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Editorially Speaking

Granny, What Was Cancer?

We can do no better than to repeat an editorial on Cancer, published two years ago in the Dallas Post at the time of the Cancer Drive:

Someday your granddaughter will ask you, "Granny, just what WAS cancer?"

And you will be able to say, "Cancer was something that used to kill a lot of folks. But nobody dies of cancer nowadays. It was very dreadful. Doctors couldn't do very much, but they were looking for ways to cure it, and ways to prevent it. People in research laboratories worked to find out what caused cancer, and finally, they found it."

Someday, cancer will be a thing of the past. It will be stricken from the list of killers, just as diphtheria and typhoid fever and small pox have been. And more recently polio.

Remember how mothers dreaded the polio season? You older mothers, remember when diphtheria was a scourge, and when typhoid fever was commonplace?

A community that admits to a case of typhoid in these enlightened times hangs its head in shame.

With protective shots, children who once would have died in the dreaded "second summer" lived to become mothers themselves, and grandmothers.

The break-through on cancer research is close at hand, closer every day. It is conceivable that within our life span cancer and its ravages will be so far in the past that you will have to think twice before answering your granddaughter's question.

You will tell her that her Aunt Millie's mother did die of cancer, but that this was before medical men had found the remedy, and more important still, how to detect the first warning symptoms. A simple test, you will explain. But it was not worked out before hundreds of thousands of people had died needlessly.

And of course, it took a lot of money to finance the research.

It was expensive, but people knew that the solution was just around the corner, and they were thankful that they could contribute to a battle against a disease that might strike any time, any place.

Each year they supported the Cancer Drive, knowing that their dollars would help arrest a killer.

Knowing that individual contributions were too small to do very much, but that the sum total of the collection was enough to finance the study of what caused cancer and what could ward it off, cure it if it slipped past all barriers and struck down a victim.

Think how many antibiotics have been released for circulation during the past ten years; how many protections there now are for children; how much has been discovered that will prolong useful life.

Cancer remains. But its conquest is in sight. So that your granddaughter may ask, "Granny, just what WAS cancer?" make your contribution to the present cancer drive.

Children's Librarian Says Tastes Change, Trend Now To Non-Fiction

A survey of the Children's Building at Back Mountain Memorial Library shows that 150 children from third, fourth, fifth and sixth grades of the Dallas Borough School, come regularly to the library under escort of their teachers, to select books. These children come every other week.

On Thursdays, reports Mrs. Robert Bachman, children's librarian, two sections are accommodated.

No attempt on the part of the librarian is made to direct selection unless requested by a pupil. Teachers take over this duty.

Second grade students come once a year in groups, to become acquainted with the children's room. It is only a two block walk from the Borough School to the library.

Youngsters from Trucksville and Shavertown schools are too far away to walk. Instead, their teachers come to the library in September and again in the middle of the year, to select books for their pupils.

When the supply seems to have exhausted its flavor, the books are returned and others substituted. Many Kingston Township children come on Saturday.

The library is anxious to serve the entire Back Mountain. A number of teachers from Lehman take advantage of this, and annually find what they need for their classrooms.

In the days of the one-room schools, Miss Miriam Lathrop, in her "days off," drove boxes of books to the isolated centers of learning to be hailed by glad cries. "Here comes the Library Lady," and a wholesale eruption of school children from the open door. Big boys carried in the boxes, which were opened by a teacher surrounded by small expectant youngsters, hardly able to contain themselves before snatching at a prize volume.

The expeditions went down into Ross Township and beyond, to the very fringes of the area, across covered bridges, and along almost untraveled roads.

That day is past, and there are no more one-room schools in the area.

Mrs. Bachman says that more non-fiction books are taken out, than fiction. "While Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys, and those new-comers The Happy Hollisters, have

their staunch adherents, and juvenile mysteries are popular, the great swing is to science.

The Space Age is here. Children are interested in astronomy, geared to their understanding. They go for biography and history. They are thrilled with marine life, and books on animals and music.

