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Editorially Speaking

Suppose It Were Gene, Or Chuck, Or Steve?

Mark Twain forecast the loss of a boy in the caves near Hannibal, Missouri many years ago, when the immortal Tom Sawyer was born in the brain of an author who was popularly thought of as a humorist, but who actually had the human touch which could bring tears as well as smiles to his readers.

There was never anything humorous about Tom Sawyer's experiences in the cave. People expected it to be funny, because Mark Twain had established a reputation for seeing life through a pair of spectacles denied the usual writer. Readers felt vaguely cheated when the Tom Sawyer who adroitly conned his playmates into painting his fence for him, failed to bring a smile in the cave.

Parents who have been hoping and praying that the three young boys would be found before time ran out for them, are faced with stark reality, not a situation in a book.

When a child is killed in an accident, it is a final thing with a grim period punctuating a young life, and its all too short paragraphs.

But the period is there, and though heartbreakingly final, the account is closed, the life and death complete, the child safe. There can be mourning, but there is no suspense.

When a child is lost in the all-enveloping darkness of a cave, where the next faltering step may lead to a shrieking plunge over a cliff into unsounded depths, or to another passageway which seems to offer hope, but ends in a blank wall, the father and mother are faced with a situation that is all but unbearable.

They follow the child step by step, building in their imagination his fear and his final desperation. They see the flickering flashlight grow dim. They see him hoarding his fading beam of hope, switching it off as he stands in stygian blackness, pressing the button again for a brief survey of his echoing prison, finding that the battery no longer lights the tiny bulb.

A massive search is fruitless. The community knows that rock slides are frequent in the labyrinth of under ground passages. They have seen, far below an overhanging ledge, the bones of an Indian who explored the cave, perhaps in flight from an enemy, perhaps in curiosity.

Parents of lost children are doomed to look at every face, follow every clue. They may know in their innermost hearts that the child is blessedly dead, that he was mercifully killed instantly in a fall of rock, but there remains the uncertainty, the dreadful necessity to reconstruct those last hours of terror.

Over the years to come, there hangs the uncertainty, the faint flicker of hope that somehow, some way, the child has found another path to the sunshine, that he may be living in another village, forgetful of his identity because of the shock of his experience.

Or that he was never in the cave at all, that he might have decided to run away.

For the parents of a lost child, there is never a period to the story.

For years to come, they wonder.

They may be numbed into acceptance, but still they wonder.

And every parent who listens to the account over the radio, with the growing abandonment of hope, translates the three lost boys into terms of his own children.

Suppose it were Gene, or Chuck, or Steve?

A cave does not have to be a winding, tortuous maze of tunnels, to cause instant death.

Any child who digs into a bank to make himself a hideout, is inviting disaster.

Shifting sand can cause a slide which can smother a child, or crush him by sheer weight, and within five feet of safety.

Many children have lost their lives within the confines of their own neighborhood, from just that perfectly natural ambition to burrow into the ground.

Hannibal, Missouri, is closer than you think.

"The Tumult And The Shouting Dies"

"The tumult and the shouting dies, The captains and the kings depart..."
Election is over.

The candidates are either drawing a long breath of relief or licking their wounds.

It is probably human nature, but it does seem as if a Primary Election brings out the worst in everybody.

It is politically acceptable to cast aspersions upon an opponent's integrity, doubt upon his ancestry, and view his aspirations with a jaundiced eye, in print, at the height of a brisk campaign. At any other time, a libel suit would follow the type of allegation that is freely exchanged in the heat of battle.

It is the same kind of thinking that causes a policeman to turn his back while a member of the goon squad beats up a strike-breaker, or a picket tears out somebody's hair by the roots.

In everyday life, anti-social behavior is not condoned, but in a political campaign, anything goes.

It's a reversion to the cave-man who lives under a thin veneer of civilization in any human being.

We find ourselves continually horrified at the stuff that constitutes the small-change of election talk.

It's dog eat dog, and the devil take the hindmost. A man running for office must develop the hide of a crocodile, the same kind of protective coloration that is necessary in the newspaper business, where you're a sitting duck for anybody's bazooka.

But as Harry Truman remarked, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."
We're thinking of running for dog-catcher, come November.

