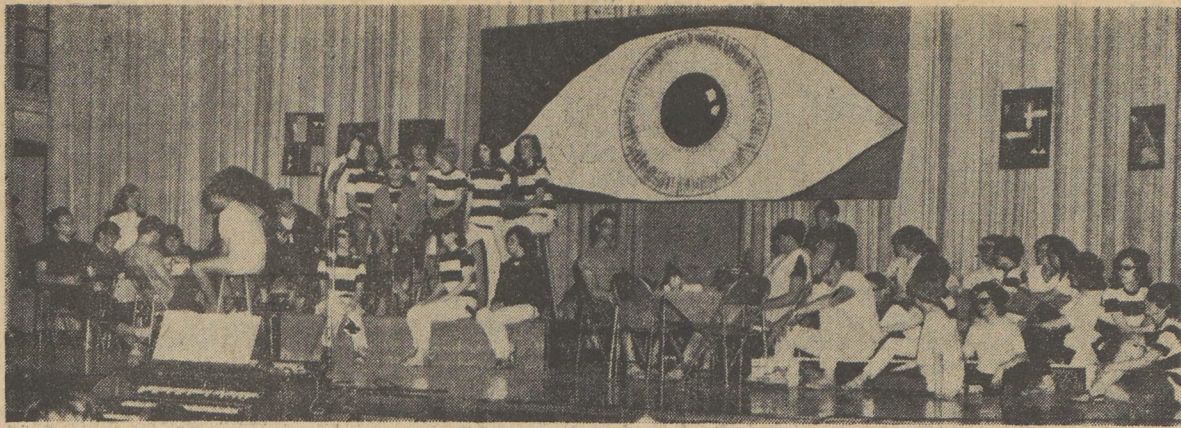
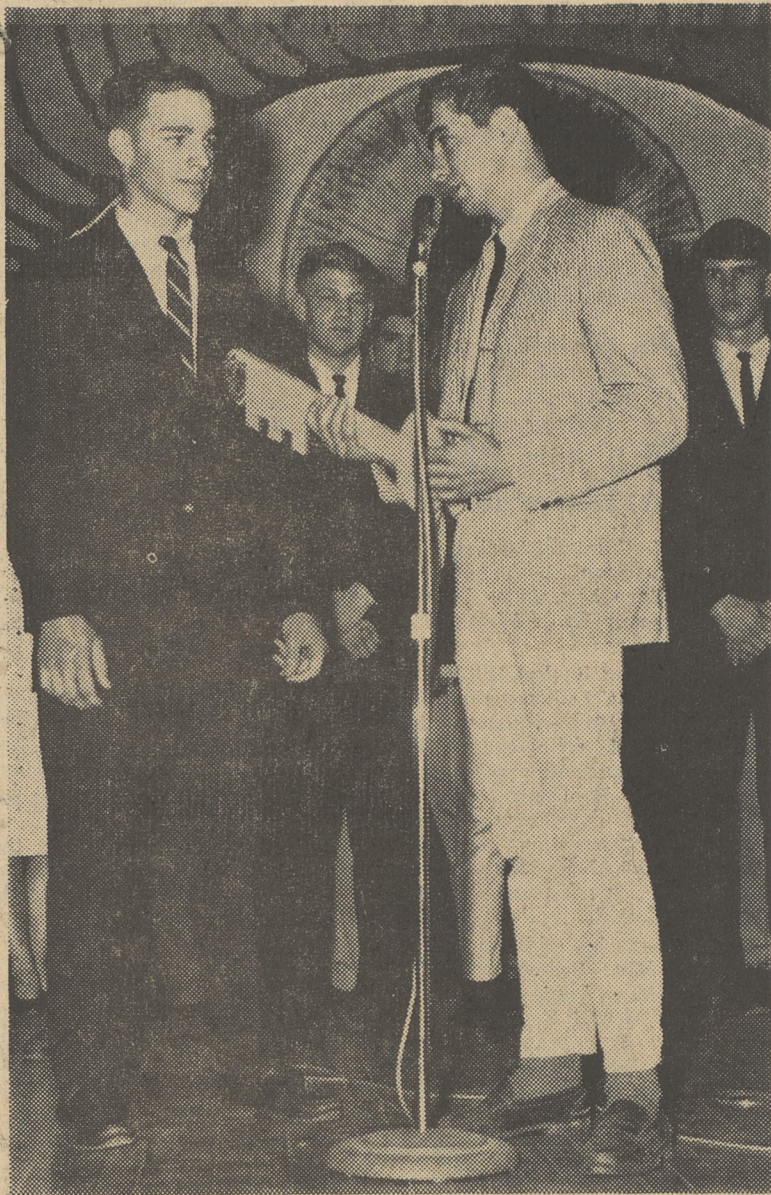


