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Editorially Speaking

LIKE FRESH AIR

Your children can walk and run and play, something which we take for granted. Sometimes their unceasing activity wears us. They have an excess of energy.

Do we ever stop to think of those children who are NOT able to run and play, those who must walk painfully, if at all, on artificial limbs, whose hands cannot hold a ball, whose every motion is a triumph?

Until fresh air is shut off, we never think about fresh air. It is something which is always there. We expect freedom of motion, much as we expect fresh air. The ability to walk and run is something which is an inherent right of childhood.

We do not know how fortunate we are that this is something which is taken for granted.

In a world whose horizon is bounded by a wheelchair, the ability to move about freely, to play on the school grounds, to run and whoop and become red in the face with enthusiasm, is something which is the highest goal in a child's life.

All the Jimmies and Marys and Billys are out there in the spring sunshine wrestling, tumbling, skipping, shouting with the sheer joy of animal spirits.

There is one who is waiting for help. He may never attain the freedom of action of his fellows, but the Crippled Children's Fund holds out hope to him that he can move about without assistance.

As a thank-offering for your own lusty children, make a contribution to the association which offers help to those who are crippled.

Make your Easter Seal offering today.

Buttermaking Nearly Extinct Here

(Continued from 1 A)

off a near-riot in the community. Everybody's grandmother, Aunt Mattie, and assorted ancestry used to churn, but capturing a real live churn with somebody pushing the dasher up and down methodically, is a horse of another color.

Most of the hitherto churners are either buying margarine or have long since been called to their reward.

Clyde Birth, with connections down in the Broadway area, has fond recollections of churning done in the springhouses of a family home built in 1834. He disclaims personal knowledge of the first churning.

Mrs. Albert E. Ruff, down Baltimore way, recalls that her grandmother, Mrs. J. E. Boston of Ricketts Glen, now 82, used to churn until four or five years ago when she sold her cows, cutting off the butter at the source. She always added a bit extra to the measured pound pat, to give her customers a "good" pound.

Mrs. W.J. Smith, Huntsville Road, signing herself "The City Slicker," tells how it was done. She says:

"I moved onto a farm, not by choice, but by necessity. I got up at four in the morning, went to the barn, fed seven cows, washed their udders, gave Belle a pat, and said "now GIVE." Then on to Bessie, who was a Guernsey and gave richer milk, and so down through the seven cows. I assure you it took some pulling.

"In the milk-house I strained the milk through a clean cloth into crocks, put the crocks on shelves in the milk house, left it about three days to ripen, then skimmed off the cream from the sour milk and put it in a barrel churn. (Shame on you Millie, this was a DASHER churn inquiry.)

"Some folks believed putting a hot poker into the cream would chase the hex away.

"After the butter collected into a ball, we'd take it out and put it into a wooden bowl, and paddle out the buttermilk by adding cold water.

You have to know by guesswork how much salt needed. If it isn't mixed in properly, it will streak. We used to make the butter up into loaves. If you have a big stomach it helps to hold the bowl while you are making up the two and a half to four-pound loaves.

"After all that doing, the loaves are put on plates and on shelves in the spring-house until next day. Then we wrapped it in wax paper

and it was ready for market. We'd trade in butter for supplies for the home. If we needed cash, we'd sell some. We always enjoyed the trip to town and the chat with the Williams Brothers who owned the store. I always felt proud that they kept a churn butter for their own home use instead of selling it to customers."

OTHERS HEARD FROM

Mrs. Josephine Benschoter, Hunlocks Creek, says she has a dasher churn, butter bowl, ladle, and butter print.

Mrs. Mary Hudak knows the ins and outs of butter making. So does Perry Patton of Buckwheat Hollow.

Letha Wolfe, out at Meeker, has not churned for quite a spell.

Mrs. Nesbitt Garinger, Lake Street, responded enthusiastically, but it has been twenty-five years since she actually made butter with a dasher churn. She reports that by the time you get fourteen pounds of butter clinging to the dasher, the up and down motion is enough to cripple you.

She recalls that on many an occasion she made 100 pounds a week, which is a wad of butter, even for the wife of a dairyman.

She had a wooden mold which held just one pound of butter, packed tightly. When turned out, the butter had a maple leaf design on top.

She laughs about one incident, right after the end of the first World War, when two pounds of butter brought an unexpected bonus. Mr. Myers, a Wilkes-Barre jeweler, came to Dallas to get some butter. Upon being told the lot was sold, he offered \$1 a pound, and managed to liberate two pounds.

There is an old army term for that sort of shenanigan.

Mrs. Garinger, as Alberta Elston churned many a pound of butter in her mother's kitchen before going in for it in wholesale quantity.

Eventually, in the dairy, the wooden dasher churn was replaced by electric model, and the days of hand churning were over.