We feel it might add to our popularity.

SAVE ON PRINTING COSTS. BUY FROM THE POST

Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

✓ Luzerne By-Pass seemed to be dying on its feet. It was a 100 to 1 shot that the highway would not be built in 1937 and probably not in 1938. Public apathy and politics responsible.

✓ Great Exposition in Cleveland ready to open.

✓ Dan Waters was not permitted to resign from secretaryship of Dallas School Board.

✓ Fernbrook had been developed into a fine park, ready for the summer season.

✓ Red Cross drive was lagging far short of goal.

✓ Chandler W. Bluhdorn, partner in the B&B Hardware Store on Main Street, suffered a fatal heart attack.

✓ Heart-wringing editorial by Howard Risley about the death of the little girl whose drowning was front page news in last week's issue, Iris Stevenson, not quite three years old.

✓ Edward and Wally were much in the news, and the subject of a stinging editorial by Rives Matthews. "Poor Edward, indeed!" he replied to folks who thought the king who had fallen down on his job ought to be supported by his abandoned country. He's feeling no pain, said Rives. (Wally, thirty years later, is 71, and jubilant over her first bid to Buckingham Palace after half a lifetime of being ostracized.)

✓ Mr. and Mrs. John Miracle, Lake Street, observed their 60th anniversary.

✓ Rev. and Mrs. Francis Freeman were entertained by Dallas Methodist Episcopalans on their return to the church for their fifth year. Mrs. Wesley Himmler was general chairman.

✓ Rural Baseball League was revived with eight teams, after a lapse of three years.

It Happened 20 Years Ago

✓ Cloudy skies cleared briefly to permit crowning of the May Queen. Mary Winters was crowned at Kingston Township; Betty Adams at Dallas Township. Borough students attended Township exercises, having no Queen of their own. Lehman crowned Loraine Lukasavage. Dallas Legionnaires took McKendree 5 to 3 before the game was called for rain.

✓ Know-Your-Neighbor write-up on Gus Walters, former Sea-Bee, recently established as a welder.

✓ Lehman Schools were planning a summer music program.

✓ Community Band of Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company scheduled its first outdoor concert of the season for June 8 at the Band-Stand. (The Band-Stand was on the spot where a Gulf Gas station now stands.) Howard Cosgrove was band director. Married: Alma Reese to Sheldon Evans. Phyllis Elston to Jonathan W. Jones. Jane Lucille Tucker to Hobart C. Jeter.

✓ Paul Shaver was named marshal of the Legion Memorial Day Parade.

✓ Orange took Vernon 8-1 in Bi-County League.

✓ Boys under fourteen were invited to sign up for baseball. Kiwanis Club was sponsoring movement.

It Happened 10 Years Ago

✓ Bishop Hannan dedicated the new Bishop Hefey Memorial Science Building at College Misericordia.

✓ Orchardists were grimly awaiting frost, recalling the 1956 total loss of fruit crop.

✓ Reithoffers Shows were preparing to leave home grounds at Lehman for southern tour.

✓ Night fire destroyed the Reth home in Carverton, dwellers escaped in their night clothes, one badly burned.

✓ Another car over the bank at the dead-end near Whitesells, one of many since the new Williamsport Highway replaced the old winding Huntsville route.

✓ Died: in a traffic accident in South Carolina, Airman Daniel R. Blaine, Shavertown. Miss Myra Harding, 91, native of Center Moreland. John Crispell, 73, Beaumont, heart attack. Mrs. Edna Jones, 66, formerly of Noxen. Howard E. Rinker, 67, Sweet Valley.

✓ Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hagel, 50th. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gay, 50th.

✓ Married: C. Jayne Perrin to Robert D. Montgomery. Shirley May to Earl Hummell.

TIMELY NOTE
An editor friend of ours up in New Hampshire reports that when LBJ spoke in that area, a note was surreptitiously delivered to the lecturer. It was from Ladybird, and it read, "Knock it off."

KEEPING POSTED

May 10: BEARDED BEATNIKS ejected bodily from the Pentagon after 29 hours of sitting on the marble floor in front of the office of Chief of Staff. Say they'll be back.
WALLACE CASTING about for presidential bid. Third party?

