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Editorially Speaking

REGISTER PROTEST

We at the Dallas Post wish to register our protest against:

- MEDICARE** — since we feel the benefits described in the bill are too general — covering hospital bills for elderly folks who do not need them (two of us here at the Post would qualify).
- Free transportation for private school children**—since we feel that any parent who can afford to be selective enough to send his child to a privately financed school can afford to pay to get him there. Why saddle the middle class parents with this luxury bill?
- The Federal Telephone Tax** — since this tax was passed as an emergency tax and was never intended to be a permanent tax. This, we feel, along with many other taxes, is just another case of taxing the small business man or the middle class resident to build up a Federal reserve for the "unemployed" — who refuse to work — in this terrible "pocket of poverty." (Last week we had a phone call from a boy who previously worked here and left voluntarily. He wanted to know what his "take home pay" would be if he accepted a \$40 a week job. We told him. "Well," he said, "I guess I'm better off to collect my unemployment check.")

SECOND-CLASS CITIZENS

What Is A Second-Class citizen?
Young men under the age of twenty-one, eligible to carry weapons in the service of their country, but not to vote.

Aliens.
Colored people in the South, who find it impossible to register for the vote.

People convicted of felonies.
Women, up until 45 years ago, when the franchise was granted after a monumental struggle for recognition of their rights as individuals.

REPEAL THAT TAX NOW

"Nothing is permanent but taxes and death" the old adage goes. And to expand this a bit, we might add "nothing is as permanent as a permanent tax!"

Since 1941, every telephone customer in the United States has paid a "temporary" 10% luxury tax... which now amounts to roughly \$1 billion a year.

The telephone has long since passed out of the luxury class and is as necessary to a home as water, gas and electricity. But the telephone is taxed and the other utilities are not.

"Hope springs eternal" is another familiar adage and every year since 1941 John Q. Public, hoping to reduce his phone bill, has looked to Congress to repeal this temporary tax. Although it has not been repealed, at least there was the hope that eventually it would be.

This year the President in his budget message to Congress has very quietly let John Q. have it on the chin. Hidden in the message is the phrase, "All taxes which are not removed this year become PERMANENT."

Fortunately, there is still time to do something about it. An aroused public can tell the government know that it doesn't like unfair taxes—particularly PERMANENT ONES.

Write to your Senators and Representative in Congress asking for repeal of the telephone excise tax. Below are the addresses of your Senators and Congressmen. Write them today.

Senator Joseph C. Clark, 9th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia; Senator Hugh Scott, Room 4004, U.S. Court-house, Philadelphia; Congressman Daniel J. Flood, 460 N. Pennsylvania Avenue, Wilkes-Barre.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

If you are walking at night, along a road which is glistening with rain, you are completely invisible to the oncoming motorist.

YOU know you are there, but the motorist does not... until it is too late to stop.

With the stepped-up speed limits (?) on the new highway, cars permitted to whoosh through Shavertown at 50 instead of a more conservative 35 miles an hour, it is as much as your life is worth to take a step, even on the shoulder of the road.

Highways are not for pedestrians. They are for getting people where they are going, and in a hurry, alive if possible.

A speed of 50 works out to a speed of 55 or 57. At 57, if a form shows upon the driver's mental radar screen, he has hit it before the fact can register.

Neon lighting for pedestrians could be the answer.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

Lettie Lee, John Yaple, C. A. Frantz, and Mrs. G. A. A. Kuch, were prominently pictured on the front page as taking part in the Dallas Fire Co. show.

Earl Monk announced the amalgamation of his plumbing business with that of the B & B Supply Company, Main Street, Dallas.

Dallas Businessmen and Borough Council united to promote beautification, regulate parking, and to institute a clean-up program.

Mrs. Wesley T. Daddow, pillar of the Dallas Methodist Church, died aged 65.

The acute potato surplus was relieved when growers united with growers from Conyngham to persuade A & P to market their product.

Dean Shaver drilled a 500 foot well at Mt. Greenwood. Earl Monk installed a pump which tested out at 36,320 gallons.

Brush fires, brush fires, brush fires.

20 Years Ago

Lawrence Gavek, 19, died in a motor accident in France.

Louis Achuff was a prisoner of war in Germany, downed on a bombing mission in a Flying Fortress.

Dr. Sarah Wyckoff died following surgery.