FIREMEN TO MEET

Noxen Fire Company will meet at 8 p.m., Tuesday, April 12, at the firehall, Weston Ruff presiding. Further plans for the Horse Show will be made.

Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Mrs. Karl Kuehn had the featured spot at the top of the front page, sharing honors with Asa Lewis. Both had leading parts in the volunteer firemen's annual show, staged at Dallas Borough High School.

Rev. Lloyd Karschner, 77, was buried one week after he had officiated at his daughter Ruth's wedding to Lloyd Rogers of Idetown. George J. Russ, Fernbrook, who had designed the auditorium-annex to Dallas Township high school, died aged 48.

Robert Fleming again triumphed in the oratorical contest, champion of Luzerne County. Rufus Shaver, Fernbrook, and Bert Lehr, Carverton, plunged twenty feet when a scaffold broke. They were painting Shavertown school ceiling. Neither man was seriously hurt.

Dallas Water Company came up with no adjusted schedule on water rates. Postponement period of 150 days was half over.

Rev. Judson Bailey, Carverton Methodist Charge, resigned.

Councilmen Himmeler, Wilson and Clark were instructed to inquire of WPA why work projects on Pinecrest Avenue had been delayed.

A senior class of 53 at Kingstown Township was preparing for graduation.

Wasp waists and Gibson Girl straw hats were revived as Easter attire.

Married: Jane Keener to Malvin Wagner.

You could get a tall can of pink salmon for 10 cents; eggs for 23 per dozen; jelly eggs 3 pounds for two bits. Ham was 27 cents a pound, steak halfbit 23; chuck roast 19.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Congressman Flood wrote an editorial on the passing of the League of Nations, replaced by the United Nations.

Mrs. Arthur Newman sparked a drive in Dallas Township PTA to erect a memorial fence around the athletic field.

Dallas Kiwanis Club sponsored a baseball league for boys under 14. Lt. Caddie LaBar was president. Teams were to be organized in Dallas Township, playing schedule two games a week.

Daffodils again in Clyde Lapp's yard.

Strict surveillance held down forest fires. Chestnut Ridge watchtower kept constant track.

News of Servicemen: Calvin H. Ferrell got himself a bronze star. Albert J. Cadwallader was in North China. Bernard Sperko was discharged. James Fink was upped to PFC. Carl Carey telephoned from Hawaii. James Lurba in Honolulu. Married: Helen Lyons to Paul Jones. Died: Mrs. Jasper Swingle, 86, Shavertown. Mrs. George Garinger, native of Jackson Township.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Rare trumpeter swan was murdered on Huntsville Reservoir by a poacher from Luzerne. Game Commission gave permission for it to be mounted for the Back Mountain Library. Fine \$10.

Scarlet fever epidemic was on the wane at Lehman.

Morris King, Shavertown, was admitted to Veterans Hospital after illness struck him down at his sugar camp in Sullivan County.

Purchase of a pressure pump was authorized to supply upper levels of Westmoreland high school.

Chief Edgar Hughes captured three youths, confiscated knives and took the New York kids single-handed to detention. Car was stolen from a wealthy Chinese.

Grass fires of mysterious origin sprang up.

Property purchases: corner of Mill and Main streets property, from James Durkin to Ray McDonald; Ed VanCampen's barber shop, Nesbitt Garinger from James Durkin. Died: D. E. Wilkinson, 81, Hunlock Creek. Lyman Root, 66, Noxen. Robert Moore, 57, Dallas. Harrison Crane, 77, Lake Silkworth.

Married: Kate Marie Doublerly to Larue Sutliff.

KEEPING POSTED

March 30: CAVALRY COMPANY pinned down near Cambodian Border relieved by reinforcements.

March 31: EIGHT MAJOR RAILROADS suffer strike. Reason, featherbedding for firemen, no longer needed for operation.

MAJOR MILITARY buildup in Vietnam. WILSON LANDSLIDE in England, gains nearly 100 votes for Labor in Parliament, clear mandate for five years as Prime Minister. NEGRO RIOT in Atlanta, U. S. and State flags torn down before courthouse.

April 1: TERRORISTS STRIKE in Saigon, 118 injured in collapse of hotel. ANTI-Ky DEMONSTRATIONS louder in Saigon as city celebrates its 2,000th anniversary. U. S. PARTICIPATION in South Vietnam total 300,000.

April 2: OPPOSITION GROWS to military government in Vietnam, spearheaded by Buddhist students.

April 3: FOREST FIRES in North Carolina menace towns. SOVIET LUNA 10 goes into orbit around moon. INDONESIA APPLIES for readmission to United Nations. Withdrew year ago. CHERRY BLOSSOMS in Washington.