May 11: SOVIET VESSEL nudges USS Destroyer Walker second day in a row in Japan Sea. Could be deliberate harrassment.
BRITAIN APPLIES for Common Market, Ireland also. DeGaulle vetoed England in 1963, seems a shade mellow now.
SNOW STORM in Midwest roaring eastward.
SECOND NIGHT of violence at Jackson campus. MASSIVE SEARCH for three young boys, supposedly lost in cave complex at Hannibal.
DUCHESS OF WINDSOR gets bid from Buckingham Palace. Crack in the ice.
LUNAR ORBITER IV takes pix of moon's south pole, disappointing quality.

May 12: MARTIN BOORMANN, Hitler's chief deputy, may be the man arrested in Guatemala. Persistent reports have held that he is still living, a fugitive.

May 13: JOHN MASEFIELD dies aged 88.
POPE CELEBRATES Pontifical Mass at the Shrine of Fatima in Portugal. One million pilgrims. SEARCH CONTINUES for missing boys.

May 14: MICKY MANTLE joins the immortals, 500 home-runs.
FIERCE NEW BATTLE below the DMZ, in Leatherneck Square.

May 15: GANGS RIOT in Hong Kong against British government.
TARIFF BARRIERS eased at Geneva Conference, down 33%, 50 nations cooperate after five years of discussion. Big step in world unity. Vote passes at midnight.

May 16: VIETCONG RAID on supposedly secure area south of Saigon.
BUDDHIST NUN immolates herself, praying to Buddha and Virgin Mary in the cause of peace, in downtown Saigon. Burning first in some months. DESPERATE FIGHTING to retain captured hills.

May 17: FIVE THOUSAND MARINES besieged in Leatherneck Square, supplied by helicopters. Heavy mortar fire, many wounded.
NOT BOORMAN, fingerprints do not match. Blow to prosecutors.
FRANCE VOICES displeasure at DeGaulle in his bid to take over dictatorial powers, one-day general strike called, 16 million workers walk out.
ENGLAND DENIED Common Market outlet, second time, DeGaulle's work.
RACIAL DISTURBANCE in Houston, Texas.
HOPE FADES for boys supposedly lost in limestone caves.

Back Mountain Craftsman Exhibit At Annual Fiesta Starting Today



Back Mountain craftsmen will be represented in force when the Janet Grosson, Wilkes-Barre Fine Arts Fiesta opens today (May 18th) on public square. Jack Dungey, Dallas, a member of the exhibits committee for Coca-luscu Craftsman who are co-ordinating Craft Activities at the Fiesta, discusses the details of his miniature spinning wheel replica with his wife, Dana, chairman of the demonstrations committee. She will be among the craftsmen in Crafts in Action from 1 to 5 p.m. daily during the duration of the Fiesta.

Other demonstrations will be given by Mrs. Kenneth Young, Dallas (Furniture Restoration and Decoration); Chair Seat Rushing and Splinting, Rug Hooking and Pine Needle Craft by Louise Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nuss, Judy Dawe and Mrs. Howell, all of the Lehman area.

More than 40 different crafts traditional and contemporary will be featured in the Crafts Exhibit. Craftsmen from the Back Mountain include: Mrs. J. B. Schooley, Shavertown (rag rug); Clark E. Diltz, Shavertown (whittled birds); Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Simms, Lehman, (wood candle sticks and tools, formerly of Noxen. Howard E. Rinker, 67, Sweet Valley.

(Spinning wheel and hutch cupboard miniatures); Janet Grosson, Dallas, (weaving and ceramics); Betty Montgomery, Dallas, (stencil ed silver chest); Herb Smith, Dallas (stencil ed box); Ann Wicks, Trucksville (gilded mirror); Naomi Nuss, Lehman (stencil ed chair); Mrs. (Helen) Paul Gross, Shavertown, (leather and etch gold leaf on bellows); Marilyn Maslow, Dallas, (country and stencil ed trays); Sylvia Hughes (document box); Mrs. Joseph Banks, Trucksville, (gold leaf tray); Mrs. Bernard Banks, Jr., Trucksville, (two painted velvet Theorems); and Marge Edwards (decorated milk can).