And they lap up poetry. It is possible that T.V. shows such as Flipper and Sea-Hunt have stimulated interest in undersea life. And certainly T.V. representation of a rocket taking off for the moon, and a satellite hanging in space as a relay station, have brought home to the modern child the limitless universe about him.

Charlie Says Beginners' Paradise Is Located On His New Golf Course

Charlie Gosart cheerfully admits that his new seven-hole golf course at Sweet Valley will always draw more amateurs than seasoned golfers.

It is the ideal spot to teach the kids how to play, and also a good spot in which to practice up on trick shots.

The terrain falls away sharply, presenting plenty of difficult situations. Now that things are greening up a little, and golfers are fingering their clubs lovingly, everybody in the club class wants a place where he can practice without holding up a foursome, or show his son how to grip a club without feeling in the way.

That's the advantage of Charlie's Charlie goes for kids in a big way. Remember the time he had hula-hoop contest in his parking lot, or the time he imported an elephant?

He has a golf shop down there, too. The bare bones of a shop, with the necessary items on sale, and hot dogs and hamburgers to sustain the inner man after the outer man breaks a golf club across his knee and swears off forever.

Ask him for a dozen golf balls, and he inquires, "How old is the kid?" Then he says, "Now lookit, you don't want expensive balls for a twelve year-old. Save those for

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

Kitchen Creek was being surveyed for a possible park and recreation area, State or National.

Kingston Township School Board planned an eight-room addition to the High School. Opposition to Daylight Saving Time dwindled.

A mounted golden eagle, with wingspread of seven feet six inches was on display at Olivers Garage.

Himmeler Theatre parking on Lake Street was causing traffic jams.

Dry apricots were 19 cents a pound. Bought any apricots lately?

Died: Mrs. Martha E. Stroud, 60, Trucksville. Harry Harris, 66, Dallas.

20 Years Ago

Sunset Hall was sold to New Jersey people, Mr. and Mrs. George Vebe. Twenty rooms, four fireplaces, it was originally Dallas Methodist Church, was used for a short time as a broom factory, then as a summer residence for Sisters of Mercy while Misericordia was building. Latest owner was Mrs. Morgan Wilcox.

Lehman students planted their 218th tree in memory of those who died in service, dedicated to the late FDR.

Arden Evans was killed in action in Germany. Charles Billings died on Luzon.

Edwin A. Burkhardt, Hunlock Creek, missing since December, rejoined his outfit, released in the sweep of forces through Germany.

John Owens, also missing, was in England with the rest of his bomber crew.

F. W. Reinfurt succeeded Rev. Austin L. Prynne at Dallas Methodist.

In the Outpost: Harold E. Mayer, East Indies; Carl D. Wint, N. Y. APO; Len Hooper, Germany; Jimmie Roste, Philippines; Jack Carey, Louisiana; Thomas Metz, Georgia; Roy Jones, Camp LeJeune; Eddie Tutak, Norfolk; Howard G. Young, Massachusetts; George Phillips, Kansas; Earl H. Williams, N. Y. APO. Married: Dorothy Abbato to Robert Lavelle.

Dallas was considered as the site for a Veterans Hospital.

10 Years Ago

Dr. Robert Bodycomb was elected to the Wyoming Valley Hospital staff.

John Parrish, in razing an old house uncovered a skeleton which shattered at a touch.

Lois Avery got a 16 inch trout at Alderson first day of fishing season.

Shavertown Branch, Wyoming National Bank, awarded five tons of crushed stone to a blonde infant, and a make-up kit to a bearded man at the Open House staged in Jackson Township Fire Hall. Lots of prizes.

Kingston Township Ambulance meeting broke up in a hurry, when an accident occurred at Hillside. Luzerne man dead on admission.

Stacy Schoonover opened a hardware store at Center Moreland.

Died: S. W. Hildebrandt, 88, East Dallas. Gwilym Evans, 73, Trucksville. Mrs. Margaret Schrey Raebuck, 69, Lehman.

