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*A non-partisan, liberal progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania, 18612.*

"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution"

We will not be responsible for large "cuts." If your organization wants to pick up its cuts, we will keep them for thirty days.

One-column cuts will be filed for future reference.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held for more than 30 days.

The Post is sent free to all Back Mountain patients in local hospitals. If you are a patient ask your nurse for it.

We can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a

**Only  
Yesterday  
It Happened  
30 Years Ago**

More babies at the top of the page: Eugene Brobst and Tréva Traver. Eugene hadn't been below third place since start of the Beautiful Baby contest, was occupying top place in the August 28th issue, 1936. Tréva got enough votes during the preceding week to assure her of a place on the roll of honor.

(Those husky thirty-year old men in the Back Mountain are doubtless chewing their nails off to the elbows when their baby pictures appear.)

W. T. Daddow's clay deposits at Lopez led to much activity of the Dutch Mountain Brick Co. Test kilns were being constructed. Out-croppings of coal at the pits furnished fuel for the steam shovels.

A week of rain broke the drought. Landon was running well ahead of FDR in the straw vote taken by the Dallas Post. See coupon.

Irving Roe Jr. and Elwood Davis represented Wyoming Valley on the four-man swim team ready to compete in Washington.

Republicans claimed too many Democrats were on the WPA project in Fernbrook, tried to halt the project.

Dallas firemen made heroic efforts to raise another \$100 as the goal of \$700 was in sight, with one week left to go.

Miss Edith Wharton Dallas, of Ambler, descendant of James Alexander Dallas for whom Dallas was named, died aged 85. The original Alexander Dallas was secretary of the treasury and secretary of war under president Madison.

Sugar was 10 pounds for 49 cents; corned beef, two cans 31 cents; onions, 10 pounds, 22 cents.

**It Happened  
20 Years Ago**

Excavating and foundation work for the new Natona plant was furnishing employment for sixty people.

Shortage of doors and pipes delayed completion of dormitories at College Misericordia, with opening of classes also delayed.

Beaumont took the first play-off game from Dallas 6 to 4.

Borough Council instructed police to enforce an ordinance compelling residents to have their weeds cut.

Joe MacVeigh was council president. A spent rifle bullet crashed the windshield as Doc Jeter listened to an exciting game between Boston and Philly.

Captain Michael Stark was elected principal of Lehman schools, succeeding Clarence Boston.

Future of Jive Junction, Dallas's youth center, hung in the balance. Group was meeting in Odd Fellows Hall.

Dallas Borough High School, unable to get equipment, abandoned plans for a football team. Lehman had a squad of 35.

Tomato blight closed the canneries. Japanese beetles infested Pennsylvania.

Died: Mrs. Rose S. Sarver, Harveyville.

**It Happened  
10 Years Ago**

The local bank, now a branch of Miners National, celebrated its fiftieth birthday. Ralph Rood, the first bank teller, recollected that the bank opened on Monday, August 27, 1906, at exactly 9 a. m. President was George R. Wright. First depositor was John J. Ryman, a director. The building was the one now occupied by Harveys Lake Light Company, built especially for banking purposes. Commonwealth offices were on the second floor. No electric lights. None in town except those furnished by the traction company.

Hay crop suffered, too much rain. Fernbrook team took Little League championship.

Many drunks picked up on local highways.

Work was started on Gate of Heaven school.

Heavy earth-moving machinery moved onto site of Jackson Institution.

Water Company laid new mains. Married: Doris Bush to Carl G. Henning. Charlotte Dymond to Richard Parry. Lila Sue Tyson to George J. Kintz.

Died: Josiah Kocher, 85, Harveys Lake. William Llewellyn, 74, Miles Corners. Robert McMillen, 11, Noxen.

**Don't Forget Haymarket  
Antiques Show Saturday**

Saturday is the date of the annual Haymarket Antiques Show, starting at 10 a. m. in the level field at Evans Falls adjacent to Dale Myers' Restaurant and antique shop.

A fine time to pick up something special for next year's Library Auction, the twenty-first, when the Auction comes of age.

**KEEPING POSTED**

August 24: SOVIETS LAUNCH Luna 11, a ton and a half of satellite aimed at the moon. STATE OF EMERGENCY in Texas, New Mexico after 10 inches of rain. STOCK MARKET bounces back. DeGAULLE STARTS tour, Cambodia first stop. 300,000 Americans now in Vietnam. Ambassador Lodge orders curfew in advance of elections. CONGRESS VERSUS WHITE HOUSE on slum clearance.

August 25: RED GUARD, youth group spawned by Red Mao, promises great proletarian revolution in China Reign of terror. U.S. LAUNCHES spacecraft from Apollo, to land 93 minutes later in Pacific. ANOTHER TRAGIC ERROR, U.S. planes drop Nepalm bombs on their own troops. 7 killed, 22 injured.

