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## TRIBUTE TO NORTI BERTI

Ten years ago a man who could not be spared, died in the prime of life in Dallas.

He could not be spared, because Dallas was his own, his love, his friend.

Norti Berti had dreamed of being Burgess of Dallas. He took it seriously. When other less direct men would have taken legal steps to remove a sign which was erected on the highway in Dallas in violation of a Borough law, Norti simply went forth and took it down.

The circumstance that the sign was that of a wealthy and well-known motor dealer in Wilkes-Barre, meant nothing to him. He was not about to be bulldozed into permitting a violation of the law of his community.

Norti was always on tap. Call him up in the middle of the night to say, "Norti, I smell smoke, can you come over? Could it be isn't anything, but could be we need the fire department," Norti was there in three minutes.

And in three minutes more, crawling under the back porch to check the bottom of the fireplace chimney . . . "It isn't hot, so it isn't here," and another minute to inspect the living room fireplace where a thin and acrid vapor was creeping out along the hearth.

A dash to his car, and a return with a crowbar. Bricks stacked up on the hearth, and a smouldering beam uncovered. A bucket of water, and it was all over.

Outraged refusal of a check for services rendered. "Of course you can't pay me, Mrs. Hicks, you're my friend."

That was Norti. He was a friend of every living soul in Dallas.

When he died of a sudden heart attack, the news spread like wildfire, and Franklin Street was jammed with cars. It couldn't be that Norti had died, and everybody went in person to find out.

The Dallas Post published an obituary that a captain of industry could not have commanded, no matter how rich nor highly placed.

The paper ran the picture which had been used on a former occasion when Norti sat for a pen portrait. It ran a proclamation signed by the president of the Borough Council. It ran an editorial, and it ran a heart-felt Pillar to Post.

The flag in central Dallas flew at half staff.

At his funeral, the Dallas fire apparatus, creeping along behind the hearse, bore the floral offerings, tribute to a fallen chief.

Norti was the embodiment of the American Dream, the boy who had been born in a humble home, who had dedicated his life to his chosen community, who felt no sense of inferiority in his occupation and his business.

Norti was loved by everybody in Dallas.

## AMAZED AND DAZED

Republicans nationally were amazed at the selection by Presidential candidate Richard Nixon as his running mate of a man who has been described as one who would "do no damage to the ticket."

As David Brinkley put it over the NBC airwaves, "Enthusiasm for the ticket is something less than overwhelming."

This was immediately after the announcement was made that Governor Agnew of Maryland had been tapped for the second position on the slate.

It is impossible not to note the connection between the about-face of Governor Agnew in putting Nixon's name in nomination, and the eventual naming by Nixon of his running mate.

What was abundantly obvious was the uproar of feeling for John Lindsay, that dynamic young Mayor of New York, who was selected to place the name of Governor Agnew in nomination for the vice presidency.

For a time there, Thursday night, it looked as if a convention might be actually about to speak its mind, but the brief revolt came to nothing. There had been no time to organize it. T-V viewers who had been about to doze off during the endless speeches by what seemed to be endless politicians, all anxious to get their faces and their names before the public, were galvanized into life or a reasonable facsimile thereof, when rumors flew that another name would be placed in nomination for vice president.

If it had been John Lindsay who was named, the chances are that the personal magnetism of the Mayor of New York might have swept him over the top.

But no presidential candidate can afford to be overshadowed by his running mate. It would be difficult to keep Mayor Lindsay in the background.

Time is on his side four years from now, or eight years from now.

Four years ago, when he was Mayor-elect of New York, the Dallas Post had this to say to him:

"The Mayor-elect of New York has the same irresistible charm with which John Fitzgerald Kennedy was blessed, a youthful ebullience which has the power of a magnet.

"Nobody who saw him on television, or later in pictures in post-election newspapers, could fail to respond to that love of life, that clear-eyed eagerness to be up and at it.

"One special picture stands out, the one snapped while he was exuberantly clapping his hands over his head in the sign of victory, shouting his joy at winning the election, his face matched by another wide-open face, that of a Negro in Harlem.

"Too long has New York been ruled by politicians who measure their smiles of approval in direct ratio to favors received.

"Let us have more people who can laugh or cry, who are not ashamed to register honest emotion.

"For our money, John V. Lindsay is headed upstairs.