Married: Vida Ruth Kocher to Harold C. W. Birth. Shirley Ann Welch to John R. Mahle. Pauline Kasterzinski to William Olsen, Jr.

CEMETERY ASSOCIATION

Maple Grove Cemetery Association will meet Thursday, April 29, 7:30 p.m., in Maple Grove Church, to discuss amendments to the By-Laws.

KEEPING POSTED

April 15: TERRORIST EXECUTED in Vietnam. MISSISSIPPI FLOODS expected to be worst in history. Water still rising at Twin Cities.

April 16: STRIKE GUERRILLA concentration in Vietnam, night raids start. STEEL STRIKE imminent.

April 17: MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI on mighty rampage. Teen-agers, convicts, bankers, businessmen, work shoulder to shoulder sandbagging dikes.

April 18: EASTER SUNDAY. MARION ANDERSON bows off the concert stage at Carnegie Hall after 30 years. Her final song, "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands."

April 19: EGG ROLL turns into egg-throw on White House lawn. BALTIMORE SUNPAPER suspends operation after 128 years. Guild strike. Not even the Baltimore Fire in 1904 stopped the Sunpaper. DIKE BREAKS near LaCross, Wisconsin. PRESIDENT SNUBS Premier of India by postponing visit. PREMIER SNUBS back by cancelling visit.

April 20: McNAMARA FORESEES heightened hostilities in Vietnam. SIT-DOWN at gates of White House. Limp objectors hauled off to jail.

April 21: WORLDS FAIR reopens in New York.

Better Leighton Never

CLEARING THE AIR

The best-known method of communicating with more than one party at one time is the telephone, party-lines still being prevalent in the country, and nosy housewives listening in more than ever. (In fact, I've heard more than one complaint that with newer and better phone systems being developed all the time, you just can't get the good old-fashioned diversity of other people's business like ya used to.)

On other communication fronts, there's the Citizen's Band Radio, pride of the country police forces, whose constituencies obviously could not (with one local exception) afford a big-time ham radio set. The C-B radio is also used with varying degrees of success by fire and ambulance companies, and also by guys who are on wheels most of the day and need to be contacted from home, and by businesses with mobile units, and by kids who like to play radio-operator.

Because of the cluttered airwaves, there is now a move on to limit one or more C-B channels for emergency and police use only, and this is a good thing. For obvious reasons.

Sam Resque, the ambulance driver squints over his hood ornament at the jammed traffic ahead. In the back, Morry Sature is bent over the accident victim, trying to stem the bleeding. Sam wants through that traffic in a hurry, and radios ahead to the North Thumbtack police force to hold the intersection open. Sometimes he hears: "10-4, ambulance, come on through, the light's yours!"

And then again, sometimes he hears the captain of somebody's kitchen: "And don't forget my stuff at the cleaner's, and — oh yeah, get some bread and a head of lettuce and might as well get peanut butter — crummy, not crunchy, and two packs of cigarettes." After which a hard-dav-at-the-office voice replies: "And a big kiss for my lovin' baby." (Sam scratches his head at this point and leans on the siren, only hoping for half a break.)

A barn is burning down ten miles north of Hedgchoc Center. Volunteer engineer Fred Feuerwasser, his brow gleaming with beads of sweat from the heat, notes that his pumper is almost out of water, and sparks are still settling on a near-by farmhouse. He radios over to the next fire company to get their tanker to the scene. His only reply is a couple of youthful voices coming from

someplace the other side of the hill: "Well, yeah, KI9-0007, you're coming in loud and clear, considering you only a Rank & Fell scarfier with a Model N fratz. What's your handle? Handle here's Ralph."

"Roger-dodger, KI9-9490, handle here's Clyde, What's your 10-20, and how're ya reading me?" (Fred sends up a flare.)

Many times Sam Resque is trying to concentrate on the road and receives a call from somebody who sees him flash by: "Whatcha got?"

