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Only Yesterday
Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago in The Dallas Post
30 Years Ago

Reserved seats were on sale at Frantz's store for the Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company comedy, "Aren't We All?" Solid citizens in the cast included Lettie Lee, Fred Eck, Margaret Thomas, John Yagle, Zigmund Harmon, Carl Hontz, Ethel Oliver and Arthur Newman.

Atty. William O'Connor was candidate for President Judge in Wyoming County.

Borough fathers defeated their sons at basketball, all rules suspended, no holds barred.

Warren VanDyke said it depended on Federal appropriation whether the area got its new road to Tunkhannock.

Luzerne County Grange won the McSparran Gavel.

You could get eggs at 27 cents a dozen, a mark-up of 17 cents over 1925. Ground beef and pork for meat-loaf cost 37 cents for two pounds.

20 Years Ago

Hope was held out that Elwood Renshaw, Idetown, might be in friendly Chinese hands. All but two of the crew of the disabled B-29 had been heard from.

Mrs. Fred Kiefer was in charge of rounding up books for the new Library. Many stations for pick-up were listed. Any book was acceptable on those first days.

Michael, Nick and Joseph Strenby met in Italy.

Memorial services for three soldiers were held: for Roy Schultz, at Alderson; Harry Shaver Smith and Clifford Nulton, at Kunke.

The old Ritter paintshop was leased as a Teen-Age Center.

Ralph Williams and Ernest Holdrege were wounded on Iwo Jima. The third Marine, Luther Gregory, though in the thick of battle, was unharmed.

Heard from in the Outpost: Edward Parrish, France; Sterling Meade, New York A.P.O.; John T. Carey, Tapa; Clint Brobst, Newport; Howard Wilcox, Oregon; Walter Humnik, Western Front; James Lavelle, Italy; Carl J. Dykman, Mississippi; Howard Enders, Dutch East Indies; Arthur C. Hauck, A.P.O. N.Y.; Ralph Snyder, Pacific; Harry Swopenhiser, England; Alan Shaffer, England.

Married: Dorothy Mae Kitchen to Byron Atkinson.

Died: Henry M. Franke, Holcomb's Grove.

10 Years Ago

Bishop Corson dedicated the new memorial windows at Noxen Methodist Church. Leslie Koehler presented the windows for dedication, Gordon Shook accepted them.

Kington Township asked for \$2 dues from each household to cover ambulances calls. During the preceding three years, 245 calls had been made. Ted Poed headed the appeal.

Back Mountain Branch of Wyoming Valley Bank drew a banner crowd on its opening day.

The local garden club took a medal at the Philadelphia Flower Show, with an exhibit arranged by Mrs. J. Franklin Robinson, Trucksville.

Housing project at Meadowcrest came up for discussion at the school board. Children were being educated, with no tax to cover it.

Primeris promised to be hot-stuff.

Dean Shaver stopped drilling at 435 feet, when the new Jackson institution was assured of getting 300 gallons a minute from the 8 1/2 inch bore.

Died: Helen G. Smith, 69, Dallas RD; Mrs. J. F. Letson, 65, Trucksville; Mrs. Grace Bevan, Overbrook Road.

Married: Mabel Lewis to Robert Shaver, Irma G. Myers to Earl T. Chamberlain.

Mrs. Clara May Lord Is Laid To Rest

The death of Mrs. Clara Mae Lord, Hunlock Creek, on Friday morning in General Hospital removed from her community one of its oldest citizens.

Mrs. Lord who was born in Hunlock Creek, daughter of Lafayette and Loretta Brown Dodson, would have celebrated her 86th birthday on Decoration Day.

Vitality interested in church and community, she had remained alert and busy, spending her spare time in fashioning lovely quilts and handwork and reading. At one time she had been engaged in practical nursing after her husband, Charles B., died in 1939. Mrs. Lord was a member of Headley Grove Church.

She is survived by two sons, James D. Huntsville and Rev. Harold V. Hunlock Creek, with whom she made her home of late years. Also eight grandchildren, 19 great grandchildren and one great great grandchild.

Services were held Tuesday afternoon from Bronson Funeral Home with Rev. Delbert Hoffman officiating. Interment was in Marvin Cemetery, Muhlenburg.

