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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"

Editorially Speaking

This Is The Way It Is

Last week we published in Safety Valve a letter from a young Shavertown mother, asking why the community didn't have recreational facilities for the young, and posing a number of questions.

It was not an anonymous letter. We know who wrote it, but we exercise the right of the editor to withhold names if in our judgement it seems the part of wisdom.

In this case, we expect to make an editorial reply, which in itself cancelled out the advisability of using a name.

We will try to answer some of the questions, and we would invite comment. Signed comment. We do not publish a letter unless we know who wrote it.

We agree with the writer of the letter on certain points.

But we have a few questions to pose, and here they are; along with some background material which is virgin territory to newcomers to the area.

A recreational program is an expensive thing to maintain. It requires trained people to run it, and trained people do not come for free. A playground must be supervised. It is the law.

You say that you have been living here for four years. You must know, then, that the YMCA folded for lack of sufficient support. One year ago.

Did you contribute to it when it was begging for help, battling to stay alive?

If you had lived here somewhat longer, you would also know that the Dallas School District had a thriving recreation summer program, which was cancelled out because of lack of sufficient funds.

And if you had lived here for twenty-five years, you would know that a community recreation program has been on the drawing board time and again. So few people wanted it that it died aborning.

The very fact that almost everybody in this area DOES have a back yard, and that there is no need for children to play in the streets, is one of the factors that militates against a community recreation program.

There are swimming places easily at hand, there is a Little League program, and within very easy driving distance there are picnic areas such as Ricketts Glen.

It is difficult to sell a community on a recreation program when there is so much available without cost.

The two movie theatres died some years ago. Their death coincided with the widespread sale of T-V sets. A movie house cannot function if it is showing a picture to fifteen cash customers.

What constructive suggestions do you have for community recreation?

Are you willing to appear before the school board to state your case?

Are you prepared to offer a plan for financing?

What school will your children attend?

Would you be willing for your millage to rise in order to finance recreation?

How much demand is there for a recreational program?

These are the questions which have to be answered by everybody.

"Everybody" includes senior citizens living on limited incomes as well as those people with children.

Taxes, like rain, fall alike upon the just and the unjust.

Working For A Goal

We like to see communities taking off their jackets leaving the television to the baseball for a change, and doing a spot of genuine hard work in a public cause.

It gave us a genuine thrill to find people hauling rocks and sand to make a beach out at Sunset, putting forth honest effort, working together in harmony, with one goal in sight:

A better place for the community to relax.

There is one thing certain: those folks who are doing the work are going to take a very dim view of vacationers who throw beer cans around on the new beach and leave their picnic debris on the sand for somebody else to clean up.

With so many people engaged in making that beach, the chances are that it will be pretty well policed.

A man who has given up his evenings and Saturdays to create a recreation spot, isn't going to stand for littering his brain-child and desecrating the result of hard labor for the public good.

The Buck Stops Here

We've always liked that sign which former President Harry Truman used to keep on his desk at the White House:

"The buck stops here."

And we like another pithy expression which history credits to him, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

When we hear people complaining about small things passing the buck, blaming others, we think about that short and pungent sign.

Somebody has to stand and take it.

We learned a valuable lesson early in the game in the newspaper business, and from a young man in our own office

Instead of making excuses, take the blame. It is cheaper in the long run, and it takes the wind out of the sails of the person on the other end of the line.

Herb Dreher has probably forgotten that he once said, "I'm sure that was my fault, and I'll do something about it."

Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

New election code went into effect, and all voters had to register again.

Big question: was Dallas in the Sixth or the Seventh District?

J. Austin Snyder, principal of Lehman Schools, took as his bride Diane Lizdas of Lake Silkworth.

Anna Barber, 9, of Noxen, fractured her skull when she plunged from a 50-foot trestle. She was believed out of danger at General Hospital. Her stepfather, Wayne Hubbell, was also in hospital, suffering from accident injuries some months earlier.

The Pennamite War was recalled by tales of the time when a new State, Westmoreland, embracing Northeastern Pennsylvania, almost became a reality shortly after the Revolutionary War.

Groups from the M. E. Churches were staging a trial of drunken driving at Idetown and Lehman. "Death at the Wheel" was a thriller-diller.

