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Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post 30 Years Ago

Luzerne County WCTU met in Dallas at the M. E. Church. Rev. W. S. York was transferred from Alderson Methodist Charge to Bennett Memorial. Rev. Guy Leintall succeeded him.

St. Therese's was planning a jubilant welcome to Rev. J. O'Leary, who had been vacationing in Florida for reasons or health.

Dallas American Legion got its charter. Legionnaires invited students to enter an essay contest. The prize: scholarship to Pennsylvania State College.

Girl Scout Rally in Dallas attracted 400.

Daylight Saving Time was adopted without confusion.

Butter was two poms for 67 cents, and you could get coffee for 17 cents.

Ira D. Cooke was advertising surveyor services.

College Misericordia garnered two high honors; Sister M. Loretta was elected vice president of the Catholic Education Association of Pennsylvania, and sister M. Crescentia was awarded a \$1,000 Winthrop Fellowship by the Catholic University of America. Her field, Bio-Chemistry.

20 Years Ago

Canning sugar was a scarce, housewife had to register. Ration stamps still in use.

Toll of local boys killed in action reached 24; died in service, 12; missing in action, 12, prisoners, 13.

Rev. Russell Edmondson headed Shavertown Bible Church.

Talcott Wainwright died in the Philippines.

Raymond Kuderka, prisoner, released by U.S. Army.

St. Paul's Lutheran celebrated its 20th anniversary.

In The Outpost: David Schmerer, Iwo Jima; Richard S. Winter, Italy; George S. Swan, France; Herb Updyke, Germany; Charles Smith, Camp Blanding; Jack Jones, Germany; Howard Platt, Germany; Lewis G. Sax, Elmer Wyant, Germany; Bob Lewis, Philippines; Robert Beck, Germany; J. C. Goron, Kansas; Richard Case, Sampson, N. Y.; Robert Pritchard, Germany; James LaBar, Italy; Howell Rees (with Bronze Star) Italy; John Stofko, Germany; Ernest McCarthy, Sioux Falls.

Married: Louise Hughes to Warren Culp.

Anniversary: Mrs. Frank P. Smith, 85.

10 Years Ago

Lake firemen opened a campaign for a new pump.

Daniel Smith lost part of his hand after an accident at the Tannery.

Howard Boice, Iletown, was recovering at General after a rifle wound.

Diane Hoover, 4, had meningitis. Several robberies in Kingston Township.

Mrs. Bertha Jenkins, over 90, posed with her great-grandchild for Mothers Day top-of-the-page.

Ellen Walsh, Dallas-Franklin Queen of the May.

Married: Barbara Hess to Laurence Robbins. Mrs. Florence Disque to Charles Kishbaugh. Nancy Dymond to Calvin Crane.

Jots From Dot

March 4, 1965
Dearest Folks, Visitors

We've had lots of nice visitors. When I got back from Matadi, Barbara Norris was here from Elizabethtown. Monday Melvin Blake, Board Secretary for this part of Africa, came for a quick visit. Barbara went back when he did Tuesday. Best of all was Bishop Shungu who came Saturday. We had a picnic with all the Methodists. The students sang him songs and read him a speech. Then he met with our missionaries Saturday and explained all the work in both Conferences. I had more first-hand accounts of the rebels and his narrow escape at Lodja. He is really working hard and I think has a very realistic attitude toward the problems. He preached at the English service Sunday, A. M. I moved out and let him and Wayne Culp sleep in my house. The Bishop got the bedroom and Wayne the sofa (though that's a real bed too) and on our tour Wayne always stepped aside to let Baba John go first, to his embarrassment. I kidded him about not being used yet to being Bishop! He is a very humble man and not a bit changed by his new office, but carries it with great dignity and responsibility.

Their Own Bishop

Our students were tremendously impressed and thrilled to welcome their own Bishop. In the past the Congolese haven't accepted their own leaders too gracefully, but reports from those who have watched Baba John at work say that apparently the title of Bishop has aura about it that the people respect, even those who didn't like Shungu before, and they attribute this to the great dignity and force of character brought to the title by Bishop Booth. Booth or not, Shungu is the man for the job. He has even set up complete circuits down

KEEPING POSTED

April 29: OLD MAN RIVER keeps rolling along, torrents pour through dikes, at Quincy, Ill. ABEL LICKS McDONALD as head of steelworkers, count now official.

April 30: MARINES LAND in Dominican Republic to safeguard US nationals. Many evacuated. VIETNAM YIELDS to Dominican Republic in the world news. SEATTLE EARTHQUAKE brings \$12,500,000 destruction.

May 2: CONFERENCE in White House about crisis.

