

SHAVERTOWN

Sniffers and Thieves

Evergreen Cemetery is getting some visitors these days and not all welcome.

Last week two teenage lads were seen sniffing glue in the pouring rain. I wonder if these young folks know that the cheap thrill received will also cause brain damage. This is not an attempt to frighten but a very true appeal to these youngsters to prevent harming their bodies to a greater degree than they have any knowledge of. What a price to pay.

Sometime Friday evening it is believed that thieves stole new equipment just recently purchased to help keep the graves there attractive. Among the missing items were a new lawnmower, hedge clippers, etc. Now how small can one get?

The appeal for help Saturday

to ready the burial plot for Decoration Day went again unheeded and as usual it was Alice Borthwick and Dan Shaver who appeared to work. The grass is being cut, improvements are being made and yet no one has any time to trim a shrub or some other little task which might add so much to the general appearance. Where is all that original enthusiasm?

Others Bar Bridge

Now the Kingston Township Ambulance bears a notice to all drivers to steer clear of Franklin Street Bridge. This is not a new issue but was brought to the attention of the supervisors quite a while ago. I remember Andy Roan asking for consideration of that issue at that long

time date. I believe however that something will be done shortly by the present board, because two at least are most concerned.

Falling Walls

I rather hate to mention the bad condition of the falling foundation near the E. Center Street Bridge but it sure looks bad and is a definite hazard. This is a state thoroughfare. I am sure. Please Mr. O'Connell see what you can do.

Here And There

Arnold Laux, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Laux, was taken to University of Penna. Hospital on Saturday after having been a patient at General Hospital. Our sincere wishes go out for his recovery. His parents made the trip with him.

Mrs. Herman LaBar is home again for the summer months after wintering with her daughter Donna Christ and family in Florida. We hear it was a lovely party which Mrs. Obed Hontz gave Bobby Allen and his fiancée Charlyn Oatridge. Bobby is now employed by Westinghouse and resides at McLean, Va. Bill Hontz will be a member of the wedding party.

Bert and John Mital, Concord, California, are visiting her father John Breza, Overbrook Avenue, and her sister, Mrs. Joseph Laux, Pioneer Avenue.

Bobby Thomas is attending Electronics School in Allentown. He is the son of Ruth and Bill Thomas, Lehigh Street.

Mrs. Charles Peeke had as Mother's Day guests her daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Donald Perrego, Joslyn and Jonathan of

Dillsburg, Pa. They also visited Mrs. Ray Perrego, Huntsville.

The Day The Monsoons Hit Number Three

"You might know it," Sam complained, "all week we have beautiful weather, and the one day when we plan to play golf it has to rain." The rain was coming down in proverbial buckets as we walked up the hill to the library, where we were to meet Mr. Richey.

"What do you think?" he asked when we walked in. "I think the greens are going to be slow," Sam said. Mr. Richey suggested we be optimistic and think of it only as a brief shower.

You may think it's only a shower, I interjected, "but there's an optimistic guy at the other end of the campus who's building an ark."

It was just a shower. At four o'clock we pulled into the golf course parking lot, got out the life raft, and paddled over to the pro shop.

I had never, ever played golf before. I take that back. I have played some fantastic games of miniature golf, but never any games of giant golf. I rented a bag of clubs and took them outside. After looking them over, I asked the other guys how come the woods were facing a different direction than the irons. They suggested I go back in and get all right-handed clubs instead of half and half. It makes the game easier.

On the first tee I hearned what a Mulligan was. It's when you take your first shot over cause it was so lousy. We all got a Mulligan on the first hole. Sam and Mr. Richey (we're allowed to call him Uncle Bob on the fairway) hadn't played in over a year, so I kept up with them pretty well—for the first two shots. One thing that really surprised me was the green. I hadn't expected to get to it. Really, though, I had never seen a green in real life before, and it fascinated me. It was kind of like walking on a crew-cut.

The first bit of trouble we had was on number three. We couldn't figure out where the green was. I mean the least they could do is put up signs or arrows or something. We figured it out, and teed off. It started sprinkling. Uncle Bob's went almost up to the green so he went on ahead. Just as Sam was about to shoot, I noticed Uncle Bob waving and screaming.

