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Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

Igor Sikorsky, world famous airplane designer, and Boris Sergievsky, well known test pilot, were guests of honor at Russian Day at Harvey's Lake. Girl Scouts of Dallas Troop 7 won a Post-sponsored prize of \$5 for cleaning up an unsightly lot in Dallas. Two CCC camps were planned for this area. Six local youngsters were attending 4-H Leadership Camp at Camp Brule.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Risley returned from their wedding trip. The couple visited New England and Nova Scotia. Died: Harry H. Garrahan, 54, Dallas, prominent local figure in fraternal and civic organizations; Ambrose West, Dallas. Potatoes were 15 lbs. for 17c, cantaloupes 3 for 25c.

20 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. Sev Newberry, Dallas, were among excited spectators who watched an army bomber circle through New York City before crashing into the fog-shrouded Empire State Building. Donald Freeman, listed as missing in action in the Philippines since 1942, was declared killed in action. The family had hoped he was a prisoner. Hannah Culp was named first grade teacher in the Lehman Township schools.

In the Outpost: Don Dunn, Dutch East Indies; Dick Phillips, San Francisco; Jim Evans, New York; Earl Taylor, Georgia; Jay Gould, New York; Charles Mahler, Italy; Warren Brown, New York; Robert Jones, Philippines. Decorated: Joseph Wallo, the Bronze Star. August was reunion time. The Smith family met at Sweet Valley, the Frear-Parrish family at Ide-town, and the Ransom family at Alderson. Married: Arlene Eyet, Beaumont, to Herbert Downs, Beaumont. Died: Corey A. Frantz, 75, Dallas, bank president and civic leader, of a heart attack; Charles Parrish, 74, Dallas. The boys were coming home.

10 Years Ago

The heavy drought, threatened to close the big Noxen tannery. Heat and lack of rain drove rats down near populated areas. Bowman's Creek was a particularly bad section. Four fire companies combined to douse a large fire at the home of William Ide, Idetown. State Senator Harold Flaek was leading opposition to Gov. George Leader's tax bill. Married: Carol Huray, Shavertown, to Robert Guyette, Trucksville; Margaret McCuster, Shavertown, to John Mihalic, Dallas; Iva Derby, Dallas, to Ralph Coolbaugh, Trucksville. Died: June Oliver, 26, Edwardsville, of Polio in Arizona; Mrs. Cora Steele, 83, Lake Township; Guy Blair, Hunlocks Creek.

To Be Interviewed For T-V Appearance

Debbie Rogers will be interviewed for possible appearance on the T-V show, 'Jeopardy,' Monday morning, at the NBC studio in New York City. Requirements are that any applicant spend a week in or near New York, with an interview a prime requisite. Nobody goes on the air without this preliminary. There are a great many applicants for the morning show, which is taped in advance and broadcast at 11:30. The gimmick is this: Answers, not questions, are hurled at the contestant, and in a category selected by the previous contestant. People of eighteen or older are eligible. This strains out the infant prodigies. Categories in which appropriate questions must be fitted to announced answers, include history, literature, Broadway, and politics. A buzzer cuts off too lengthy reflection.

Debbie, who has been employed sporadically at the Dallas Post this summer, and who regularly contributes news about the 4-H Clubs and Children of the American Revolution, is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Rogers III, who live on the old Dr. Howell farm. She expects to go to Syracuse University in the fall, with an eye toward possible journalism. In the meantime, she is cutting her teeth on the Only Yesterday column, and is writing a few feature stories, for which she gets a by-line. Low man on the totem pole, she also gets to do some of the hack jobs, such as taking cuts off of blocks, burning her fingers in the process, but absorbing, by osmosis, much valuable information about what goes into the making of a newspaper.

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Roof Overhangs

Roof overhangs should be deep enough to protect windows and sittings, but not so deep that they restrict the view. A rule of thumb: plan overhangs so that a view from any standard size window reveals one-third sky.

