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Editorially Speaking

NO JUNK, PLEASE

Housecleaning time is the time to sort out things for the Library Auction, and put them all together in a separate spot, easily found when the collection of used articles starts.

Too many people consider the Library Auction a good dumping ground, and send articles which should, instead, be relegated to the trash pile.

We say it every year, and here we are, saying it again: The Auction is staged each year for the support of our Library.

How can support be obtained if broken furniture or unusable electric appliances are offered for sale? The used furniture is important. It is what keeps the crowd interested and alert. But it must be of use.

Folks with cottages or hunting cabins annually find articles which they can use. Up-graded with a coat of paint, they provide drawer space for storage, tables and chairs for use.

Newly-weds are usually not farsighted enough to see the possibilities in a good, solid chest of drawers, or an outmoded dining room table with sturdy chairs. This is a pity, for the older pieces of furniture are almost always far better built than the newer pieces which come on the installment plan.

And it is fun to renew a surface with paint. We have seen a perfectly beautiful round topped walnut dining table reconditioned with careful sanding and a wax finish, its legs cut down to coffee table size. The table cost almost nothing, but it turned into a museum piece with a little effort. The entire outlay was far less than the cost of a flimsy bit of modern furniture.

It takes vision and a little work. Annually, solid chests of drawers go over the auction block for a ridiculous sum. They are the answer to storage problems.

The Auction annually affords people a chance to buy articles which can be reconditioned, and used for many more years.

In return, the Library benefits. That is why we say again, for the twentieth time, NO JUNK.

Junk will not benefit the Library. All it means is that the Library must hire a truck to carry the junk to the dump. It happens every year.

Things which will fall to pieces as they are lifted to the auction block, are of no value to anybody.

Take pride in sending to the auction articles which will help the Library. Things which you do not need, which are cluttering your attic, but which will be exactly the things which somebody else needs.

You will be approached for donations to the baked goods and the candy booth. Home-made bread and rolls, sticky buns, raised doughnuts, cupcakes, home-made pies have an unlimited demand.

Have you a good recipe for Boston Brown Bread? Upside down cake? The baked goods counter needs enough mouth-watering pastries to satisfy the demands of three-days worth of customers. It never has enough. It could sell ten times as many loaves of home-made bread as it ever offers.

There are many experienced cooks in this area, women who stake their reputation on some particular bit of baking. The Auction is a marvelous time to share skills with other people, those who consider a packaged mix the last word in cookery, and have no idea of the satisfaction to be obtained from starting a cake from scratch.

The Auction is always a marvelous time to get together, compare notes, catch up on neighborhood news, and relax in the sunshine.

Bake in the morning, and bring your apple pie hot from the oven. Small bite-size pies make a big hit with the children.

Use your imagination.

It's For Free

With the announcement that the deadline for Medicare has been extended, comes the further news that dental care for children may very probably be included in the package.

And in addition, that the age for elderly participation will be revised downwards.

This sounds like the opening wedge for socialized medicine, which is already in operation in some unsuspected ways.

England has socialized medicine. The tax burden is terrific, and the thing has gotten out of hand.

Step a foot on English soil, and you are protected. We understand that the members of a visiting ballet company saved up all minor repairs until they could reach England, then collected on free glasses, minor surgery, dental care, and whatnot at the expense of the tax-payers.

We happen to know that some women from Canada balance off the price of a round trip plane ticket against the joys of reunion with a family and a visit from the stork, collecting free medical service for the event.

If the Medicare proposal is carried out to its logical conclusion, medical service on the government from birth to death, look for visitors to our shores running the same kind of a racket that they do when they visit England.

It's for free.
Or is it?

TWO NEW GRANDS

Mrs. Ruth Lewin, Dallas, has two new grandchildren. A baby girl was born March 17 to Mr. and Mrs. Lance Walker, of Raleigh, N. C., and a son, Bradley Allen, February 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Eckert of Newton Square.

HAP-HAZARD SAYS

classical rejection slip reads, "I shall lose no time reading your manuscript."