It is the man, not the party, who counts when the chips are down."

## Only Yesterday It Happened 30 Years Ago

Noxen Tannery started work on a new sludge pit. The new embankment was to be used as a dumping ground for refuse from the operations. Hides produced per day reached 500 at times. The sludge was carried away by area farmers who found it rich in fertilizing factors. The Odell Company of Williamsport was building the new pit.

Arthur B. Ide, 72, descendant of pioneers who first moved to this area, died at 72, patriarch of wide-spread family.

A WPA worker was fined by Chief Stevenson of Cambridge to haul three loads of garbage because he dumped garbage alongside the road. This was part of the Lake Chief's clean-up campaign.

A letter to the editor (unsigned) said the paper was all wet in pointing the finger at the insurance companies for delay in settling for the Trucksville grade school fire. Said it was delay on the part of the school board in getting plans laid for construction, the insurance company couldn't settle until it got an estimate of cost of replacement.

New supervising principal at Dallas Borough school was A. T. Williams. A new teacher, Leona Kinsley, was hired at a salary of \$1170.

Mrs. Hiram Wilson, at 87, said to an interviewer from the paper that her biggest complaint was that she could no longer work. She had lived on a farm near Lehman and knew how to do everything on it. "Used to hoist a bag of grain to my shoulder and walk right off with it," she mourned.

Mrs. Laura M. Stiles, 67, died in Noxen.

Year's first drowning at Harveys Lake: 16-year old Ashley boy, William Morgan, in deep water off Warden Place. Sudden drop-off panicked the boy.

An editorial pointed out that WPA works were fine as a stopgap, but that a program which permitted men to loaf on the job was not realistic. That it took modern methods and modern equipment to build a good road. Case in point was 11 and 7 tenths miles of Mountaintop White Haven Road. Norman Johnstone, Wyoming Valley Motor Club, stated it would take ten years to build it by hand. Married: Lillian Road to Wesley Oliver.

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## It Happened 20 Years Ago

Mount Olivet Cemetery at Carverton and Mother Cabini Church were dedicated with pomp and ceremony. Bishop Haley assisted by many priests. Audience of 3,500 people. Solemn novena to Mother Cabini was instituted.

Petitions were circulated in Kingston Township to change traffic lights. Wanted completely automatic signals instead of semi-automatic. System required getting out of car to press the button at Center Street.

Bloomersdale growers were expecting a big crop.

Goodleigh Farm won the contest for good pastures in Luzerne County.

Architect's drawing of new American Legion Home on Highway.

Maple Grove Methodists were observing 75th anniversary. Married: Ann D. Heylman to H. Keith Elston. Anniversary: Mr. and Mrs. Edward Baer. Golden Wedding.

## 10 Years Ago

LADY of the Lake beauty contest was coming up, with 25 glamor girls competing for the crown.

Norti Berti, Burgess of Dallas, and dear to the hearts of everybody in the community, died of a sudden heart attack. He was only 45 years old. Flags flew at half-staff, a proclamation was issued by Sterling Williams, president of the Borough Council, and the Dallas Post carried an obituary, an editorial, and a Pillar to Post, all paying tribute to a man who exemplified the great heart of a great nation. A humble man by worldly standards, Norti was the American dream.

Drowned in an icy Alaskan river was a 19-year old Ruggles Hollow boy, Clifford Wilkes. The grim discovery of his body was made two weeks after he was reported missing from his Fairbanks rooming house. He had gone to Alaska for the summer construction season with companions Carl Hackling, Howard Shook, and Harry Sicker, travelling the Alcan Highway in Shook's car.

Blue Ridge Chapter, FFA, goes to Hershey to plowing contest. Died: W. O. Washburn, 89, prominent insurance man, former resident of Dallas Township, in Florida. Mrs. Julianna Szabo, 74, Harveys Lake. George Jablonski, 68, Shawanese. Married: Eleanor M. Ditton to T. Shepherd Moore. Shirley Myers to Thomas M. Tobin. Marilyn Moore to Jesse A. Moffet. Rose Cressman to Thomas Saunders. Isabelle Ellen Sorber to Leroy E. Butler.

