

THE DALLAS POST Established 1889

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa. under the Act of March 3, 1889. Subscription rates: \$4.00 a year; \$2.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-State subscriptions, \$4.50 a year; \$3.00 six months or less. Students away from home \$3.00 a term; Out-of-State \$3.50. Back issues, more than one week old, 15c.

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Editorially Speaking

Do Not Swim Alone

The swimming season is upon us. All organized camping spots have safety regulations, with the buddy system incorporated so that a child never swims alone.

There is no such regulation on the open beaches, or in places where individual waterfront property invites a family and its friends to swim at any time of day or night. Commonsense should dictate commonsense precautions to every family. No matter how experienced the swimmer, he should never swim entirely alone.

In the case of adults, a heart attack may strike without warning, and rescue must be carried out immediately. Nobody wants to cut down on the pleasure of swimming. Nobody wants to take a gloomy view.

But water is water, get enough of it into your lungs, and it is either difficult or impossible to set you in motion again. Each year, children are drowned because nobody noticed that Johnnie was no longer bobbing happily up and down in the gentle surf.

Even on a beach guarded by life-savers, a man cannot be everywhere at once. Unless there is some one person who is trained to watch out for another single person, the danger exists. It's called the Buddy System, and it works.

Not Yet Invented

Automobile manufacturers are able to build in almost any safety device necessary to mechanical security. But there is one which so far has been neglected. There is nothing yet invented which will prevent a child from crushing his fingers in the door.

There could easily be some sort of electronic eye which would prevent a door from closing solidly when anything was in the crack.

A mother in the driver's seat is the nearest thing yet to a safety device, but though most mothers have eyes in the back of their heads, the hand is frequently quicker than the eye, and fingers are mangled. Somebody outside the car jumps the gun, giving a mighty slam, or an older child inside the car becomes impatient, reaches over a small child, and the damage is done.

With the Government about to reduce taxes on new cars ONLY if safety factors are built into them by 1968, safeguards for small children should be specified, and they should extend farther than safety-belts.

Forecasts Power Sources Of Future

The Dallas Post asked the science department at Lake-Lehman to designate an advanced student to write, in terms understandable to a layman of small scientific knowledge, a paper on power sources of the future.

The Post published, some weeks ago, a crystal clear explanation of how the Early-Bird, relay satellite apparently hangs motionless in space. Howard Weiner obliged, at the request of Thomas Carr, his science instructor at Dallas High School.

John C. Jenkins, science instructor at Lake-Lehman, presents Judy Koehler, about to enter her senior year, who writes about power for the future.

In future years science may have more to do with our daily lives than we fully realize. Today's scientists are looking to the future. Their study aid research will, in one way or another, benefit all mankind. They are making and are going to make our daily lives more comfortable with added conveniences.

One such area in which intense research is being made is the question of future power sources -- power to run factories and machines. What source will give us more power with more convenience and less expense? Everywhere the general consensus is electricity.

The revolution in electricity is centered around the task of finding a way to generate electrical power quickly and easily. Three such methods are under investigation now:

(1) Direct converters will change light or heat energy directly into electrical energy without using today's batteries or dynamos. These thermoelectric (electricity produced by heat) cells are made of materials similar to those used to make transistors. These cells generate electricity if they are heated or light is shown on them.

(2) Fuel cells are chemical batteries that will never need recharging. They generate electricity by combining a fuel (such as hydrogen) with an oxidizer (any substance that causes another to burn such as oxygen or air). These fuel cells keep generating electricity steadily as long as they are fed fuel and oxidizer.

(3) MHD (magnetohydrodynamic) generator is a dynamo without mechanical parts that move. It uses a rushing blast of very hot, electrified gas to induce electrical currents. It may eventually be used to provide entire cities with electricity.

At the present time these new, modern sources of electricity are being used mainly to operate mili-

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

Helen Himmler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Himmler, was voted Miss Wyoming Seminary, as the most beautiful girl in the school, with popularity to match.

Children's Home opened its annual camp at Noxen, on land donated years before by Arthur M. Stull, Director, Miss Agatha M. Hill.

Much needed rain relieved the drought, crops were improving. Dallas Township baseball team lost to Swoversons 9 to 10, losing also its chance as Luzerne County champs.

Tunkhannock got the Farm Loan Office.

T. J. Rummage, farmer and lumberman, died at 78 in Sweet Valley. Ralph Hazeltine headed Trucks-ville firemen.

The Nation was celebrating Flag Day.

New green cabbage was 2 pounds for a nickel, and potroast was 19 cents a pound. Pink salmon was still only 19 cents a can, hamburger 19 cents a pound.

