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Editorially Speaking

Becoming A Habit

Bomb-scare hoaxes are becoming entirely too common. The boy whose grandfather turned a skunk loose in the one-room school at the beginning of the century, now dials a number, says, "There's a bomb set in the High School, and it's going off at 11:10," and then stands back to amuse himself with the wholesale exodus. Nobody can quite calculate the end result. Parents, secure in the knowledge that their children are sheltered during school hours, people who must go to work every day, locking their homes as they leave, find upon their return that their children have not been able to get into the house; that they have had no lunch; that they have been exposed to foul weather for which they were unprepared. Nobody knows how many cases of pneumonia follow a "harmless prank."

Heart Fund Time

One drive for funds follows another, the appeals are limitless, the mails are filled with literature about Indian Schools and Homes for Wayward Children, for the Handicapped, the Epileptics, the Retarded. One organization shares its list of prospects with another, and the choice is yours. You realize that modern medicine is making gigantic strides. You know that the need for funds is completely inexhaustible, to make research possible. You must make your decision between a hundred worthy projects, because you cannot support them all. Even a billionaire could not foot the bill for the money that is needed. A billionaire could not... but YOU can. By giving what you can afford to the Heart Fund, you are swelling the total. All the "Little People" together, make up an astronomical number. So, you can spare only a dollar, or maybe five. Have you ever actually gone without something you want in order to save a life? It is not as dramatic as plunging into a lake to save a child from drowning, but it is equally effective. All those dollars, put together, spell the sort of research which can restore health to a child, or better still, set a child's footsteps on the road to a robust life never hoped for, the stuff that dreams are made of, even ten years ago.

Moon-Shots And Soup

That Moon-Shot... shades of Jules Verne! Back in the last century, Jules Verne forecast the landing of a projectile on the moon, and its return to earth. He got rid of the projectile afterwards, by a trick which should give the modern whodunit writers a whole set of inspirations. He launched it again, but in the wrong direction, and it bored its way straight down into the center of the earth. A fast vanishing generation thought that Jules Verne was pretty far out, both in space and under the sea, but kids these days think nothing of moon shots, or Mars shots, accepting them with the same aplomb with which they accept vaccination. A slight prick, and it's all over, and it's time to turn off the T-V and go for some of that much advertised soup, while Mother ladles out lectures on nutrition along with the noodles. Do children these days have any time for wondering? They have everything handed to them, neatly packaged, and with a long list of the nutrients contained within, in fine print on the outside. You no longer eat soup because it tastes good, or fall face first into the home-baked beans because you are hungry. You are expected to resist food until somebody comes along and coaxes you, and you have to be told what-all it's got in it that's good for you, and why. Wonder if it's ever occurred to anybody why kids have to be driven into brushing their teeth after meals? Elementary, my dear Watson... they don't want to substitute the flavor of toothpaste for that delightful flavor of dessert.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago in The Dallas Post

Peter Jurchak was appointed assistant district attorney. Bad weather prevented road petitioners from driving to Harrisburg. Meeting was postponed. Harry Anderson's death left vacant a justice of the peace position. Ira Cook was believed to have the best chance for the place. Spectacular blaze destroyed the Edwards Motor Transport building in Williamsport, with \$115,000 loss. One of the owners was Dewey Edwards' father. Henry M. Laing Fire Company staged a dinner dance at the country club. The name "New York" was suggested for Dallas Borough. Why? Nobody knows. Dallas defeated Tunkhannock 39 to 29 in the Rural League. Kunkle Grange was planning a minstrel show. An editorial called attention to the fact that there isn't any Santa Claus. Federal bonds have to be paid for, including the interest, a burden on every tax-payer. New potatoes were five pounds for two bits; pink salmon, tall can, 10 cents; flour, 24 and a half pound sack, 75 cents; evaporated milk, 4 tall cans, 25 cents. Railroads had a full page ad, protesting a bill which would add unnecessary crewmen, and limit length of trains. Either nobody died thirty years ago, or it wasn't worth mentioning. No obituaries.