August 26: LBJ makes swing around Colorado, Idaho, Oklahoma. More non-political visits and speeches. TURKEY'S MEDITERRANEAN coast feels earth tremors. U.S. mobile hospital in action. HURRICANE FAITH veers north of Virgin Islands. CANADIAN RAILWAYS on strike. TEAMSTERS MAKE BID to organize labor. STOCK MARKET at lowest point in two years.

August 27: BOTH SIDES in Canadian railways strike stalling, hoping for government to act.

August 28: RED CHINA'S youth corps (Hitler's Jugend) strains relations between Soviet and China. Embassy attacked. WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS, and suburb of Milwaukee scenes of racial disturbance. DeGaulle winds up visit to Ethiopia, received in royal style, contrast to attitude in French Somaliland.

August 29: DEMOCRATS SPLIT at high level on high interest rates. Could be the break Bobby has been waiting for. STOCK MARKET takes another nose dive. Been going down fairly steadily since February. CURFEW in WAUKEGAN eases racial tension, bayonets greet demonstrators in Milwaukee.

August 30: DeGAULLE in CAMBODIA. CHINA REAPS THE WHIRLWIND, Red Youth on rampage. WORLD-JOURNAL-TRIBUNE still stymied by unions. Work stoppage of 127 days has already strangled the time-honored Herald.

U.S. AND SOVIET space ships orbit the moon, both taking pix.

August 31: HURRICANE FAITH erratic, doubled back on itself, then headed north. SENATE DEFENSE committee interviews Sylvester on controlled news.

**Register To Vote**

Dates of voter registration in the Back Mountain were listed on the front page in last week's Dallas Post.

If you want a voice in your government, a voice in selecting members of your school board, register.

If you are approaching 21, make a note of this: Is your 21st birthday on or before the day AFTER election day in November? The day before your official birth date is your birthday, whether you know it or not.

This year, you folks approaching maturity have a real break, because if your birthday is celebrated on the ninth of November, you are still eligible to vote in the November 8 election. This gives you an edge on people who, in a normal election year, would be out in the cold.

Election comes on the first Tuesday AFTER the first Monday. November 1 is not election day, even though it is on a Tuesday.

So, don't use ignorance of the date, and of your qualifications for voting, to keep you from registering. Your vote can swing an election. Vote for anybody you please, but VOTE.

And to vote, you must be registered. If you have not voted for two years, you will need to register again.

**When Father Lost His Uppers**

by Hap Hazard

My Father was sixty when his teeth were all worn down from chewing Penn Fine Cut. He was proud and grew a beard, but that didn't help the shrinking of his lips. He read an ad in the newspaper by a dentist who said he could make false teeth that were perfectly fitting and one could eat corn on the cob or chew tough steaks.

Father fell for the ad and the following Saturday he fortified himself at Hughie Lawson's Tavern and went to the dentist and had his worn teeth extracted. He came home in the evening with a bleeding mouth and sore gums, and he looked like ten cents worth of god-helps.

He licked his wounds for a couple days and tried to chew his tobacco but couldn't make it, and that made him real miserable.

Two weeks later he came home from the dentist with his store teeth and you could hear those teeth clattering all the way down the street. He couldn't talk (which should happen to some women) and the first time he took a chew of tobacco his mouth felt as if it was full of gravel. That made him more miserable. All that money wasted.

He put his teeth in only when he had company and he wanted to appear more normal in the face, even under his whiskers.

One sturday night he came home from the Flat Iron saloon with a little skinful and he had his uppers in his pants pocket. He said he laughed so hard at a political joke that he shot his teeth out of his

mouth onto the sawdust on the saloon floor. He put them down on a lay table and parked himself down in the big chair back of the hot water boiler and proceeded to have a little chew before going to bed.

We had a big maltese cat named Jake that was always hungry. During the night Jake smelled something like kilbase or bologna and discovered the teeth and picked them off the table and took them to his basket under the kitchen table. Next morning Pa couldn't find his teeth anywhere and he even went back to the Flat Iron saloon to look for them and came home with another skinful.

That night we were expecting Uncle Will and Aunt Margaret and the whole household were hunting for Pa's teeth, and there was hellto pay.

While all this was going on Old Jake was in his basket under the table. The old man spied him as it happened to be the time to put Jake out for an airing (a cat needs a lot of airing y'know). When Pa lifted Jake out of his basket Pa spied his uppers - clean as a whistle. The cat had been sleeping on them, and I guess that's where the word "catnap" originated.

Moral: If you have ill fitting uppers don't let them laying around any old place when there is a cat in the house.

Hap Hazard adds: Ever hear about that cabin that was plagued by pack-rats? There was a hunter sleepin' there and he put his uppers under his pillow, and a pack-rat took 'em and substituted a matchbox.