May 3: PRESIDENT SPEAKS to Nation, outlining reasons for sending Marines. SETO CONFERENCE on Vietnam in London.

May 4: SOUTH AMERICAN states invited to form force to restore order in Dominican. UNITED NATIONS do not support U.S. policy of intervention. SOME RELIEF in sight for flooded areas as crest nears Hannibal. PRESIDENT ASKS 7 hundred million for Vietnam and Dominican Republic forces.

May 5: EASING OF TENSION, rebels slacken fire, disease rampant, food and water distribution difficult. Safety zone expanded by Marines. KKK TRIAL continues in Alabama, all-white jury.

From — Pillar To Post...

By Hix

It's what is known as a rat-race. But it helped a lot, not having a speedometer in action. That way, you just keep up with the traffic, speeding up if folks pass you with disdain for the heap you happen to driving, and slowing down when you're taking the center lane too often.

And of course, the new highway, bypassing both Gettysburg and Emmitsburg, is a boon to the motoring public. No more crawling behind a truck, around right angle turns and up the roller coasters.

But the real rat-race starts when you get where you're going, and find yourself surrounded by kindergarten children, all waving peanut butter sandwiches.

It had looked like a solid idea to get to Herndon, Virginia, at around four p.m., when presumably the school bus would have delivered all the small fry to their respective homes.

"What," I inquired, "are THESE?"

THESE, it developed, were kids whose parents parked them for the day, collecting them at some indeterminate hour in the evening.

"Mostly," Barbara explained, "they're gone by six or maybe seven. And if their parents are delayed, I just set up another cot."

That system explained the row of eyes peering over the room divider the following morning, taking note of the odd looking bundle in a Scotch plaid dressing gown, overflowing an army cot.

"Go drop dead twice," was the obvious response, but it seemed cruel. Easier to mumble, "Well, what do you characters want?"

The characters, in small sized pajamas, wanted to know if it would be OK to use their skate-boards in the kindergarten room. And if so, would it also be OK to set up some barricades which could be skirted at high speed.

"Well, lessee. It's close onto seven o'clock. Time for everybody to be up anyhow. Let nothing stop you. And after awhile I'll even come out and see how your obstacle course is functioning."

With that, the whole crew whooped out into the kindergarten room, there was a grinding of wheels, and the day was off to a good start.

It seemed like a good idea to snatch another spot of shut-eye, but it was not to be. Just about then, there was an aroma of coffee from the kitchen. Only it wasn't from the kitchen. It was rising from a cup held firmly in a relentless hand, directly over the cot.

And there was a ruthless voice, saying, "You better get up now, if you want to go around with me in the bus, picking up kids for the morning session."

"You've already GOT the kids. What on earth are those characters out in the kindergarten room, if not kids?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. They're spending the weekend. Come on out and get some coffee. You've got just five minutes to dress."

The enrollment was supplemented that day by an infant just learning how to walk, plus two little brothers, the entire clutch deposited by a harried set of parents who had met up with an emergency. This in addition to the seventy-five or eighty regulars.

The day wore on and the Nonnie wore out.

I had been thinking about advertising as a professional and experienced grandmother.... but no more. Never a dull moment down thataway.

There's much to be said for dullness.

here for Angolan Methodist, has made arrangements for someone to take care of those on Brazzaville side, in cooperation with the Swedes there, etc.

Love, Dottie

March 15, 1965
Dearest Family,

I have a darling new kitten, the white Siamese that Felkel's cats had. The mother is pure Siamese, the father is the cinnamon colored brother of my black cat. The baby is just like the mother, crooked tail and all, but he seems to be turning more brown like the father. At birth he had blue ears like the mother, so I named him Bluette. At least he will always have blue eyes. He is so cute and likes to sleep on the bed at night.

I was supposed to be off this week-end but Ruth was so long on Mat, that I took over this afternoon and night. This morning I took the choir to Lukala to sing. They are a small group, only a dozen but do very well. There are a clerk, dentist, teacher, workman, the rest student nurses.....Must go so how things are at Mat. Love Dottie

Kiwanis Club Plans Spaghetti Supper



Robert Parry, chairman of Fund-raising for Dallas Kiwanis Club announced completion of plans for a spaghetti supper at Dallas Senior High School Saturday, May 15, 5 to 8 p.m.

The menu features spaghetti and meat balls as the main dish, with a salad and Italian bread and coffee.

Members of the Club are divided into two teams of ticket salesmen, the team selling the most tickets to receive a lobster dinner at the expense of the losers.

Kiwanians will prepare and serve the spaghetti.

Proceeds of the supper will be used for the many Kiwanis Civic and Youth activities on their Community Service program.