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Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Black headlines heralded revision of rates by Dallas Water Company. Parrish Heights consumers were to be exempted until necessary repairs had been made. Rates, while higher, were not as high as first proposed.

Texas Dallas invited Pennsylvania Dallas to join in its centennial.

Fifteen women were engaged in a WPA sewing project.

Prospect of a good growing season spurred buying in the area, depression seemed on the wane.

Rev. Frank D. Hartsock, retired Dallas minister, died in Columbus, S. C.

Advertising in the paper took a strong upsurge.

C. W. Space had heavy farm horses for sale.

James Oliver was advertising 1936 Dodge trucks. \$370 bought a half ton chassis.

Baby chicks were peeping all over the place.

Bread was eight cents a loaf, cheese 21 cents a pound, fish fillets 2 pounds for two bits.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

Large textile plant located in Dallas. Native Laces bought sixteen acres of land on the Warden plot on Harveys Lake Highway. Expectation was that 500 employees would obtain work in the \$475,000 plant.

H. Austin Snyder, former administrator of Lehman Schools, was elected superintendent of Sayre schools.

Jackie Robinson was signed up for the Brooklyn Dodgers, the first negro player on a major baseball team.

English sheep dog owned by Roy Rogers of Iketown, ordered kept under observation for ten days after biting John Cooper, Fort Meade.

Fifty-member Lehman band entered competition in Pittsburgh, directed by Bernard Garrity. Dr. Henry M. Laing hand accommodated its schedule, as many Lehman instrumentalists played in that band also.

You could get a classified ad in the Dallas Post for as little as 30 cents. Display rates were 50 cents a column inch.

News of servicemen: Discharged, Sgt. Melvin Morris. In Germany, Russell B. Wilcox. In Bamberg, Germany, Joe Hardisky.

Died: Arthur C. Kocher, 63, Ruggles, heart attack.

Married: Virginia Lee Price to Paul Nulton. Fay Adams to Harry C. Snyder. Vera Shaver to George Swan. Jane Ayre to Thomas Loomis. Doris Stookey to Harold Brobst.

10 Years Ago

Gosart and Katyl set up a frozen-food plan for local customers.

Paul Balshaw and Margaret Gunton were Dallas Township's members of Northeast District Chorus.

First day of trout season was the theme of the opening of Caddie LaBar's store.

Lawrence Shupp, formerly of Beaumont, lost his left eye in a plane crash, when his Piper Cub hit a guy wire in West Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Shiber observed their Golden Wedding.

Redskin Boosters confronted directors of Dallas-Franklin-Monroe Township school board on the subject: would the school refuse to give football stars lettered sweaters, on grounds that jackets had already been given to the entire squad? It was referred to the Athletic Committee.

Unseasonable snowstorm at Outdoor Theatre's opening night was immortalized in Pillar to Post's account of the hula dancers' writings performed in time to the clicking of the windshield wipers.

Died: Carl J. Schreiner, 58, Harveys Lake. Mrs. Verna Steele, 71, Sweet Valley. Mrs. Fannie B. Steele, 76, Mooretown. Mrs. Gladys McHugh, 64, North Lake. Russell Bogart, Ide-town. Michael Dainowski, Trucks-ville. Richard Warner, infant, Harveys Lake. Mrs. Vera C. Ashton, 60, Harveys Lake.

Married: Jean Kushner to Joseph Chukinas. Katherine Noon to Joseph Moore.

BINGO WEDNESDAY NIGHT

Our Lady of Victory Altar and Rosary Society will stage a Bingo game Wednesday evening at 8, at Sunset.

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KEEPING POSTED

April 6: HYDROGEN BOMB rescue mission off Spanish coast, nears completion. Lost January 17, three other bombs recovered without incident at that time.

GREEK GOVERNMENT CANCELS registration of oil tanker anchors in Mozambique harbor, ready to pipeline oil to Rhodesia.

GRAPE PICKERS on the march in California for higher wages. (See John Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath.")

U.S. ARMY ordered to cut consumption of pork products in half, switch from butter to margarine.

April 7: BERLIN WALL OPENS for annual Easter visitors. SIXTH SUCCESSIVE DAY of demonstrations against government in Saigon.