Robert Misson was home from New Guinea.

Short-wave radio from Germany said James Brown was a prisoner, taken during the Battle of the Bulge.

Heard from in the Outpost: Bud Mitchell, Germany; Donald Metzgar France; Warren Brown, Italy; Donald King, Georgia; Gene Pogle, California.

Sickler store in Orange was sold to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gardner.

Norman Oney's outfit was cited by Patton.

Married: Irene Finney to Warren Rogers.

State highways were full of frost-boils from an extreme winter. Weather was hard on bees, too.

Harveys Lake was free of ice. Emma Butler, 69, suffered a fatal heart attack.

10 Years Ago

Spring lambs at Hillside.

Charles Long holds biggest auction in Sweet Valley.

Dr. Eugene Farley reminded members of Borough PTA that the biggest may not always be the best.

Albert Armitage was badly injured when a dairy cooler fell on him.

New vaccine for polio was eagerly awaited. The Salk injections awaited only Federal OK.

Three lanes were approved for 309.

Ice at Alderson broke up in a gale.

Westmoreland students signed up for rodent count.

William Wright was chairman of the 1955 Library Auction.

Westmoreland Mustangs took the championship at Bloomsburg.

Diad Harry Albertson, former resident, Jay B. Lord, formerly of Hunlocks Creek.

Married: Alice Giberson to Marcy Evans. Joan Smith and John Giberson.

Legion To Honor Benjamin Stark

Benjamin Stark, 71, formerly of Idetown, died suddenly Sunday morning in South Irving Heights, Texas.

Commander Gus Shaleski, Dallas American Legion Home, asks as many members as possible to meet in front of Maslowski's Funeral Home in Plymouth at 8:30 Thursday evening, to do honor to a former member.

A Requiem Mass at St. Casimir's Church is scheduled for 9 a.m. Friday.

Native of Glen Lyon, he served with the army in France. Five years ago he retired from employment with the Bureau of Motor Vehicles in Harrisburg. For many years he was with the Recorder of Deeds Office at Luzerne County Court House.

He leaves his widow, the former Verinica Zelinsky; daughters, Mrs. Lucille Portillo and Dolores Erin Stark, Irving, Texas; seven grandchildren.

AMERICAN LEGION NEEDS PIANO
The Dallas American Legion Home needs a piano. The piano which has been in use is no longer in a condition to be tuned, says Oscar Whitesell, the blind piano tuner from Oakdale, who recommends getting a replacement. Can somebody donate an upright piano, or sell one at a minimum price?

William R. Hoover
Rev. and Mrs. Warren Hoover, Clinton, Mass., announce the birth of a son, William Russell, March 13. There are three other children, Diane, David and Nancy. Mother is the former J. Doris Brown of Wanamie.

Rev. Hoover is District Superintendent of the Free Methodist Churches in the New England area. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hoover, R. D. 4, Dallas.

KEEPING POSTED

March 17: **RUSSIAN SPACE-MAN** steps out of the capsule at the end of a tether, steps back in again unharmed.

EXILED KING FAROUK dies after lavish dinner. **BLIZZARDS** scourge Mid-West.

March 18: **FREEDOM MARCH** to Montgomery sanctioned.

March 21: **MARCHERS CAMP** in cow pasture, Rev. King bunks in heated trailer. **RANGER 9** is hurled toward moon. **RUSSIA'S SPACE-MEN** land safely in dense forest.

March 22: **GEMINI CAPSULE** orbits earth three times, lands safely in ocean, astronauts picked up.

March 23: **RANGER 9 CRASHES** the moon, live pictures shown on TV. **WORLD WRATHFUL** at use of gas in Vietnam Warfare. U. S. explains gas was not lethal, but gas warfare means just one thing to everybody: death.

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Better Leighton Never

THE DOG'S SEASON
Spring in the Back Mountain crept in under a cloak of snow, and thus we could be expected to find nice weather by surprise.

But then there were the wild geese going over, and the dogs have already stopped running around at night, and all the St. Patrick's Day kittens are born and in happy homes (or the happy hunting ground). So, unlike the animals, we wait for warm weather to tell us spring is here, while they yawn "so what else is new?"

Nor do I mind the passing of the Season of Running Dog, because the Dallas Post is a clearing house and control center for lost dogs, by reputation, and we are called by many folks quicker than they would the SPCA.

