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Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Area's most severe heat in history gave way to cool winds. Drought caused great loss of crops. Dallas Post was running a Beautiful Baby contest. Children of six and under were eligible. Head-On collision at Lake injured seven persons. Driver from Dunmore was adjudged intoxicated, was held in jail.

Shavertown dog-killer shot two valuable pets. Neighborhood up in arms. Local folks were among the "Hunger marchers" who stormed the Senate and demanded relief in Harrisburg. Present were Herbert and Russell Lahr, Ted Hughes, R. Hest, H. Jones, Alling Horace Hall, Mr. Myrich, and Morris King.

Acree in Ross, Lake and Fairmount Townships, approved by State for game lands, total 4,886 acres.

American Legion's Horse-Show at Robinson's Farm was being planned. Republicans rallied to Luzerne County's presidential campaign. Attacks on the New Deal filled the air, sure victory for Landon was predicted.

Somewhere in the Pacific, Lee Tracy neared Hawaii in the annual yacht race to Honolulu. Special page for Lake residents, including pix.

Arthur Roushey, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Roushey, Shavertown, was burned to death in his truck.

Joseph Schmeier took over management of the Economy Store on Parrish Heights.

1923 Dodge that took Jim Oliver and his wife on their honeymoon, started off again, driven by Al Ringstrom and Sherman Harter, headed for New England.

Married: Mary E. Kaiser to Jack V. Crocker.

First issue with a comic section in color.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

The community was considering an ambulance to serve the entire Back Mountain. Nearly 200 fire companies in the State had such ambulances.

Dallas Legionnaires won over Mehopany. Three-way tie for second place, Dallas, Carverton, Beaumont. Noxen was tops.

Kingston Township Board planned to renovate three buildings. Weather favored crops.

Lester McCarthy was marking his 20th birthday in Weisbaden. Free Methodist Camp Meeting in full cry.

Married: Elizabeth Ruth Sorber to Bernard Milbrody. Marian Louise Stark to Thomas Templin. Helen H. Halonen to William Templin. Marjorie Mae Pryn to Frank Vollrath. Marion Newton Powell to David C. Powell. Dorothy Merithew to Thomas Gay. Janice Ruggles to Lawrence Drabick.

Died: Mrs. Caroline Rineman, 94, Dallas, Andrew Steltz, 62, Pikes Creek.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

Dr. Lisses was chairman of Lady of the Lake Beauty Contest. Chief Honeywell urged residents to take seriously the civil defense test when Wilkes-Barre school children would be evacuated to the area.

Norti and Mitch held up the engrossed certificate presented to Howard Risley on the night of the Auction. Text by Hix.

Alfred Davis, 16, was out of the hospital after being struck by a car in front of the California Market. Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Johnson, Lehman, fiftieth.

Married: Faith Harding to Daniel Koziak. Nancy D. McGraw to Lawrence Bace.

Died: Lester Davis, 56, Huntsville. Mabel Knorr, 69, Trucksville. Mrs. Vera Gale, 52, formerly of Dallas. Guy E. Woolbert, 68, Forty-Fort. Mrs. Anna Check, Dallas.

Claude E. Lamoreaux, Killed In Washington

Services will be held Friday at 2 p.m. at Bronson's, Sweet Valley, for Claude E. Lamoreaux, 59, Lehman native, who was killed Monday night by a freight train in Washington, D.C.

Son of the late Norman Lamoreaux, he had spent the past several years in Berwick, going to Washington a week ago.

Surviving are his widow, Geraldine; children, Mrs. Gladys Spencer, Lake Silkworth; Mrs. Frances Golla, Berwick; Wayne, Slocum; Curtis, West Nanticoke; Mrs. Barbara Fowler, Berwick; brothers, Norman, California, and Clyde, Oregon; sister, Mrs. Edna Tobias, Routlette, Pa.

Burial will be in Lehman Cemetery. There will be no viewing.

KEEPING POSTED

July 13: HANOI LARGELY EVACUATED, bombings crumble dikes, flooding imminent. TROPICAL STORM CELIA spawned in South Atlantic.

TORNADOES in Illinois, Iowa. HEAT SPARKS RIOTS in Chicago slums, two bloody nights.