CASSIUS CLAY'S WIFE says now she's the greatest, collects \$27,500 in back alimony.

VIKING PRINCESS, Caribbean cruise ship burns. 491 rescued, 4 lost, 3 known dead.

MEDICARE DEADLINE EXTENDED. RUSSIAN PILOTS killed in crash in West Berlin, turned over to Russians.

BRESNEF EMERGES as top man in Soviet.

April 8: USI FILM, Years of Lightning, Day of Drums, released for home consumption after being viewed in many countries.

STUDENT DEMONSTRATIONS increase in Vietnam.

April 9: H-BOMB RECOVERED, on way to U.S.

April 10: EASTER SUNDAY. Pope prays for peace. DERANGED STUDENT douses himself with gasoline in front of White House, is foiled in setting himself alight.

April 11: SOFT COAL MINERS walk out. BUDDHISTS PRESS for removal of Premier Ky, small children join in demonstration.

FHA'S SECOND RAISE in month brings rate to 5 3/4%.

JACK NICKLAUS second-time winner.

April 12: SOFT COAL MINERS ignore union back to work command.

VITAL PASS BOMBED, landslides cut off Viet Cong supplies from the north.

VIET CONG launches mortar attack with deadly accuracy at air-strip near Saigon, 7 U.S. dead, over 100 injured.

Better Leighton Never

I've always had misgivings about Pymatuning.

They call it Pymatuning Water-fowl Area now, but scores of hunters know it affectionately as Pymatuning Goose Management Area, unhappy hunting ground for the proverbial sitting duck.

Not knowing much about Pymatuning myself, I understand the system to be that hunters register for opportunity to occupy state-controlled blinds, previously for geese only, but now for ducks too.

The goose is everything but pre-cooked, because he is encouraged by the state, presumably through feed, to return to the waterfowl area, where, unbeknownst to them, the boys in the front row are waiting like Carolina state police.

Apparently the hunter, after putting in an exhaustive day smoking, is understandably ill content to sit and wait until the flight is directly overhead. Not only does he lead the bird, he leads the guy in the next blind too. For that reason, the Game Commission is starting this year a limit of ten shots per hunter to keep them from being too grabby.

So, you have not only state-regulated and maintained goose blinds, but now a state-regulated format of shooting. All this regulation puts me, a sometime upland game hunter, off. Having been fooled by any number of grouse, I can't help but wish the geese, who just happened to have developed a more civilized pattern of life, had as much of a chance.

A whisper of a wish in the back of my mind is that there were a state information agency for geese. A sort of like the AAA, that told them to avoid goose blinds.

An undetermined number of people in this area have gotten themselves mired down in a vacuum cleaner deal, in which you buy a new modern hot-shot cleaner for \$289 -- now wait a minute -- the thing is that even though there isn't a home-type vacuum cleaner made that's worth close to \$289, you get \$25 credit on that price for every name you steer the salesmen to who buy one of these cleaners.

The logic that, since the cleaner isn't worth the price anyway, so it shouldn't matter how many names you get to defray the exorbitant cost, getting them mired down in the same mess too, apparently didn't occur to those who now find themselves paying back the finance company each month while digging for more \$25 names.

The one saving grace is that the local police have pretty good information about the deal and suspect it to be illegal, although they're not talking yet. It's a door-to-door outfit, supposedly based in Wilkes-Barre, in any case, and this column recommends that, if you need a vacuum cleaner, you buy it from a merchant you know.

Vice-president of the Noxen Health Cult is reportedly out of commission with a strained back, to which the President says "Turn about is fair play".

Also, we leave to his own misery the Shavertown man whose Saturday night was ruined, when he stepped out of his car to pay a short visit to one of the stores in the shopping center there to buy a couple's pairs of shoes and had a bottle of liquor and several bottles of beer stolen in a matter of three minutes.

Crafts And Folk Arts Plan To Hold Introductory Open-House April 19

Back Mountain men and women producing crafts, handwork and folk arts are invited to the Introductory Openhouse of the Coca-luscu Craftsmen—a new craft association being established in Columbia, Carbon, Luzerne, and Schuylkill Counties.