So here is the time of the singing of birds and the taking of anti-stamines and the making of mud. Blood is stirring in the veins of Auction Committee chairmen, and our farm machinery auctions are almost done for another year. (Don't forget Wayne Weaver's, down at Falls this year, Saturday.)

They say the drought is cyclical and more of the same expected this year, but we fervently hope for lots of good spring rain, with the added observation that we wouldn't want to boast the almanac's batting average.

SEEN AND HEARD
A.F. of L.-C.I.O. was picketing the postoffice site on Thursday, protesting something or other about

the contractor. Boy, if I were getting the hourly wage that's posted on the old station building I wouldn't protest.

James Huston, our feed, grain, and seed man in Fernbrook, just got in a load of peeps for Hillside Farm, about 200 of them, hatched in Connecticut just one day before delivery in Dallas by parcel post. Mr. Huston also reports that seed and fertilizer supply deliveries are a sure sign of spring.

Noxen firemen are making preliminary arrangements for the annual horseshow there, and plan, as a result of my suggestion to Cal Strohl, a nail-driving game, which is a sure money-maker when there are men around who want to show their strength. Maybe they ought also to think about running two "dunking" machines at once, as they were very popular last year.

Curiosity-seekers cluttered Clyde's lot early this week to see the car that killed two kids out by the country club.

Tractor-trailer drivers who come through Dallas appear to regard our town as a routine annoyance, to be baled through as fast as possible. How about some strategic manual traffic light operation by the police department to see if the trailer brakes are all they should be?

Card Club Held
Mrs. Myron Williams, Pole 126, Harvey's Lake, was hostess to her card club, Tuesday night, March 16.

Rotary Exchange Student In Holland Speaks To Delft Rotary In Dutch

"Chip" Landis writes from Holland, where he is a Rotary Exchange student. Letters from students in foreign lands never grow stale, no matter what the date-line. Chip, who is carried more formally on the records of Lake-Lehman high school as Alan, spoke to members of the Delft Rotary Club in Dutch, March 19, as personal representative of his father, John Landis.

Alan showed slides of Dallas, the 28th time he has brought his home area to Holland. From the end of the first three months, he has spoken entirely in Dutch.

World Undertaking Week saw exchange students from overseas speaking in this country in English, and American students speaking to groups of Rotary men in their native tongue.

Mr. and Mrs. Landis live at Oak Hill. Mr. Landis is District Manager of Commonwealth Telephone Company. Mrs. Landis is librarian at Lake-Lehman High School. Chip graduated in the class of 1964.

Dear Friends,
I have finally found time to sit down and write to my friends back home via the Dallas Post. I hope you will forgive my tardiness, and I'll try to give you some of the highlights of my visit here in Holland as an exchange student.

Our group of students sailed July 29 aboard the SS Aurelia, an Italian student ship carrying over a thousand students. Every European and some Asiatic languages were spoken, so our little group of English-speaking Rotary students stayed together. Most of us had never been on an ocean liner, and we thoroughly enjoyed the swimming, nautical night dances, and the good food during our ten-day voyage.

Part of our group, including Dallas exchange student from India, Roshan, disembarked at Southampton, England. Many of us stayed all night to photograph the magnificent white cliffs of Dover, our first land in ten days. The rest of us arrived at LeHavre, France, the next day, and suddenly realized we were three thousand miles from home and ready for a year of new adventures. Cathy Leinthal and I being group leaders, were busy making sure everybody was on the train to Rotterdam. We didn't sleep much on the ten hour ride because there were eight plus hours in each compartment. This being in another land, another continent, just can't be explained in words; one has to experience the excitement and anticipation.

We pulled into Rotterdam at 4 a. m., and Mr. Mowarink, the man in charge of the Rotary Exchange Program in Holland, didn't arrive until 5:30. Finally, after introducing ourselves and getting the baggage unloaded, we met our families. The students going to Norway, Sweden, and Finland had to take another train to Copenhagen. Mr. Mowarink and I waved them off, and I was very much relieved that everyone landed safe and sound because the responsibility for their safety had rested on my shoulders. At Rotterdam the eleven U. S. foreign students assigned to Holland went their separate ways.