ISRAELI PLANES attack Jordan. JIM BROWN RESIGNS from professional football.

July 14: MASS MURDER in Chicago, as maniac strangles and shoots eight student nurses. SLEEPY SURVEYOR takes 282 more pix, but his heart isn't in it.

BASTILLE DAY in France. ISRAELI, SYRIAN planes battle, in dead-serious water fight.

July 15: CAB authorizes supplemental airlines to fly routes of five struck lines. POLICE ARTIST sketches killer from survivor's description.

PRINCETON expedition finds Greek gold in Sicily; buried in pot for safety 22 centuries ago.

July 16: FOREST FIRES threaten as drought continues. MISS SWEDEN, Miss Universe. HANOI calls captured pilots criminals, threatens trial.

July 17: MURDER SUSPECT Speck captured after suicide attempt; recognized on operating table by doctor. JIM RYUN, 19 becomes world's fastest man, runs mile in 3:51.3.

J. P. KENNEDY has heart attack at Hyannis Port.

July 18: GEMINI 10 mission starts like clockwork. YOUNG, COLLINS, link with Agena, use more fuel than planned.

NORTH VIETNAM regulars hunted, hard to find. WORLD COURT throws out 6-year suit of Liberia, Ethiopia; South Africa was charged with misuse of diamond-rich S-W Africa.

July 19: ASTRONAUT COLLINS stands up in his seat for 400-mile-high photography; session cut short by fumes in oxygen system. NATIONAL GUARD called into Cleveland riots; another death.

FRANCE drops A-bomb in Polynesia; Japan protests atmospheric test.

July 20: EYE-BURNING fumes eliminated, Gemini 10 heads for rendezvous with Agena 8. WILSON struggles to save pound. AIRLINE strike continues.

AIR FORCE strikes targets near Hanoi.

New Goods Too Late To List

More Ham'n Yeggars: Dr. Earl Bower, Dr. John Groblewski, Mitchell Jenkins, Frank Parkhurst Inc., Lester W. Hauck, W. A. Auston, Merton E. Jones, Bert Lewis, Richard Disque, Lucy and McGinley.

Back Mountain Lumber Co., 3 play gyms; Ertley & Co., boat and engine; Grace Cave, two sets of decenter and 4 glasses; D. T. Scott & Sons, Salem rocks; Paul Priebe, drain cleaner and closet auger; Eastern Penn Supply, 2 1/2 gal fire extinguisher, 20 lb. dry chemical extinguisher, 10 lb. ditto; Phillips Petroleum, 24 qts. motor oil; Penn Fern, 2 cases motor oil; Sinclair, case motor oil.

Triangle Shoes, 25 pairs shoes; City Chevrolet: tissue dispenser, letter container, license plate frame, radio rear speaker, windshield washer, emergency kit, extinguisher, front and rear mats; Bertels, 2 cases cans; Speedwash Laundry, 2 hams; UGI and Sears, electric water heater; O'Malia Laundry, Instamatic Kodak 804; George Jacobs, 2 electric knives; Book and Card Mart, 12 pieces; Zoeller Paper, 6 ballpoint pens; Luzerne Lumber, coffee table; Huntsville Nursery, shrubs, trees, petunias; De-Luxe Games, gym set; Martin Lectric, lamp.

Forty Fort Lumber, picnic table; Harry Bolen, rug; Percy Brown, ham; L. L. Richardson, tire; George Jacobs, Jr., Philippine handcraft; Stegmaiers, 10 cases of beer; Oscar Smith, 2 throw rugs; Gebhardt's Supply, bowling ball bag; Raub Shoe Store, nylon hosiery, handbag; Mrs. John Hildebrandt, 4 covered coat hangers; Santarelli, 50 cinder blocks; The Hub, adult 3-M game.

Sordoni Enterprises, two bicycles; Joe Men's Shop, thermal underwear; Dallas Cleaners, ham; Marion Shoppe, cashmere sweater; Kay's Beauty Shop, merchandise; Milt Whitting, auto polish; Kitsee Auto, cushion, lantern; Williams Atlantic, case oil; Wesley Gulf, oil; Kingston Auto Parts, tools; Stull's merchandise; Code Bestoder, motor oil; Gorda's, motor oil.

