

Local Scouts On Hand When Swimmer Arrives

Back Mountain Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts were on hand last week to greet Susquehanna River swimmer Russell Chaffee as he stopped over in Wilkes-Barre.

Meeting Chaffee at Kirby Park were Billy Frederick, Chuckie Roberts and Jimmy McGough of Troop 231, Shavertown. Gary Roberts and Richard Harrison, Cub Pack 233 also attended the event.

Mr. Chaffee is on his way to Havre DeGrace, Md., from Otsego, N.Y., to prove that the river can be used for more recreational purposes.

The above scouts were part of the Welcoming Committee.

Rural Boys Lose, 5-4 To Hunlock Creek Team

The Rural Boys League of Sweet Valley lost another close game. The boys lost a well-played game to Hunlock Creek, 5-4.

Manager Ed Kalany had this to say about his team. "The boys played a hard-fought game. It might have taken us out of the championship, but I'm proud of our team."

The boys were sparked by the wonderful turnout of spectators last week at the Hunlock Creek game. The rooting section was really appreciated and the managers of the team extend a special thanks to all who attended.

The Sweet Valley boys will travel tonight to play Huntingdon Valley.

Dallas Marchers Spend Hot Day In Jersey Shore, Renovo Parades

It was hot! The sun was as bright and blazing, and the pavement was like the top of a red hot coal stove but the four teams that make up the Dallas Marching Units went on.

There were two parades scheduled for the same day and young and old alike were prepared for a long hot day. The bus trip to Jersey Shore was not too bad. The two buses pulled out early Saturday morning from the Suburban Restaurant accompanied by the Ellis Swingles, the James Nixons and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Belles.

We all stopped over at the Harvest Moon just this side of our destination and everyone got out for a mid-morning snack and stretched their legs. The whole gang got to Jersey Shore at 11 a.m. so we had plenty of time to walk around the town and watch the committees set up the carnival.

That parade was short and it moved swiftly through the streets, ending on an athletic field where each team went through its drills. The youngsters had time to relax a little afterward. The girls especially enjoyed cooling their feet under the showers in the school.

Everyone piled back on the buses, which were well-heated by that time, and we pulled out for Renovo. We parked along the river in back of the school and everyone scrambled for eating places. If any were air-conditioned, we were bound to find them.

One group of Keyettes came upon the same cool spot we advisors did and we all spent the hour before parade time there sipping cold drinks and eating salads. But, 5 o'clock came around fast. We lined up for another long parade. This was one of those that dragged out. We marched and stopped, marched and stopped, and we all complained of the heat and sore feet. The pavement burned through the soles of our shoes. The Colorettes had a rough time of it. The big American Flag is heavy and it was quite a burden for the few girls who carried it, but there were few complaints.

The citizens of the town were kind and considerate. One family poured pitchers of lemonade for the Colorettes and Falconettes while they waited in line to begin the parade. The Keyettes, just when they needed it most at the end of the parade, were offered pitcher after pitcher of ice cold water chock full of ice cubes. These are the things we all appreciate.

We loaded up again and pulled out for home, and made another stop at Harvest Moon on the way back. We spread out on the lawn in our bare feet and enjoyed the night air which was beginning to feel a little cooler.

We settled back on the buses figuring the "kids" must be tired out by now and would probably be very quiet on the way home. But, these youngsters seem to have an endless supply of energy. They sang, laughed and shouted until we arrived home at 11:45 p.m.

There was no official word at the time of this writing as to whether we took any first prizes, but we know we did take something at Jersey Shore. A full report will be given in next week's Post.

Trade, Tech., Business Scholarships Available

Students who have enrolled or plan to enroll in an approved course of study in Trade, Technical or Business Schools within the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania or in a diploma program for registered nurses in a Pennsylvania hospital, should be applying now for State Scholarships. Course of study must offer at least 1800 clock hours of instruction on a fulltime basis, require a High School diploma for admission and be a course of study approved by the Higher Education Assistance Agency.

Plants And Produce Committee Braces For Auction Action



These are some of the people who will sell you plants and flowers and iris corms this weekend at the Library Auction. They are all expert gardeners as well as enthusiastic salesmen. If you need tips on how to make your garden grow, the entire Plants and Produce section is ready to offer constructive advice.

Seniors Are Reminded To Apply Immediately For State Scholarships

Dallas High School Seniors of 1967 who took College Boards in May are reminded that applications for State Scholarships must be submitted by July 15, 1966. In order to qualify for the scholarships, given by the Pennsylvania Higher Education Assistance Agency, the students must have scored between 800 and 1200 in the College Boards.