Safety Valve

THANKS TO ALL

To all my friends:

I would like to thank everybody who showed so much kindness during my recovery.

Among those were people who sent flowers and cards, ministers, fourteen in all; from as far away as Tunkhannock and Hunlock Creek, some I had never met before, who visited at the hospital and at home, and prayed for me.

There were well-wishes from all my school friends, and even from the borough school, where every morning until my recovery the youngsters said a prayer for me.

Sincere thanks to both Dallas and Kingston Township ambulances for their help at the accident scene and afterward; to Dr. Klem and the nurses at General Hospital, especially in the intensive care unit; and, of course, to my mother and father.

I welcome company any time, and will be glad to have visitors over at home any time, as I am glad to meet so many friends and neighbors around the Back Mountain in drives with my family.

My vision is still impaired some, although improving, but they say it's not so bad seeing double, because then I get to see two girl friends where everybody else sees only one. There will be no school for me for the rest of this season, but I'll be tutoring over the summer.

Thanks again to everyone, to whom I owe so much.

David Kozemchak

Library Auction



Servies Friday For Samuel Darling, 78

Services for Samuel Darling are scheduled for Friday morning at 11 from the Merritt Hughes Funeral Home. Rev. Kenneth O'Neill will officiate. Friends may call this evening, 7 to 10. Burial will be in Denison cemetery.

Mr. Darling, 78, resident of East Dallas for the past nine years, died early Tuesday morning at General Hospital. He had been admitted Monday night, following a heart attack suffered at the home of his son Norman in Plains.

Native of Cambridgeshire, England, son of the late Joseph and Elizabeth Ann Darling, he came to this country in 1908 and settled in Kingston. In 1914 he moved to Plains, establishing the Darling Farm. He acquired his Dallas holdings in 1929.

His wife, the former Rebecca Blaydon, died last year.

In addition to his son Norman, he leaves a daughter, Mrs. Frederick Brotherton, Wilmington, Del.; sons: Thomas, Wichita Falls, Texas, and Walter, Plainsville; nine grandchildren; two sisters, Mrs. Rose Wright and Mrs. Bertha Hadley, Cambridgeshire.

Better Leighton Never

Two Brief Actualities

Here are two eye-opening experiences, true, that happened over the weekend in Dallas area:

1. It was a bright sunny day, and a number of Main Street fixtures were settin', watchin' the people go by. One of the things they watched was a tall leggy youth, with the corners of his driver's license scarcely frayed, who jockeyed the family car into place at curbside with effort and went into the hardware store. His head was someplace in the clouds as he sauntered back out with the object of his errand in a paper bag, and he began to cross the street between two pick-up trucks stopped for a red light.

Suddenly he did a cartwheel on the spot and landed flat on his face with a splat you could hear all the way to Trucksville. Between the trucks was a taut tow-chain. (A chorus of assorted frog-noises and gleeful wheezes emanated from the sidelines.) The boy got up, smiled thinly but gamely at one of the truck drivers, and said: "I didn't see the chain."

2. A young man returned home late at night, or rather early morning, after an extensive tour of the nightwatch, his vision partially obscured. He had remarked to himself on the way home that he didn't feel especially out of joint tonight, considering the length of his tour of duty. As our man parked his car in front of the house he noted a small fire burning at the edge of the road and went to stamp it out. His foot was poised just above the fire when the leg took a jolt that made the back of his neck jump. The foot was only inches above, and descending upon, a live fallen power line.

Seen And Heard

Jack Cave notes that the last couple weeks have seen a genuine scarcity of meat and shortening at the wholesale places, probably attributable to the Dominican Republic police action. We wondered who's eating all the meat down there. It's about the size of Kirby Park, Jack says.

We see more and more motor-bikes on the road these days, and there is a rental agency for one brand out at the Lake. Dan Meeker is thinking Yamahas might rent pretty well too.

Trout have been biting on --let's see if I get this right, now-- one cheese-flavored salmon egg on a number 12 hook. How about that?

There was this house at East Dallas corners, old and dilapidated, and the owner of the property was most agreeable to the idea of a fine company burning it down for practice. However, the company in question was outside its balliwick, and the home team raised some objections. The political powers that be in Dallas Township then observed, not inaccurately, that burning down this building would be arson, a felony, and apprised the police of this, as well. Nobody wants to be felonious in this kind of weather, so the house stands. It is said that this fine old landmark will continue to stand until somebody raises (razes) its roof, whereupon the torch will be just, and the house no longer a legal dwelling place.

The Cadillac monster gets about

Editorially Speaking

Mother's Day —

By Catherine Gilbert

Mother's Day — a corsage of pink or white carnations, a sentimental anthem by the choir, take Mother out to dinner (hoping you don't have to wait too long for a table in the overcrowded restaurant); then that's that for another year.