The WPA project of constructing a sidewalk between Dallas and Fernbrook was dragging its heels. The project had been under way since the fall of 1936, and was nowhere near completed. Criticism was outspoken.

Married: Norman Garinger to Robert Taylor. Martha A. Shotwell to Loren I. Berlew.

Thomas J. Miers of Kunkle was the subject of the week's capsule biography.

You could get a hotel room, with bath yet, in New York for as little as \$1.50 per day, with a weekly rate of \$7.

And at the A&P a rolled veal roast was 25 cents a pound, little neck clams 100 for 47 cents, big cantaloupes two for two bits. Butter was still two pounds for 69 cents.

Weather was up to ninety for the first time that summer, and beaches at the lake were crowded. Chief of Police Fred Swanson had a busy time.

An elderly woman was found in a ditch near Senator Sordoni's glass barn, suffering from shock and exposure overnight. Mrs. Mary Kopinas of Luzerne, visiting her daughter at the Lake had wandered away in the darkness and became confused. When local efforts failed, the State Police were called in.

Lady Luck was watching over the woman who lost six-one dollars on Memorial Day at a tavern in Fernbrook. Mrs. Anna Kotchan of Ashley found her wallet missing the following morning, called the tavern to report and inquire. No results.

Then, an anonymous phone call informed her she would find \$35 in a blue envelope back of Hedlinski's bar. This left \$26 still missing but was a long step in the right direction.

A couple days later, a wrecked car yielded up a wallet containing names and identification, and Mrs. Kotchan was again called on the phone by Margaret Czuleger, who received the wallet from Ernie Whipp. Mrs. Kotchan visited the Oliver showroom the following morning and was given the wallet. From various crannies in the battered leather, greenbacks spilled forth. Only one dollar of the sixty-one was missing when the final accounting was made.

Billy Farrell, 13, was struck by a truck in Shavertown, and was recovering from his injuries at Nesbitt.

James Hontz, Center Moreland, was killed at Camp Lejeune. The Marine was driving a fire truck to a fire when the accident occurred.

Women of Rotary were supplying wheelchairs to invalids.

Production at Natona was to start the following week. Machines worth half a million were being installed.

Lehman Horse Show had sixty entries listed.

Married: Elizabeth Jane Owens to Robert Stewart. Dorothy Huminik to Charles Smith. Marv Elizabeth Morgan to Robert Robinson.

Elizabeth Lee Farr

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Farr, Dallas, announce the birth of a baby girl June 16 at Nesbitt Hospital. Elizabeth Lee weighed in at a husky eight pounds, nine ounces. There is another child, two-year old Steven Kenneth Farr.

One week later, June 23, Elizabeth Lee had a cousin, equally husky born to Mr. and Mrs. Larry Farr, formerly of Dallas, now of New Carrollton, Md. John Stanley Farr weighed eight pounds, six ounces at birth.

Paint Derby at Trucksville Fair, sponsored by Bill Moss.

Doc Jordan headed Dallas Rotary; Jack Northly Lake Lions.

Married: Marilyn Bernice Lundy to Hilbert C. Lehman.

Died: Henry Blank, 55, Trucksville. Mrs. Viola Taggart, 68, Huntsville. William H. Butler, 65, Stull. Schoonover infant. Howard Todd Jr., nephew of Hix, instantly killed in a highway accident. Mrs. Clarence Leas, 60, Washington. Fred J. Mack, 79, Gosport.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Some lucky soul bought a piano she needed, advertised in last week's Dallas Post, and another lucky soul put the price in her wallet. Buyer said the piano had a lovely tone, seller said she was glad somebody could use it, she no longer had room for it.

ALL KINDS OF CARDS ACCORDING TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS

KEEPING POSTED

June 21: BRITAIN CALLS FOR new peace-keeping force in the Near-East. RUSK AND GROMYKO meet at dinner, cautiously and diplomatically feel toward a meeting of LBJ and Kosygin, with strict adherence to protocol. Summit meeting seems in the wind. NASSER AND PODGORN hold conference in Cairo. Soviet promises to replace lost armaments. INFANTRY COMPANY wiped out by Viet Cong ambush. HEAVY EARTH TREMORS in Alaska.