## KEEPING POSTED

August 7. REPUBLICAN CONVENTION sees balloons released for Nixon, Reagan and Rockefeller, sits through eight hours of seconding speeches for non-candidates, dozes, comes to life, goes out for a hot dog, raises a furore when a favorite son is named, caucuses in air-conditioned rooms, rolls inexorably toward nomination of Richard Nixon as Republican candidate for President of the United States.

IN MIAMI GHETTO, black violence erupts as Convention moves ponderously at Miami Beach. State Troopers called out. Dr. Abernethy goes to scene looting, burning and shooting and pleads with rioters to cool it.

August 8: NIXON NOMINATED in early morning hours. Governor Agnew of Maryland, defecting from the Rockefeller ranks, puts his name in nomination. LOOTING AND BURNING continues in Miami, two by four mile area sealed off, National Guard moves in, curfew imposed, tear gas used. Two killed.

NIXON STUNS PARTY with his nominee for vice president. Impossible not to connect Agnew's speech of nomination for Nixon with his subsequent tapping for vice president.

STOCK MARKET DOWN. ACCEPTANCE SPEECH follows brief revolt on the floor, poorly organized.

STRAW IN THE WIND, wild ovation for Mayor John Lindsay of New York, as he seconds nomination for vice president.

August 9: POSTAL STRIKE in Canada over after three weeks.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION over, Miami Beach convention hall littered with popped balloons and trampled placards.

EISENHOWER IMPROVING.

NIXON WON'T GO to Moscow. Will see LBJ shortly to be briefed, at ranch.

MILITANT BLACKS ARRESTED in Los Angeles disturbance.

U.S. PATROL BOATS fire second time on friendly Mekong Delta village.

TITO IN PRAGUE.

August 10: HUMPHREY CAMPAIGNS IN TEXAS, McCarthy in California.

SPONTANEOUS WELCOME for Tito in Czechoslovakia, showing support for Czechs after recent confrontation with the Soviet.

RELEASE OF PUEBLO still a long way off.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, 100 blocks sealed off after Friday night's disorders.

RAINSTORM AND CURFEW contribute to peace in Miami.

Weekend: McGOVERN ANNOUNCES presidential aspirations, appears on Meet The Press.

OUTBREAK IN WATTS, three killed, several wounded, anniversary of riot three years ago.

GOVERNOR MADDOX of Georgia, is considering running for president.

FRANTIC PREPARATIONS for Democratic Convention in Chicago Arena, in spite of strikes and threatened strikes.

August 12: GENERAL EISENHOWER off critical list. Long convalescence at Walter Reed in prospect.

SYRIAN PILOTS, two planes, off course, land in Israel. Great consternation.

OHIO DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES predict overwhelming victory for Humphrey.

U. S. AND SOUTH VIETNAMESE make sweep in Mekong Delta fields.

August 13: FOURTH HURRICANE, Dolly, forming in mid-Atlantic.

WATTS QUIET under saturation policing.

BOMBERS STRIKE within two miles of Cambodian border.

EAST GERMAN ENVOY leaves Czechoslovakia after silent treatment.

BIAFRA HUNGER CRISIS, many children starving, Nigerian blockade air approach as well as relief by road. Biafra said to have oil potential that would overshadow that of the Near East.

CZECHS CLOSE DOORS to soapbox oratory, haul in their horns.

HOUSTON TRANSPLANT PATIENT back to work.

August 14: SOCIAL SECURITY 33 years old.

RED CROSS may be able to get food to Biafra. ISRAEL NOT ABOUT TO release two pilots and planes until Israeli plane and crew are released.

Algeria.

## Another Recreation Park in Prospect, In Pursuance Of Flood Control

A recreation dam to serve the metropolitan Scranton area is being proposed for Tunkhannock State Park, one of a number of dams under advisement.

Sealed bids for the Tunkhannock project will be received by the Department of Forests and Waters until 2 p.m. on September 19, when they will be publicly opened and read.

Dr. Maurice K. Goddard heads the department.

Much opposition has developed to further damming of the tributaries feeding the Susquehanna River. The come-back to this is that in the spring during freshet season, water is wasted and low-lying ground inundated.

The program is seen as a flood control measure as well as a planned recreation project.

Located on the South Branch Tunkhannock Creek, downstream from Wellsville, the dam will impound a reservoir with a surface area of 209 acres. It will have a shoreline of over seven miles and a maximum depth of 38 feet. The stream at the dam site has a drainage area of 45 square miles.