KEEPING POSTED

July 28: LBJ DOUBLES draft calls, says no present reason to call Reserves. ABE FORTAS replaces former Justice Goldberg on the Supreme Court bench. JOHN CHANCELLOR heads Voice of America, appointed by The President. GOVERNORS SUPPORT stand on Vietnam, with exception of Romney and Hatfield. July 29: GOVERNORS MEET with President for brief situation. Hatfield still protests. FIRST CAVALRY, based at Fort Benning, alerted for action in Vietnam and 101st Airborne lands in Vietnam. HORMONE TREATMENTS produce two sets of quintuplets, one set in New Zealand. MARS PIX from Mariner TV indicate surface similar to that of moon, hopes for life on the planet fade. WHAT DO YOU BET Hoffa beats the rap again? July 30: MEDICARE BILL signed into law in library of Harry Truman, who first suggested such a measure in his presidency. STEEL STRIKE threatened September 1. August 1: LBJ lashes out at GOP House leader Ford. August 2: FORD LASHES back, says no leak from him. DEAN RUSK suggests U.N. further explore possibility of peace negotiations in Vietnam. RASH OF REPORTS on flying saucers. August 3: JUNGLE WARRIORS find extermination of guerrillas as difficult as slaughtering termites with a hammer. MARTIN LUTHER KING leaves picketing forces outside Girard College in Philadelphia, moves on to Washington for demonstrations. PENTAGON CALLS for 27,400 draftees in September, 33,600 in October.

Better Leighton Never

SEEN AND HEARD The burglar alarm at the Dallas Acme went off around 7:30 Monday morning, adding a little brightness to an otherwise grim gray morning. Seems the assistant manager came in a little early to get things arranged after being on vacation and encountered complication in opening the safe. Threatened strike at Linear plant was averted twice over the weekend—once when the union employees decided to wait till after pay-day and then again Monday morning. It is fairly well acknowledged among those who have to live with speeding on Main Street that arrests ought to be made. (I always do my part by opening my driver's door abruptly in front of a racing driver just before he comes to pass, then pulling it shut in the nick of time.) We shouldn't have to resort to extra-legal measures. One of the girls from the OES reports it was a spirited auction this year, but notes the women will buy the darndest things (e.g. screens without knowing the window size.) Wayne King, at Meeker, put a can out in his back yard during the weekend rain and says it measured two and 5/16 inches. Installation of a sign marking Pioneer Avenue and Overbrook Road makes one wonder why it wasn't done a long time ago. Did you know dept. Dead fish make the best fertilizer in the world. It is illegal to use fish not caught in quota as fertilizer. While a variety of rumors drifted around Dallas as to why the police car disappeared after making its

pictorial debut in the Dallas Post, including one which implied a little professional jealousy about who was and was not in the picture, the fact is that the cruiser went back to the garage for installation of its 360 degree flashing light. One wonders, after heaven knows how many years, it will take the state to resurface Old Main Road between Pioneer Avenue and Memorial Highway. This is one of the world's most busted pieces of concrete, and is so full of tar-patch lines, it looks like a road map. Buses on this tank-trap slow to almost a complete stop all the way down the hill. A friend of ours who wears shatter-proof sunglasses as extra precaution on the shooting range at his gun club wears them around here too. He does business on Memorial Highway and says they're great protection against rocks thrown up by the wheels of big trucks. Ray Kuderka looked woeiful over at Fanti's last week, watching the pitiful spectacle of all his fish floating to shore and dying because of lack of oxygen. 'They used to say there weren't any fish in the pond', he mused, with resigned humor. 'Now they'll change their tune.' I suggested he make the best of it and throw a fish fry. Late bulletin: Two guys are said to have taken the police cruiser on a ride around the block Tuesday morning, after they found it parked on Main Street with the keys in it. They then took the keys to the officer on duty. 'We pay taxes in this town,' one of them told an unimpeachable source later.

Washington Less Symbol Than City Says 4 H Member After Civic Trip

by Debbie Pat Holdrede, member of the Cloverleaf 4-H Club, was one of three Luzerne County 4-Hers selected to attend the 'Short Course in Citizenship' offered by the 4-H Foundation in Washington, D. C. The course was given to approximately 400 outstanding 4-H members who gathered in the nation's capital from all over the country. Thirty two youngsters represented Pennsylvania. The other Luzerne County 4-Hers who went to Washington were Susan Wolfe and Mary Jane Spangler. The trio was accompanied by county agents Barry Flinchbaugh and Mrs. Chapman. While in Washington, Pat stayed at the 4-H Foundation on Connecticut Avenue with the rest of the Pennsylvania delegation. The course lasted one week, July 11 to 18. One of the main features of the course was a series of lectures on the importance of good citizenship. The talks given by 4-H officials and by guest speakers, covered such areas as civil rights, and the 4-H in the world. When in Washington one goes on guided tours, and Pat went on his share of them. Attractions visited by the 4-H group included the Washington Monument, the Smithsonian Institution, the Washington Zoo, Arlington Cemetery, and the Lincoln Memorial. Perhaps the most exciting event of Pat's Washington stay was an extensive tour of the Capitol. In addition to the regular tour, the Pennsylvania delegation visited Senator Clark's office and was given a talk on the many duties of a senator by one of his assistants. The Luzerne County contingent visited Representative Dan Flood. The 4-H group visited both the House and Senate chambers. The