June 22: MISSOURI IN FLOOD, heavy rains continue in Midwest. LBJ'S GRANDSON doing fine. POPE PAUL UPHOLDS celibacy of clergy. ISRAEL IN POWERFUL bargaining position despite growing feeling at UN that its war was out of order. Israel will hold out for a united Jerusalem, pledging free access to holy spots of all major religions. SUMMIT MEETING ASSURED. The site, halfway between New York and Washington Pin on map points to Glassboro, New Jersey. Glassboro, home of State College, goes into a tizzy. Home of president tapped for what may be the most portentous meeting in modern history. Mayor's wife has "nothing to wear."

June 23: KOSYGIN LEAVES NEW YORK for Glassboro, closely guarded. LBJ airplanes for Philly, and helicopter lift. Meeting occurs at 11 a.m. for two-hour discussion, extended to 5 hours, agree to meet again Sunday. LBJ FLIES TO LOS ANGELES for appointment, extraordinary measures taken to insure his safety in face of announced demonstrations for peace. Rock-throwing outside place of Democratic dinner.

June 24: WAR MATRIEL reported pouring into Egypt from Russia. MEREDITH MARCH on again where it broke off a year ago when Meredith was wounded. 80 PARATROOPERS KILLED, ambushed in Central Highlands. LBJ SEES GRANDCHILD, Kosygin visits Niagara Falls.

June 25: SUMMIT TALKS resumed at Glassboro. DeGaulle pouts, can't believe it. KOSYGIN PRESS CONFERENCE in evening at U.N. Says nothing, in diplomatic gobbledegook. Poker face. LBJ and Kosygin to keep in touch.

June 26: KOSYGIN IN CUBA seeing Castro.

June 27: GROMYKO AND RUSK confer at dinner, diplomatically discuss Near-East, leave smiling for the cameramen. AT JERICHO, 2 Israeli pilots exchanged for 425 soldiers, a commentary on relative value. NATIONAL DEBT LIMIT raised, taxes in offing. U THANT DISCLAIMS idea that withdrawal of peace-keeping forces precipitated the war. CENSUS IN JERUSALEM, before annexation.

June 28: KING HUSSEIN of Jordan at White House, asks aid for Jordan.

SALUTE TO CLARENCE

I wish I could help you find Clarence. The description you gave is identical of my Bozo. He was a stray who came to us 13 years ago when we lived in Carverton. Over two months ago we saw him go up into the Pines, which was normal procedure, but he never came back.

One of Bill Bert's men searched the place for him, with no success. We have been forced to conclude he was sick and knew it and found a hole or shelter under a rock into which he crawled. His collar with the license may be found someday.

With a heartfelt salute to Clarence and Bozo. Susan Cassidy Wright. Hay Road RD 5, Shavertown.

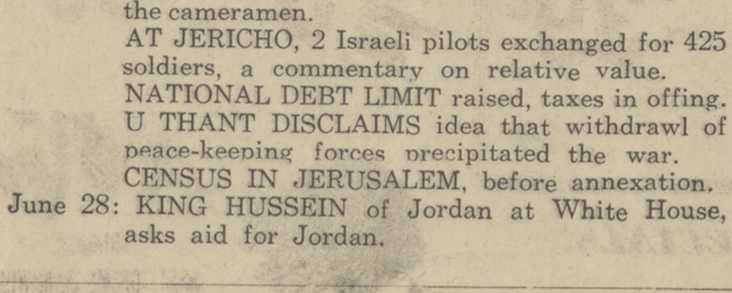
MEASLES PROGRAM

Dear Mrs. Hicks: Just a short note to thank you for the effort which you and your staff extended in cooperation with the Luzerne County Measles Program.

As you know, the Pennsylvania Department of Health cooperated with the Luzerne County Medical Society on this program, and on behalf of the Department of Health, I wish to personally thank you for your help.

Sincerely yours, Richard Geyne, M.D., Regional Medical Director

The Last Of The Giants To Fall In The Heyday Of The Lumber Industry



This old hemlock tree was one of the last to fall to the saw, of the lumber jack on the Stony Brook job, up Ricketts way in 1909. It may not be as large as the tooth pick Paul Bunion used to pick red tiger (ham) from his teeth with, still it is no slouch of a bean pole.

Babe, Paul's old ox will vouch for that.