Keyettes To Practice Tuesday Nights At 6:30

The Keyette Drill Team will meet at the Dallas Senior High School every Tuesday evening throughout the summer. The girls must be there at 6:30 and they will be finished at exactly 7:30 p.m. There will be two practices the week preceding a parade. Girls will be notified at practice or by telephone. To perform in a parade, members should be present at those two practices unless excused by Mrs. Glenda Davies or Mrs. Doris Mallin.

Off The Cuff Stuff

In this column a few weeks ago, I wrote about how we sold our bathroom and about how I had had hopes of making a planter out of the commode. Well, for those of you who have expressed your concern over how bereaved I was at the loss of our beloved commode, I want you to rest assured—I got another one! Yes, just by coincidence, this very nice friend of my mother's happened to have a couple of commodes sitting around, and she told Mom that if I really wanted to make a planter out of one, I was welcome to it. It's just beautiful! The white porcelain base has all these neat designs carved in it and everything. It's one of those real antique kind, like the ones Marie Antoinette used to have to reach up to flush (I didn't really understand that either, but that's what my mother told me.) The first thing I did was paint the toilet seat gold. Then Mom and I filled it with flowers, and I'm telling you, it looks just lovely. I wanted to put sweet peas in it, but decided against it! Anyway, we've got it sitting there in the yard between the pool and the pink-and-white-striped outhouse, which is a perfect spot for it. It looks so natural there. If you would like to see it just drop by anytime—and be sure to bring your bathing suits (not for the commode, of course, but for the pool.)

Now just in case you should happen to drop by, and you've never been here before, I ought to give you a little preview of the Hopkins' Palacial Estate so you're not too surprised. Our house is situated on a lump off of the Lehman Highway (actually it's a hill, but I refer to it as the lump.) Anyway, if you make a right turn off of the highway and on to a dirt road it should take you up to the top of the lump where you will find two houses. Ours is the pink one. Yes, it's pink. Not that having a pink house is particularly unusual or anything; you see them every so often these days. One thing you don't see very often though are pink barns, but we have one of those, too. Last summer Dad told me he thought it would be a nice idea if I painted the house and barn, so on a sudden

Dallas Booster Club Meets Tonight At 8:30

Dallas area Lettermen's Booster Club will meet tonight at 8:30 at the American Legion Home in Dallas. Jack Porter will preside at this organizational meeting which begins the Club's fourth anniversary. Plans will be completed for a clam bake, Robert Hislop, Chairman, reporting 1966-1967 membership will begin with this meeting. Volunteers are needed to fill the many committees so please plan to attend and offer your services.

When we decided pink would be a nice color. Actually our barn isn't a barn-type everyday, ordinary barn. It's really a sort of old house-shaped edifice that we use in the summer as a sort of rumpus room or what have you. In the winter we use it as a sort of collection post for the Salvation Army. Then next to the barn is that pink-and-white-striped outhouse that I mentioned before (well, you see I had a half a can of pink and a half a can of white paint left, so I figured I might as well use it up). Now between the outhouse and Esther's swimming pool (Esther Williams, that it-is this quaint little commode which is used as a planter (but that's another story!) Elsewhere on the homestead are various trees ranging from cherry and apple to plum and peach and pear and maple and evergreens. Then of course we have yards and yards of lawn.

In the way of livestock we have a Dalmatian horse (he hates dog food but goes crazy over slippers and linoleum), a canary who only sings when he's in the mood, a house cat named Samantha, and this stray cat who just dropped in one day and stayed. I named the stray cat Carlisle so we could have our own "Kitty Carlisle." Well, that's the situation up on the lump. I hope you people don't get to feeling sorry for yourselves because you can't live there. But I want you to know that you're welcome to visit the place anytime. You'll have to excuse me now, I've got to go water the commode!

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Oswego To Laceyville By Canoe Explorers Paddle Susquehanna

In an interesting diary of their adventures, Scoutmaster John Butler captures the highlights and thrills of Explorer Troop 232 as they test their strength and brawn in bucking the river currents on the 10th trip, made annually in June.

As usual our canoe trip started weeks before the actual starting date of the 19th. We had canoes to repair, paint and wax, jobs assigned, food to buy, menus to make and packs to pack. We picked out all the things we thought we would need on the trip then tried to cut it in half.