Safety Valve

HARDY PERENNIAL Dear Mrs. Hicks: A mere Thank You seems quite small for the wonderful job you and your committee did for the Auction this year. I am well aware of the long association you have had with the auction and was not in the least surprised when you turned in the excellent results in the Antique Committee. Your committee has long been a main stay of the auction and this year was again a major source of income. Please convey my heartfelt thanks to the many people on your committee and a special Thanks to you. Kindest regards, Merrill H. Faegenburg

EARLY HISTORY THERE

Dear Editor: I also am interested in the old cemetery in such a terrible state of neglect in Dallas. I don't think it is important who owns it. In olden days cemeteries were either set off at the laying out of the towns along with school and church lands or else donated as public property by some civic minded individual. A group of people from the community would be appointed as a cemetery association and without remuneration would maintain it. Today people are too eager to say the borough owns it, the county owns it, yet complain of increased taxes to cover these added services. The pioneers who are buried there in their day would have called a town meeting and set a time for the local citizenry to in a cooperative effort renovate this cemetery. Why can't we start such a project. It would be a big job but once done would require very little effort to maintain. As for a little more about the people buried here— Isaac Hughey was a shingle maker in Dallas. A devout patriot who enlisted in his country's service in the Civil War. He took with him his sons George, John, Charles and Andrew. He had several more sons killed in this war. His granddaughter Liva Hughey Gordon, is now 92 years old. Her picture appeared two weeks ago in this paper in five generation picture. His son John and daughter Sara Fish are buried beside him. Doesn't anyone care about such a patriot's grave? Peter Roushey was the first tailor in Dallas, and opened the first tavern. Christian Rice was supervisor of the township in 1837. In 1818 he opened a sawmill on Toby's Creek. Jesse Vaustemburgh was a carpenter, Daniel Brown a farmer. Peter Ryman who died in 1838 was the first lawyer in Dallas. He still has many descendants here. In 1829 Lehman separated from Dallas. The following signed a petition against this separation: Ephraim Moss, Stephen Brace, Elam Spencer, Peter B. Roushey and Richard Honeywell. Most of all of us who lived in the Back Mountain before World War I have someone buried there. If your name or your mother's or grandmother's maiden name was Spencer, Honeywell, Nulton, Barce, Kunkle, Hughey, Moss, Elston, Ohr, Brown, Roushey, Ryman, Lewis, Anderson, Snyder, King, or Ferguson you no doubt are a descendant of one of these people. We in the Back Mountain should be proud of the heritage these people left us. Let's fix up our graves. Walter Darrow

GET A HAWK

Regarding article, Page 1, 'Still Another Fruit Crop Cleaned Out: Total Loss Is Due to Birds' of July 29, 1965. Would suggest Mr. Rebnack secure a predatory bird such as Hawk for purpose of keeping at bay seed-eating birds. Of course, this predatory bird should be caged or foot leashed. Game Commission may provide bird. George A. Skeeba, Pole 136, Harvey's Lake

Broken Heart, Courtesy Of Andy Preslopski

Andy Preslopski is in again, this time with something which he hopes to peddle to 'Believe It Or Not.' The object is a cross section of a small oak tree, sixteen inches in diameter. The slice is heart-shaped, and the heart is thrust through with a natural dagger. To wrap it all up, the tree was felled on Valentine's Day.

Summer Comfort

For summer comfort inside the house, never set a masonry terrace directly against house walls where it will hold heat against walls and reflect it through windows. If an attached terrace is desirable, use wood, which does not conduct heat. Deborah Jean Goode Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Goode, Meadowcrest, announce the birth of a daughter August 2, at Mercy Hospital. Deborah Jean weighed in at five pounds, eleven ounces. Her brother Brian is one year old. Mrs. Goode is the former Lida Jean Hughes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hughes, Trucksville. Mr. Goode is son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Goode, Wyoming.