It took muscle to pull one of these six or seven foot cross cut saws; the cant hook that you see stuck in the log, was no puny tool to use either. Bill McKenna up

Noxen will vouch for that. Dummy Douglas took the picture. Orville Wright is the jack on the left. Bill Crocker is the one on the right. I do not know the names of the four men inbetween.

George W. Buckingham

Dies In Canada On Fishing Trip

William F. Phillips, 59, Dallas RD 4, suffered a fatal heart attack Friday morning while on a fishing trip to Lyndhurst, Ontario, dying in the General Hospital at Kingston, Ont.

He was born in Wilkes-Barre, his father the late William Phillips. For 22 years he was employed as a machinist by Hess Goldsmith. Since 1960 he was proprietor of Bill Phillips Tavern in Dallas.

He was a member of Gate of Heaven Church.

Surviving, besides his mother are children, William J., Wilkes-Barre; Francis D., Easton; James J., Fairless Hills, Pa.; Bernard J., Stockton, N.J.; Paul F., Dallas; Mrs. Ignatius Hozempa, Dallas; brothers and sisters, Mrs. Thomas Delmore, Mrs. Paul Stoltz, Mrs. Ziba Hagen, Edward and Harold, all of Wilkes-Barre; 12 grandchildren.

Services from the Disque Funeral Home Tuesday morning were

Dr. Tuthill Is Back From Germany, But In Hospital

Back Mountain people who knew Dr. Ruth Tuthill when she was pathologist at General Hospital, will be distressed to know that when she came back from Germany and Russia a few days ago, she was admitted to Overlook Hospital in Summit, N.J.

She apparently picked up some sort of a germ while travelling in Russia after winding up her season's work at the Max Planck Institute in Munich, ad became increasingly ill on the way across the Atlantic by boat.

Her address is Room 728, Overlook Hospital, Summit, N.J. 07901.

followed by a Mass of Requiem at Gate of Heaven Church. Father Flynn celebrant. Organist was Stanley Gollas, soloist Paul Williams.

Pallbearers were Walter Weir, Robert Lauderbach, Aloysius Piejanski, Carl Kepler, Alvin Shaffer, and Edward Thompson.

Safety Valve From—

GREETINGS TO 1967 Augsburg, Germany June 3, 1967

To the Class of 1967: I wish to express my congratulations on your graduating, wishing all of you luck and success in your future.

Pvt. Robert W. Kurtenitis RA 11985800

Co. A, 2nd Bn 34th Infantry APO New York N. Y. 09112

Editorial Note: Along with the greetings to his high school class in D-1, Bob wrote another letter, addressed to Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Dalbey.

"I'm stationed in Augsburg, Germany, with the 24th Infantry Division.

"I would appreciate it if you would read out this little note to the graduating class of 1967 in the Dallas Post then if you will send me the bill, or send my sister the bill.

"I have let her know about the favor I ask of you.

"I have been very sorry since I have left Dallas Senior High and I only wish there was any way I could have graduated. I've learned.

"I would appreciate a reply from you, on this, as soon as possible."

Dear Mrs. Hicks: Just a short note to thank you for the effort which you and your staff extended in cooperation with the Luzerne County Measles Program.

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Sincerely yours, Richard Geyne, M.D., Regional Medical Director

Pillar To Post...

by Hix

It was almost too reminiscent, that letter from Chelmsford Farms.

It read: "The mother cat decided about ten days ago that it was time to teach her babies how to play with mice, and she headed for Colin's new baby mice.

"We had books stacked sky-high on the aquarium, but nothing would deter that cat, and poor Colin arrived home from school several days in a row to find another baby mouse gone, books scattered all over his room, lamps knocked over, etc.

"He is good about keeping his door shut when he has babies in there, but noone else stops to think, and the cat was given entrance, inadvertently, more than once.

"She also found the chameleons, and I found half of each one some time later."

Well, you have kids, you have baby mice and chameleons, and guinea pigs and pet rabbits, and dogs and cats.

And it's a blessing if you don't have white rats, which have a way of breeding overnight, and a way of escaping from the rat cage into the cellar.

We've had them all, so it seems perfectly logical that the treasures of the earth should be meted out to the offspring, in the same way and quantity in which they were meted out to us when the children were small.