Dallas Seniors Bid "Beatnik Farewell" On Class Day



Members of the 1966 graduating class appear on the Dallas High School stage during Class Day. The singing group, "We Ten" are shown at left, accompanied by John Groblewski.



James Steinhauer, Senior Class president, (right) is shown presenting the School Key to David Kozemchak, Junior Class president.

To Trace Astronauts

The precise flight path of Astronauts Stafford and Cernan will be traced with assistance from the band of a former Trucksville resi-

dent. U. S. Air Force Major Albert L. Morse, whose wife, Mary Jane is the daughter of Mrs. Rose Post, Post Road, Trucksville, will help with the identification and location of man-made objects which may become traveling companions of the astronauts in space. As a member of the highly-specialized Aerospace Control Squadron at Ent AFB, Colo., the major helps man the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD) Space Defense Center at Colorado Springs.

The major is a member of the Air Defense Command, the Air Force component of NORAD protecting the continent. He is a graduate of New Castle High School, attended Penn State University, Wilkes College, and received his B.C. degree in social science from Syracuse University.

Moravec Graduates

Columbia College, Liberal Arts college of Columbia University, had among its graduates June 1 a man from Dallas, Alexander J. Moravec, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jaroslav Moravec. His major was in Government.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Off The Cuff Stuff

By Bruce Hopkins
A Pretty Seedy Subject

It happened very suddenly. I was just sitting there slurping on a watermelon when all of a sudden I swallowed a pit. Well you know how something startling like that can jarr your mind. That's exactly what happened to me—I threw a pit fit. It jarred my mind into remembering an extremely traumatic experience that happened to me when I was a child. I remembered the time I planted watermelon seeds and grew pumpkins. I'll never forget how it happened. It all started early one fall when all were eating watermelons. Now these weren't normal everyday, stereotype watermelons. No sir, these were a special kind. I don't know what you call them but they were small, round, dark green, unusual looking watermelons. At any rate, we decided that since we had a little garden we might as well save the watermelon seeds and plant them in the spring. We put the seeds in a plain white envelope and placed them in a little white cabinet on our back porch.

Woosh! (That was the singing of the birds signifying the arrival of spring).

There I was on our back porch rooting through our little white cabinet when suddenly I came across this plain white envelope filled with seeds. Well of course, I knew immediately what they were: The watermelon seeds.

Out went I into the garden where I diligently planted the seeds. Though the perspiration rolled down my brow and the hot, searing sun toasted my very skin, I cultivated and fertilized and watered and all that stuff those delicate little plants as gradually they grew and grew until little fruits began to appear. I was ecstatic to say the least. My very own watermelons.

I continued to work and sweat as the little fellows got bigger and bigger and looked less and less like watermelons. I couldn't understand why in the name of Cinderella they weren't turning green. Besides they were funny looking. At first I thought maybe I'd invented a new brand of watermelon or something. I waited and waited until finally my mother decided we ought to split one open and see if it was ripe on the inside. Delicately I clipped a nice-looking one from its stem, and gently I carried it into the house. I felt a sudden pang as Mom stabbed it with a knife. It fell open into two halves and my heart sank down to my big tiennial—it was a pumpkin! Without a doubt, it was a pumpkin. It had all the insides of a pumpkin. It looked like a pumpkin, it smelled like a pumpkin, and it didn't taste at all like a watermelon. You can imagine the psychological effect this must have had on me. All my watermelons had turned into pumpkins. The only explanation I could come up with was that I had a fink for a fairy godmother!