**Safety Valve**

MORE RESPONSE ON PIX

Dear Hix:

You undoubtedly have received many replies on the school pictures in your tabloid. The picture I am referring to is the one on the Mountain School in the lower right-hand corner. The reason I know is there are three Fitzer youngsters in it, my brother, my sister, and myself.

The date, the nearest I can figure it, it thirty years ago. I was nine, so now you know I'm at the Jack Benny age.

In the first row I will put a question mark to those I've forgotten: Charles Studinger, Alma Vosburg, Marion Scoble, Wilma Ickinger, Lee Cyphers, Laird Frantz, Billy Murray, George Parrish, ? Jackie Scoble, George Risch.

In the second row, the teacher, Miss Iva Konkin, now residing at the Home for the Aged in Ransom; Shirley Fitzer, Mary Stevens, Ruth Fitzer, Carolyn Vashing, Audrey Scoble, Tommy Stevens, Wilbur Riskey, Sharpes Cyphers, Daniel Fitzer, and Edward Natt.

Thank you for putting in these old pictures, we sure had a good laugh. I was so surprised to find and remember so many from my old home town of Carverton.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Robert Nygren  
Sweet Valley

**IN APPRECIATION**

Our sincere thanks to all those who contributed so much to the success of the Noxen Fire Company Auction which was held recently.

A special thanks to the Silver Sleigh, Paul Coolbaugh, Dale Myers and the local dress manufacturers for their generous gifts. The work and generosity of our many friends both here and in other communities brought the event to a successful culmination, a realization of \$1308 toward our fire equipment fund.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. Guy Fritz  
Co-Chairman

**Suzanne Messick  
Wins Certificate**

Suzanne Messick received a certificate of Accomplishment for completion of the Cadet Officer Candidate Course conducted by the Pennsylvania Wing, Civil Air Patrol, presented after a Parade and Review at Kutztown State Teachers College August 28.

The Civil Air Patrol is an Auxiliary of the U. S. Air Force. In addition to its Aerospace Rescue and Recovery mission, it provides military training and an Aerospace Education to personnel between the ages of 13 and 17.

Suzanne is a Cadet 2nd Lieutenant in the Wyoming Valley Composite Squadron Wing which conducts weekly meetings at the USAF Reserve Facility in Wyoming.

She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Irwin Messick, Goss Manor.

**Services Today For  
Mrs. Martha Jones**

Services for Mrs. Martha Jones, Lake Silkworth, will be held from the funeral home at 14 West Green Street, Nanticoke, this morning at 11. Rev. A. Ward Campbell officiating. Burial will be at Hanover Green.

Mrs. Jones, 65, died at noon on Tuesday in Nanticoke Hospital, where she had been admitted on Saturday.

Her husband, the late David Jones, died two years ago. He had operated a tavern at Lake Silkworth.

She leaves a son, David, and a daughter, Mrs. Ruth Radginski, both of Lake Silkworth; two grandchildren; two brothers, Edward Stortz, Binghamton, and John, Atlantic City; three sisters: Mrs. Lotte Kuchta, Lake Silkworth; Mrs. Cussie Riddle, Atlantic City; and Mrs. Sophie Reakes, Nanticoke.

**Old Mill Village  
Folk Festival Friday**

The newly formed Cocoluscu Craftsmen's Association is planning a trip by bus to the Old Mill Village Folk Festival at New Milford on Friday.

Present plans are to leave Martz terminal by chartered bus at 8:30 a. m. Janet Miller, Luzerne County Extension office, suggests that people who wish to go give her a call immediately at 825-4596, to find out if there is room on the bus, or if perhaps there have not been enough reservations to warrant a bus.

The Old Mill Village Folk Festival will be held the entire Labor Day weekend, September 2-5. Old time skills such as weaving, wood - carving, pottery - making, spinning, looming, will be demonstrated.

New Milford is a pleasant drive from Dallas.

Not Wallo Pines  
The recent incident of the burning cross in Dallas Township took place in the former Wallo Plot at High-point Acres and not Wallo Pines, which is a business place five miles from the site.

IN MANY DESIGNS  
Tablets - Circulars  
The Dallas Post

**From—  
Pillar To Post...**

by HIX

The cool spell came right on schedule, just as always, on August 25, ready to warm up to a brisk sizzle over the Labor Day weekend.

Seemed pretty nice to get out an extra blanket for a change, after those torrid days and nights.

Pretty nice, too, to see lawnmowers buzzing their way across new grass, after another summer of drought.

The Back Mountain is green again after two months of baked earth, breathless nights, and days hot enough to fella a strong man. The only consolation has been that in Texas it was a lot hotter. By contrast, when you looked at the projected temperatures on T-V TODAY SHOW, you could feel almost chilly by comparison.

