



"FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE... FIRE!"

BURNHAM

by L.D. Burnham

Saturday morning. My wife is away visiting friends for the weekend. The day is mine, all mine. What a delectably sweet feeling. I can sleep, bum around, lounge, eat...do whatever I want.

The day is mine. The sun beams in the bedroom window as I snuggle beneath the covers. I look at the clock. It's 6 a.m.

Ahhh. Just roll over and drift back into dream land. Oh yes, this is really great. What a great feeling. OK, sleeping in on Saturday morning is just terrific. Finally, I've had enough and decide to get up. It's 6:05 a.m. Who wants to sleep the day away?

Early morning is a great time of day isn't it? Quiet...peaceful...very quiet...very peaceful...Did you know when it gets that quiet you can hear your eyelashes clash together?

I get breakfast. The first of three breakfasts I'll eat on this extra-special morning. After all, I never eat breakfast during the week. There's something about three bowls of cereal, two eggs, four pancakes, two pieces of toast, one English muffin, five slices of bacon and six glasses of orange juice that gives me a kind of warm, get-up-and-go feeling.

I nestle in by the TV. Saturday morning cartoons—just great. This is fun. I breeze through Skatebirds, Grovie Goolies, Godzilla and Battle of the Planets. I look at the clock. It's already 9 a.m. The day's slipping by.

In the living room I stare out the window. The lawn is greening up. Buds sprout from the trees. It's a beautiful spring day, and I'm free to do whatever I please. I spend a few moments contemplating the greatness of life. I then begin to

make little drawings in the dust on top of the stereo speaker. I begin with little squiggles, senseless little things. Later I graduate to trees; then I do a massive boy and dog on the coffee table. This gives me great pleasure.

I move to my favorite reading chair. I notice I've finished reading all the magazines. No matter. I go through and read all their ads. Saturday morning is a good time to catch up on ad reading. I count the syllables in the letters to the editor section. Four hundred and fifty-seven. It's 9:48 a.m. Where does the time go?

I dress and clean up. I can't sit around the house all day. There's a big beautiful world out there. I pause a moment to absorb all my exhilaration. I spit my toothpaste into the sink and think of the marvelous miracle of creation. This is good.

I'm in the car and off. The open road—what a feeling! I buzz into town. Soon I decide what I really want to do. I pull into the parking lot and hop on in through the electric door. This is where it happens—the supermarket. I find myself a good spot and watch people pull, rip and tear the proof of purchase from packages.

I decide to shoot for adventure. I'm going to approach one of these people and question them. I'll laugh when the culprit shrinks guiltily down the aisle. I finally decide on an elderly lady. I wait till she tears open the box. I pounce. I wince as she squeezes my nose between vice-like fingers strengthened through years of proof-of-purchase ripping. I grimace as she swears an oath against my family. I run as she screams RAPE at the top of her withered lungs.

Once again, I'm out on the prowl. It's 11:04 according to the radio. Good grief! There's still so much to do. I head for town. I proceed to find out how many right turns on red I can make in one-half hour.

Then it's off to lunch. The first of three lunches acutely. What the heck. Sometimes I skip lunch during the week.

Eventually I find myself on the highway heading into the city. Big time. It's 12:15 and the good guy is having fun. I arrive in the city at 12:25. I decide to spend a little time counting the untorched buildings in Scranton. As soon as I finish, I head out of town. The man on the radio tells me it's 12:30 p.m.

I settle on getting some fresh air, and since it's such a nice day I just find myself a parking space and get out to walk. It's been years since I've spent any time hanging out. Hanging out is an art. I'm still good though.

I turn up my collar. I shove my hands in my pockets. I assume "the look." The look of cool and casual. The look of mean and musty. The saliva in my mouth offends me, and I spit it on the sidewalk. I hunch my shoulders. I try to draw the skin-tight across my cheeks. This is pure pleasure. Some punk kids drive by and yell at me. They're lucky they didn't stop.

Again I hear a yell. I make a tough gesture. I'm playing my role to the hilt and loving it. I try to explain this to the policeman I accidentally made the gesture to. I explain that I'm not really loitering and that I really have a job and I'm of the highest moral character.

I tell the same story in the magistrate's office—eventually. Magistrates sure are slow. I shoot the rest of the afternoon.

Comment/Opinion

COMMENT

More Whiteys

Special
offer
...See
p. 12

The Dallas Post wishes to extend its condolences to the family, friends and members of the Back Mountain Kiwanis and Back Mountain Council on Drug and Alcohol Abuse following the death of Bernard "Whitey" Porasky.