20 Years Ago

The area was girding its loins for Primary Elections, set for June 19. Tax collector and school board contest took the limelight in Kingston Township. Ted Poad and Harry Borgart were running neck and neck.

John Sidler, founder of the vocational ag program at Lehman, resigned to go to Washingtonville.

Silas Ide, author of a book on the Ide family, died at 77 in the home where he was born in Loyal-ville.

Jive Junction was ready to open for the teen-age crowd in Dallas.

Dr. Henry M. Laing community band opened the summer season in the bandstand on the Warden Kunkle plot in mid-Dallas (A Gulf station now occupies the site).

Final new skating rink at Sandy Beach.

Bud Nelson, wounded in Italy after V-E Day, was showing slight improvement at an army hospital in Charleston S. C.

Harold Titman imported a family of cats to discourage the Toby Creek rats invading his store.

In the Outpost: Robert Prynn, Philip; Dave Evans, Germany; Mi-Patrick, Atlantic Fleet; Paul Carlin, Camp Blanding; Edwal Owens, Williamsburg; Rudolf's Baloga, Ind'a.

Back Mountain Memorial Library Constitution and By-Laws were adopted.

Aunt Ruth Koehler, 78, died in Noxen.

Daniel M. Crispell died at his home in Outlet.

10 Years Ago

Dale Mosier posed for an oil painting by Vincent Civiletti, destined for a Brown and Bigelow calendar. Front page stuff.

Mrs. W. G. Meyers, The Maples, remembered former employees and Dallas Church in her will.

Anthony Marchakitus was elected principal of Lehman-Jackson-Ross School Jointure.

Both Dallas and Lehman planned driver training courses for the fall. Lehman-Jackson-Ross baseball team took the pennant.

Died: Mrs. Lottie Williams, 71, Dallas. Mrs. Anna M. Newcomb, 71, Dallas.

Married: Marlyn Jean James to Robert Marr. Susan Zurinski to Francis Stolarick.

Gate of Heaven Parochial School graduated a class of twenty-one.

Area was getting set for Lehman Horse Show and Library Auction.

To Be Buried Saturday From Christian Church

Mrs. Jean Harris Whitesell, 50, Loyalville, died Tuesday night at General Hospital where she had been admitted four weeks earlier.

She will be buried in the Bronson cemetery, Rev. B. Kirby Jones conducting services at 2 From Sweet Valley Christian Church. Friends may call Thursday and Friday at Bronson's Funeral Home.

Mrs. Whitesell was born in Ashlev, daughter of John and Harriet Williams Hannis. She was active in her church, the missionary society, the WCTU and the PTA. She was employed at Maple Hill and Carpenter Nursing homes.

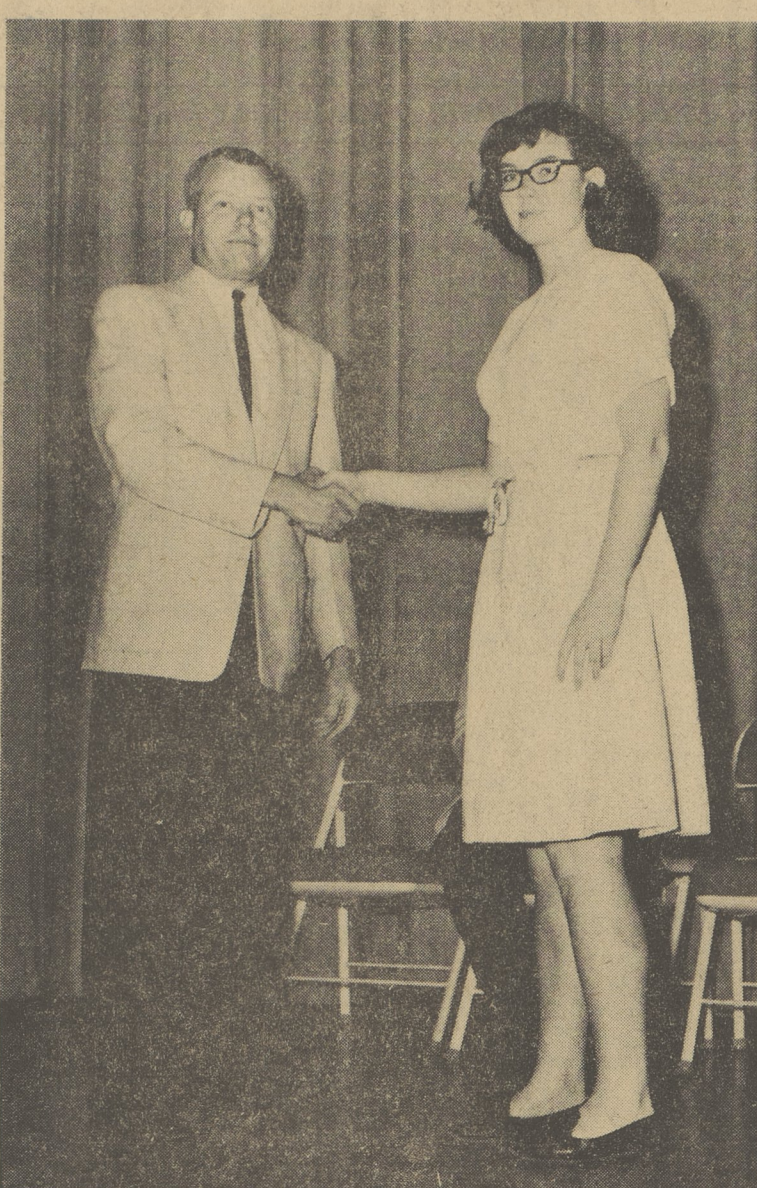
She and her husband Fred observed their 32nd anniversary June 1. She leaves her husband; her parents; these children: Mrs. Lenore Cragle, Wheaton, Ill; Mrs. Carl Grabowski, Indiana; Leon, Oklahoma; Miss Alice Whitesell, Wisconsin; Roger, Harveys Lake; Janet and Fred Jr. at home; seven grandchildren; three brothers: Lee and Gilbert Hannis, Ashley; Melvin, New York City; a sister, Mrs. Elsie Washburn, Lairdsville.