Sometimes the North Thumbtack police force has to have help in breaking up a family fight (these country girls grow big), and doesn't feel like having all the biggest blabber-mouths in town radioing in to find out who threw what at whom

Needless to say, there are some who won't complain when the restricted channels are finally implemented.

SEEN AND HEARD

Old-timers aren't able to tell me what the name of the paved (?) alley next to the state store is. It's not King Street extension; the bank sits on that, they say. Just as well, because otherwise King Street would run through Jim Wertman's garage, which would be distracting to him.

Boyd White says emphatically that, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, he has not sold his Main Street furniture store, nor is any such sale imminent. This in the face of a number of whispered words to the effect that there had been a transfer of ownership, or would be next week.

Borough Council said at last meeting it would consider means to clean up odiferous Toby's Creek, which apparently, since time immemorial, has run directly under a straight pipe down from Chief Toby's teepee.

Things got a little rough over in Demunds over the hand of a fair lady on Friday night, they tell me.

Hot indeed was the aftermath of a fireman's attempt to form two lanes of one-way traffic to the scene of a brushfire on upper Demunds Road Saturday morning.

The Thrift-makers, political combo aiming for a number of Dallas School Board seats this May, take violent exception to a recent letter presented at the last meeting. If you missed it, the letter was cited in last week's Post.

Syracuse Alumni Dinner May 6

Luzerne County Syracuse Alumni Association will hold their annual dinner meeting at the Holiday Inn, Route 315, six p.m., May 6th. Hon. Daniel Flood is president; Mrs. Lewis L. Rogers 3rd, Shavertown, vice president; Mrs. B. Hopkins Moses, treasurer, and Frank Wallace, secretary.

All area alumni with their wives or husbands are invited. Local students who will enter Syracuse in the fall will be dinner guests of the club and are urged to contact Mrs. Rogers.

Parents of enrolled students and students who plan to matriculate next fall are also invited to attend. Reservations may be made with Mrs. Charles B. Shafer, Kingston, dinner chairman.

Other members of the dinner committee are Mrs. John Ruggles, West Dallas, Mrs. John Vivian, Huntsville, and Mrs. Frear Scovell, Kingston. University Dean of Women, Miss Marjory Smith, will attend as principal speaker. Dean Smith will be accompanied by Mrs. Jane Whitney Turner, associate director of alumni affairs.

Services Friday For Mrs. Dora S. Kirk

Mrs. Dora Sutton Kirk, Carverton, will be buried Friday afternoon in Mt. Zion. Rev. Charles Gilbert will officiate at 1 p.m. from the funeral home at 504 Wyoming Avenue in Wyoming.

Mrs. Kirk died Tuesday afternoon at Valley Crest, where she had been a patient for six weeks.

She was born at Mt. Zion, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vosburg. For fifty years she lived in Carverton, where she belonged to the Methodist Church.

She leaves her husband Julius; two daughters: Mrs. Margaret Snyder, Carverton, and Mrs. Ruth Rutledge, Tennessee; a son, Edgar Sutcliff, Carverton; five grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren; sisters, Mrs. Rita Leach, Wyoming, and Mrs. Anna Faux, Orange.

Services Today For Mrs. Anna M. Sorber

Services for Mrs. Anna Sorber are scheduled for this afternoon at 2 from the Bronson Funeral Home, Rev. Robert Sunderland officiating. Burial will be at Edge Hill, West Nanticoke.

Mrs. Sorber, 79, Hunlocks Creek, was paying a visit to her grandson Duane in Harrisburg when she died Monday morning with a fatal heart attack.

She was daughter of Sanford and Sarah Kline Fravel, New Columbus, and resident of Hunlock Creek since 1933. She belonged to Hunlock Creek Methodist Church and to the Fire Auxiliary.

She lost her husband Oscar in 1940.

She leaves a son, Charles of Easton; five other grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. Frances Nummaw, Hazleton.