Whitey Porasky was a tireless worker on behalf of the community organizations he served, including both groups and youth baseball programs.

At one time he held promise as a professional baseball player and had some success in the minor leagues. He also pulled no punches about his troubles with alcoholism, his treatment at Clearbrook Lodge and his subsequent efforts to prevent young people from encountering the same problem.

Whitey wasn't famous in the Back Mountain nor was he rich. But he provided a wealth of service to this community before his sudden death at age 37. The community needs more Whiteys.

Out on the prowl

The magistrate is really very friendly through. He suggests I spend the rest of my Saturday at

home. I agree. A quiet supper at home, a little Hee Haw, Wild Kingdom and Bj and the Bear and I

notice it's 8:58 p.m. already. yawn...and decide to turn in. I've had enough fun for one day.

GUEST EDITORIAL

Fruits of Free Enterprise

By Richard DeVos, the president of Amway Corporation.

(Reprinted with Permission)

I am vitally concerned that many people who are enjoying the fruits of free enterprise are not aware that these benefits come not because of one group or another or because of laws passed in Washington.

A survey of 5,000 high school seniors throughout the United States produced some rather startling facts—over 60 percent believed that the profit motive can be killed off without hurting the American system; 55 percent think the best way to improve our standard of living is not by workers producing more but by giving workers more wages; 60 percent think employees get too little and owners get too much of the profits of the company, and 75 percent believe that when an industry puts in new machinery, the owners get most of the gains resulting from modernization.

Obviously young people need to be shown that the highest standard of living in the world has resulted from our personal enterprise system under which every person has the right to work and succeed in his chosen vocation in direct proportion to his ability and efforts. America is what it is today because it gives individuals an opportunity to work in a free society where each individual can advance based on his personal effort.

We have all heard, over and over again, what is wrong with America. But let me tell you what is right about America. I'm tired of hearing people tell me you can't depend on people anymore the way you used to. I'm tired of people telling me workers don't measure up the way they once did. I know there are exceptions, but the bulk of the people are meeting their responsibilities every day.

I think it's time responsible people begin to tell the full story every time they open their mouths. It's time they begin to have respect for all the people who make a

contribution to keeping a total plant operating at a high rate. I find all across America industries looking for eager, qualified individuals who will put their shoulders to the wheel. I am not just talking about the technical skills, I am talking about a man or woman who will clean a window or sweep a floor.

Some people say this free enterprise system is too "dog eat dog," that it just doesn't work anymore and that it makes Americans too self-centered, too selfish. I can't believe this, because the American people last year gave \$10.5 billion to the United Community Services and to the Red Cross and to many other organizations in which they believe.

Yes, this is America, where millions of citizens are coming and going in the free economy on super highways like the world has never known and in their private automobiles when the rest of the world is trying to get by on a bicycle or on a street car.

Let's talk also for a moment about the record of America. The United States has only six percent of the world's population, but American citizens own 71 percent of all the automobiles in the world, 56 percent of the telephones, 50 percent of all the radios, 83 percent of all the television sets and 90 percent of all the bath tubs.

Don't let anybody sell you short on what this country can do and what it can mean to those who are willing to work. Even the poorest of Americans live better than most any other group in the entire world!

But these are just statistics. More important I see an America where no man is another man's master, where no man's mind is dark with fear. I see an America as the horizon of human hopes. To those who say that the design defies our abilities to complete it, I answer: to act with enthusiasm and faith is the condition of acting great.

ONLY YESTERDAY

State police sub-station opens at lake

50 years ago - May 9, 1930

State and county highway employees were busy during the past week resurfacing main of the Back Mountain highways and patching other roads.

Eighth grade students of Dallas Township school to present "Cousin Julia's Jade Earring", at Kunkle Community Center, Thursday evening.

Dallas Township High School baseball team defeats Lake Township High School 4-2.

Plains defeats Dallas Athletics 10-2 in the second game of the first half of the season.

Now playing at local theatre—"So This Is College", Himmler Theatre. Deaths—Mrs. Thomas Warmouth, Shavertown; James A. Norrie, Trucksville.

Brotherhood of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Shavertown, will hold a clambake at the Ambrose West farm in Dallas Township.

You could get—Artstyle chocolates \$1.50 lb. box; boys wash suits \$1.09; women's coats \$11.30; 16-inch lawnmower \$7.25.

40 years ago - May 10, 1940

Dallas Borough Council declines to approve the state highway department's proposed new highway through the borough.

A sub-station for State Motor Police will be established before June 1 in the Martha Washington Inn, Sandy Beach, Harveys Lake, where five men will be assigned to duty there for the summer to cooperate with Chief of Police Ira C. Stevenson of the Harveys Lake Police Department.