The week before the trip Steve Silic and Bill Carroll had the new Explorers, Gene Pryor and Robert Schilling along with the experts on hitting rocks, Dan McCoog and Jim Gates, along with Tim Carroll our Medic on the trip, out on the river at Falls to teach them how to paddle the canoes and in case of capsizing, to stay with the canoes as the best possible life preserver. We had an overnight camp at Ruckno's Lake to induct the new Explorers into the White Hats.

We started the eventful day with going to Mass and Receiving Holy Communion. Then after Mass Father Langan gave us the Travellers Blessing.

At one o'clock we started to gather at Mr. Butler's and load the canoes on top of the car racks. Mr. McCoog carried two canoes, Mr. Silic carried one, Mr. Gillis carried two, Mr. Gates carried one and Mrs. Williams carried some of the Explorers and Packs.

By 2 we started for OSWEGO, arriving there without incident. We unloaded at Mr. Fitts residence, carried our canoes and packs back to Dyers property, where we pitched our camp. We all went over to the A. & W. for Mama & Papa Hamburgers, Root Beers and Milk Shakes, allowing each one \$1.00, (anything over that they had to pay themselves).

Some of the boys walked over to the Community pool and it was crowded. Back to camp to change into our swimming trunks. Mr. B. met Ki Fitts at her house and she mentioned that Wakefields had a swimming pool. We asked and Mr. Wakefield said we would be welcome to use it. We were living. The pool was heated to 80 degrees, it had a sliding board with water running to prevent leaving some of your hide on it on the way down. We certainly enjoyed it. After the swim we made up our beds and straightened up our camp. We walked into town to see Sheriff Paul Taylor for a tour of the county jail. The Sheriff opened a cell block and some of our explorers went in and were locked in. They can say they (Now they have a record!) We all had to sign the register before we were locked in jail for four minutes. We were admitted. The Sheriff told the office and many of the experiences he and his men have had. The boys were impressed and were once again happy to be on the canoe trip instead of being locked up in there. Thanks Sheriff.

Madam X was playing in the show. We didn't know if it was an acceptable picture so we found St. Patrick's Rectory and Church, and asked the priest to check it. It was alright. We had a pint of ice cream and went to the show.

To bed by 11:30, but everyone was a little too excited to sleep very well.

Monday, June 20: Bill and Steve arose about 6:00 a.m. and put the water on for coffee. It was cold and the mist from the river was moving in, it was so thick that in a little while we couldn't see the river. Mr. B. awoke and the three had coffee before awaking the rest. At 7:00 we awoke the rest of the explorers and had breakfast of cereal, milk and coffee.

The group were paired off as follows: Bill Carroll and Steve Silic in The Rockin Robin, Jim Gates and Dan McCoog in the Ibox or Mud Turtle, Jay Borton and Gene Pryor in the Tiger Shark, Al Williams and Bob Schilling in the Yellow Jacket, Ed Friar and Matt Gillis in the Nan

De Car, Tim Carroll and Mr. B. in the Pioneer. Mr. Dyer walked down to camp to say hello and wish us a good trip. They were at the boat races yesterday and we didn't get to see them. We left word to thank the Fitts' and Dyers'. After saying a prayer at the river edge we started our trip down the river at 8:10.

We reached our halfway point at a little store on the river bank at 10:30, an hour ahead of time. We ate our lunch, bought sodas and made sandwiches.

Tim and Mr. B. were leading when they had a close call with a Pier. The left channel was the logical one to take but there was a rope stretched across the river from the bank to the first pier. Mr. B. thought it looked dangerous so he elected to take the second channel. The water in the second channel was swift and travelling down stream and crossing to the first channel. They were caught in cross current and being swept toward the pier. Tim put out his hand to prevent the canoe from hitting it, by the time we came close the front was past the danger point but the stern wasn't. Mr. B. swung his feet out of the canoe and braced them against the pier. It was just a glancing blow but it was enough to pass the pier. Then they shot into some white water and bounced off some rocks, it was only a glancing blow since the water was so swift that it created a cushion. Mr. B. then waved to the others to take the left channel. They did and rose right over the rope without any trouble. It was exciting while it lasted.

(To Be Continued)

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Over twenty million people in the United States are victims of chronic headache problems. These twenty million Americans spend millions of dollars purchasing tons of potentially dangerous headache drugs and continue to suffer with recurrent headaches... though chronic headache is not a potential killer, it is a serious national health problem... a health problem that could be solved with prompt chiropractic care.

If you are constantly suffering with headaches don't continue to take medication that only gives you momentary relief. There is a cause for that headache, try to find that cause. Consult your chiropractor, you have nothing to lose but that headache.

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