, stated Chief Russell Edmondson, than at the height of a blaze. Edmondson had driven the new pumper in from Kenosha, 823 miles away. Fourteen families dependent upon the Still well in Fernbrook, were cut off when the well changed hands. Dallas Water Company made connections, relieving the household drought.

Crash at intersection of highway and route 309 injured two Forty Fort men. Their car rammed a trailer truck.

Lehman was preparing for the annual flower show.

Died: Mrs. Carrie Randall, 76, East Dallas. Charles Smith, 50, Overbrook Road. Mrs. Margaret Ann Jones, 73, Bethel Hill.

The Lundy building was being repaired.

Married: Betty Jane Hale to Robert E. Kerr.

Teens took North End 7 to 0.

**Shopping Spree . . .**

If you can't get to Shavertown to buy your sweet corn from George Jacobs, you can find it at Billy Davis' in Dallas. Ever get a flank steak from the butcher at Davis? No wastage.

A&P is featuring chopped onions, frozen in plastic sacks. Pour out what you need, and pop the sack back in the freezer. Cheaper than dehydrated flakes. Who would bother to chop onions at that price?

Merrel Thomas produce stand has exceptionally nice peaches.

Try some of Acme's dehydrated potato, but instead of mashing it, add extra canned milk, onion flakes, butter, salt and pepper, and turn it into a good thick potato soup. Clips of fried bacon add to the flavor.

A pleasure to market at Mazer's. Spic and span counters, no wilted produce, flowers everywhere.

Not too long before Fred Updyke will have ever-bearing strawberries.

Try those hot dogs at Daring's for your next cook-out.

**Better Leighton Never**

The Appalachia bill now being hashed around Congress is designed to put money and jobs into poverty-areas like West Virginia and middle south. It may also affect Wilkes-Barre. Luzerne and Wyoming counties are the northern limit of what is defined in the bill as Appalachia.

Theoretically, I have learned from Washington, this bill could be used to benefit the Back Mountain as well.

A public project, such as a hospital, could thus be implemented with federal money.

I don't know how you feel about this, and I will welcome letters, or stop me on the street, or phone, etc.

Now there's a good chance I'm not dry behind the ears yet, and don't understand how things work in this world, but I'm not sure we ought even to be interested in taking federal money that was originally aimed at feeding poor people in Kentucky.

Maybe, on the other hand, we ought to try to get some of that money, since chances are thousands of dollars would be misdirected by governmental stupidity and red tape anyway.

But the new highway puts Nesbitt Hospital only minutes away from the Back Mountain, and there are three others in Wilkes-Barre, plus a big Vets Hospital (in a real emergency), plus Pittston Hospital, which services as far up as Franklin Township often, and Nanticoke State Hospital which takes care of Sweet Valley and Silkworth people.

Now, you may have trouble getting a hospital bed sometimes, but the fact is that things are that way all over the country, and Luzerne County is technically, by US standards, over-hospitalized.

This is not to say that we won't need a hospital in the Back Mountain some day. There may come a day when the two greatest metropolises in Luzerne County will be the Back Mountain and Mountaintop. But, at that time, maybe we can raise our own money, like we did for the library.

Meanwhile, there is getting to be a little too much federal government in areas where local bodies should be thinking for themselves, as far as I'm concerned, but if they have to spend that money up here, let it be down in the valley. They need it.

**Along The Tracks**

The number of places where you can take a long walk without climbing a mountain or sidestepping speeders is fast waning, so why not do your hiking on the old railroad bed?

There's 20 miles of it from Luzerne to Noxen, and you probably won't be interested in doing it all in one stretch. But you can pick five or ten miles nearest your home. That's what I did last Sunday, taking the route from Dallas to Alderson, which is very circuitous. Doubtless there was very good engineering behind the twisting contours from Dallas up through Kunkle's back country and on to the Lake, but if you plan such a

**Public Notice**

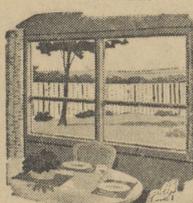
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that John W. Ashelman, 160 Charles Street, Wilkes Barre, Pa., and W. Sterling Casterlin, 31 Sheldon Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., will file in the Office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and in the Office of the Prothonotary of Luzerne County on Friday, September 4, 1964, application for a certificate to do business under the assumed name of Ashelman - Casterlin Agency, said business to be carried on at 160 Charles Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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hike, don't get the idea it's going to be like a fast four-mile hop out along the highway.