"Wait, wait!" He yelled. "This is the number nine green. Number three must be over there." We looked to our left. It started raining harder. Despite the setback, I was on the green in three. I was proud of my progress. It started pouring. On my fifth putt, it started sleeting. My eighth putt glided right into the cup. I then discovered it was a hail stone and not my golf ball.

"Why don't we forget this hole happened?" Uncle Bob suggested. We agreed that we ought to blot it out of our minds forever. By the time we reached number four, the rain had stopped and the sun was pouring its radiance down upon us. I was hoping I'd dry out before finals.

Shooting for number seven was like shooting for Mount Everest. I was afraid to go up fearing I'd

Off The Cuff Stuff

BY BRUCE HOPKINS

The Day The Monsoons Hit Number Three

"You might know it," Sam complained, "all week we have beautiful weather, and the one day when we plan to play golf it has to rain." The rain was coming down in proverbial buckets as we walked up the hill to the library, where we were to meet Mr. Richey.

"What do you think?" he asked when we walked in. "I think the greens are going to be slow," Sam said. Mr. Richey suggested we be optimistic and think of it only as a brief shower.

You may think it's only a shower, I interjected, "but there's an optimistic guy at the other end of the campus who's building an ark."

It was just a shower. At four o'clock we pulled into the golf course parking lot, got out the life raft, and paddled over to the pro shop.

I had never, ever played golf before. I take that back. I have played some fantastic games of miniature golf, but never any games of giant golf. I rented a bag of clubs and took them outside. After looking them over, I asked the other guys how come the woods were facing a different direction than the irons. They suggested I go back in and get all right-handed clubs instead of half and half. It makes the game easier.

On the first tee I hearned what a Mulligan was. It's when you take your first shot over cause it was so lousy. We all got a Mulligan on the first hole. Sam and Mr. Richey (we're allowed to call him Uncle Bob on the fairway) hadn't played in over a year, so I kept up with them pretty well—for the first two shots. One thing that really surprised me was the green. I hadn't expected to get to it. Really, though, I had never seen a green in real life before, and it fascinated me. It was kind of like walking on a crew-cut.

The first bit of trouble we had was on number three. We couldn't figure out where the green was. I mean the least they could do is put up signs or arrows or something. We figured it out, and teed off. It started sprinkling. Uncle Bob's went almost up to the green so he went on ahead. Just as Sam was about to shoot, I noticed Uncle Bob waving and screaming.

"Wait, wait!" He yelled. "This is the number nine green. Number three must be over there." We looked to our left. It started raining harder. Despite the setback, I was on the green in three. I was proud of my progress. It started pouring. On my fifth putt, it started sleeting. My eighth putt glided right into the cup. I then discovered it was a hail stone and not my golf ball.

"Why don't we forget this hole happened?" Uncle Bob suggested. We agreed that we ought to blot it out of our minds forever. By the time we reached number four, the rain had stopped and the sun was pouring its radiance down upon us. I was hoping I'd dry out before finals.

Shooting for number seven was like shooting for Mount Everest. I was afraid to go up fearing I'd

find molten lava instead of a green. The only consolation was that on number eight it was like shooting down Mount Everest. And my drive down Mount Everest was gorgeous. I about knelt down and wept. If Arnold Palmer could only have been there! The other two guys had their usual, average drives. They teed down the hill and off to the right toward their balls, and I headed right down the center of the fairway. After a few moments Sam must have noticed that I had fallen behind, and he stopped and looked back.

"Uncle Bob," he said, "before you turn around I want to prepare you. Bruce is standing on the fairway with all of his clubs lying on the ground, and he is holding his golf bag upside down, and shaking it."

As I shook my golf bag I noticed Sam and Uncle Bob staring at me. They had confused expressions, and their mouths were hanging open. "I'm sure you've got a logical explanation, Bruce," Uncle Bob said. "What is it?"

"Well, see," I explained, "I bumped my hand and my cigarette fell into my golf bag, and I couldn't get to it, so I had to pour everything out of it in order not to burn everything up. See?"

They just kind of nodded and went on.