The lake created by the dam will be the nucleus of a new state park to serve the Scranton metropolitan area.

Damming of the creek on Carverton Road has resulted in a State Park which is affording recreation close to a metropolitan area for residents of Wyoming Valley.

It is expected to hold back flood waters which have heretofore torn down through level lands along the river and caused extensive damage.

The lake thus created at Frances Slocum Park has not yet reached its full extent. It has already received a wide variety of water sports, and the acreage has become a mecca for picnickers.

The approaches to the Park are not yet satisfactory from the standpoint of the Back Mountain, but completely feasible for visitors travelling up from Wyoming and Exeter, the main entrance within easy driving distance.

The road from Dallas is dangerously curved and narrow.

"A reasonable tolerance of honest lying in politics is understandable," gem gleaned from Republican Convention commentary over TV, David Brinkley.

## Oak Wilt Attacking 100-Year-Old Trees

Oak trees of the area are falling prey to a virus, presumably carried by an insect which burrows into the tree, and spreads Oak Wilt.

E. V. Chadwick, head of Luzerne County Agricultural Extension Service, says that Penn State and Harrisburg laboratories are doing frantic research to discover a biological answer to the problem.

In this area, many oak trees of great girth and age are dead on Bunker Hill, and residents are noting that their big oak trees are suddenly dying.

Many trees which leaved out fully this spring, are now showing drooping brown foliage, well in advance of fall. Oaks are among the last to turn color as the season advances, clear evidence that there's something radically wrong.

Many sturdy oak trees are dropping their limbs, the heart wood destroyed by the virus.

To date, no remedy has been discovered. Mr. Chadwick promises information as soon as anything definite is available.

## Library Story Hour Draws Many Children

Twenty to thirty pre-school children congregate on Wednesday morning at the Back Mountain Memorial Library to enjoy a story hour conducted by Mrs. William Downs.

The Story Hour is not new. It drew good attendance all winter, but nobody was able to foresee what an attraction it would be during the summer months.

It is ticking right along, every week, to the delight of small children. The hour starts at 10:15.

## Safety Valve

THEY MISSED THE PAPER

August 5, 1968

Dear Dallas Post,

Thank you very much for being so prompt with our copy of the Dallas Post.

My husband and I have been living in Southern California for 4½ years. Up until last Christmas a gift of the Post, for one year, had been sent to us by my husband's grandmother, Mrs. Harry Allen, who still lives at Harveys Lake.

Last year she surprised us with a more personal gift. We never realized how very much we would miss the paper and all the local news. So we decided to give ourselves a Christmas present six months early!

We enjoy, very much reading news of old friends and current happenings. It makes us feel we're still a part of a community we'll always call "Home."

Thank you again.  
Sincerely yours  
Mrs. Allen F. Swanson

## Six Scouts Receive Order Of The Arrow

George Marstell, Jr., John Porter, Tom Wallace, Harry Swepston, Charles Roberts and William Frederick, Jr., received Order of the Arrow Awards at Camp Achelaha ceremonies when members of Boy Scout Troop 231, Shavertown, spent the week there.

Headed by Scoutmaster William Frederick and assisted by George Marstell, Sr., the boys earned 24 merit badges and worked on 1st and 2nd Class Advancements during the week of July 28 to August 3.

In attendance were George Marstell, Jr., Daniel Williams, Robert Sprau, Wayne Devine, Ernest Ashbridge, Bill Tippet, Warren and Jeff Boyes, Eyre Price, John Porter, Wayne Frederick, Harry Swepston, Buddy Frederick, Fred Daniels, Charles Roberts, David Munnell, Mark Kloeber, Daniel MacAvory, William Ostrum, George Broody, Richard Bridge, Tom Wallace and Richard Showers.

## Pennsylvania Peach Crop Bounces Back This Year

After a bad season last year the Pennsylvania peach crop is bouncing back.

U. S. Department of Agriculture estimates for 1968 put the state's projected harvest at more than two million bushels. Last year it was only 800,000 bushels.

Although Pennsylvania boasts a good producing season for fresh peaches with orchards bearing from early July through September, now is the peak of the season.

Buyers representing Howard Johnson's, the coast-to-coast chain of 825 restaurants, are selecting their entire year's supply now. The restaurant chain buys U. S. Government Grade A fruit which is frozen or canned until needed.