I went out into the garden and looked at all of the pumpkins. I began calling them nasty names: mucky, dreggy, foul, offensive, or-did, squalid, and un-nice. What was lever going to do with all of those deformed watermelons? It was like a horrible soap opera. I

Citizenship Award Presented At Lake-Lehman



Curtiss Bynon, Commander of American Legion, Post 672, Dallas, is pictured above presenting the American Legion Award for Citizenship and Service to Jeanne Kern and Walter Sorber, seniors at Lake-Lehman High School. The presentation was made during Class Night in the high school auditorium last Friday night.

Miss Kern is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kern of Harveys Lake. She plans to spend next year in Australia attending school as a Rotary Exchange Student.

Walter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hir-

stuck my tongue out at them and ran up to my room to pout.

O course, I got over it. I mean one can't go on hating pumpkins all his life, can one? But it was a very traumatic experience to say the least. I don't suppose it would have been quite as serious as it seems, if it wasn't for the fact that the next year I planted pumpkins and darned if they didn't come up pumpkins. But I outsmarted them: the next year I crossed a watermelon with a pumpkin and grew a whole garden full of waterpumps!

man Sorber, is president of the senior class. He has been active in athletics, and won a District 2 Award in wrestling this year.

LAKETON CLASS OF 1941 SEEKING GIRLS ADDRESS

Laketon High School class of 1941 are holding a reunion on July 9 at the Sportsmen's Club, Harveys Lake.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Doris Hensen is asked to contact Don King, Dallas; Ruth Rogers Williams, Lake, or Mrs. Betty Gordon Darrow, Trucksville.

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Dallas Marching Units To Hold Car Wash At Birth's Saturday

The Dallas Key Club Marching Units of the Dallas School District will hold their annual "Car-wash" at Clyde Birth's Esso Station on Saturday, June 4th. Proceeds from the sale of any items on that day will be given to the marching units. Tickets are being sold by members of the units. Any person wishing to help the young marchers, may stop at Birth's station any time during the day. The marchers will man the pumps, wash and grease cars.

If you are out on Saturday, drive by and say hello to these young citizens and give them some of your business. You can be certain they will appreciate your patronage.

The Units, which took part in their first parade of the season at Sweet Valley on Memorial Day, are looking forward to a busy summer. The Key Club Rifle Drill team has almost twenty boys out. The Keyettes have more girls remaining active than at any other time. Over forty turn out regularly to practice and a record number of 39 marched in the parade Monday. A large group of girls have turned out to carry the huge American Flag.

The car wash Saturday is their major source of income. This and any prize money they win pays for their uniforms and equipment. The students pay their own transportation.

John Cathrall Finishes Courses At Oklahoma U.

John B. Cathrall, RD 4, Dallas, finished an academic-year institute in earth science at the University of Oklahoma this week. Mr. Cathrall, a member of the faculty at Dallas Junior High School, was among fourteen junior and senior high school science teachers who took courses in geology, astronomy, meteorology and physical geography, as well as courses in mathematics and other scientific fields. The institute is supported by the National Science Foundation.

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Lake-Lehman Teacher To Attend Institute

Mr. Francis Wilczewski, teacher at Lake-Lehman High School, is one of thirty high school teachers of English from Pennsylvania selected to participate in the 1966 NDEA Institute in English which will be conducted by the Department of English at Bloomsburg State College for the six-week summer session period from June 27 through August 5. Dr. Louis F. Thompson, Chairman of the BSC English Department, will serve as Director of the Institute.

Mr. Wilczewski lives in Nanticoke.