The craft openhouse will take place Tuesday evening, April 19th, 7:15 p.m. at the Acme Auditorium.

Gateway Shopping Center.

There will be an opportunity for craftsmen and those interested in crafts to become acquainted with each other and learn what work is being produced within Luzerne County. Those attending are asked to bring four or five items which they have produced during the last two years.

Advisors of Scout, 4-H and other

JOE'S GROTTO PIZZA

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Open Friday, Saturday, Sunday

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Mother-In-Law

I
Whin Kathy McGraw
Wass milkin' wan day,
Thomas McCarty
Kim walkin' that way;
He leaned on the fence
To watch her a while,
And hoped she would give him
A bit of a smile.

II
But while he was watchin'
There kim a great roar,
A mad bull was chargin'
Swate Katy to gore;
"Run quick," cried McCarthy,
"That bull manes to kill."
But glancin' behind her,
Swate Katy sat still.

III
Whin the gentleman cow
Kim where he could say
He put down his tail
And ran fast away,
And Thomas McCarty
Looked on in amaze,
For the likes he'd not sane
In all his born days.

IV
"Oh Kathy," he cried,
"Why did that bull run,
I thought he would kill you
Before he was done?"
"Oh, that is quite aisy,"
Said Katy McGraw
"He saw I was milkin'
His Mither-in-Law."
Fred M. Allen
Founder of the Wilkes-Barre
Business College.

Harpicord Concert Is
Completely Delightful

by Catherine Gilbert

"A stunning performance... delightful music-making in every sense of the word." The writer in an Erie newspaper was describing the harpicord playing of a former Carverton girl appearing as soloist with the Erie Philharmonic Orchestra recently.

Mary Stephens, now Mrs. Milton Sontheimer, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stephens of Carverton. She attended the Mountain School, where Miss Iva Conklin was teacher, and graduated from Wyoming High School. (In pre-jointure days Franklin Township children went to eight-grade, one-room schools, and attended the most convenient high school.)

Time for piano practice came early in the morning, when her father got up to go to work in the mines.

Mary's first piano teacher was Mrs. Judson Bailey, wife of the minister of Carverton Methodist church. She later studied piano and theory with Mrs. Louie Ayre of Trucksville.

After high school Mary attended St. Louis Institute of Music, where she received her Bachelor of Music degree. Going to Erie as a teacher in the Julian Piano Studios, she became active in the musical life of the city.

The Sontheimers, with their eight year old son Paul, live on Glenwood Park Avenue, in the home they built with Mary's grand piano in mind. It has now been joined by a harpicord.

Mary first played a harpicord as accompanist for the Erie Bach Choir, directed by Charles Henderson, former Wilkes-Barre musician. Later Ray Ellerman, a fellow teacher left his instrument in her care for a few weeks, and the Sontheimers decided they needed one of their own.

Last summer Mary was a soloist in a Harpicord Festival at Put-In-Bay, Ohio, and has been invited to return this year. She also played two-harpicord music with Mr. Ellerman. With the Erie Philharmonic March 22 and 23, they performed Bach's Concerto in C minor for Two Keyboards.

Preparing for the concerts Mary said, "I haven't practiced so hard in years!"

Mrs. Lena M. Baer

Mrs. Lena M. Baer, 78, Koonsville, was buried Saturday afternoon in Reyburn Cemetery following services conducted by Rev. William Howie from the Bronson Funeral Home.

Mrs. Baer died early Wednesday morning at Nesbitt Hospital, where she had been admitted two days earlier.

She was a native of Union Township, resident of Koonsville for the past fifty years. Her husband Leroy died in June of 1964.

She was a member of the Bible Protestant Church.

youth and adult groups having craft programs, as well as school personnel, are encouraged to attend.

For additional information call Janet Crosson at 675-3197 (RD 4, Dallas) or Mrs. Janet Miller, Ext. Home Economist, Luzerne County Court House Annex, 825-4596.