SPRING COMES ON SATURDAY
So, you think spring always comes on March 21? Now hear this: Saturday, March 20, is the first day of spring this year. Could be because of Leap Year in 1964.

Better Leighton Never

TRY JOINING LEHMAN
A Lehman Township supervisor looks at the Harveys Lake Borough plans with some skepticism, and suggests it would be cheaper for them to join up as part of Lehman Township. "No one," he notes, "is dissatisfied with Lehman's running of its mile of lakefront, so why doesn't the lake come in with us." He says it would be no problem to put on the extra police protection that would be needed.

What's expensive about making up a Borough above and beyond the anticipated \$5,000 (plus lots of volunteer effort) cost to the Executive Association?

Well, for one thing, by law, the Borough has to buy all the capital expenditure for improvement laid out in the last five years by the townships whose territory it annexes. Lehman says its expenditure in that area in the last five years has been extensive.

SKATE BOARDS
The entire world youth appears to be surfing on these bladed skateboards, and I must confess to having travelled at least three feet on one, Sunday, on Church Street.

So it appears I must scarp all plans for renting a Maserati, and buy one of the big six dollar skateboards, which I can drive home from work. Skate boards are much more dangerous than motorcycles, and sportier, and we expect to see lots of them parked on sunny afternoons outside local restaurants, as well.

Now, I'd appreciate it if someone would buy my genuine Italian racing helmet, before I strap it on for a last skate board tilt at Center Hill Road or Roushey Street, Shavertown.

INDUSTRY WANTED?
The question which arose at the Dallas Township Board of Supervisors' meeting, that of industry in the township and in the Back Mountain generally, was one which occurred to me a couple weeks ago when the Greater Wilkes-Barre Industrial Fund started its final drive.

Does the Back Mountain, or does it not, want industry? Well, the question is a good one, and the answer is "yes", but difficulty arises in several respects -- bedrock, lack of water, and lack of proximity to the Turnpike.

My own feelings at this time were that a Back Mountain Chamber of Commerce was an absolute necessity to cure this difficulty, and that the various civic groups which were donating money to the G. W. B. Industrial Fund might consider devoting some of the time and money toward looking after the Back

Mountain's interest. Now, wait, don't go off half-cocked, I'm aware that our major industrial sites here, Linear and Natona, came about because of the Industrial Fund.

On the other hand, the Fund is bound to look after interests of the rest of the county as well, and if a company shows interest in coming to Luzerne County, well, West Pittston is as good a place as Forty-Second Street, West Dallas, all things being equal.

You couldn't do things half way with a local Chamber of Commerce, though, and it goes without saying that an enormous amount of effort would have to go into it.

It's doubtful whether the lack of industry in the Back Mountain is due to the fact that people want to keep it a residential area. Local zoning has not been stringent, and much of the rural township area in the Back Mountain has been zoned tentatively by the county -- not too prospectively, one might add, since the only areas marked "industrial" are Linear ground, Natona ground, and an auto graveyard in the far end of Jackson Township.

What has really deterred industry is the fact that this section of the county isn't close to the Turnpike (Mountaintop, which I'm told enjoys bedrock and water problems at least equal to our own, enjoys no end of industry, as well.) The new Interstate highway projections will help the Back Mountain's position a lot, in respect to transportation.

And the way industry arranges itself in grassy parks with big windows and smoke eliminators and original mosaics on the outer walls, and I don't know what all, having modern industry around is a real pleasure, compared to some of the residences being built in the world today.

The problem resolves itself less in respect to "do we want industry" than "how do we get it".

The Crucible

(Continued from page 1 A)
trich feather in his buccaneering hat.

Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks has a built-in prompter, ten year old Karen Line, who watches avidly between slitted eyes, following the lines in her agile little brain, and eager to hiss an opening word when necessary, to the Rebecca who is bending over her.

The play runs three more nights: Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, with curtain at 8:30, and tickets at the box-office, phone 823-1875.

Little Theatre now owns its own building at 537 N. Main Street. Wilkes-Barre.

Former Alabama Resident Says Outsiders Imported To Stir Up Trouble, News Media Give Distorted View

NOT THE MAJORITY
Dear "Safety Valve"
I am not in the habit of writing public letters, but as a former resident of Marion, Alabama, I now find it very hard to remain silent while the whole South is being judged and condemned for the actions of a few in Alabama, a few in Mississippi, a few in Texas.