heat that is usually lost. This extra electricity will run your thermostat, oil-burner motor, air blowers, and water pumps at no cost to you. This would mean a real saving in the electric bill.

All of the methods of producing power mentioned here have been built on experimental scales. Some are even being produced on a commercial basis at the present. The others perhaps will soon be also.

Judy Koehler

Wins Award For Excellence In English



Elaine Dixon, Dallas High School graduate, receives hearty congratulations from George McCutcheon on winning of the Bud Davis Award for excellence in English during the past three years.

The award was given at assembly on the last day of school. Miss Dixon is daughter of Mrs. Margaret Dixon, Dallas RD 3. Her senior year instructor in English was Miss Foley.

KEEPING POSTED

June 9: ASTRONAUTS COMPLETE physical check-ups on Carrier Wasp, fill up on solid food, gain back lost weight. DEBT CEILING raised by House to 328 billions. STEVENSON RAKES UN Security Council over coals for downgrading efforts of OAS in Dominican crisis.

June 10: GEMINI HEROES land in Florida, en route to Texas. NAVY SEEBEES constructing airstrip near Saigon, in heavy battle with Vietcong guerillas, 24 Americans killed. Number of U.S. dead now 420.

June 11: SOVIET MOON-SHOT off course, heading for infinity. INTENSE FIGHTING at Dong Xoai. TEXAS CLOUDBURST, 15-foot wall of water.

June 12: CIVILIAN GOVERNMENT out in Vietnam, military in.

June 13: U.S. PARATROOPERS counter guerillas in Dong Xoai. RED CHINESE claim Soviet is playing footsie with the U.S. STATEMATE in Santo Domingo.

June 14: FLAG DAY. ASTRONAUTS PROMOTED by President. Ticker-tape parade in Chicago. BROADCAST direct between London and Washington, Humphrey answers questions of foreign students via Early-Bird satellite.

June 15: TERRORIST BOMB, South Vietnam, many wounded in air terminal. VIETNAM SETTLEMENT urged by Fulbright. SENATE VOTES 4.7 billion tax cut.

Better Leighton Never

I got lost somewhere between the Elephant Nose and the Khuli Loach, but it was really interesting to see the wholesale pet business that the Rices are operating on the premises of what was Orchard Farm Dairy.

Vestiges of the dairy remain in form of a storage room, ultimately to be an interim home for consigned or for sale monkeys and in a line of OP milk bottles each of which contains a blue male fish, name I can't remember, but which has to be kept alone because he takes an argument so seriously that he will cut his opponent.

There are something over 80 tanks -- maybe 90, and they contain quarter pound goldfish to put in a pool in your front yard, alligators that will grow big enough to take up your bath-tub, and mid-level varieties of sharks that live their whole life out no bigger than a little goldfish, and a cast of thousands.