Cocaluscu Craftsman was founded two years ago by interested crafts people in Luzerne, Carbon, Columbia and Schuylkill Counties. It participates in the Fine Arts Fiesta this year for the first time by co-ordinating all craft activities. Of the more than 50 members in Luzerne County, nearly half reside in the Back Mountain area.

Mrs. Robert Crosson serves as chairman. Mrs. Kenneth Young, Mrs. Leroy Brown, Mrs. Ray Turner, Mrs. Walter Bronson, and Mrs. Paul Gross, serve on the Luzerne County Planning Committee.

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Promoted In Vietnam



PFC LARRY E. WOLFE

Pfc. Larry Wolfe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Emory R. Wolfe, Hunlock Creek RD 1, has been promoted to Specialist 4th Class while serving with the 573 Tran. Det. in the 145th Aviation Battalion at Beinh Hoa AFB in Vietnam. He is a mechanic on the UH-1D helicopter.

Specialist Wolfe graduated from Lake-Lehman High School in 1958. He was on the baseball team, and a member of Blue Ridge Chapter FFA.

Previous to entering the service he had been employed by Natona Mills for six years.

He took basic training at Fort Jackson, S. C. An expert marksman on the rifle range, he was tied for second place in his battalion with two other boys from this immediate area, Tom Mahoney and Dick Michael.

Before shipping out for Vietnam October 28, he spent fourteen weeks at Fort Eustis, Va., in a special school.

Services Friday For Russell Creveling

Russell H. Creveling, Benton RD, will be buried tomorrow in Mossville Cemetery. Rev. William Price, pastor of Town Hill Methodist Church conducting services at 2 from the Bronson Funeral Home. Friends may call this evening, 7 to 9.

Mr. Creveling, 81, died Tuesday night at Bloomsburg Hospital. He was the last of nine children born to Samuel and Albina Moore Creveling of Fairmount Township. He served for a time as school director, and was a lumberman.

A sister Amanda Creveling died two years ago.

Mr. Creveling made his home with his sister-in-law, Mrs. John Creveling.

It was a pioneer family which settled here in Revolutionary times, extremely closely-knit.

In addition to the sister-in-law, nieces and nephews survive.

Literary Program

Members of the Library Book Club met in Back Mountain Memorial Library Annex on Monday to hear a program on miscarriage of justice given by Mrs. Lester Shapiro of Kingston. Mrs. Shapiro reviewed two books, one factual, one fiction, dealing with the same event. Mrs. Ornan Lamb presided.

Members of the hostess committee headed by Mrs. William Cutten were Mrs. Edward Shuman, Mrs. Granville Miller, Mrs. Stanley Cook, and Mrs. W. J. Elston.

Mrs. Ray Flick and Mrs. Vern Groff poured at a tea-table gay with spring flowers and tall tapers.

Present in addition to those already listed were Mesdames A. G. Rutherford, A. D. Hutchison, Charles Burger, Archer Mohr, Earl Phillips, Martin Davern, Fred B. Howell, Thomas E. Heffernan, Mitchell Jenkins, George Montgomery, John O'Malia, James I. Alexander, and Williard G. Seaman.

Jacqueline Yaple

Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Yaple, Jr., Stroudsburg, announce the birth of a daughter at General Hospital, May 11. Jacqueline weighed in at eight and a half pounds. She has a sister Debbie Lynn, three and a half years old.

Mrs. Yaple is the former Barbara Okrasinski, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Okrasinski of Kingston. Mr. Yaple is son of Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Yaple, Goss Manor, Dallas.

From—

Pillar To Post...

by HIX
The ducks like it, the grass likes it, but most of us are beginning to think back to that nice old preacher whose flock had prayed earnestly for rain, and had been rewarded beyond any normal expectation.

The preacher mounted the pulpit to give thanks for the answer to prayer. Opening one eye, he viewed the water seeping under the door, and looked upon his parishioners, dripping after their dash from streaming buggy to the vestibule.

He said that he was grateful, that his people were grateful that such notice had been taken of their plea for rain.

Then he added, in heartfelt tones, "But Lord, this is ridiculous. We are all beginning to think that this entire month of May, to date, is ridiculous.