Leigh Pegues, the mayor of Marion, I have known since childhood. All though in school he was a quiet, studious youngster; a fine football player; and a young man respected by students and teachers alike. He had a quiet dignity and a desire to do what was right and fair. Leigh was never one to go off "half-cocked" on anything. Much of my information has come from printed interviews with him and also from letters from my brother. Quotations are from printed interviews.

Marion is a town of 4,000 people; the county seat of Perry County. The police force consists of the chief of police and four others; the sheriff has three deputies. For three weeks there had been marches and demonstrations there without incident. Then came George Bess of SNICK.

Marion merchants and cafe owners had already opened their doors to Negroes; "white" and "colored" signs had been already removed from drinking fountains, etc.; 140 people had been registered to vote on the first Monday of Feb., and 108 on the third Monday of Feb. (These are the usual monthly registration days as prescribed by law.) The regular hours are 8 to 4, but they worked to 9:30 p.m. Gov. Wallace had sent a state-paid representative to help.

But now with Bess in town 300 marched on the courthouse. 138 were registered; 20 were illiterate; and that left 119 to be registered.

Bess brought some SNICK teen-agers into town as Mrs. Middlebrooks was closing her restaurant for the day. They pushed in, shoved tables and chairs, kicked the doors, and yelled until she called the police and swore out a warrant for trespassing. The chief of police went to the restaurant, allowed those to leave who would, and eventually arrested sixteen including Bess who was described as being "obnoxious" for about 45 minutes. Then they got a threatening call from a Negro leader. So Pegues sent for troopers in case they needed extra help. The Negro leader (Turner, by name) got 600 school children to march to the jail, urged on by SNICK workers who stayed at the school. Those under 16 were urged by white officials to go home or back to school, but they didn't.

Safety Valve From —

ENDORSES LABERGE
Gentlemen:
Many parents in this area have noted with approval that Mr. John LaBerge has entered the lists for election as a school board member. We have all been subjected over the past several months to the adverse results caused by decisions made by some members of the present school board who neither know about, nor care for, the solid, emphatic, and effective ideas sponsored by the other competent members of the present board. It is about time for a change, and it is good to note that Mr. LaBerge is available.

I am a registered democrat, and therefore cannot vote for Mr. LaBerge in the primaries. I hope his fellow republicans will find themselves in a position to endorse him for office as a school board member, so that all of us who want to see good schools in this area can vote for him in the fall.

Finally, Mr. LaBerge is not without a reputation. A few weeks ago, before even he knew he was going to run for office, his qualifications for that office as school board member were discussed in Washington, D.C. (I happen to know because I will show that back here in the stacks of Dallas we know a good man when we see one, if we all do our best to get a competent man and a sincere man, Jack LaBerge, elected as a school board member.

Sincerely yours,
Jay A. Young
P.S.: (This letter is being written unsolicited, without LaBerge's knowledge).

Newspaper Headline
"International Revenue Service Allows 20 Minutes to Fill Out Returns"

1
Have you timed yourself dear brethren?
Do you come within the norm?
Have you breezed right thro' the filling?
Of that quaint 1040 form?

2
Have you read those plain instructions?
As did I, then read some more
And found line Z from Section I
Proves 2 & 2 Just don't make four.

3
But as I struggled, weak and weary
Through the night, my vision bleary,
Came the morn and I could see
I'd progressed through Section B,
So, having reached these outer
limits,
I might be through in twenty minutes.
W. G. SEAMAN

Pillar To Post...
By Hix

It's official now. The instant you see a red kite tangled high in the branches of the maple tree, and find a small boy valiantly trying to get a green kite into the air, you know it's spring, no matter what the calendar says.

That red kite is going to look pretty silly when a snow storm batters it, but it's a lovely gesture, pointing the way toward daffodils and purple lilacs, and apple blossoms, and all the beautiful

The March wind always inspires the young to set their kites asail. The store-keepers have had them in stock for months, awaiting the first mild blustery day, with its scuddling clouds and its patches of blue.

Do little boys still send messages up to their kites, slipping a note over the string and watching it dance away, up, up, up, until contact is made, and the message delivered?