From—

Pillar To Post...

by HIX

It was a pretty chilly day, so it seemed like a solid idea to offer a ride home to the elderly man who had just missed his bus after a visit to the Dallas Post.

"Come on, I'll drive you home," I said as I sailed out the door, shrugging into my coat as I went.

The car throbbed into life, but where was the elderly man? A minute or two later he appeared, looking somewhat dubious. He got into the passenger's seat and settled down warily.

"They tell me you're younger than I am," he said, and then he added, "but I must say you don't look it."

That much for conversation. He settled back after a few inter-sections had been successfully negotiated.

"Been driving long?"
"Since about 1922."
There was a certain amount of relaxation now apparent, as time passed.

"You turn right here, and go up the hill."
I turned right and drove up the hill. My passenger disembarked, thanked me for the ride, and made gratefully for the porch steps.

Glowing with a Girl Scout feeling of a deed well done, starting the day off with service to the fellowman, I backed into the parking lot with my usual flourish (ask the attendant at the Atlantic filling station about that flourish. The last time he was aboard, the flourish took in the apple tree, which is what I get for showing off.)

Inside the office, the staff was in stitches.
"You had him scared to death," was the report. "He wanted to know if you could drive, how long you had been driving, and how old you were. We told him."

"You mean you let me down, you scum?"
So there went the Girl Scout halo.

Probably the poor guy would have preferred to nip down to the restaurant and inhale a cup of coffee while waiting for the next bus two hours off.

Like the time some kind soul gave me a ride, in the days between cars. It was lovely of her, but if there was anything I didn't want to do at that point, it was to go home.

I was waiting for a bus myself, to go to town. Delivered at my door, I had to scurry down over the hill and nab the bus at the intersection with the highway. It was a close thing. But it would have been pretty discourteous to refuse a lift from somebody who was oozing philanthropy.

And in those far-off days, there was always another bus. That was before the round trip fares were hiked, and people suddenly found it was cheaper to support a car than the Transit Company, to say nothing of the convenience.

I can see it now, the unwilling victim of a generous impulse, waiting until the small Austin swayed around the corner, and then furtively dropping down the hill to start all over again.

Most people do better just left to themselves, to solve their own problems.

But hats off to the folks who used to pick up a frozen associate editor on snowy mornings, on her way to the Dallas Post, along about twelve years ago when cars were harder to get than they are nowadays. James Martin was one of those people. Many a morning his car skidded to a stop, and there was transportation, with a car heater sending out welcome waves of warmth.

There were a lot of other folks too, who made their children crowd together on the back seat to make room for Hix, dropping her off at the Post before going on to deliver the freight at school.

It was all deeply appreciated.
But it was pure joy to be back in the driver's seat again.

A SALUTE TO J. FRANKLIN ROBINSON

Former neighbors of the Dr. J. Franklin Robinson family on Mt. Greenwood Road, now Pioneer Avenue, were shocked to learn of Dr. Robinson's sudden death at Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Too many men are dying of heart attacks in the prime of life.

Too often the men who die are those who can render the greatest service to their fellowmen.

In Dr. Robinson's case, he was in the high echelon of those men who had advanced the study of psychiatry in its relation to troubled children.

His articles on the subject were legion, his standing in the Child Psychiatry field recognized internationally.

As head of the Service Center in Wilkes-Barre, he will be a difficult man to replace. Twenty-five years as director have given him an insight into behavior problems, one which will be almost impossible to duplicate.

He could have been making a fantastic salary in a place such as New York, but he preferred to remain in Wilkes-Barre.

Such men are next to impossible to find.
The word is dedicated.

YMCA News

There will be a co-ed swim on Friday, April 15, from 8-10 p.m., at the Central YMCA. Those planning to attend must purchase tickets at Back Mt. "Y" before Friday.

Back Mt. YMCA is sponsoring a trip to the Shrine Circus on Saturday, April 16. Busses leave Back Mt. "Y" at 8:30 a.m. sharp. Reservations must be made in advance at the Back Mt. YMCA. There will be a small charge for transportation. Admission to the circus is free. For further information, please call Back Mt. "Y". Back Mt. YMCA is a member of United Fund.

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