But those mice . . . It used to be spinning-mice away back in 1920, and the spinning mice lived, not in an aquarium, but in a large fish-bowl. Spinning mice are allergic to drafts. A fishbowl keeps off the draft.

But it does nothing to keep off the cats.

After you have taken a fishbowl of spinning mice down to Cape Cod for the summer, fed them tenderly on birdseed, watered them in a thimble to prevent their taking a header and drowning themselves, and transported them back home again, with the fishbowl crammed into a bulging Boston Bag, it is disheartening to find that a neighboring cat had done its duty and caught the tiny things.

And not only caught them, but is saving them so that she can proudly brag about her prowess as a slayer of monsters.

How that cat got into the kitchen is anybody's guess, but it is a fact that there was a slight tear in the screen door.

It was a large cat, and the two mice were very small, probably an inch long apiece, including the tail.

Tom, who had carried the Boston Bag under protest, dropped the cat through the slit in the screen door, but it was too late to save the mice.

And spinning mice, in case you never met any, are fiendishly expensive. There used to be a pet shop on Bromfield Street that put a bowl of spinning mice in the window upon occasion, and the antics stopped traffic.

Spinning mice can't move in a straight line, they gyrate, turning swiftly on their tails, chasing each other round and round the fishbowl, leaping over the shallow dish of bird seed, dipping their whiskers into the water, and subsiding side by side for a nap when worn out by such rough play.

People, when first they hear of a spinning mouse, assume that the mouse spins a delicate web, and are mightily astonished when they come face to face with the reality.

Colin, though missing his mice, may congratulate himself that the victims were not spinning mice. He'd be out of pocket a right tidy piece of change if they had been the spinning variety.

And his mother may also do a bit of congratulating. For if Colin had been in the business of raising white rats, they'd have escaped by now, and the neighborhood would be seeing things, and probably swearing off.

A white rat staring you down is something which isn't easy to take. It has red eyes which gleam in the dark.

Most kids go through the white mouse and white rat stage. It doesn't last too long after the cage-cleaning detail begins to wear thin.

Kids have to have pets, whether they upset the family routine or not. A kid brought up without pets is only half a kid.

But that touch about the half of a chameleon . . . That, we feel, is carrying things a little too far.

Still, our own kids used to raise turtles from the egg, and they were always bringing in garter snakes which had tangled with the lawn-mower, expecting to have them stitched up and restored to their native haath.

I've never really fallen in love with snakes, no matter how harmless.

But mice, white or spinning, they're pretty cute in those small sizes.

Services Today For Harold John Borton

Services for Harold Borton, Harveys Lake, are scheduled for this morning at 9 from the Discus Funeral Home. A Mass of Requiem will be celebrated at 9:30 at Gate of Heaven Church, followed by burial at Mt. Olivet.

Native of Athens, Pa., and educated in the public schools there, he was employed for 42 years by the Lehigh Valley Railroad, retiring ten years ago from his position as station master at Dallas.

He died, aged 74, Tuesday morning at Mercy Hospital, where he had been admitted five days earlier.

He was a familiar figure to Back Mountain residents, seated at the desk of the station, or overseeing a shipment of freight. It was possible, during Mr. Borton's incumbency, to send Railway Express packages direct from the central Dallas station.

For the last 39 years, Mr. Borton had lived at Harveys Lake. He was a communicant of Gate of Heaven Church.

His wife Alice died in 1965. He leaves these children: John, East Hartford, Conn.; James, Dallas; Mrs. John Halbin, Hallstead; William, Harveys Lake; Mrs. Alexander Mahoney, Dallas; Joseph Shavertown; twenty-one grandchildren.

There are numerous other books pro and con on the subject, including "The Internated Journey" by John G. Fuller. "Flying Saucers From Outer Space" by Donald Keyhoe. "The World of Flying Saucers" by Donald Menzel and Lyle Boyd and "Flying Saucers and the U.S. Air Force" by Lawrence Tackler.

Most people compelled to write on the subject of answers are certain that the vehicles are interplanetary. They tell you all you have to do is to watch and wait. And if you do your watching near high voltage power lines, you won't have to wait very long.

Or so they say.

by Mrs. Martin Davern

ANCIENT PROVERB He who builds a wall shuts out more than he shuts in.