April 4: RAILROAD FIREMEN go back to work under pressure from LBJ and the Courts. NATO'S 17th ANNIVERSARY. France still bucking the tide, wants OUT. NORTH CAROLINA'S fire burns 35,000 acres before being contained. CENTRAL FLORIDA TORNADOES, 10 dead, 300 injured, disaster area. GENERAL MOTORS recalls 1 1/2 million cars because of jamming accelerators. Free repair. RED ALERT in Da Nang.

April 5: VIETNAM SOLDIERS back demand for civilian government. BOSTON NEWSPAPER STRIKE off, publication to resume Friday. WILSON TRIES to enforce sanctions against Rhodesia. Portugal deaf to complaint that oil tanker is anchored in Mozambique.

April 6: RED RIVER FLOODS into Canada from Minnesota and North Dakota, ice-jams dynamited. THREATS OF CIVIL WAR eased in Vietnam.

Better Leighton Never

Running over Dallas Posts of a year back, we see that the current issue was the closing of Sgarlat's landfill and the ensuing crisis over where to dump Back Mountain garbage.

We asked Bill Berti, who maintains optimistically "business is always picking up". He tells us there is no crisis anymore, and that truckers are now making use of the West Side landfill and of the landfill operation in the Back Mountain. Hoover and Milbrodt's out in Lehman.

You recall that the problem was, as per state law, landfills must be regulated and covered over with a certain amount of earth, requiring a bulldozer. The days of the old-fashioned open dump are over. This state health regulation, while commendable, runs to money, and there was some question as to whether anyone local was willing to undergo the expense. There was also question as to whether or not the Back Mountain would be permitted to make any more than temporary use of the West Side Landfill, which is a cooperative run by and for the benefit of the communities there.

Accustomed to parking one's car on Main Street, one takes no notice of the fact that he is parked over a drain grate leading down to Toby's Creek until he gets back into his car. At that, Mr. car-owner is convinced that nothing will restore the interior to its original condition short of a trade-in.

Perhaps the best view of the Back Mountain is afforded from the fire tower on Chestnut Ridge. Climbing on it is not encouraged, although lots of people do it, and at the top the wind flaps and slaps your clothes while you tense your muscles against the March winds in April and peer out toward Kunkle, Jackson Township, or Bunker Hill. From here, the distances shorten up so that Huntsville Dam appears to be in Natona Mills' back yard, and College Misericordia not a yard or two farther. The sound of the wind is the only tune that breaks an otherwise majestic silence, solitude of a Sunday afternoon when nothing is moving except cars reduced to the size of bugs that inch

Dallas Kiwanis Women Plan Many Activities

A tour of Hayfield House, a covered dish supper and a proposed theatre party to New York City are among the coming events slated by Dallas Kiwanis Women.

Mrs. John Blase, program chairman, announced the April meeting will be held at Lehman with dinner scheduled and a tour of the mansion bequeathed to Pennsylvania State University, following. Members are to meet at the Country Club at 6:15 p.m., and leave from there.

Mrs. Robert Maturi will be hostess to club members at a covered dish supper to be held in May. As a money making project, each member will pay the regular dinner fee in addition to bringing a casserole, salad or dessert. Mrs. John Marsh, chairman, will be assisted by Mrs. Robert Laux, Mrs. James Huston, Mrs. Mitchell Jenkin and Mrs. Maturi.

Tentative plans for a theatre party in New York in the fall were also made at a meeting of the organization held recently.

Mrs. Thomas Kreidler presided. The resignation of Mrs. Hazel Berti was accepted and the executive committee appointed Mrs. Harold Brobst to the post of treasurer.

Mrs. Juanita Miller, fashion co-ordinator, spoke on the new Spring look in fashion.

Safety Valve

FISH COMMISSION

Editor:

For the past 100 years the Pennsylvania Fish Commission has been most grateful for the support of the news media of the Commonwealth. Its programs have been presented through you for the better understanding of the fishing public.

May I personally take this opportunity to thank you for the support I've received during the last eight seasons of trout stocking.

Within our County, approximately 30,000 fishing license buyers, together with their families, look to you for the information they seek. In no other way would it be possible for our Commission to inform them when or where we are doing what!

The news of trout stockings has always held first place with these people, judging from the letters and phone calls I receive when and if they miss an announcement.

I believe you will agree that news regarding the stocking of fish is still good news - even when late. There are times when the arrival of stocking notices at my office does not permit notification to you in time for advanced publication.

I ask that you bear in mind that your paper may be the only one to which a large section of the county may subscribe and your failure to print a stream as "having been stocked", can leave the impression that it has not been.

Again I thank you, personally, and on behalf of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission.

Sincerely,
Jim Yoder
District Fish Warden

WONDERFUL WRITE-UP

My Dear Mrs. Hix

Greetings:

I have been wanting to stop by and renew my subscription for your fine paper "The Dallas Post". However being quite busy as usual I shall send it to you.