Mother's Day should be more than this . . . A day for giving thanks, for remembering, for recognition of the priceless service given every day of the year by mothers. But observance of Mother's Day is an empty gesture unless it is part of a continuing expression of our love and gratitude for the gift of life.

The Bible is filled with stories of women who risked danger and sacrificed pleasure for the lives of their children, and countless sermons have been preached about the mothers who gave us Moses, Samuel, Jesus.

It takes but a quick glance around the community or an imaginative reading of world news to make us realize that this self-giving spirit still guides millions of mothers in the world today.

Mother's Day is an opportunity to honor all of them, famous and unknown, by giving a particular honor to the one closest to you. Just remember that she needs it every day.

Self Reliance, The Cornerstone

In an emergency, people forget lines of religion, and race and politics. Side by side they toil together to fill sand-bags to hold back a mighty river.

They dig in the ruins following a major earthquake, convicts and governors, doctors and laborers, young lads and grandfathers.

They turn out in a chill drizzle to search for a lost hunting party high in the mountains, and they remember the experience forever. For a few hours, they have forgotten themselves.

Emergencies are sometimes hard to come by, but the training that leads to handling an emergency when it does arise, is one of the easiest things in the world to find.

Boys find it in the nearest Boy Scout Troop.

They find it at camp, and in the study of measures for survival. They learn to rely upon themselves.

Self reliance is the cornerstone of becoming an adult, the kind of an adult who can be depended upon in an emergency.

Boy Scouting provides the motivating force, the challenge that boys need to strengthen their moral as well as their physical fibre.

No man can do a more important job than to become a Boy Scout leader.

Trinity United Presbyterians Lay Cornerstone At Ceremony

Laying of the cornerstone at Trinity United Presbyterian Church last Sunday followed close upon the formal opening of the new edifice on Easter Sunday. Another important date to come is the ceremonial dedication, early in June.

As it was eased into its prepared position, the cornerstone carried with it a history of the church to date; the first bulletin issued; the brochure of the day of organization; papers relative to the invitation by the Presbytery; names of the key members responsible for the building; a Book of Common Worship, personal property of the pastor, Rev. Andrew Pillarella.

It held safely within its depths a heritage of the past, a marriage certificate dating from 1863, when the country was in the throes of Civil War, and none could forecast whether the Nation would remain a Nation, or be torn asunder.

The Church is built upon what was once the Honeywell acreage.

The marriage certificate, signed in faded ink, gives the names and the date: Catherine Randall to Isaac Butler Honeywell. It was given by the Honeywell daughter Mrs. Edward Roberts, now 85 years old. Honeywells were pioneers of the area at the time of the Revolution.

An honored guest at the service was Rev. Howard Hartzell, executive secretary of Wyoming Valley Council of Churches.

Rev. Pillarella spoke in moving terms to his church family.

He asked, "Is this church to be a monument, or an instrument? Are we willing to go all the way with Him, in whose teachings we believe? This is a day of Victory. Will this day bear fruit?"

The placing of the cornerstone was accomplished by Lester Hauck, architect; George Davis, building committee chairman; Russell Ide, contractor, and William Ide, superintendent.

Further Explanation Of How A Satellite Appears Stationary

Howard Wiener, Dallas' Senior High School, adds a bit more explanatory material to the feature story on the Early Bird Satellite which the Dallas Post published in a recent issue: Subscribers who read the original article will immediately understand what he is talking about. Those who did not, will perhaps find heavy sledding.

The Post asked Howard to explain how it was that a satellite could be, to all appearance, thumb-tacked in space, never changing its location, to serve as a constant relay station, instead of shooting round and round in space as earlier satellites have done, and are still doing.

Howard says:

A synchronous satellite, such as our Syncom No. 2, is a communications satellite which rotates around the earth every 24 hours. Since the earth revolves on its axis every 24 hours, the satellite appears to hang motionless over a particular spot forever.

Due to the great altitude necessary for the satellite to achieve this period of rotation (22,300 miles up), the synchronous satellite is visible from many places on the globe at the same time. A satellite of this nature "hovering" above a point on the equator can send messages to Seattle, London, Rome, Los Angeles, and parts of Antarctica.

A major disadvantage of the famous Telstar satellites (which are non-synchronous) is the fact that they set over the horizon after a comparatively short period of communication. This has been overcome by the synchronous satellite, which can act as a permanent relay station between North America and Europe. In years to come this type of satellite will doubtlessly play an important role in the world's vital chain of communication.

FOR MOTHER'S DAY



The Mother's Ring

Twin 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

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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.