I had originally thought to walk all the way to Noxen, and it is my habit to bite off more than I can chew on these marathons. Five or ten miles into nowhere, a little voice inside me whispered "wise up." I made Alderson the end of the line.

This is a hike designed by our travel bureau strictly for those who want to meditate as they go. My camera was useless. The railroad right-of-ways through thick forest most of the way, and visibility is near zero on either side. There are some great views above Chestnut Ridge toward Kunkle, if one could only see through the brush. This is so much the case that seclusion is dominant characteristic of the hike.

For example, the only sounds to be heard through the forest are those of an occasional rabbit or fox getting out of your way. The hiker is startled by the sound of birds when he gets to farmlands near the Lake. There is also a notable absence of menacing farm-dogs, which can usually tell a strange step for miles.

Keep your eyes on the trail. There are still stacks of ties all along the way, and two overpasses have been removed by the wreckers.)

I was really tired by the time I got back to Sunset, as this was the first exercise I'd had since I got out of the hospital, and with the highway to Dallas still to be walked, I was glad to be bailed out by Mr. and Mrs. James Kozemchak, who happened by in the car.

Periodic lulls in the hum of office routine tend to plunge me into belief that if I could only get away

**Sweet Valley**

ANYBODY KNOW THIS RECIPE?

Dear Sir:

I wonder if you could help me. My husband and I are both from Wilkes-Barre, but now live in Highmount, N. Y. Some time ago there was a recipe published in one of the town newspapers, written by a man from Shavertown.

It was a clam-bake recipe to hold outside. It called for seaweed, and for chicken and big clams and little-necks in cheesecloth.

Do you know who gave the recipe? We tried to find it in the town papers and were told you folks might be able to help.

Could you put it in the paper if you find it?

We are planning a clam-bake the end of this month.

Thanking you for your help,  
Mrs. William Dilg, Sr.  
Box 31  
Highmount, N. Y.

Ed. Note: This is beyond us. But Mrs. Sherman Harter, Trucksville, has a recipe for individual portions of a clam-bake, using both chicken and clams, tied up in a cheesecloth. She sometimes adds corn. She did not mention seaweed. Too hard to get, up this way. She uses half a broiling chicken, six clams, one onion, one white potato, one sweet potato, and ties up the cheesecloth. She steams the portions in a covered boiler, with the minimum of water in the bottom. The clams furnish the liquid, and also the salt. Takes about two hours.

to some distant hillside for a few hours, I would gather a month's supply of wits.

The Sunday forester who measures each minute in terms of footsteps, however, realizes that the most rewarding reflections are precious, fleeting intervals stolen on company time.

**Frank Jackson, Harveys Lake Bird-Man, Contributes Poem**

Frank Jackson sends us a poem about winter birds written by Annie Johnson Flint, one of his favorites. Frank, who has always entertained the winter birds lavishly at his many feeders clustered about his home at Harveys Lake, is deprived of this pleasure now.

He spends only his summers at Harveys Lake, his winters with his daughter in New York State . . . feeding birds.

Frank used to put out not only bushels of sunflower seeds, but cracked hickory nuts from his own trees, to keep the chickadees fat and sassy through the long winter months when native food is hard to find.

Here is the poem that Frank sent us, hopeful that the Post could find a spot for it at about the time the birds started to gather in great flocks for their winter flight to the south.

**THE WINTER BIRDS**

When autumn's flaming torch has set  
The hills and vales alight,  
Then gather all the feathered clans  
To take their southward flight.  
The goldfinch from the thicket flees,  
The snowfall from the eaves,  
His bowler in the lilac bush  
The slim grey catbird leaves.

From the meadow grass, from forest tree,  
Go bobolink and thrush,  
And over fields and streams and woods  
There falls a sudden hush.

From all their summer haunts and homes  
The singing tribes are gone;  
Oh blessings on the winter birds  
That bravely linger on!

The flicker shouts across the fields,  
The cheery chickadee  
Hobbos with all the sparrow folk,  
These birds of low degree;  
The nuthatch makes his daily round,  
And hammers on the bark,  
Head up, head down, all one to him,  
With many a loud remark.

I grant they are not musical,  
They sing no tuneful lays,  
But oh, they give a wondrous charm  
To dull and gloomy days.  
They break the deathlike calm that broods  
Above the earth's white shroud,  
They twitter in the leafless trees  
Beneath the rainy cloud;

They drift before the coming storm,  
Half hid in falling snow,  
Like little ghosts of autumn leaves  
Wind driven to and fro.  
When come the slow, dark winter morns,  
I hear them at my door,  
They chirp their thanks for scattered crumbs,  
And boldly beg for more.

