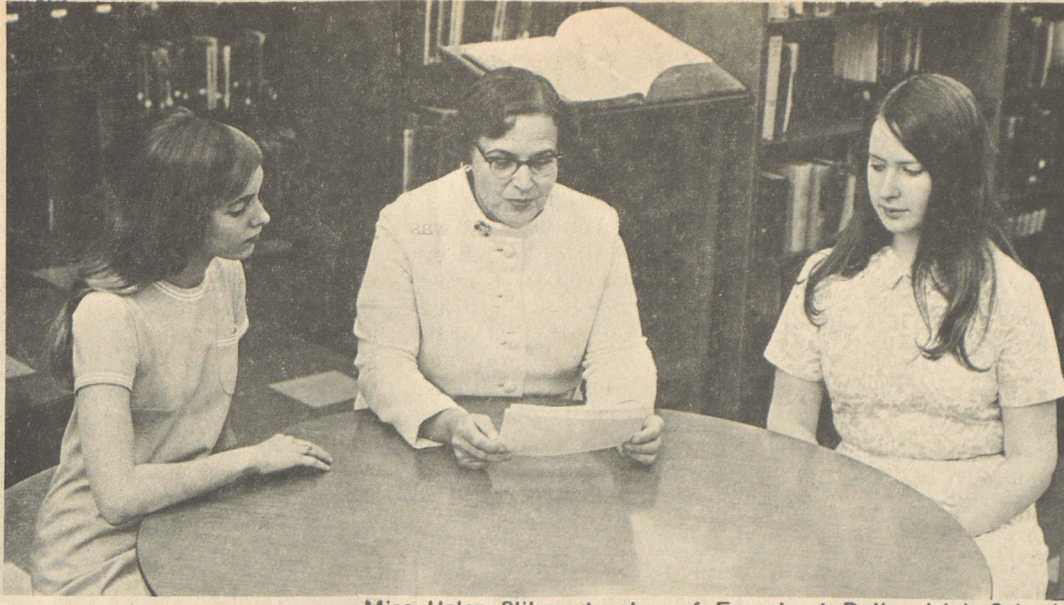


winners in French contest

Mr. Thomas Jenkins, principal of Dallas Senior High School, has been notified that two senior girls have received recognition by the American Association of Teachers of French for their outstanding achievement in the National French Contest. Both girls, members of Miss Helen Sliker's senior French class, took the

French IV examination which was given recently by the Northeastern Pennsylvania Chapter of AATF. Because she placed first in the local contest, Miss Vera Balshaw's test paper has been submitted to the Middle Atlantic States Regional competition. Vera who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bal-

shaw of New Goss Manor, will attend Bryn Mawr in September. Honorable mention for her fine performance in the same competition went to Miss Diane Thier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Thier of Overbrook Road. Diane will attend the University of Rhode Island next year.



Miss Helen Sliker, teacher of French at Dallas High School, reviews the winning test papers of Miss Diane Thier, left, and Miss Vera Balshaw, right, who achieved recognition for their participation in the National French Contest.

certificates of attainment for Back Mountain residents

Additional names in the Back Mountain area have been added to the list of those students receiving Certificates of Attainment for completing courses for local government officials and employees, according to Dr. Hugo V. Mailey, director, Wilkes College Institute of Regional Affairs. Certificates will be presented at the annual dinner, Tuesday, May 27, in the new dining commons of the college.

Additions include: Rural Assessment, David Evans, Dallas; Arson Detection, Robert L. Besecker, George A. Schollenberger, Donald Shaffer, all of Dallas; and Theodore E. Newcomb and Arnold R. Youst, Shavertown.

Jack Stephenson and Joseph Salino were enrolled in a Fundamentals of Fire Fighting course, as were Frederick Buss, and Robert Senchak of Dallas. Marvin Dymond, Richard Govin, and Robert Rosengrant of Shavertown were also enrolled in this course.

In the Harveys Lake area, Richard Tattersall, Jim Casterline, John Chet Davis, Harold Grey, Bradley Ide, Arden Kocher, Carleton Kocher, Jasper Kocher, James McCaffrey, Emerson Snyder, Ralph Snyder, John Stenger, Eugene Tilghman, Arthur Wagner, Fay Williams, Richard Williams Jr., Richard Williams Sr., and Leo Wodaski completed the Fundamentals of Fire Fighting.

Dateline: Japan

By HIX

Sunday, May 4 . . . no, it's Monday, May 5, for we have just crossed the International Date Line, as of 4:47 p.m. our time. Just before our plane was called at around one-thirty, we looked at the array of clocks on the wall at the air terminal in Honolulu. One of them registered the time in Sidney, Australia; one in New Zealand, one in Tokyo, one in Manila, one on the West Coast.

There was a brisk breeze blowing at the airport, with clouds up over the Pali, and a misty rainbow along that tortured volcanic ridge of mountains. But it was warm enough so that thin dresses were in order, and we had packed our raincoats to save carrying them.