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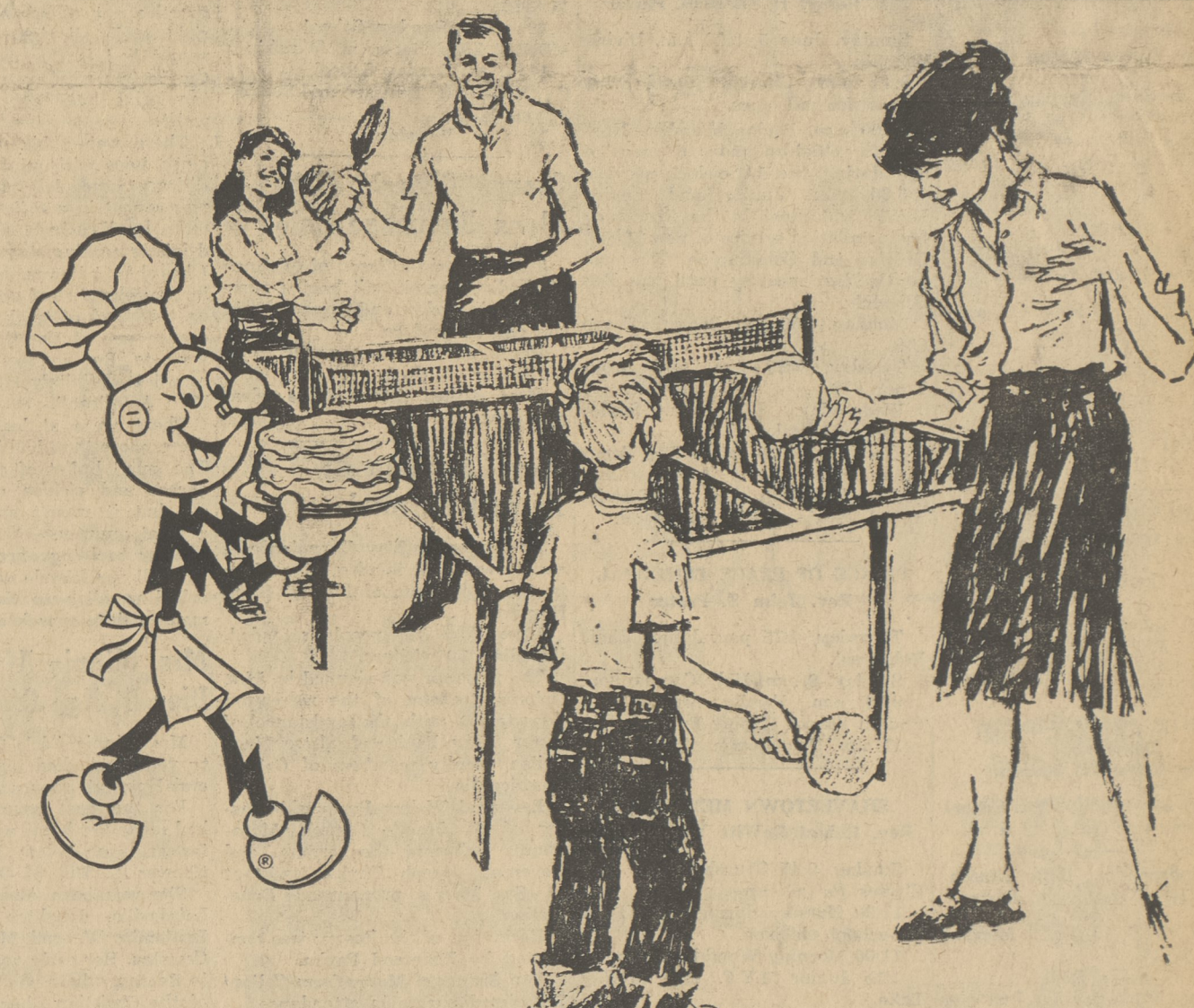
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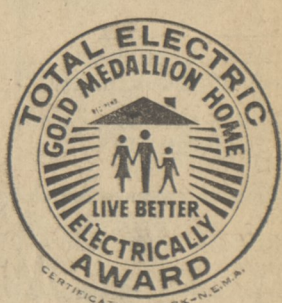
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