Number nine was a dog leg to the left. And just as I teed off, he lifted his leg. In order to get to the number nine green I went through the number six fairway, the number four green, and the number four fairway. This is not the recommended way to play the hole.

I lost the game. Yeah, but they said that I really did well considering it was my first time and all. I said they were just being polite. They agreed. But I really loved it, and I'm waiting in anxious anticipation for our next outing. But I imagine we'll have to wait until we get over the double pneumonia we acquired last time. Well, after all, we can't play if we're not feeling up to par, can we?

SEE YA!

Area Women Complete First Aid Course

Twenty-five area women recently completed First Aid Course at Dallas Methodist Church. Mrs. Jay Cruikshank of Wilkes-Barre, was instructor for the 16-week course which was completed in eight weeks through double sessions.

Completion of the course will enable the following women to take Girl Scout troops on overnight camping trips:

Mesdames Louis O. Bedford, Marvin Carlkuff, Richard Bartholomew, Robert Baird, Frank Wadas, Clifford Wolfe, Charles Wasserott, Everett Chadwick, Jack Kloeben, Herman Otto, Harold Hoover, Darrell Crispell, Adrain DeMarco, Matthew Gillis, Byron Rinehimer, Jr., Francis Wentzel, Frank Jones, Severn Newberry, Lee S. Watson, Robert C. Demmy, Paul M. Rodda, Richard H. Sheldon, Robert F. Sherwood, Ivan Ziegler and Joseph Promick.

EAST DALLAS

Church sponsored the Mother and Daughter Banquet, Wednesday evening, May 15, in the social hall. Invocation was given by Irene Moore, after which the men, consisting of Harry Martin Sr., Jay Bloomer, Russell Ockenhouse, Phil Culver, Bob Moore and son Keith served and waited on the participants. The men provided the ham and dessert of cake and ice cream; and the beverages. The rest was a covered dish dinner. All delicious.

Mother's Day Party

A Mother's Day party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Stroudsburg, last Sunday. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Siley; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas (Steve) Siley and son Scott; Charles, Harry and Phila Siley and a friend; Jerry and Sharon Morgan; Jeff and Susan Harrison.

Mrs. Jay (Peggy) Bloomer

had charge of the program, leading with the singing of "Faith Of Our Mothers" in unison. A welcome was extended by Barbara Miller; Tribute to the Mothers by Michael Cybulski; Tribute to the daughters by Hilda Moore; Poem "A Day for Mother" by Melinda Bloomer; A selection, sung by Connie and Barbara Miller accompanied by Connie playing her guitar; Barbara Bloomer treated us to two "singing pantomimes" with a record player for her voice. Prayer was offered by Patti Moore followed with the Lord's Prayer in unison.

Viola Brace

received a plant for being the oldest mother present. Mrs. Laing Coolbaugh also, for the youngest mother. Mrs. Russell Race, a plant too for having the most daughters present. Sharon Sweepheiser, the youngest daughter, she was 8 weeks old and a beauty. Program ended with singing "Blest be the fide that binds" with Irene Moore at the piano.

Attending were:

Mrs. Forrest Kunkle; Mrs. Merton Coolbaugh; Mrs. Laing Coolbaugh, and Cathy Lee; Agnes Sidorek; Mrs. Afton Reese; Mrs. Warren Stanton; Mrs. Harry Martin Sr.; Judith Martin; Connie, Barbara and Mrs. Minnie Miller; Mrs. David B. Emmanuel; Mrs. Gladys Brace; Mrs. George Hess; Mrs. Alice Bloomer; Mrs. Peggy Bloomer, Melinda and Brenda; Mrs. Robert Moore, Patti and Holly; Mrs. Marvin F. Scott; Mrs. Russell Siley; Mrs. Mary Morgan, Brenda Hazel and Sharon; Theresa Brown; Myra Carlin; Janet Kasmark; Mrs. Arthur Shelly; Mrs. Eugene Shelly; Mrs. Spencer Holmgren; Mrs. Beatrice Ockenhouse and Hazel; Marion and Michelle Cybulski; Pauline and Carl Smith; Bette and Sharon Sweepheiser; Alberta and Linda Coke; Mrs. Mae Race and Dot Race; Barbara and Judy Prebola; Sarah and Donna Young; Margaret and Carol Weiss; Mary Ryan; Jeanette

and Jean Dickinson; Viola Race; Irene Davies; Irene Moore.