Now we are 37,000 feet up above the Pacific, and the thermometer outside registers forty degrees below zero according to the Japanese captain. Most of us are wearing a blanket across our knees or around our shoulders, for alongside the windows it is cool, even here in the heated and pressurized cabin.

You wonder what would happen if an explosion should blow a hole in the cabin wall at this height and temperature. It would take only a few seconds for the passengers to freeze to death, and the lack of oxygen at this height must be equivalent to that on the crest of Mount Everest.

And now we are leaving Tokyo behind, and taking the bullet train for Kyoto. There has been so much going on that it is difficult to concentrate on typing. We have been whisked from one engagement to another, not exactly at lightning speed, for traffic in downtown Tokyo is unbelievable, but by chartered bus with a guide who is very firm with us. Joe says don't shake hands with Japanese, for Orientals do not like personal contact. So we are trying to reorganize our social thinking, for in a strange land one does well to go along with native customs as far as possible, so as not to give offense. There is a great deal of low bowing. Joe says when a younger person meets an older person, the younger bows much deeper than the older, and three times instead of twice.

Yesterday there was a wedding reception at the hotel, tiny Japanese women in colorful kimonos looking like sedate little butterflies, taking a back seat as is the custom, while swallow-tailed Japanese men took the spotlight. After the wedding reception was over, each guest went off carrying a wedding cake—not a piece of wedding cake, but the whole thing, a large round cake carried in a white napkin by the four corners, so that the family at home could have a share in the festivity. The wedding cake business must be a boon

to the bakers. Joe says only one member of each family gets an invitation.

Joe is a marriage broker himself. In America, he says, people just go out and get married, but here in Japan, marriages are arranged with due consideration for suitability, careful scrutiny of ancestry, marks in school, looks, financial status, the entire ball of was. He says when his own marriage was arranged, he found a private eye dogging his footsteps to report on his behavior. Joe says he has no complaints about his wife. He first met her ten days before the ceremony. Instead of exchanging embraces, they discussed their hobbies. Kissing, he says, is not countenanced between engaged couples. It would be considered unseemly.

With Joe's warnings about public demonstration in mind, I wondered a little how to greet the wife of the Deputy Director of Public Information Bureau at a buffet occasion Wednesday evening. Torn between curtsying and deep-bowing, I found her with a welcoming smile on her face and an outstretched hand. Not wishing to ignore the hand, I took it in spite of Joe, and gave it a gentle clasp entirely foreign to my normal bone-crushing handshake. It was a chained lion. (See Pilgrim's Progress.)

Just back from a nerve wracking ride in a taxi to and from the Ginza in search of a pair of those odd socks with thumbs in them like mittens. Supplemented the mad dash through traffic with several blocks on foot, finally visited a bank with an English speaking dignitary. The dignitary drew a map of the district embellishing it with Japanese idiographs, explained it was four blocks down, show the writing to the shoppig, and we'd get what we wanted. No problem. The tobis were on the fifth floor along with the kimonos.

The taxi driver on the way back to the hotel stopped so we could buy strawberries after executing a series of maneuvers in and out of trucks and bicycles, capped by a triumphant flourish at the curb. The kamikaze taxi drivers go like mad. The best way to preserve your sanity is to close your eyes and engage in silent prayer. It saves nervous tension.

Barbara and I are catching up on our typing, using one hand on the typewriter keys, and using the free hand to convey mammoth strawberries to the mouth. The strawberries cost 20 yen for a large box, about a quart and a half. We had been warned against eating unwashed fruit, so they are dripping wet from being sloshed around in the bathtub, and are drying off on a turkish towel.

The tub is a production. It is a tiled job, aquamarine, and about a yard deep. No danger

of slipping because the tiles provide a safe footing. The way you heat up the bathroom in the morning is to run hot water in the tub, shut the door, and go back to bed for a spell.

This hotel is perched on the top of a fabulously beautiful terraced hill, with cobbled walks winding in and out of shrubbery. Azaleas are in full bloom. It is a long pull up to the entrance, but well worth it. There is a more prosaic entrance in another spot, but our first sight of the hotel was from far beneath. We pounded up the hill, pausing to gasp for breath at times. Our baggage came by another route, and was stacked in the lobby waiting for us.

It has been a long day, starting from Honolulu and reaching Tokyo the following afternoon, which is not as bad as it sounds because of the time lag, actually only about an eight-hour flight. Clear blue underneath, with an occasional whitecap showing even at that immense distance. It looked like a very lonesome ocean.

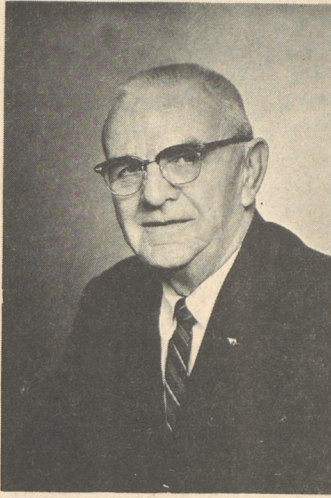
We've been brainwashed, first by the Japanese dignitaries, and then by the folks at the United States Embassy. We have drunk gallons of green tea, eaten far too much, shopped for toys at a special toy shop, enriched the taxi companies just as we did in San Francisco and Honolulu, and we have even visited a nursery school where the priest in a black soutane took us around. It was recess time, and the children were using the sliding board, the swings, and the climbing brass, shouting and laughing.