Thanks very much for your wonderful write up a few weeks ago. As ever your friend,
Forest Nelson, pastor

Idetown Family Night

Methodist Youth Fellowship of Idetown Methodist Church sponsored a Family Night Fellowship Supper on Wednesday, March 30 at the church house. About 100 people attended.

The supper was followed by group singing. Audrey Ide and Doreen Davis presented a skit "My Gt Is Gone". Steve Calkins was narrator. Judy Steele acted as guest artist, using live objects to paint a "Spring Picture". The MYF girls presented several song selections.

From — Pillar To Post...

by HIX

The Pillar to Post about the House-Book brought an unexpected response. Plenty of people keep house-books, but they are in the main a record of repairs and temperatures, the time when the first cardinal approached the bird feeder, the date of the first crocus, the time in June when a killing frost on the tenth took all the tomato plants, the day the new refrigerator replaced the model which had been doing business since the mid-thirties.

Saturday morning there was a thunderous knock at the back door, and there stood Bill Moss with a tremendous volume, somewhat beat-up, in his arms, and a beaming smile wreathing his face. Manuscript and displaying his treasure.

"I'll need a table top," he announced, sweeping off a stack of Bill's book is not a mere account of what happened in his house-Back Mountain and around the world.

In that battered ledger, he has trapped in capsule form, about the most complete account of life for the past twenty-five years that you could imagine.

Want to know what you were paying for gas in 1941? bread? electric service? fuel oil? Ask Bill. He will quote you dates and figures.

Want to know the date of somebody's wedding? and the expected outcome? Shame on you!

If you think you've gotten away with murder during the past twenty-five years, stay away from Bill. He has the lowdown.

Fortunately, the facts are written so closely together and in such indecipherable handwriting (except to Bill), that nobody would likely spend too much time in excavating.

He has everything in there. What he bought at the Library Auction and how much he paid for it, and how much in the way of unfinished furniture he painted up himself and contributed, and whether it was a rooster or a cock pheasant that the fat little boy on the hill purchased for a dime.

Want to know how many seniors were in the graduating class at Dallas Borough School in 1950?

What kids were discharged from the service in 1945?

What kind of weather we had for the first Library Auction?

What Back Mountain kids were the first to volunteer right after Pearl Harbor?

Bill has it, some of it is red ink, some of it in black, depending on what color he happened to have in his fountain pen at the moment.

When did television first come to the area?

When did the Shaver Theatre close its doors for the last time?

When was Pioneer Avenue paved, causing a wild burst of speed on the part of drivers who had become accustomed to missing the potholes by careful sailing?

What was the date of the opening of the Outdoor Theatre?

The name of the cop in Dallas in 1942?

Here at the Dallas Post, we thought we had a fair record of the Back Mountain in the bound volumes.

What we didn't have, Bill has.

You'd never believe, until you turned the pages of Bill's house-book, how much times have changed in these parts.

But not the weather.

The weather, year after year, remains about the same. Bill's book agrees on the warm spell in March, succeeded by the totally unexpected snowfall and the opportune freeze which holds back the lilac buds.

Bill looked up from his perusal of an item, underlining it with his finger. "You'd never believe it, would you?" he queried, closing the book, and rising to his feet.

Nope, I'd never have believed it, but there it was, in red ink. Some day, somebody will break into Bill's house in the middle of the night and swipe that book.

It won't do him any good. He can't read it.

Back Mt. Memorial Library Hours

by Mrs. Richard Dale

Because of Easter, the Children's Story Hour will not be held this Saturday nor the following one. It will begin again on April 16th, 1:30 - 2:30 p.m., and will be held each Saturday until further notice.

The library will be open for use on Good Friday, 1:30 - 5:30 p.m. The rest of the Schedule will be as usual.

Sunday and Monday - closed. Tuesday and Thursday - 1:30 - 5:30

Hap Hazard Says

I've lived through the era of the out-house to the atomic bomb, but I hanker on for awhile just to see what happens to women's skirts.

p.m. Saturdays - 10:30 - 5:30 p.m. The children's annex keeps the same hours with one exception its closes at 5:30 p.m. on Tuesday and 8:00 p.m. on Thursday.

Library Inscription

Carved on the facade of the Brooklyn Public Library are these words:

"Here are enshrined the longing of great hearts and noble things that tower above the tide, the magic word that winged wonder starts, the garnered wisdom that never dies. In brief, books."

Words by R. C. E. Brown. Quotation, courtesy of Ralph DeWitt.

There are 4,267 languages in the world today. This pen will write in any one of them!!



Why not stop in and ask HAROLD or BILL for yours today. THEY'RE FREE.

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