Hazleton Gulf oil; Mike Slimak's station, fertilizer; Franklin Gulf, oil; Strauser's, congolem rug; Globe Store, bathinette; Pritchard's Drugs, perfume, cologne; Wilkes-Barre Iron and Wire, antique pine cupboard; Shelborne, insulated mugs; Power Engineering, de-humidifier; Lewis Crisman, 6 Christmas trees; Susquehanna Savings and Loan, Thermos jug, umbrella, brazier, lawn chair, travel bag.

Lewis & Duncan, football helmet; Common & Co., electric heater installation; Rowlands refrigerators, auto air-conditioner; Evans Pharmacy, Timex watch; Raves, climbing roses; Parker Fuel, 200 gals; Domoco Gas & Oil, gas; Pete Sopic, Christmas trees; Demeer's, Symo machine; Howard Isaacs, 2 tires; Kingston National, \$100 certificate; Schooley, contractor, 2 lock sets; Hi Funke, yard goods, Ben Franklin, mouse-trap cage; Hall's, Polaroid print copier; Doc Jordan, cordless tooth brush set; Rebennack's, reconditioned washer; Newark Silk, bolt of silk; Dr. Berger, comb sets.

Davenport Drugs, Brownie camera; Metropolitan Wire, 3 wire book-cases; Huston Feed, dog-food, fertilizer; Modern Floor Shop, 3 mats; Community Motors, merchandise; Mrs. Mann, beagle puppies; Royce Foundry, used Thermofax copier; Thermo-Tek, gas water heater; Hillside Farms, piglet; Nelson Co. mattress; McCarthy Tires, oscillating lawn sprinkler; Anns Apparel, shorty coat, culottes; Ernest Gay, 1922 silver dollar; Reuben Gable, female Basset hound; Buddies Men's Shop, men's, boys' clothing.

Certificates: Suburban Restaurant, 2 \$3.00 certificates; Anthracite Dog Training, course; Luigi's Pizza, merchandise.

Jopling Fund Grows; Canvass July 23-30

Someone will call at your home in the interest of the Jopling Family during the week of July 23 to 30. Containers will also be placed in local stores.

The Fund, sponsored by Huntsville Christian Church, has already received donations totaling \$575, according to Miss Hannah Culp, chairman.

The John Jopling family, who lost their home in a fire July 8, are now living in a furnished summer cottage at Huntsville until permanent quarters are available.

There is no storage space yet for

EXCAVATION STARTED

Excavation has begun for foundations of the new Atlantic station in central Dallas.

furniture which has been offered. Adequate summer clothing has been provided for the children, ranging in age from 3 to 14.

Anyone wishing to contribute may write Box 84, Dallas. Checks should be made to Jopling Fund, Huntsville Christian Church.

The Joplings are especially grateful to Lee Wentzel, Mrs. Mary Lou Swingle and Mrs. Pearl Gilroy, who quickly contacted the Red Cross, which took care of immediate needs.

A STITCH IN TIME

The bloody holocaust in Chicago last week—when a twenty four year old derelict wantonly cut the throats of eight student nurses—should have ominous significance to the parents of the Dallas teenagers who the day before, slashed the tents, broke plates and phonograph records and cut up books on the Library Auction grounds—just for the "hell" of it! Yet, to date, neither police nor parents have done a thing to scotch the destructive instincts in these fledglings!

MAPS . . . SCHMAPS !!!

It's an old story . . . the one about folks getting confused with turn pike exits, but here's one about a dummy who found the entrances a source of bewilderment.

If only it hadn't happened a year ago, at exactly the same spot, the tale wouldn't be so crazy. Enroute to Wilkes-Barre from Delaware, after the map was carefully consulted, Route 202 North was the preferred one because at Norris-town it connected with the Penna. Turnpike, which connected with the Northeast Extension. Road markings pointed the way to the Turnpike but woe was me, nothing indicated that the Turnpike entrance I hit, headed west instead of east and I found myself flying along toward Harrisburg with no possible way to turn around, no exits for miles and miles; nothing to do but grit my teeth, mutter some unpleasant words and hope for a way out of the mess! Finally an Exit . . . a reverse of my travel pattern and an arrival home over an hour late!