Joe says that this time, nobody can be late for the bus. Joe says bullet trains wait for no man, that exactly at the appointed hour for departure they slam the doors, and if you are running down the platform it's just too bad, so sorry. He suggests that everybody be in the lobby of the hotel fifteen minutes before time to start for the station. He reminds us that we've been consistently fifteen minutes late on all take-offs, that it takes fifteen minutes to load the bus, and that if we miss it, we'll have to go to the station by taxi. This sounds expensive. Joe is a tough taskmaster.

Time for the last five strawberries, for a small spot of copy-reading, and for the rendezvous in the hotel lobby.

All aboard for Kyoto, and the famous shrines.

phone company worker retires top honors for L-L students



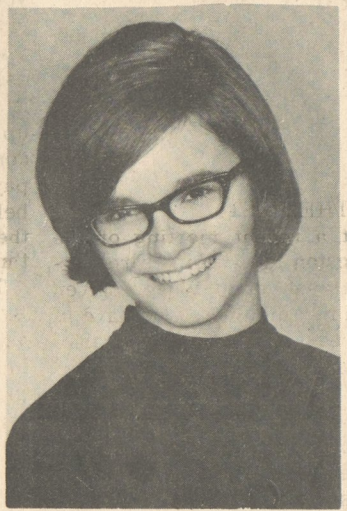
JOHN F. SHEEHAN SR.

John F. Sheehan Sr., Huntsville Road, Dallas RD 4, recently retired after more than 42 years of service with the Bell Telephone Co. Sheehan, a Bell PBX installer, is a native of Wilkes-Barre and a graduate of Wilkes-Barre High School. He joined the telephone company as an installer. His telephone career includes service in Reading. He is a member of the Telephone Pioneers of America, Bell's 100,000 mile safe driving club and George M. Dallas Lodge 53, F & AM, Caldwell Consistory and Irem Temple A.A.O.N.M.S. He is married to the former Miss Verna Mae Cave of Wilkes-Barre and they have two sons, John Jr., and Lynn and three grandchildren. Bell officials will present a wristwatch to Mr. Sheehan in observance of his retirement.

Top academic honors at Lake-Lehman High School have been achieved by Debra Morgan, daughter of Mrs. Harriet Morgan and the late Stewart R. Morgan, and Paul Niezgoda, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Niezgoda, it was announced recently.

Miss Morgan, valedictorian of the class of 1969, is a member of the National Honor Society, F.T.A., and is on the staff of the Roundtable, the high school's yearbook. Her academic interests center in language and mathematics. A member of the Maple Grove Methodist Church, Miss Morgan teaches Sunday school and plays piano there during worship services. She was chosen as girl of the month by the Harveys Lake Women's Club during the past year.

Accepted at Bloomsburg State Teachers College for the term beginning in September, her major will be elementary education with a related minor in Spanish.



DEBRA MORGAN

in Coast Guard

Seaman Recruit David L. Spencer III, USCG, son of Mr. and Mrs. David L. Spencer Jr., RD 2, Dallas, was enlisted into the U. S. Coast Guard for four years at the Recruiting Station in Wilkes-Barre. He will report to the Coast Guard Training Center at Cape May, N.J., for eight weeks of basic training.

Paul Niezgoda has achieved the rank of second in the class of 116 and has been a member of the Lake-Lehman Band for six years, receiving the John Philip Sousa award this year. Three times a Northeastern District Band winner, Mr. Niezgoda is president of the band and a member of the Brass Choir and Dance Band.

ENJOY DELICIOUS FAMILY FEASTING . . .

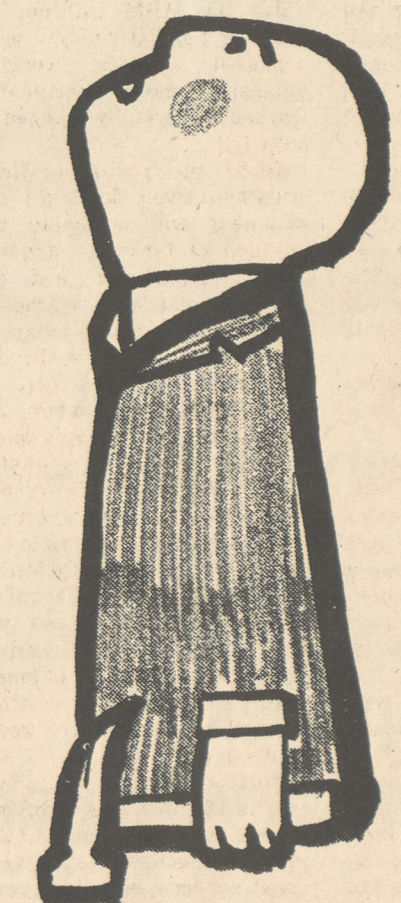
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