20 Years Ago

Edison Walters was killed in action in Luzon, the second soldier from Outlet to die in the Philippines. Missing in action over Germany, Louis C. Achuff, radio gunner on a flying fortress. His brother Sterling had been wounded in action a few days earlier, was recovering in England. Butter cost you 24 points a pound plus the price. Margarine, white, but provided with a capsule of yellow coloring matter, cost only 3 points. Chaplain William Brown, Dallas, reported less severe weather in the Yukon than in the Back Mountain. Said White Horse was mild in comparison. Rev. A. L. Prynn, pastor for three years of Dallas Methodist Church, died after a long illness. Twenty-one Back Mountain boys dead in action; 7 died in service; 18 missing in action; 9 prisoners of war.

10 Years Ago

Girl Scout cookie sale going full blast. Banner donation of blood at Dallas Borough School auditorium, 240 potential donors, 186 pints of blood, more could have been had, but time forbid. Bulldozers started ripping away at Jackson Township, making way for the new institution. Work started on the sewage disposal plant. New branch of Wyoming National was about to open in Shaver-town. Jefferson Club elected Joseph Mundy. Judy Searfoss and Marilyn Traver were tapped to attend the UN Model Assembly in Harrisburg, representing Lake-Noxen. Lehman Fire Company was planning an addition. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Updyke marked their 55th anniversary. Married: Rebecca Gabel to Anthony Steuber. Mrs. Robert Steinruck to Donald L. Dillard. First bluebirds arrived. C. S. Hemenway made vice president of the Dairy League. Join the crusade against the heart diseases which cause more deaths each year than all other causes of death combined. Give to your Heart Fund volunteer on the week-end of Heart Sunday, February 21.

KEEPING POSTED

February 24: JOHNSON DOUBTS that Communists are ready for serious talks on a settlement in South Vietnam. France, Soviet, put heads together on mounting crisis. EGYPT WELCOMES Ulbricht, West Germany raises hackles. DOCK STRIKE still on in Gulf ports. EULOGIES for former Chief Justice Felix Frankfurter. February 25: MIDWEST BATTLES worst snowstorm of the year, twelve dead. February 26: DUKE OF WINDSOR, with detached retina, successfully operated on. February 28: SOVIET AND U.S. cautiously send out feelers toward swapping ideas. Russian rift with Red China widens. U. S. BOMBARDMENT of North Vietnam installations accelerated. CHINA SCREAMS U. S. is instigator of war-fare. BILLY SOL ESTES again faces Federal judge. VOTE REGISTRATION struggle continues in Alabama, led by Luther King. BLACK MUSLIM caldron seethes. March 1: STEELWORKERS STRIKE two can companies, idling 36,000. NEW YORK CITY printers consider a strike vote. Two years ago, they touched off a cessation of newspapers that lasted 114 days. MONTREAL EXPLOSION destroys apartment building, 23 known dead, 50 injured. March 3: ASH WEDNESDAY inaugurates Lent all over the Christian world.

Better Leighton Never

HIGHWAY SPOTTING There's an art to finding your friends in Memorial Highway restaurants at night, and it involves a complicated process of driving and spotting, which it pays to cultivate to a fine art, lest you plow into the back end of the driver ahead. You can begin any place, but for the sake of a linear progression, let's take the bowling alley first. Watch out for pedestrians carrying heavy bags. Unless it is Sunday night, you may be required to make several passes through the parking lot in order to tell who all's there. While the lighting is not ideal for spotting cars, you must know the car you're looking for pretty well or you wouldn't be bothered, to begin with. In any case, you know what their bowling night is. On down the line, you will come to the Town House, which is the source of light and warmth at otherwise sleep evening hours in the center of Dallas. The parking lot by the Acme there is not all that large, and checking out the cars is duck soup, and it's on down to Orchard Farm with you. The OF car-watcher will lead his gaze so as to be able to hang his left-turn in one of the handy spots provided through the corrugated tank trap by the engineers. Otherwise, there is no --hoh, heh-- choice but to leap the divider. Swing on down to "the Forty-