Pillar To Post... By Hix

There have been times when water in the basement was a major calamity, calling for acid comment on the early builders who pick-axed out the cellar, and later builders who failed to waterproof the rugged walls of native stone. There were times when it seemed exasperating to have to pull on galoshes in order to pluck a few sticks of firewood from the neatly stacked apple logs on the far side of the pond. There were times when it seemed that the pervading dampness, rising from the sluggishly flowing stream moving across the cellar floor seeped into every room in the house, giving even the bedrooms a dank atmosphere. But no more. There is water in the cellar this morning, moving toward the drain at the far end. Walls glisten with moisture. And hurrah for our side. It's the first time we have had enough rain to soak the ground for months. It must have come straight from the East, to leak in around the furnace, and more power to it. It was a real pleasure to go wading in the basement in order to turn on the furnace after a weekend spent in Chautauqua County. It rained up there, too, but it seemed too much to expect that Northeastern Pennsylvania had been likewise blessed. Crossing each ridge of the Allegheny Mountains on Monday, I looked for puddles, and found them. When I turned into the driveway on Pioneer Avenue late in the afternoon, there was the grand-daddy of all puddles. So the lake in the cellar was no real surprise, but it seemed almost too good to be true. We could use a solid month of rain, beginning with a soft drizzle to make the ground receptive. Sheets of rain were gusting on Monday across the Kinzua Dam, but tourists shrugged into raincoats and hustled the kids out of the car to pose them for snapshots against the construction work. When the dam is finished, and the gates closed, the land deeded to the Indians will be submerged. It will take a lot of rain to fill those vast reaches. In the meantime, every time it rains, thousands of tons of good topsoil go down the drain. The Allegheny was boiling with mud, outcome of the bulldozer operations employed in leveling the floor of what will be a lake. The residents of surrounding areas call it the damn-dam, but the chances are that when the tourists start to arrive, hot-dog stands will spring up on every side road, and the plight of the Indians will be ancient history. Folks will ask, 'Just who WERE the Corn-planter Indians?' In the meantime, 'let it rain, let it pour,' not necessarily to fill up the Kinzua dam's reservoir, but to bring relief to the farmers everywhere in the Northeast.

Civiletti Paints The Susquehanna And Blue Distances Of The Hills

Vincent Civiletti, local artist, is working on a mammoth painting of the Susquehanna River, its flow picked up by white herons, their wings wide-spread in the foreground, the river fading into the blue distance of the encircling hills, pierced by a distant and hardly discernible water-gap. Viewing the picture, it is impossible to refrain from wondering why Mr. Civiletti does not go into the execution of murals on a large scale, for the enrichment of public buildings. The blues in the foreground are as varied and iridescent as the blues and greens in a peacock's tail. The picture has been purchased by Edward Welles of Wilkes-Barre, who expects to hang it in a very large room. The scene would vary any lesser setting. It has already been exhibited, but Mr. Civiletti is a perfectionist, and nothing he executes ever entirely satisfies him, so he is working it over. It seems to the layman, one who has no expert knowledge, that this is almost a sacrifice. For a number of years Mr. Civiletti did pot-boilers for magazine covers and calendars after the Norman Rockwell style, with crisply executed small boys playing tortured trombones, and dogs howling mournfully as an obligato. No pin-up girls. On an easel, half finished, is a portrait of his two older sons, one face almost leaping from the canvas, the other indicated by outline. Why doesn't he finish the portrait? He says there is no time. Then he turns, brush in hand, to the compelling picture of the Susquehanna. Hanging in Luzerne National Bank there is a large Civiletti picture, its subject one of the rapid, vanishing bits of early Americana, the battered Lehigh Valley Railroad Depot of a bygone day. If Mr. Civiletti should ever decide to go into murals, to depict Wyoming Valley and the Valley of the Susquehanna, there are many appropriate subjects. Springing readily to mind is Veterans Hospital, standing high on its hill, its stark outlines glowing in the setting sun, contrasted with deep shadows, a composition of cubes, beautiful in its simplicity. And there is the UGI plant at Hunlock Creek, wreathed in morning mist, its tall towers reaching for the sunlight, a subject for an artist of perception. Naked power, gentled by the sunrise. But no matter what he accomplished, it would never satisfy Mr. Civiletti. He would visit his murals later, and he would wonder why he had not brought out this or that. No artist is ever completely satisfied. Professional men are afflicted in the same manner. They are never willing to say to themselves, 'That was the perfect solution.' There is always something beyond, something which eludes the grasp. It is almost good enough... but there is another peak to scale.