This year, it wasn't going to happen! Absolutely not! This year I'd be certain I didn't get on the wrong side of that Turnpike. . . so when I came to the junction and saw a sign which said "WEST END" Harrisburg. . . I said "A . . . Ha" . . . "That's not for me!"

Refusing to enter, I traveled straight ahead two miles, found nothing which indicated another entrance and discovered upon inquiry I must turn back to the entrance I had passed up. Obeyantly, I did just that! Or, thought I did, until I came face to face with a sign which said "TURNPIKE SOUTH."

"Oh, Me" . . . where was I now? "That's not for me!"

Hesitation being impossible, cars whizzing by like jets. . . a quick exit to the right . . .

"Get off this blasted thing before you end up back in Delaware!"

"OK now I'm off that speedway . . . what do I do now?" No turnpike in sight . . . a country road leading to Malvern . . .

"Ye Gods, I was in Malvern 30 minutes ago! There was the sign "GOOD SPEED . . . GOD SPEED-MALVERN WELCOMES YOU" That's what the sign said.

Another gas station, an inquiry of a woman in a Corvair loaded with young 'ns . . . only to discover she too was "LOST" . . . looking for TURNPIKE SOUTH.

Do you think I could tell her how to find it? That was the one I'd just flown from . . . but only the wood Lord knew where it was; I didn't.

"I'm going to find that "blankety blank" turnpike or die in this 90 degree heat in the attempt."

"Ha Ha" . . . there's a little old man in a little old car . . . looks like a native! . . . weakly I pleaded? "Can you help me sir?" . . .

"Lady, you gotta know how to drive these days," said he. "There's a big expressway up here always . . . don't get on that!"

"I've already been on it . . . now please tell me . . . if you know . . . how do I get on the Turnpike to Scranton Wilkes-Barre?"

"You follow me" . . . and I did . . . up hills and down dales . . . through wooded areas and new sections. We even passed a Turnpike sign . . . I spotted the entrance, but I was following someone I thought KNEW THE WAY.

All of a sudden, my new found friend stopped. . . came back to my car and said . . .

"Now lady, if you turn right, you'll find the road will take you to Norrisstown."

"Dear Heavens! NORRISTOWN!! That's where I'd made my first connection with the Turnpike. . . I'd traveled in circles at least 6 times. . . for what do you think I was facing. . . that good old sign which said "GOOD SPEED . . . GOD SPEED MALVERN WELCOMES YOU!"

Somehow, somewhere, through the intelligence of someone. . . I found the correct entrance and "jetted" (and I mean JETTED) my way back to good old ROUTE 309 Wilkes-Barre exit.

Never . . . never never again. . . I'll go out of my way by miles and travel Jersey Turnpike to Penna Turnpike to N East Extension (the route I took to go down to the shore) before I ever wind up trying to save time by traveling Route 202 North to NORRISTOWN. I simply don't know east from west. . . all roads look alike on a TURNPIKE!

From—

Pillar To Post...

by HIX

The strike on the airlines certainly put a spoke in Hix' wheel. Could be it will all be settled, and planes flying obediently again by the time Hix starts back from Illinois in the midst of another heat wave, but that will be of very little advantage.

Volkswagens may be small, but airlines do not take kindly to such freight. The First National Travel Bureau gets A for effort in trying to circumvent the struck airlines, and route a passenger to St. Louis without stepping on any pickets. It even considered Dulles as a hop-off point.

I wonder if enough honor is paid to the members of a travel bureau, who patiently weigh one means of transit against another, map out endless routes, and make the reservations?

Usually it is an anonymous voice at the other end of the line. In the case of the recent scramble to make some sort of a reservation for a Conference in Illinois, the voice was not anonymous.

It belonged to a friend in Dallas. Does the First National have any idea how much goodwill is engendered by the voice of Miss Agnes Gregson?

When the strike was still in progress, and all plane plans had to be cancelled out, there was genuine regret in the voice that broke the bad news.

The voice at the AAA which mapped out an overland route, is a very pleasant one, too.

Both the bank and the AAA are to be congratulated on having harnessed such voices. Nothing clipped or too impersonal, simply something businesslike, tempered with interest.