My hostess was Janet Rice, who is first assistant to Ken Rice, the owner. He was off to New York to get a monkey at the time I dropped around. Jan says she has learned all about the fish and pets from scratch. Mr. Rice started to collect tropical fish, and later bought the wholesale pet business from a firm in Old Forge. It is a big operation, and supplies many northeastern Pennsylvania retail stores.

(Incidentally, they don't sell pets retail, so don't go calling them up to buy a goldfish.)

There were the alligators and the sharks and guppies, and there was a long green iguana -- a statuesque little lizard. Three white mice that survived of a litter nestled together in a box. All manner of teeny tropical fish floated serenely back and forth in their cool shady tanks, totally unaware of their surroundings. One got the feeling that they could be picked up and trucked to

Classic short-short: The cub reporter was assigned to cover a rumor that a man was caught in an elevator shaft. Keep it short, was his instruction. His report: "The man looked up to see if the elevator was coming down. It was. He was fifty-three."

Safety Valve

TRIPLY GOOFED

Dear Myra: June 6, 1965 The enclosed verse is topical, what with astronauts, Gemini, moon rockets, etc.

But please! I think your proof reader must be mad at me. The last three were goofed. Let's try again.

Regards, Williard Ed Note: Thass life. Hix.

In Case Of Swarms, Phone Bill Robbins

If a swarm of bees alights on your shrubbery or your fence, phone Bill Robbins, Staub Road, Trucks-ville.

Bill will come with a carrying box and take them away.

Bill says that there are more swarms than usual this spring, because of the unusually mild winter. Bees, are spurred into activity by warm midwinter days, and leave the hive. With the next cold spell, they have not sufficient time to form their protective ball, and many of them die.

That leads to unusual activity the following spring, with queen bees produced in extraordinary numbers.

Queen bees lead to formation of many swarms.

Bill already has a couple of bush-els of bees safely hived, and will take more.

When bees swarm, he says, they will hold together in a solid mass for at least overnight, sometimes for as long as two days. The mass sheds rain like a thatched roof.

Bill gets stung on occasion, but he does not hold it against the bees. Sometimes he has to jostle them too roughly when working a mass of bees out of the confines of a shrub or a picket fence, and they retaliate.

Bill is dead set against the use of insecticide on swarms of bees. He explains that without honey bees to pollenate the fruit trees, the food supply of the nation would drop off alarmingly.

He asks residents not to try to cope with the situation themselves, but give him a call. The bees are just going about their business, which is buzzing, pollinating the fruit, and making honey. Don't thwart them.

Local Character



ANDY PRESLOPSKI

Andy Preslopski, flexing his muscles and exhibiting a wide expanse of mahogany, strolled into the Dallas Post to say hello Thursday morning. Andy does push-ups for ten minutes every night before hitting the sack, which is pretty good for a man of middle-age.

Asked how he got the tattooing on his left arm, he said he used to be in the business, but terminated it abruptly when a Marine passed out cold on the floor at the first prick of the needle. Andy is a do-it-yourself artist. Right-handed, it's his left arm that is tattooed from biceps to wrist. The snakes writhe around when Andy shows his muscles.

On his 35-acres near Orange, he raises phenomenal onions, evolves spine-chilling faces from roots, and can tame anything in the way of animals.

During the war in which he won three bronze stars to go along with his Asiatic-Pacific Campaign medal, he trained a fleet of armadillos to stand watch over the jungle trail which led to his quarters, and when he ventured into the jungle, he had a monkey on a leash, riding point, guaranteed to raise a ruckus if a Jap should be in hiding.

In the accompanying cut, Andy had on a shirt, a departure from established custom, a salute to the green issue published in 1957.

How, he inquires, can you work up a really good tan in a shirt

Funeral Services For Mrs. Stem Friday At 2

Mrs. Bessie Stem will be buried in Huntsville cemetery Friday afternoon, Rev. Robert Sheehan conducting services at 2 from the home on Huntsville Road. Friends may call at the home on Thursday.

Mrs. Stem, 78, died early Wednesday morning at Mercy Hospital. She was born in Huntsville, daughter of the late Edgar and Josephine Blaine Shaver. Living in this area for 49 years, she belonged to Dallas Methodist Church.

Her husband James died in 1936. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Richard Ostrum. Arrangements by Bronson.

Pillar To Post...

By Hix

It looked like a solid idea at the time. Hot biscuits with strawberries for an old fashioned shortcake sounded like a good Saturday night meal, to eat with the feet propped on top of the Franklin stove, and the typewriter table alongside.