SWIMMING POOL SAFETY TIPS

Whether you already own a pool, or hope to build one some day (more and more middle-income families are taking the plunge), these protective pointers from Johns-Manville, producer of Celite filter aids, may keep you from 'getting in over your head.' 1. Keep swimmers out of the pool for at least one hour after meals. 2. Always keep a life preserver handy—an inflated inner tube is fine. 3. Filters must be cleaned every 3-10 days. Clogging of diatomite filters—the type used in most pools—can be prevented by proper pre-cleaning with diatomite filter aid. 4. An adult should be present whenever the children are in for a swim. For neighborhood kids, make an informal rule that all small children must be accompanied by an adult. 5. Electric lights in the pool area make night swimming safer. 6. Keep water well-chlorinated to fight growth of algae and bacteria.

Editorially Speaking Sundown

When a woman such as Eleanor Farley dies, she leaves behind her a heritage of far greater value than mere wealth. She bequeathes to her children and her grandchildren the high standards of her own life; the love for the beautiful; the appreciation of music and of winged words; compassion for all small and helpless things; a serene acceptance of whatever life may bring; a courage to rise above the storms of life, finding in each a renewed belief. There are those of us who from the beginning have watched the transformation of the hilltop at Beaumont, have been privileged to be accepted, over the years, as welcome guests, have seen the gradual mellowing of Fair-Lea and the growth of the family. The silent Quaker blessing at each meal, hands linked around the table; the quiet hour at sunset, the westerling hills fading into the dusk of a summer evening; the heavenly scent of dew-drenched petunias; the wide and starry sky. It was eminently fitting that quiet services be held for her, from her own home, at sundown, with night gathering, and the sure promise of a sunrise in the enfolding darkness. Sleep well, Eleanor.

Tetanus A Real Danger

Watch for small wounds this summer, especially when going barefoot around places where horses are usually found. Tetanus, says the Department of Health of the State of Pennsylvania, is a very real danger. Many women do not have immunization from tetanus. Their babies have it, because it is customarily included in the standard inoculation which protects against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. Their men-folks have immunization if they have ever been in the military services. Fewer than one-half of the victims survive. Small scrapes, small puncture wounds, can have deadly results. People are lazy about being immunized. Women who screamed about their fear of polio ten years ago, now go blithely about their business, failing to take their children to be immunized, and brushing off any possibility that the disease can strike the mature as well as the young. In areas where smallpox vaccination is not one hundred percent, a devastating epidemic can occur. It has done so, right here in Pennsylvania, in areas where religious opposition to vaccination is encountered. Safeguard yourself and your family against as many diseases as possible. The means are now at hand. Someday, cancer will be added to the list. Again: watch those small summer wounds, and if you are not protected against tetanus, see your family doctor.

Bet You Can't Do It

The Dallas Post has had recently brought to its attention the gossip that has been going the rounds because somebody from an older generation is enjoying the Watusi and the Clam and the Mashed Potato, at a snack bar. All the Dallas Post can say is that any woman nearing seventy who is able to shuck off forty pounds by going in for the modern dances, better keep it up, and more power to her. If she likes to mash a potato somewhere other than in her own kitchen, she is entitled to do so. Doubtless her detractors are motivated by envy, being unable themselves to perform the accepted tribal rites because of excess poundage or fallen arches, or reluctance to throw their spinal columns out of joint. There's nothing like a few limbering-up exercises. Lady, we take off our hat to you.

The Cherry Tree

I It blossomed in the springtime With a beauty fair to see, And the promise of a harvest That would ripen lusciously; And it stirred anticipation In one beholder's heart, Of resulting masterpieces In the culinary art. II The blossoms faded quickly But anticipation grew, With the nectar and ambrosia Of cherry pies in view; For the ancient gods ne'er tasted In their dining halls on high, A morsel half as wondrous As a fresh baked cherry pie. III But this story has a moral Which is sadly now attached, And which, slightly altered, follows— 'Don't count cherries 'fore they're hatched.' Cause our feathered 'friends' were waiting And in flights and flocks and herds, They descended, and from then on, It was strictly 'for the birds.' by Willard Seaman