Looking at a trip to the Midwest through the existing heat-wave is an appalling challenge. It would have been much easier to fly.

From Dulles, by jet, it would have been little more than an hour. From Avoca, most of the day, counting the stopover in Pittsburgh.

Setting off tomorrow morning, and heading steadily west through the heat locks like a job.

It has been a long time since I have driven toward the setting sun.

But there are some delights. There is almost always that sudden shower, with the parched earth drinking the moisture, and the heavenly scent of leaves refreshed by the rain.

On one trip west, years ago, we kept missing the showers, but we travelled over glistening roads, and we smelled the freshness.

It was so dry through the Great Plains states that we could wash out our clothing at night, hang it on a line, and in half an hour it was dry. The constant wind sucked every particle of moisture from skin and clothing.

It was hot, but the heat without moisture was more bearable than 110 would have been at ocean level, and freighted with ocean humidity.

By the time this paper goes to press, I will be preparing to start back again for Dallas.

Maybe it will be cooler by then, but July is a torrid month, no matter how you slice it.

Incredible that within less than two months there will be frost in the Back Mountain, that in a month the first red tongue of flame will appear along the roadside, and that before the end of September the whole rich pageant of the Autumn coloring will start.

And in eight months, the first crocus of 1967. We are going into the fall with the worst drought in many years unless relief comes, and shortly.

What I would love to see on Sunday, when the little car turns its nose into the driveway on Pioneer Avenue, is a tremendous pool of water.

I hope that the cellar will have four inches of water in it, and that the withering flowerbeds will be refreshed.

It is too much to ask, but it would certainly be lovely.

Adolph Hetzer's Old Atlas Exercises The Imagination

An old atlas makes fascinating reading. Adolph Hetzer, of Times Square Pet Farm in East Dallas, brought Mitchell's New General Atlas to the Post Friday. It was published in Philadelphia in 1874, and includes maps of the proposed Atrato Canal Route, Hindoostan, the Sandwich Islands and Thibet.

Mr. Hetzer acquired the atlas as a small boy when he and some friends went treasure hunting in an old house being razed in Fort Lee, N.J. Flving Eagle pennies, 3-cent and 20-cent pieces from the same expedition are now part of Mr. Hetzer's coin collection.

The faded lavender flyleaf bears the name of William Brown, Washington, D.C. in faint but very dashing script. Roses from an old bouquet and part of a valentine are scattered through the maps.

Each of the 72 maps is surrounded by an inch-wide border of intertwining grape vines.

The map of United States and Territories looks familiar east of the Mississippi. But the left hand page conures up all the Westerns of Hollywood, Zane Grey, and the Gold Rush.

Indian Territory is there, instead of Oklahoma. The Emigrant Road and Hastings Road and Route to Santa Fe are faint double lines, the tracks of prairie schooners. Dacotah Territory is undivided, Texas north of the Red River has one word in bold face type — Comanches.

The state map of Pennsylvania offers at least one surprise. Luzerne County stretches out to include Scranton, Carbondale and Moscow. Only Back Mountain communities shown are Centre Moreland and Sweet Valley; the Lake is shown, but has no name.

A list of Post Offices in the country contains Carverton, Orange, Lehman, Trucksville and Dallas. The nearest place for a money order was Wilkes-Barre.

All 14 Dallahes are listed, plus Dallasburgh, Dallas City and Dalastown. There's also a Fort Dallas in Florida.

South America's map shows Patagonia as a separate country, south of the Argentine Confederation.

The proposed Atrato-Inter-Oceanic Canal Routes would join the Pacific at Humboldt Bay, to the Caribbean at the Gulf of Uraba or Darien, using parts of the Atrato River through New Granada.

In Europe, Turkey included the cities of Belgrade and Bucharest, with Austria-Hungary occupying all the region between it and Prussia.

Farther India sounds about as remote and romantic a spot as the imagination can picture. It's east of Hindoostan and includes a city named Saigon.

Last map in the atlas is Africa, showing its most recent discoveries. A large area, stretching from 5 degrees north of the Equinoctial Line to 10 degrees south is plainly labeled Unknown Interior. To the north live Pagan Tribes, on the east is Zanruabar, and the charted portion of the Congo River flows into the South Atlantic through Lower Guinea.