Does any little boy know how to make his own kite anymore, or does he have to rely on what the five and ten has in stock?

Getting ready for the first kite-flying used to take happy hours of work, rigging the frame with slender sticks whittled down almost to the vanishing point, light and pliant, asking to ride the breeze. Stringing the frame, pasting on the paper, balancing the entire craft with just exactly the right amount of tail, was a labor of love. Up to his elbows in flourpaste, and with his project spread out all over the kitchen table, the small birdman labored on.

Usually it was newspaper, but with the advent of stronger tissue-paper, the switch was made to gayer kites.

Probably it was a nod toward the future, but my kites were always made out of the Baltimore Sun-Paper, and I accumulated layers of printers ink in the process, an omen of what was to come.

The kites that my brother and I constructed, we flew from a flat tin roof in Old Baltimore, in a section now entirely slum. Even in those days, say around 1902, the jungle was encroaching.

If you have ever flown a kite from a roof three stories up, you realize that there are pitfalls in the operation. You cannot run with the kite. You must get it air-borne by a series of gentle tugs on the string, ready to payout the reel as soon as the kite is above the level of the surrounding roofs and clear of the telephone wires.

And getting the kite back alive, is even more of a problem. We solved this with great efficiency, and got our kites back into our hands without any possibility of their dipping and hanging themselves on the wires.

They came straight down, and in a hurry, not by hand, but by means of an ancient sewing machine frame, a salute to a future dedicated to mechanization.

It took frantic pedalling toward the last, when the kite was fighting to stay aloft and we were fighting to get it down. We knew that the kite could see a wide expanse from the air, and we travelled with it in imagination. When the wind blew sweetly from the south west, it could get a good view of Clifton Park.

From the north, it could look down on the harbor and the banana boats lying at anchor. A wind from the east took it to a place in the sky where it could see Washington's Monument on Mt. Vernon Place. And from the south, a view of Herring Run, where the geudeons bit in the spring.

March was the time to fly kites in Old Baltimore. Later on, it was too hot on the flat tin roof.

Editorially Speaking

MARCH MEANS RED CROSS

Remember when you were in Korea, and the Red Cross arranged to have you come home in a hurry, cutting all tape, when there was a death in the family?

Remember when your mother was critically injured in a highway accident, and the Red Cross supplied the blood for necessary transfusions to save her life?

The blood was given by your friends and neighbors, but without the Red Cross, it would never have found its way into your mother's veins, bearing with it its promise of life, except at fantastic cost.

It is the Red Cross which is THERE, on the spot, in emergency, flood or pestilence or famine.

This is Red Cross Month. If you have not already made your contribution through the United Fund, make it now, to insure equal service for those who desperately need it.

EASTER SEALS

Easter seals are already being distributed, fat envelopes going to known contributors to the Crippled Children's Foundation, with a request for an early answer to clear the boards and provide a foundation for the many spontaneous gifts to come.

Easter seals seem particularly beautiful this year, the blue of the sky and the white of the drifting clouds promising wider horizons for the children who are laboring to take their painful steps and build their small bodies.

Other children take walking and running and skipping for granted.

Small faces peer hopefully from their windows, looking to a day when they will be able to play baseball; to a time when those lagging steps will be as fleet as those of their schoolmates.

Easter is the time for renewal of life.

Remember the Crippled Children when you throw away five dollars on something which will not last for a month.

Five dollars contributed to the Crippled Children Funds means a gain that will last a lifetime.

Give it thankfully . . . because your child can run.

WATCH THOSE BRUSH-FIRES

It's windy, and it's no time to burn trash outdoors. A blazing piece of paper carried high in the air, can start a fire that will race across a vacant lot, into a pine grove, and burn two houses down before you can say Seat.

Watch it.

WILL IT BRING THE DEAD TO LIFE?

Will it bring the dead to life?
Will it wipe out the memory of the ghastly human freight that was shovelled into the ovens of Auschwitz?
Will it ever cleanse the blot on the human race, to bring to justice the criminals who implemented this unspeakable horror?
The leaders are dead.
Will it profit the human race to ferret out the underlings, relentlessly bringing them to a slim justice which can never compensate for their crimes?
Better to brand them with the mark of Cain, and let them live out their miserable days upon this earth.
The twenty-year period when they may be prosecuted is soon to expire. Let there be no prolongation.
Let vengeance realize that no vengeance is enough.
That no black-garbed judge can mete out a punishment which is comparable to the crime.
That there is another judgment, unseen, terrible in its wrath.