Many thanks to the men who planned such a pleasant evening.

Mother's Day Party

A Mother's Day party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Stroudsburg, last Sunday. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Russell Siley; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas (Steve) Siley and son Scott; Charles, Harry and Phila Siley and a friend; Jerry and Sharon Morgan; Jeff and Susan Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Stanton

have returned home after attending an Electrohouse, Television and Stereo show in Toronto, Canada. They went on a tour of the wood-working and electronic plant. They said they had a wonderful time.

Mrs. Peggy Bloomer; Florence Martin; Mary Clew; Priscilla Coolbaugh; Mrs. Merton Coolbaugh and Mrs. Forrest Kunkle

attended the HESS FASHION SHOW in the Irem Temple last week. Florence Martin and Mary Clew were both lucky and each captured a prize.

Birthdays Party

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Bloomer Kingston, entertained at a birthday party in honor of their grandson, Tommy Bloomer Jr.'s 4th, Birthday, May 11. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Jay Bloomer, Melinda and Brenda, Mrs. Margaret Davis; Mrs. Marie Davis; Thomas and Ruth Bloomer, Philadelphia; and Tommy's Little Sister, 2 month old Kelly Ann.

Lauren Kintzer

(and the whole family) are lamenting the passing away of her Western Pinto horse last week; They had "CHEROKEE" (pretty black and white) 14 years and he was 10 years old when they got him, which makes him about 70 years old, horse wise. They all feel he was one of the family.

One night last week, six or seven cars stopped on lower Demund's road and were spot lighting, then got out and were running upon the lawns and through the yards of Langes and Kintzers, sort of arousing around, scaring the ducks and animals not to say the families. They picked the wrong place that time, Police Chief Frank Lange who was home and caught four of the lads I was told, while Larry Kintzer got some of the license. They had been shining their lights in Glen Howell's windows and other homes on the road. There was no sleeping in comfort that night the folks said.

Ella Moore Class

Ella Moore Class of the East Dallas Methodist Church met in the social hall Tuesday evening, May 14 for their regular business meeting. The class had purchased Paraments (Altar Cloths) reversible, for the four seasons of the year, which add to the worship services.

The date of Saturday, June 22, has been set for the chicken Bar-B-Cue, to be held in the East Dallas Church and on their grounds, sponsored by the Official Board.

Attending members were Margaret Weiss, Mary Ryman, Mary Ann Lilley, Beatrice Moore, Jessie Moore, Jeanette Dickinson, Myra Carlin, Viola Brace and Irene Moore, hostesses were Margaret Weiss and Viola Brace.

Birthday greetings extended to Linda Cook, Mary Hoover, Dianna Pickett, Bobby Cynher's Phillip Culver, Nelson Wilson, Mildred Eyer, Mr. Howard Krum, Kenneth Morris. Sorry!! Names of "Kay Mill and Hilda Moore" were omitted from Myra Carlin's jewelry party, held in her home recently.

Ricky Is Three

Ricky Major, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Major, lower Demund's Road was honored with a party celebrating his 3rd, birthday, May 8, in the afternoon. Guests were Allen and Harry Hilbert, Terrie Metz, Earl and Dennis Wiedner, John Cybulski, Gregory Cook, "Great Grandfather" Herbert Major (Overbrook Avenue, who celebrated his 91st birthday, May 7, with Ricky at this time too, Mrs. Margaret Cook, Shirley Weidner, Carol Metz, Janet Hilbert, Pat Hann, Mrs. Shirley Nook, (Mrs. Major's sister), and Mrs. Capwell, Kingston, Ricky's Grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Moore, spent Mother's Day in Johnson City, visiting Mrs. Moore's sister Mussitta Montanye, to celebrate her and her son Elwood's birthday, both on the same day.

I hope all mothers had as happy a MOTHER'S DAY as I had. Son Bob took his family and me out to dinner. Then in the afternoon and evening I had the pleasure of son David's children, which took me back to when my house was full of my own kiddoes. David and his family were up from Passaic, N.J., for three days. Prior to Grandma Webb's funeral, returning to New Jersey Monday evening.