Old Hook School Will Be Sold

Bids will be advertised for sale of the old Hook School in Ross Township.

In despair, and not usable in its present condition, the three-story structure was once used as a two-room school on the ground floor, with IOOF hall above, and a hall on the third floor used by the Rebekahs.

It adjusts property of Charles Long, dealer in farm machinery, and that of Carl Drapiewski, florist. Isolated schools in Ross Township were closed upon the opening of the new elementary building in Sweet Valley.

Correction

Dallas School Board set the budget for 1965-66 at 36 mills. An error in last week's Post set the figure at 36.3.

From— Pillar To Post... By Hix

To the embattled descendants of the late Benjamin Harvey, relax. Nobody questions that he suffered severe deprivation, both before and after his capture in 1780, and much later on his solitary trek back home, where he found his mill on Harveys Creek in ruins.

The fact that he was obliged to kill and roast his little dog is no reflection upon a 59 year old man who was at death's door from starvation on his five-week hike from Niagara. It was plain commonsense.

The roast horse with which the prisoners refreshed themselves while en route from Wyoming Valley to Niagara, was doubtless equally welcome to men starved for protein.

The Dallas Post cannot publish an entire volume on the subject of the Wyoming Massacre. It can, when intrigued by a pint-size booklet in the Back Mountain Memorial Library, select from its pages material which is of local interest.

The Back Mountain Library, in addition to the booklet, has on its shelves many volumes of history relative to the Revolution, which it will be glad to lend to subscribers old and new.

The story recently published on the editorial page of the Dallas Post has served a useful purpose: It has smoked out many a descendant of Benjamin Harvey. And it has proved that in time of desperation, in a struggle for survival, most people have brains enough to take the necessary measures, and go on their way refreshed.

They tell us that rats were considered a tasty morsel in Andersonville Prison, and that there were very few cats in evidence during a long-ago siege of Paris. A cat had to expend most of its nine lives in keeping one leap ahead of its pursuers.

Probably best to draw a veil over Donner Pass, though the snow-bound pioneers must have had some descendants, all of them living far enough away to be of no news value to the Dallas Post.

This is a happy circumstance, for it would be almost impossible, in writing a rag on the Pacific Coast, not to run an occasional story on that dark incident in the settling of the West.

It leaves the roast dog practically enshrined in glory.

DAYLIGHT SAVING STARTS SUNDAY SET CLOCKS HOUR AHEAD

Daylight Saving starts Sunday morning at 2. Residents are reminded to set clocks ahead one hour before retiring Saturday night.

Everything in the Back Mountain goes on DST, churches, schools, business establishments.

Make up that lost hour of the last Sunday in October, when clocks are set back one hour, and the area goes back to Standard Time.

Dallas Gets Two New Mail Boxes

Postmaster Edward Buckley announces that two new mail collection boxes have been placed in Dallas, one at the corner of Mill Street, and Woodlawn Avenue, and another at Pinecrest and Machell Avenue. Pick up times at the Mill Street box will be 9:20 a.m. and 4:20 p.m. At Pinecrest Avenue, collection time is set for 9:25 a.m. and 4:25 p.m.

READ THE TRADING POST

FOR MOTHER'S DAY



The Mother's Ring

Two bands of 14 Karat Gold symbolize Mother and Father — joined by lustrous synthetic stones of the month, one for each child in the family.

Absolutely unique — and very sentimental! The Mother's Ring symbolizes her life, her marriage, her children, her happiness. She is the only one who may wear it. This beautifully-executed tribute created by fine jewelry craftsmen of solid 14K gold.

HENRY'S JEWELRY GIFT and CARD SHOP Memorial Highway SHAVERTOWN

Advertisement for Luzerne National featuring a photo of a smiling man and text: 'NOW I AM REALLY PLEASED WITH A BANK!! LUZERNE NATIONAL is the Friendliest and all services are UNDER ONE ROOF'.

Advertisement for Harold C. Snowdon Funeral Directors: '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.'