The thermometer is an old thing anyhow. Sometimes the 70 degree reading in the living room inspires you to turn up the thermostat, sometimes to open the door to let a little more cool air before the sun gets too high and the region starts baking.

Seventy degrees is comfortable in the summer, far too cool in the winter when the snow starts piling up on the window sills.

Probably it is the power of suggestion. Like putting one hand in cool water on a hot day. Suddenly, you are cool all over.

In August, if your porch thermometer read a sixty degrees in the early morning, you are perfectly comfortable standing out there in a sun dress, caning a chair. You open the kitchen door, and the kitten frisks in and out, extending a small paw at the dangling cane as he races past.

If it were sixty degrees inside, in the winter, you'd be calling the furnace man, and you'd be muffled in sweaters and ski pants. It must be all a matter of proportion, or maybe self-hypnotism.

Within two weeks, we could have a frost. The first sight of a whitened roof is enough to send everybody tearing for the service station to get anti-freeze in the car, though we know there is no earthly sense in it until at least mid-October.

It has been smelling like Indian Summer, not late August, and not Fall. All except for the one notable scent that is completely absent, that of burning leaves. There is even a slight haze in the air.

Fall is on the way, summer is over, there is one more big picnic weekend coming up, and that is it. Finish to a long hot summer.

Within less than a month the first fall coloring will appear. For a time there, it looked as if the leaves would be too dry to turn, but the rains came, and the earth has been refreshed. We can look forward to some beautiful fall coloring this year, and to the hope that it will last longer than it did last year.

There is even hope that the drought cycle which had plagued the region for the past five years, has been broken.

It was touch and go with the hunting season last year. The woods were so dry that everybody expected hunting to be banned. There is no such expectation this year.

That full moon is prelude of the Harvest Moon and the Hunters Moon. As the season of shorter days and longer nights approaches, the full moon dominates the night.

By October, the end of it will be shining through leafless branches. By Thanksgiving, it will be adise of stainless steel, remote and cold as the outer reaches of the universe.

The thermostat in the living room will be registering seventy-five, and guests will shiver. They will surreptitiously push up the needle just a trifle higher.

The fireplace logs will blaze, and send out radiant heat. The thermometer will register eighty, and it will still not be quite warm enough, away from the glow of the firelight.

Eighty, during the summer, is something you shun, diving gratefully into the cool living room, out of the August heat.

**From Persecution In Czarist Russia  
To Quiet Backwaters Of The Lake**

by Catherine Gilbert

"Everyone's life is a story; nobody lives without troubles."

That is the way Mrs. Boris Jenkins greets the idea that her own life has been a bit unusual. She has found life interesting all the way, because there have been so many wonderful things to see and read about, and people to meet.

The beauty of the changing seasons at Harveys Lake is stored in her memory along with the elaborate decorations of the Czar's Palace. Her eyes now can only distinguish light from dark.

As a child in White Russia, Mrs. Jenkins experienced discrimination and persecution by the government, which denied education to Jewish children and tried to prevent religious services.

"The Czar," says Mrs. Jenkins, "made a very unhappy life." She still has a scar on her hand received at the age of twelve from a policeman's club.

Believing strongly that freedom and liberty were everyone's right, she joined the thousands of immigrants who entered America in the early years of the twentieth century.

Arriving in New York City at the age of eighteen, she went to work, attending night school to learn English. Two years later she married Mr. Jenkins, a barber and hair dresser.

After ten years in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, with their four small children, moved to Wilkes-Barre, where he established a successful beauty parl. They chose this area because there were friends and relatives in nearby towns.

Thirty-four years ago they bought property at Harveys Lake, renting cottages as well as operating a beauty shop. Mrs. Jenkins herself

became a skilled hair dresser. A tour of Europe in 1932 remains a high spot in Mrs. Jenkins' memory. Besides visiting relatives in Russia, she saw historic landmarks in several countries, many of them destroyed a few years later during World War II.

Although her early education was limited, Mrs. Jenkins realized there was much she could learn by herself, through reading. She also became fluent in several languages.

Three years ago her eyesight began to fail rapidly, damaged by unsuspected diabetes. The beauty shop was closed, and her days of avid reading and voluminous writing were at an end.

But Mrs. Jenkins has little patience with those who waste time feeling sorry for themselves. She is able to walk around the house and yard, and does the laundry and cooking. She is proud of her children and grandchildren.

Each day that comes is welcomed as a gift of God, and she looks back with pleasure at all the wonderful things she has seen.

The property at Harveys Lake is for sale now. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins expect to do quite a bit of travelling; there are still a lot of places she wants to see.

**Dallas Post Office  
Closed Labor Day**

Monday Sept. 5, 1966 being Labor Day the Dallas Post Office will be closed. There will be no City or Rural Delivery of mail.

The lobby will be open from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. for those patrons who have boxes in the office, it was announced by Postmaster Edward Buckley today.

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