Jackson Twp. Firemen's Parade

Plans are progressing nicely for the parade and bazaar on June 1st and 2nd by the volunteer firemen. It is still not too late to register an entry in the parade, which is scheduled to start at 1:30 p.m. on Saturday, June 1st at the firehall.

I want to report that I, too, enjoyed a brief vacation last week in Dover, N.J., where I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. George Harris, my sister and brother-in-law. I had time for pleasant visits with a brother and two other sisters who live in the same area. The highlight of my visit came on Tuesday evening, when the Harries took me into New York to Shea Stadium to see my first major league baseball game. My brother-in-law is a fan of the Mets, and that night the team took a 3-2 win over Cincinnati, with Nolan Ryan pitching a 14 strike-out game. The Stadium alone is a true spectacle of engineering genius, the jets taking off over a corner of the building every two minutes and a truly exciting game combined to make this a very memorable evening.

Game Commission officials were especially pleased with hunter conduct. Outdoorsmen had been warned that widespread disregard for the special regulations in effect would spoil chances for continuation of the season in the future, and sportsmen responded accordingly. Few violations were reported, and there was practically no disturbance of nesting hens.

Hey, we'll be the Seniors!

Dallas Senior High School News

Activities are increasing at Dal-Hi this week with Seniors busy taking their final examinations.

Quite a few things have been happening to the Juniors too, but things have been happening to them all year. No students are as happy to see the Seniors graduate as are the Juniors--not even the Seniors themselves. At Class Day, those tears trickling down Juniors' faces are not tears of sorrow at the Seniors' departure; instead they are tears of joy brought on by the realization that at last the long rocky road through Juniorsdom is almost at an end. Many students find their social life tremendously increased when they become Juniors, but to

their dismay, so is their homework (homework does seem to interfere with a busy social life).

The year has had its remarks, however, World Culture class has prepared many students for the responsibilities which they will probably find in college, and we hear that one junior girl really received a jolt of knowledge while working on a D-C Circuit, (only joking of course).

In spite of our relief at the year's end, we really will be sorry to see the Senior's leave. It's hard to imagine Dal-Hi without the Seniors strutting around.

Spring Gobbler Season Big Success

Initial field reports indicate that Pennsylvania's experimental spring gobbler season was a big success.

The turnout of hunters and the harvest of gobblers were greater than anticipated. Also surprising was the size of birds taken--many exceeded twenty pounds.

Game Commission officials were pleased that a rather high percentage of old gobblers was taken. These birds are extremely wary, relatively unresponsive to calling and infrequently harvested in the fall. After the mating season they are more-or-less "excess baggage"

in the total turkey population. A number of hunters had scheduled vacations to coincide with the state's first spring gobbler season, while others found that they had Time for several hours of early-morning hunting before reporting for work.

Nearly every hunter contacted was quite enthusiastic about the season, and word of hunter success spread rapidly. Hunting pressure increased on the final day of the season and field officers believe that hunter interest and participation will increase if future spring gobbler seasons are scheduled.

College Misericordia SUMMER READING IMPROVEMENT PROGRAM

38 W. Market St. — Wilkes-Barre

READING IMPROVEMENT COURSE for high school and college-bound student.

REMEDIAL READING for students from grades one through eight

Course consists of speed, comprehension, phonics, word recognition, vocabulary building, word meanings and study skills.

Mechanical instruments used are: controlled reader, tachistoscope, tape recorder, listening skills, text books, SRA power and rate builders.

SESSIONS FROM JULY 1 - AUGUST 8, Monday through Thursday, 10 a.m. - Noon

College Misericordia SUMMER READING IMPROVEMENT PROGRAM

38 W. Market St. — Wilkes-Barre

READING IMPROVEMENT COURSE for high school and college-bound student.

REMEDIAL READING for students from grades one through eight

Course consists of speed, comprehension, phonics, word recognition, vocabulary building, word meanings and study skills.

Mechanical instruments used are: controlled reader, tachistoscope, tape recorder, listening skills, text books, SRA power and rate builders.