I, not having had any sleep for two and a half days, was quite tired. But do you think I was going to sleep from Rotterdam to Deventer, my hometown? Not on your life! My eyes kept closing but when I saw my first windmill, I knew I was really in Holland. Two things impressed me -- the flatness of the land, not a hill in sight, and the bicycles! Everyone from four-year-olds to dignified nurses ride bicycles! When I arrived at my first home, I "hit the sack" and slept for twenty hours! I was completely exhausted.

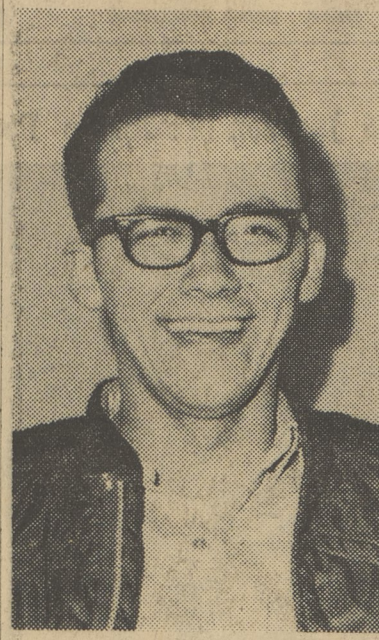
My first family, the Stuurmans, are very kind and understanding and I became very attached to them. Mr. Stuorman is a dentist and there are two children, Freddy 18, and Toos, 16. They were a bit shy at first, because I couldn't speak any Dutch.

However, this was soon remedied for the eleven students, eight girls and three boys, met the following week at The Hazeu for one week from eight to five for an intensive course in Dutch. We really studied and were housed and entertained by Rotary families.

On my return to the Stuurmans, we spoke only Dutch, and that is the only way to learn a language. They taught me to say, in case I got lost in Deventer, which is a city about the size of Wilkes-Barre, "I am an American and lost. Can you speak English?" I had to use this phrase several times because I did get lost, but everyone was very considerate and directed me in English to my home. Europeans speak three or four languages because their countries are small, and in three or four hours you may be in another country where French or German is spoken. Nearly everyone speaks English or at least understands it. However Oxford English, not American English, is the preferred accent.

The Dallas Post Sales Slip Pads

Auctioneer Graduate



GEORGE A. MATUSAVIGE

George A. Matusavage, son of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Matusavage, of Center Moreland, has completed the course of study in General Sales, Livestock Judging, and Voice Oratory, and received his diploma from the Reich American School of Auctioneering, Mason City, Iowa, the largest school of its kind in the world.

A graduate of Tunkhannock High School in 1960, George now farms about 400 acres in Centermoreland and Dallas area. He is past president and now member of Centermoreland Methodist Church Men's Class.

He was secretary-treasurer of the Young Farmers of Wyoming County and a delegate to the state convention in 1964. He has worked part time at selling and servicing farm equipment.

George will be an apprentice auctioneer for one year, but offers his service meanwhile to auctioning for any charity and non-profit organization which would like his help.

Safety Valve

UPSURGE OF FEELING
March 15, 1965

Dear Editor,

The death of James Reeb has resulted in an upsurge of feeling across the Continent centering naturally at those points where James Reeb's work and service have been focused - the Unitarian Universalist Communities of Alabama and of Washington, D. C. where he served for five years, and among the people of Boston, where he had been with American Friends Service for six months.

On March 9th Jim Reeb was one of numerous ministers and laymen in Selma demanding that Governor George Wallace recognize elemental civil rights and liberties.

It is paramount that all citizens convey their deep sense of shock to President Johnson, your Senator and Congressman without delay.
Lyman Lull

78 Perrin Avenue
Shavertown, Pa.

To the Editor,

I would like to correct a misunderstanding which seems to exist on the telephone call Ricky made to report the Bolton fire. He did not call the Fire Company and say "Bolton's was on fire."

He did call the telephone operator and ask her for the Fire Company. She told him she would ring them for him and deliver the message. He told her, "There is a fire at 78 Perrin Avenue and please hurry." "I am sure the operator can verify this."

I am writing you and I would like this letter published because the misdirection of the Fire Company was not Ricky's fault. Most Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts too, this age, have been trained to act in an emergency and in light of recent events, this training certainly seems worthwhile.

I hope this will clear up any doubt which exists as to how and where the telephone call was made.
Sincerely yours,
Mildred Edwards

From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix

It was one of those kind dispensations of providence, completely undeserved, but welcome.