It was chilly, and growing chillier by the minute. The heat from the oven would be grateful. And nothing like taking advantage of the latest innovations in the frozen food department. That is, of friz baking powder biscuits looked like just the ticket. Why bother to work butter (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) into flour, and baking powder and salt, moisten with canned milk, and pat gently on a floured-board?

Hurray for progress. The oven turned up to 500 degrees for a quick bake, I read the instructions. They said, "Rap the roll briskly on the edge of the table along the diagonal black line."

I rapped, but nobody answered. Rapped again, but the roll remained silent.

Toadsticker in hand, I operated, along the diagonal black line. And the doggondest white serpent leaped out, hit me in the eye, and subsided to the porcelain table top. There, it writhed briefly, and subsided.

Arranged hurriedly in a pan, the biscuits went into the oven. Ten minutes later they came out, the requisite beige, but with none of that tantalizing aroma of butter biscuits.

It must be something the manufacturers put in. It couldn't possibly be something they take out to make the stuff keep for a month under refrigeration.

Yankee thrift said sternly, "You paid for this disaster, now you can eat it, either with or without berries."

Home-made biscuits have something which the commercial product lacks. There is a texture which cannot be duplicated in a biscuit which is designed to lie quietly in the dairy case until called for.

Are we bringing up a whole generation of children who will never know the delights of seeing a pan of biscuits come out of the oven, to be split, buttered, and smothered in crushed strawberries liberally sugared?

Real biscuits, fairly oozing butter between their layers, mixed so swiftly and with so much milk that they are difficult to lift into the pan? Biscuits that do not call for the rolling-pin, only a deft patting with the hands?

Could be it is lethal to the waistline. But you know something? There are other measurements besides inches and poundage. Measurements in memory, to be brought out and treasured in years to come.

Mother, flushed from stooping over the oven to bring out that pan of delicious golden biscuits, a dab of flour on her nose, her practiced hand crushing the strawberries and adding a bit more sugar.

Delightful memories that stay with you until your dying day. We can get too mechanized, too regimented.

Sweet Valley strawberries call for old fashioned biscuits.

Mrs. Jenkins Will Be Hostess To Antiques Committee For Auction

Mrs. Mitchell Jenkins will be hostess to members of the Library Auction Antiques Committee Monday afternoon at 2 at her home in Shrine Acres.

Those on the committee are requested to bring one of the two antiques which they will donate to the sale, so that the membership may gain from this, an overall picture of what sections need filling in. Members are advised not to bring articles of furniture, as space will be somewhat limited.

Things which will be needed for a good display on the long table devoted to antiques at the auction include colored glass, china, brass and copper pieces, small objects of art, wrought iron, examples of historical significance.

Furniture will, as usual, be ranged off in front of the table, but roped off to exclude sitters. Members of the committee are automatically invited. However, as time presses, Mrs. Jenkins suggests

that a telephone squad be alerted for action, to insure that everybody is notified, in addition to notification in the Dallas Post.

Time does not permit sending out written invitations.

Final plans for the part of the Antiques Committee in the Auction will be laid Monday afternoon. Many sub-chairmen have already been enlisted.

Mrs. Homer Moyer, in charge of chances for the hand-decorated settle decorated by Helen Gross, will have chance books ready for advance sale at the tea.

Antiques will be received at the Auction Barn Tuesday and Wednesday of Auction Week. Mrs. Harold Titman will be in charge, assisted by a committee of her own selection.

Mrs. Fred Howell is in charge of the work schedule, dividing hours behind the display table into periods acceptable to members.

Confirmation Class Accepted By Church

On June 6th, Pentecost Sunday, these young people of the Confirmation Class were received into membership in the Trucks-ville Methodist Church: Ned Bessmer, Debra Bullock, William Bradbury, Gerald Fritzes, Joanne Gensel, Jeanne Hefner, Dean Johnson, Diane Morgan, Harry Owens, Maeryta Parkhurst, Emilie Peters, Brock Phillips, Barbara Reese, Brenda Richards, Robert Sabol, Robert Shoemaker, Kitty Vernon and Wayne Youels.

FERNBROOK FARM TEAM

Candidates for Fernbrook Farm Team will meet for their first practice Saturday at 1 p.m. at the Fernbrook practice field. Jim Steinhauer says boys age 8 to 12 are eligible.

FATHER'S DAY "SPECIAL" Squibbs "Broxodent" Electric Toothbrush \$19.75 Value \$14.89 SUPPLY LIMITED HALL'S PHARMACY SHAVERTOWN, PA. Air-Conditioned for Your Comfort