I love the robin's matin' hymn,  
The black birds whistle clear,  
The vesper sparrow's dulcet call  
When night is drawing near,  
The yellow-bird's persistent chant,  
The phoebe's plaintive song;  
But dear, as well, the simple notes  
That cheer the winter long.

And bright the robin's breast of red  
On some bleak day in spring,  
And gay the oriole's flaming coat.  
The bluebird's azure wing;  
But fair to me the winter birds  
In sombre brown and gray,  
The little brave and sturdy souls  
Who do not go away.

**From— Pillar To Post...**

By Hix

There is something which deeply disturbs me in all this hurrah about poor living conditions.

News writers and commentators keep harping on the deplorable state of the kitchens and the hallways and the elevators in what are admittedly slum districts, housing devoted to what used to be termed the submerged tenth of the population.

A photographer takes pictures of a grease encrusted stove, and a mound of human filth in an elevator or on a stair landing.

What I want to know is this: who permitted the stove to become encrusted with grease? Whose bad housekeeping is it which lets bugs breed without using insecticide?

Is it the fault of the taxpayer who is asked to foot the bill for moving, or the fault of the slatternly woman who does not care whether she wallows in filth or not?

Of course there are places where no human being should be living, places which are the breeding grounds for vice in the crowded cities.

It is completely impossible to legislate personal reactions. A slatternly woman, transplanted to a modern home with modern conveniences, will still remain slatternly. It is not the lack of up-to-date appliances which dictate her approach to her environment, but her own personal inability to see what is before her eyes.

It takes a reformation from the inside out, not from the outside in.

In my young days (And that was some time ago) we did not have modern conveniences. Our living conditions would be described today as substandard, and doubtless would be the subject of much clucking on the part of the Board of Health.

Nobody who lived in the early part of this century had the conveniences which are considered essential today.

There were good housekeepers then as now. And poor ones, then as now. People who cared, and people who did not care. The Youths Companion carried a story once, which has stuck with me. It was a very simple story, told simply on one of the inside pages.

A woman travelling by horse and buggy through the region now known as a pocket of poverty in the mountains of Kentucky, stopped when she saw a house clinging to the hillside.

It was a house which gleamed with fresh whitewash, and there were flowers in the dooryard. Chickens were confined in a fenced enclosure, not allowed to run in and out of the open door of the cabin.

A middle-aged woman in a purple print cotton dress which fairly crackled with starch met the visitor on the porch and invited her in for dinner.

Dinner was stewed chicken and corn bread, a far cry from the hog and hominy diet common to the region.

The visitor inquired. How was it that the house was so different from other houses on the hill?

The answer was simple . . . and illuminating.

The woman's mother had died ten years before. On her death-bed she had exacted a promise from her daughter.

The promise was that she would always live as if she expected company.

**Charles F. Hess Is Named Head Of State Conservation Department**

Charles F. Hess, Jr., Manheim, Pa., and formerly of Dallas, has been appointed director of the State Soil and Water Conservation Commission.

Mr. Hess succeeds David G. Unger, who resigned. Long an ardent conservationist, Mr. Hess is well qualified for his new post.

Son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hess, Demunds, Mr. Hess attended Franklin Township's one room school house and later graduated from Coughlin High School, Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Seminary. He matriculated at Penna. State University where he received two degrees in agriculture.

He has taught vocational agriculture for over 30 years, in the schools of Jefferson and Lackawanna counties, Mansfield and Manheim. While at Mansfield he helped establish the Cory Creek Watershed Association and was its president for ten years. His pupils at Mansfield planted over one million seedlings on surrounding farms for reforestation. In recognition of his many contributions to community betterment he was given

the Mansfield Advertiser Award for outstanding service to the community.

He holds the FFA honorary degrees of Keystone Farmer and American Farmer and has long been a leader in Future Farmers of America. A lay leader and fine speaker, he has frequently occupied the pulpit as supply pastor. Two of his sons are Methodist ministers. Mr. Hess is a member of the official board of Chiques Methodist Church at Mt. Joy, member and past president of Pennsylvania Vocational Association, member of the American Vocational Agriculture Association, Pennsylvania and National Education Association, Manheim Rotary Club and Alpha Gamma Rho and Alpha Tau Alpha honorary fraternities.

The new State Commissioner is married to the former Adeline Layou, Shavertown. They are the parents of two sons and a daughter; Rev. Charles F., III, Cato, N. Y., Rev. Donald F., Bethel, Me.; and Mrs. Curtis Bonser, Upper Darby. Also four grandchildren.

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