It takes a long time to get stage make-up off your face and hands, particularly when it has been laid on with a trowel. It looked like a solid idea to go home first and take off the make-up afterwards.

Some lucky star sent out a beam of light, saying, "Don't. Suppose you had to tell it to the judge looking thisaway? Would he believe you?"

One look at the glare ice late Saturday night was enough. The witch make-up was safely in the trash can at the Little Theatre.

The progress through Luzerne was practically on the hands and knees, slipping, sliding, skidding.

Up and up, colder and colder, slipperier and slipperier, and then that red light at Carverton Road.

Step on the brake and skid into the car on the right? It looked safer to run the light. A car coming up Carverton road was giving a right turn signal, so he would be out of the way.

Business of running the light safely, with a sigh of relief. And then came Nemesis.

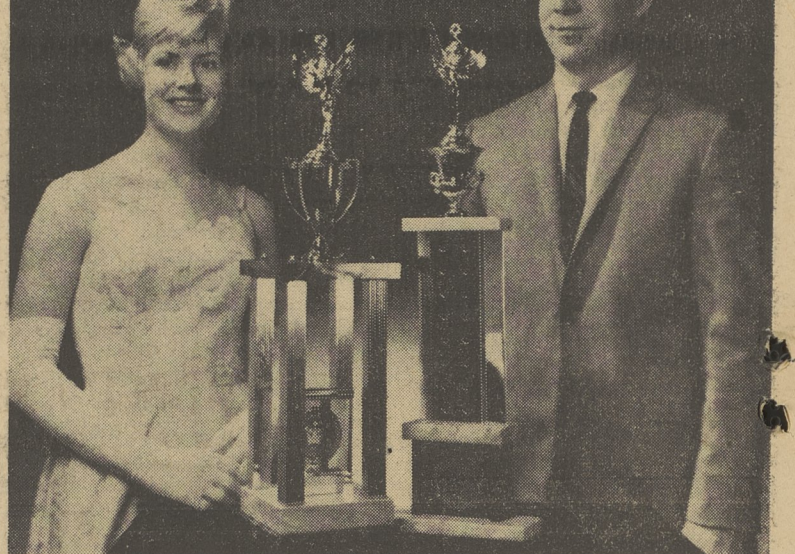
A police car, and an extremely courteous officer. I stuck my head out of the window. "I have just run a red light," quoth the late Rebecca Nurse, restored now to a normal appearance except for the witch-locks, and thankful that the hag make-up had been left behind.

"That had all the makings of a very nasty accident," replied Nemesis.

"It sure did, where are the cinders?"
"They blew off. Where is your operator's license?"
"Home in my other handbag. You want my name and address? And what would you do under similar circumstances? How about giving me a ticket, joining in a psalm of thanksgiving, and letting me get off this highway. It's getting worse all the time."

That was an awfully nice officer. I wish I knew his name. He said, "For heaven's sake, get home, and drive carefully. It's slippery."
"You telling me?"

Hair-Stylist Wins Awards



John Maniskas, Back Mountain hair stylist, won two awards at a recent Clairol Gold Crown Competition at Concord Hotel, Catskill, N.Y.

John was part of a team of stylists who represented the American Beauty Supply Company in the competition. His Brand Master award was received for Individual Hair Styling and the second award was

for team effort. Hairstylists from Eastern Pennsylvania, South Jersey and Delaware attended, and Mr. John was one of 50 persons who competed for an award.

The model in the photograph is Mrs. Ralph Hood, Shavertown formerly Beverly Brown of Carverton Road Trucksville.

Washington.
Respectfully yours,
ROBERT STEPHENSON
Grandview Avenue,
Dallas, Pa.

IN NAME ONLY
March 20, 1965

Mrs. Hicks,
Dear Madam,
About a month ago I sent in for a subscription to the paper Dallas Post. I received it the next week and thank you for the promptness; but you or somebody along the line has made a error in my name.

I am sending you a clipping from the paper and you will see you have made a female by name only as I have been listed as a male for 77 years, so please see that my name gets changed as it not only confuses my mailman but me to.

Here is my correct address and Thank you.
ARTHUR CRAGLE
Hunlock Creek, Pa. 18621

These are facts, and I wasn't in

SERVING RESIDENTS OF

THE GREATER DALLAS AREA

Harold C. Snowdon

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

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

HAROLD C. SNOWDON
HAROLD C. SNOWDON, JR.