KEEPING POSTED

- March 11: BOSTON MINISTER dies after bludgeoning by opponents of Civil Rights march in Selma, Ala. SIT IN at White House for several hours. U. S. PLANES stage daily forays over North Vietnam.
- March 12: LBJ confers with Governor Wallace on racial conflict.
- March 14: KRUSHCHEV EMERGES from hibernation to cast ballot.
- March 15: PRESIDENT SPEAKS to Nation on Civil Rights. White-House pickets pause to tune in transistors. MARTIN LUTHER KING leads 4,000 in march of memorial for slain white clergyman. OSTRACISM ENDS as Queen Elizabeth meets with Wally Simpson, wife of the Duke of Windsor, abdicated Monarch, over his sick-bed.
- March 16: BLOODY RACIAL incident in Montgomery. Marchers include Northern ministers.
- March 17: ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

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FORMER ALABAMA RESIDENT SAYS OUTSIDERS IMPORTED TO STIR UP TROUBLE, NEWS MEDIA GIVE DISTORTED VIEW

Former Alabama Resident Says Outsiders Imported To Stir Up Trouble, News Media Give Distorted View

Negro parents complained when they came for their children that they had always told their children to obey their teachers and now teachers were telling the children to march and then the children were arrested.

On one march to register to vote, out of 365 marchers many were already registered, many had been completely illiterate, some had criminal records. (I believe this was the march that Martin Luther King led.) That day an elderly Negro man collapsed in the courthouse. Some Negroes brought him downstairs and left him in the courtyard. Someone told the chief of police who came and gave him first aid, called a police car, and had him taken to a doctor.

Pegues said the Negroes told him they were going to force an incident and make them arrest them. That was the night violence flared in Marion. At the start when they were ordered to disperse or go back to the church, most went into the church. A few ran to the back where they had a pile of broken bottles, bricks, etc., which they began hurling. The trooper who shot the Negro had been out by a broken bottle wielded by that Negro.

Pegues said they had had three weeks of harrassments with no violence but this one was led by "real pros". (Negroes are consistently brought in from other places to participate in marches and I have heard that they are paid \$5 to march and \$10 if they get arrested.) The real tragedy is the set-back to progress.

During the last three years five responsible Negro citizens have been meeting with city officials to discuss community problems and projects. Results include a swimming pool in use for two years and a 38 unit housing project due to be completed in the next few weeks.

At Marion "agitators" came in and tried to establish communications with the local Negro leadership... They were unable to get the local Negro businessmen and professional people... so the agitators took over a "new local group." Pegues said there has been "close liaison through the years" with the Negro community and that problems are worked out jointly. He feels that "the lines of communication would probably be reopened again if the outside agitators leave."

"We have a fine community, made up of both whites and Negroes. They are not at each others' throats. We will all be living here together after the outsiders are gone. We cannot let pressures or resentful minds scar our future in Perry County."

Suppose 300 people decided to march across Wilkes-Barre, to the courthouse without getting an OK from city officials. How would Wilkes-Barre react? (Birmingham and Selma are not small towns.)

Suppose 600 (or 2500) people decided to march down Highway 11 to Harrisburg. Would Pa. State Police ignore it or stop motor traffic for two days? (Highway 80 between Montgomery and Selma is a portion of the coast to coast highway, Savannah, Ga., to San Diego, Calif.)

If a group from Bloomsburg, Columbia Co., went to Wilkes-Barre, Luzerne County, to register to vote, would they be allowed to?

I am afraid you do not have to go to Panama or Korea or Africa or Tokyo to find race being set against race, people against people. Is this not the way communists work? Do they not get the gullible, the immature, the innocent, the uninformed to do their dirty work, to suffer in the cold when communism can easily move in?

Sincerely,
Mrs. Doris Wiant Harvey

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A funeral home should be carefully selected . . . before the need arises. Back Mountain residents are invited to compare Snowdon facilities . . . services . . . prices.

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