The Spring, the Spring, The Beautiful Spring

by Bill Lamey Spring — The time of year when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts such as the girls have been thinking all year long. The trees begin to bloom; grass begins to grow, and work seems more difficult than ever for those in the confines of a building. The blustering winter winds have diminished, and it is finally time for the hibernating citizens to venture on their yearly re-encounter with nature in bloom. Golf courses begin to show excavations torn by the new enthusiasts as he tries in vain to smack that ball, and the doctor is busy removing fish lures from the fingers of the brave souls rushing to make the first day of trout season. Junior has finally stopped throwing snowballs at the neighbors cat and has made the switch to those boulders left by the spring thaw. Mom is busy in the home removing all of the weird articles that her family has brought in out of the winter cold—She rearranges the furniture, changes drapes, scrubs the floors and then looks in vain for help from her offspring that have been breathing down her neck for the past six months. Father has finally started to paint the garage, since mom hid his fishing gear and took the keys to the family car. Hardware stores are having specials on flit, fertilizer and shrink-proof screening in a do-it-yourself kit. Even grandma has forsaken her knitting to sit on the front porch

Going To France

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cowart, Claude, Jr., Bethel and Babette, arrived in Sweet Valley, Tuesday night, from Jacksonville, Fla., to stay two weeks at the home of the Robert Rooses. Mr. and Mrs. Cowart and family expect to go to France in two weeks, where Mr. Cowart will be stationed three years with the Army Air Force. Mrs. Cowart is the former Betty Roose, Sweet Valley.

Lee Tracy Nominated For Academy Award

Lee Tracy, formerly of Shaver-town, has an Academy Award nomination for his acting in "The Best Man" in which he starred, after being the lead in the Broadway production. He is a nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Scott, Trucksville.

Jack La Berge's Hat Is In Ring Settled In Dallas Because Of Schools



JACK LA BERGE

"Dallas Schools have the forward look," was Jack La Berge's conclusion five years ago, when shopping not only for a home, but for a school system for his three young children. The main reason for purchase of a home on Old Lake Road, facing a daily round-trip to Mountain Top and the new RCA plant, was modern education. It followed consultation with administrator Dr. Robert Mellman and assistant William A. Austin. At a meeting of key Republicans Tuesday night, he was unanimously endorsed as candidate for school board member from Dallas Township. Among those present at the home of Francis Ambrose in Elmcrest were retiring director Jack Stanley, and long time Republican stalwart John Yaple. Mr. La Berge, after attending school board meetings for the past year, states: "I see a growing tendency in this area to let slip what the school district has gained painfully over a period of years. This could easily set back the progress of the schools by a decade. As a father of young children, and a resident who is dedicated to progress, I think that forward-looking citizens should take note, and do something NOW, before it is too late."

The La Berges moved here from New Jersey when Jack was transferred to the new RCA plant at Mountain Top in 1960. Chuck is now in Junior High School; Jon Jay and Suzanne, pupils at Dallas Borough. A second grade teacher in Plainfield, familiar with this area, tipped Jack off. "If you are going to Mountain Top," she advised, "take a long look at Dallas Schools before you buy a house. The Dallas school system is the best in Luzerne County." Mr. La Berge, a 1953 graduate of University of Maryland, and member of American Institute of Chemical Engineers, joined RCA in 1959 in the semi-conductor operation field. He had been with DuPont as a process supervisor, after serving for two years in Japan as a first lieutenant in the Air Force. His wife, Caroline, is a graduate of Union Memorial Hospital in Baltimore, serving later on the staff. Both Mr. and Mrs. La Berge are active in the PTA. Jack serves on the executive board at Dallas Borough. Mrs. La Berge was a member of the board last year. Church affiliations are with Dallas Methodist, where Mrs. La Berge is on the Commission on Education.