SESSIONS FROM JULY 1 - AUGUST 8, Monday through Thursday, 10 a.m. - Noon

SMALL GROUPS — QUALIFIED FACULTY

Psychological and diagnostic testing from the program will be conducted from 9 a.m. - noon on

June 24 - 25 for high school students, June 26 - 27 for grade school students

Other services: high school English and mathematics, psychological testing, counseling. No speech courses will be offered until September.

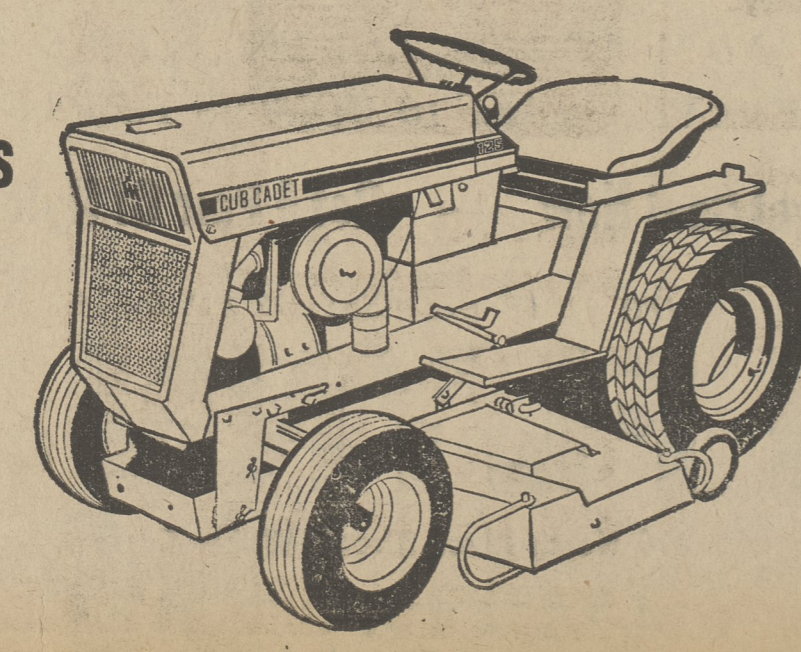
APPLICATIONS AND INFORMATION: Telephone 823-0166

FREE MOWER of your CHOICE

With Purchase of this **CUB CADET** RIDING TRACTOR

A. F. WALTER'S WELDING SHOP

MAIN HIGHWAY **DALLAS** 675-1869



NOW OPEN DIANE GETZ'S HITCHING POST

Large selection pattern glass, china; Early American wash stands, rockers, oil lamps. Old map case; walnut pump organ; wall telephone; beer pitcher and mug set; wash bowls; old silver; trunks; shaving mugs and many other popular items including a "Jim Beam Bottle."

Several of our ANTIQUES are displayed in the **DALLAS WATER CO. WINDOW**

61 CHURCH STREET — DALLAS

LET US HELP YOU KEEP THAT SWIMMING POOL CLEAN!

GLOR-TABS — 5 Lbs. — \$3.39 — 35 Lbs. — \$19.25

Slow Releasing Chlorine Tabs

Percloron 5 lbs. — \$2.99

Dry Acid 10 lbs. — 3.85

100 lbs. \$36.95

Bactericide and Granular ALGAECIDE

35 Lbs. — \$17.95

SURE FLOC (Keeps Pool Clean) \$3.65

DEVEN'S AGWAY 36 MILL STREET DALLAS — 674-7141



INFORMALS - INVITATIONS PUBLICATIONS ON OFFSET PRINTING CALL THE DALLAS POST

MOTORCOACH escorted TOURS

U.S., CANADA, MEXICO

we make all the arrangements

Travel Department 825-4551

THE First National Bank OF WILKES-BARRE 11 West Market Street

YOUR DOCTOR KNOWS - We Can Fill It Promptly

This Pharmacy is known and trusted by doctors because of our readiness to supply instantly any drug or formulation, and to provide patients with the finest prescribed medicine at reasonable cost.

Trust your health to your doctor. Trust us to fill his prescriptions with professional skill and sincere personal interest in your well-being.

FINO'S PHARMACY MAIN HIGHWAY DALLAS, PA. 675-1141