The States of Barbary lie between the Mediterranean coast and the Sahara. Paths lead out across the Great Desert, radiating from the city whose name stands out as the most important on the continent—Timbuctoo.

Gordon's Lillies Are Magnificent

Gordon Wolverton, Shavertown, loves lillies and he grows them on his lot on Overbrook Avenue. A number of varieties delight the friends to whom he gives bouquets, and some magnificent specimens were placed on the altar at St. Paul's Church on Sunday.

Included among the species are Green Mt. Hybrid, Black Magic, Golden Clarion and Green Magic, all handsome on their tall stems, some reaching a height of six feet.

Editorially Speaking

We Are A Patient People

A strike against an airline, or a railroad, or a bus line, is a strike against the public interest. It ranks right along with strikes of doctors or policemen, or shutdowns of power services.

People upon whom the health and well-being of a nation depend, have a responsibility to the nation which permits them to organize, to demand, and to throw a monkey-wrench into the works.

This is a long-suffering nation. It patiently waits while traffic stops in its tracks, wheels refuse to turn in the subway, planes refuse to fly, railroads cancel service, buses remain in the car-barn.

The time selected for the strikes is always the most strategic. Demands carry a lot more weight if behind them there is a long line of frustrated travellers.

Who knows how many lives have been lost because the airplanes are grounded?

Even twenty years ago, it would not have made too much difference. Commercial flying was in its infancy. You flew, more as a novelty than anything else.

But now, planes carry antibiotics and blood plasma. They fly a child with a safety pin lodged in his throat to a hospital where an operation may save his life.

Twenty years ago, the child might have died, and the blood plasma delivered too late.

We have come to depend upon fast service when it is needed.

In the days of the pioneers, a horse-and-buggy doctor might have performed kitchen-table surgery, and been successful. Many an oldster is alive today because the family doctor was right there on the job, allaying the fears of the parents and performing a miracle.

But it is reassuring to a parent to know that a fast plane can deliver a suffering child to a hospital where everything is at hand for an emergency.

The planes will not remain grounded. The people who are stranded somewhere will eventually all get home, the young couples who expected to fly into the sunset on a plane will spend their honeymoon somewhere else.

There will be heat prostrations among elderly people who have no business to be driving long distances in hot weather.

The ultimate consumer will pay the ultimate bill. . . as always.

We are a patient people.

Arterial Traffic

That boy on a bicycle, killed on Highway 81. What was he doing on an interstate highway on a bicycle?

Interstate Highways are for rapid transit, not for bicycles.

It is sheer murder to encounter a wobbling child on a bike even on a back road where the speed limit is 25 or 35 miles an hour.

At sixty-five miles an hour, the speed permitted on many interstate highways, the boy doesn't have a chance, if he swerves one foot from his path. He is across the road and under the wheels, and the driver has the burden on his conscience all the rest of his life.

In all conscience, let us keep the interstate highways for interstate traffic. Enough accidents happen without the added challenge of keeping a lookout for children.

Arterial highways are for arterial traffic.

SWITCHEL, ANYONE?

by Catherine Gilbert

Does anyone in the Back Mountain make switchel, or even know what it is?

Hot, thirsty weather usually brings it to mind, although nobody in our household has actually had any for over 45 years, since the family switchel expert deserted the hay field for the pulpit.

Iced tea, lemonade, root beer, etc. are consumed by the gallon, but switchel has remained part of the family folklore, never tasted by the younger generation.

Until this week. According to Webster, 1916 Unabridged, switchel is a beverage made of water and molasses, flavored with vinegar and ginger.

According to father, it's a most refreshing drink, which can be taken in large quantities without harmful effect, while doing strenuous work in scorching heat.

Switchel never was served in tall, frosted glasses on a shady lawn. It was carried to the field in a crockery jug, kept cool under a stack of hay until needed. The jug was tilted up with an elbow to quench the hay maker's thirst.

This summer's annual reminiscence about switchel finally led to action. With no guiding recipe, or knowledge of proportions between ingredients, scientific experimentation was indicated.

Get Scholarship Applications Now

High School graduating class of 1967 who took College Boards in May and have