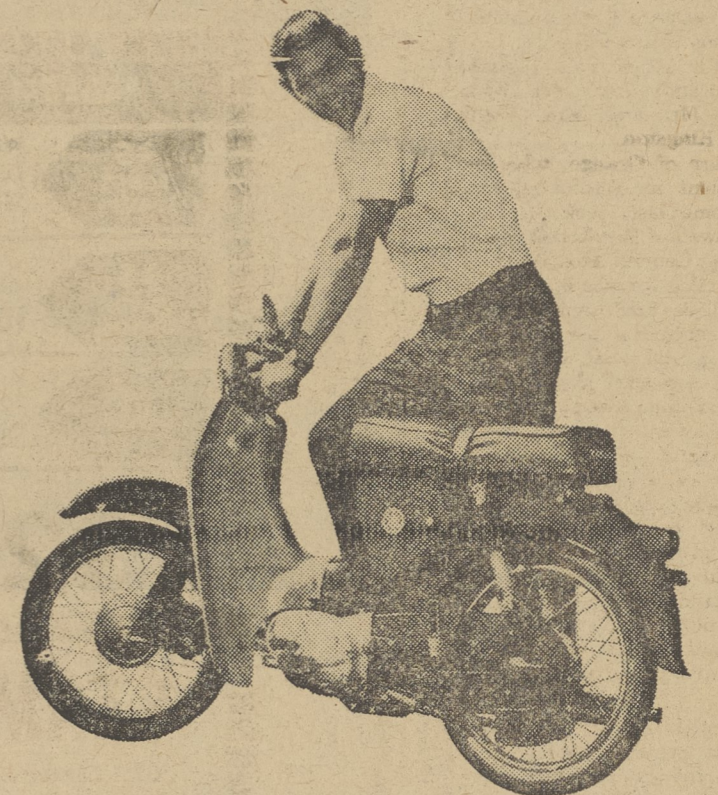
From—

Pillar To Post...

By Hix

The lady cardinal's bill is blushing rosily, and the papa cardinal is coaxing her with sunflower seeds, so it won't be long now. In midwinter, there is a flash of scarlet against the snow, and there is papa cardinal, stoking up in the bird feeder, with his wife sitting meekly in the dogwood tree, waiting for the crumbs. It is truly astonishing, what one little breath of spring will do toward bringing the male of the species to heel. The crocus spears are pushing through the earth, and there is a delicate fuzziness at the tips of the maple branches. Last week, somebody reported an orange crocus, but it froze up in that recent cold snap. Crocuses never learn. They blossom prematurely, and then get nipped. But there is the plant, with its promise of spring, and with the first sunny day, it tries again. People are already seeing robins, and soon they will be old-hat, undiscouraged by that odd white stuff that will surely cover the lawns and the food again before March goes out like a lion. After all, it did come in like a lamb. Somebody will call up in wild excitement, "Quick, look up at the sky, the wild geese are going over." And there will be, a wavering wedge of flight, etched against the sky, off and away to their nesting grounds in the frozen north. Perhaps it is unkind to the wild birds to feed them in the winter time. A great deal of natural food goes untouched. There is the row of barberry bushes at the front of the house, just as laden with red berries as it was last fall. And those fat squirrels that chisel in on the supply of bird seed, the suet, and the scraps of fat meat intended for the chickadees, might just as well store up their own acorns, instead of depending on a human who whisks them off the feeder and stands guard while the small birds eat. As soon as the snow goes off, the bird feeders are deserted except for an occasional nuthatch, or hairy woodpecker. Last time we had a light snow, it covered the cracked corn sifted on the back steps to attract the grouse. There were the eager little footprints going up the steps to the feast, the disappointed little footprints lagging heir way back down again. A lavish handful on the top, with the stone step carefully brushed off, and the next morning there were five grouse, where only two had come before. They took off with a dry rattle of tail feathers, but they had pecked the steps clean, and they had that plump and well-upholstered expression about them as they winged their way across Pioneer Avenue to their winter quarters in Mac Townsend's grove of evergreens. There'll be some more foul weather, but nothing can hold back spring now. It's on the way.

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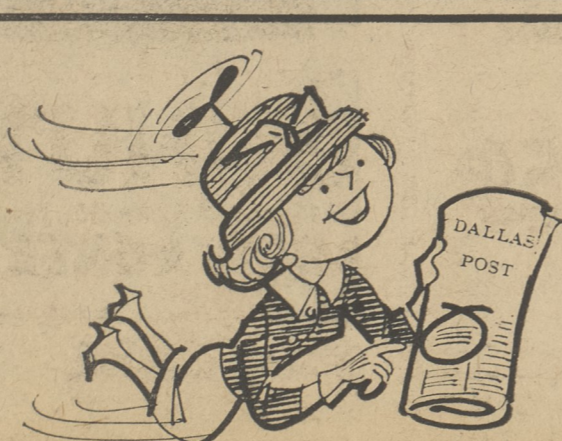
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