Hugh Kelly, director of purchasing for Howard Johnson's, said that about 150,000 pounds of eastern grown peaches are used for ice cream alone. Additional tons go into toppings and pies.

Last year's low yield was reflected across the nation. National production was down to less than 56 million bushels. This year's crop will be close to 76 million bushels.

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## From —

## Pillar To Post...

by HIX

That short-lived cold wave was right on schedule Saturday night. We always get it somewhere between the 8th and 12th of August, and another one along about the 25th.

Then it's guaranteed to steam up again, and the first day of school is always a sizzling occasion.

The weather pattern changes very little over the years. The advantage of keeping a House Book is that you can leaf back to five years ago and find the same old pattern year after year.

Ralph Rood used to keep a daily record of temperatures and weather, the amount of rainfall, and notes on the turning of the first leaf. He could recite chapter and verse, and did so, with practically no provocation.

I don't pretend to have that much detailed information, but there are certain predictions which lie well within the realm of probability.

Four weeks from today, we'll be wondering if maybe we shouldn't turn up the thermostat. It's warm in the middle of the day, but those chilly mornings are something else. And in the evening, a cozy little blaze in the fireplace is a pleasant thing to look at.

Six weeks from today, people will wonder where that sudden little gust of snow came from. It's the first time in history that a snowflake dared to fall so early.

And two months from now, frost on the windshield will be an everyday occurrence.

We'll be wondering if Daylight Saving will ever end, as we grope our way out of bed in the morning in the dark. And the morning sun will begin streaming into the southeast windows, gaining more and more as the leaves fall.

Already there has been that first breath of fall, last Saturday night when the rain clouds rolled back after spilling far too little rain, and the clear green streak appeared in the sunset sky.

It smelled like fall.

You could almost scent the woody smoke of burning leaves, and see the maples turning to red and gold.

The goldenrod is in full bloom, the hardy hydrangeas are beginning to turn faintly pink at the blossom tips, and there is already a scarlet flame of wayside sapling.

There's that odd little blue flower that always comes in the fall, and already the robins are training their last brood of fledglings to take care of themselves, ready for the southern flight.

There's a stir in the air, in spite of the returning heat, that says the dog-days will soon be over.

You can scent the fall, just as you can scent, on some prematurely mild day in January, the coming spring. The Procession of Equinoxes is unfurling its banners, and the inexorable cycle of the changing seasons is under way.

We tend to forget, from year to year, what is coming as the sun creeps farther and farther south. Weather and season-wise people know the exact moment at which the sun will light up one small spot in a corner of the kitchen, and from that time forth, light it no more until another season brings it back to that spot.

They know the exact place in which the full moon will rise, and where it will set. They know that the place changes with the seasons, and that the winter moon is far more beautiful than the summer moon, casting inky shadows under the pine trees, and crossing the sky with deliberation instead of with unseemly haste.

People who understand the seasons are blessed with a perception of the awesomeness of nature, denied to those who close their inner eyes.

It is time now to look forward to the first orange crocus, the first daffodil, the blaze of scarlet tulips, the budding of the dogwood trees, the first arbutus.

And before that, the long winter sleep of the countryside, with bulbs and seeds awaiting the stir of life under the snow.

## Brisk Shower Fails To Dampen Fun Of Crowd At Center Moreland Sale

A deluge caught Center Moreland Auction late Saturday afternoon, in the midst of serving of the chicken barbecue supper, but the crew carried on, the barbecued chicken was delivered to the big dinner tent on schedule, and the home-cooked meal was served to a capacity crowd.

In the two nights of the Auction, 1480 halves of chicken were broiled on the open pits, presided over by Chief Ted Dymond. On order were 1400 halves, but demand was high, and 80 more were ordered. A few lucky people were able to buy them hot and savory from the grill, when diners left to join the bidding.

A few more short gusts of rain caused bidders to raise umbrellas, but in fifteen minutes the skies cleared and the welcome green streak appeared in the west.

Blankets came out to cover the wet planks, and folks dashed for their cars to find sweaters.

The heat wave was over. Chilled youngsters shivered above the high diving tank, waiting to be dunked. This is an annual project of the Center Moreland Boy Scouts, but the kids in bathing suits