We are thankful that the dam is overflowing, that the lake is the highest it has been in years, that there has been enough of a torrent to scour Toby's Creek and other noxious little waterways, that the water table is rising day by day after seven years of drought, but we still say that we prefer moderation in all things.

And this May is just plain saturated. We'll think back on it with regret, come August and the season for parched lawns and drooping shrubbery, but at this point we could use a little sunshine.

Maybe the sky is getting the rain out of its system, to insure fair weather for the Fiesta down in the Valley, and for the Library Auction out here in the Back Mountain.

In the meantime, we're all developing webbed feet, and the rain gear is getting the best workout it's had in years.

A small kindergartner voiced the hopeful suggestion, "Well, if we can't eat on the picnic tables, couldn't we eat under them?"

No need for letting the hose dribble into the excavation in the rock ledge that serves as a birdbath. Nature is taking over, and the birds are up to their shins in fresh rainwater.

And there's nothing like rainwater for a shampoo. The water out here in the Back Mountain is loaded with whatever it is that makes water hard instead of soft.

Catching the rainwater in a suitable container is the problem. Nobody has a rainbarrel any more, and cisterns went out of style along with the bustle and the nutmeg grater.

It used to be that if you wasted rainwater you got spanked, if you were the right age to get spanked. If you wanted to waste water, you pushed your way through the high grass in the pasture to the spring, where blue clay invited you to sit down on the mossy verge and dig out small pieces for molding into turtles and elephants and rabbits. You baked them in the sun after they were shaped.

Water was precious. It required a pitcher pump to draw it from the cistern.

No automatic washers to sluice it away in lavish quantities. Nobody has any idea of the amount of water that is wasted nowadays. Civilization presupposes cleanliness, and cleanliness presupposes a water supply that is taken completely for granted, just as electricity is taken for granted, and door-to-door delivery of mail, gasoline stations handily placed for our convenience.

If the electric current were off for more than an hour or so, we would all be in real trouble, for out here in the Back Mountain a great many of us are dependent upon our own automatic submersible pumps to provide us with the water we require for even the most elementary sanitation.

It looks now as if our wells were going to provide us with plenty of water this season. The basement floor is showing a running tide that never appears unless the water table is brimming. The water-bearing rock strata release four inches of water at the front of the cellar, and take it back again at the rear.

Maybe we could promote a shampoo right down there.

Newcomer To Area, R. L. Cooper, Makes Camera History With Pix

A newcomer to the area, R. L. Cooper of High Point Acres is making history with his black and white photographs.

Last Tuesday he exhibited twenty four 18x20 pictures at the Camera City Camera Club, when the group met at the Carousel Motel on East End Boulevard. It was the first time that members had viewed his work.

Moving to Dallas from Chicago with his wife and children last October, he left behind him an enviable place in camera circles.

In 1965 he took the Print of the Year award. He has shown at Chicago International Exhibition and at Chicago Museum of Science and Industry; at the Racine, Wisconsin, Camera Club at the Evergreen Park Art Show, and at the Tribune Building in Chicago.

He belongs to the Photographic Society of America, where he took a first place. During his residence in Chicago he belonged to the Ridge Camera Club and the Chicago Area Camera Association.

Mr. Cooper does his own dark-room work. He frequently gives lectures, showing slides.

His subjects vary from portraits to landscapes and close-up studies of light and shadow. His wife says that he is particularly enamored of bringing out the character of elderly people, and of capturing the gloss on a colored face.

His family enjoys going with him on photographic vacations whenever possible.

Photography is a rewarding hobby for the chief engineer of the Royer Foundry in Kingston.

There are two children, both in Dallas schools; Richard at Junior High, and D'Anne, a sophomore at Dallas Senior High School.

Westmoreland 6th Grade Makes Tour Of Library

Mr. Harding's sixth grade students from Westmoreland Grade School enjoyed a field trip to the Back Mountain Memorial Library last week.

Mrs. Frances Rinehart, assistant librarian, conducted the young people on a tour of the main building where, hopefully, they will be regular borrowers after their promotion to seventh grade.

Mrs. Rinehart explained the use of the card catalog, the reference books and the guide to periodical literature.

The boys and girls were very enthusiastic and asked many knowledgeable questions.

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