Two 90-year old mothers share title of "Oldest Mother" in contest initiated by Shavertown druggist Sheldon Evans.

Now playing at local theatre—"Northwest Passage", Spencer Tracy, Himmler Theatre.

Married—Beatrice Riley and Robert B. Lewis; Ruth Jackson and William Richards; Charlotte Goldsmith and Walter Weaver.

Engaged—Mary Jean Laycock to Glen E. Smith.

Deaths—Mrs. Hugh Jones, Carverton.

Lehman's high school baseball team forged into the lead in the league last week by defeating Laketon 6-4, but Kingston Township kept on the leaders heels by defeating Dallas Township 6-4.

Fire destroyed the home of Sterling Casterline, Trucksville on Sunday afternoon when a stiff breeze blew sparks from a nearby ignited brush.

Dallas Woman's Club holds Mother-Daughter Tea at Irem Temple Country Club.

You could get—Smoked hams 16c lb.; sliced halibut 12c lb.; butter 2 lbs. 59c; coffee 21c lb.; potatoes 39c peck; peas 3 lbs. 25c; lemons 23c doz.; bananas 5c lb.

30 years ago - May 12, 1950

Shavertown will have a mass chest x-ray survey by the new mobile unit of the Wyoming Valley Tuberculosis Society.

Harry Trebilcock won a rating of excellent in the Forensic and Music Competition held in Pittsburgh.

Gate of Heaven Parish is undecided whether to build an eight room grade school with auditorium where church services can be held temporarily or to construct a new church on its property on Machell Avenue.

Back Mountain Library Auction starts rolling as general chairman Sara Schinerer names her com-

mittees.

Now playing at local theatres—"Jolson Sings Again", Larry Parks, Barbara Hale, Shaver Theatre; "Twelve O'Clock High", Gregory Park, Himmler Theatre; "Sahara", Humphrey Bogart, Dallas Outdoor; "Mother Is A Freshman", Van Johnson, Loretta Young, Star-Lite Outdoor; "Oh, You Beautiful Doll", Sandy Beach Theatre.

Engaged—Lois E. MacAvoy to Sgt. Paul P. Helfrich; Doris Ikeler to August Walters.

Married—Clara Womer and Glenn Siglin.

Deaths—Archie Neeley, Beaumont; Mrs. Alice Sword, Carverton.

You could get—Rib roast 65c lb.; pork chops 69c lb.; Swiss cheese 71c lb.; margarine 33c lb.; coffee 67c lb.; bread 13c loaf; peanut butter 12-oz. jar 33c; frozen cauliflower 28c pkg.; frozen strawberries 35c pkg.; new onions 3 lbs. 17c; tomatoes 23c pkg.; bananas 2 lbs. 29c.

20 years ago - May 12, 1960

Dallas school directors ask for additional study of salaries before discussing teachers raises.

Dallas Township police hold four juveniles for damage to stones at Warden Cemetery.

Robert E. Post is appointed to Dallas Borough Council to complete term of late Sterling Williams.

Now playing at local theatres—"Solomon and Sheba", Himmler Theatre; "Lil Abner", Dallas Outdoor; "Pillow Talk", Sandy Beach Theatre; "Many Rivers To Cross", Luzerne Theatre; "Who Was That Lady", Forty Fort Theatre.

Married—Hazel Louise Smith and Wayne Weaver; Marian Louise

Ockenhouse and Lewis Barnett. Anniversary—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grey, 30 years.

Deaths—Alfred Webster, Sr., Trucksville; Mrs. Mary Crothermel, Dallas; William A. Montross, Beaumont; Elwood Elston, Dallas native; Mrs. Ella Jumper, Dallas.

Dallas Dairy team wins its opener 12-4 over Buttonwood.

St. Paul's Lutheran Church is observing a three-week celebration of its 35th anniversary. Guest speaker last Sunday was the Rev. George Elson Ruff, first pastor of the church.

You could get—Chuck roast 43c lb.; port butts 63c lb.; American cheese 28-oz. pkgs. 53c; frozen peas 4 pkgs. 53c; frozen limas 2 pkgs. 45c; tuna fish 6½-oz. can 31c; sweet corn 6 ears 35c; cucumbers 3-19c; green onions 2 bchs. 19c.

10 years ago - May 14, 1970

A crowd of more than 200 heard the sex education in the school debate at the Lake-Lehman School Board meeting which ended with the directors approving the 155-part film series "A Time Of Your Life" to be shown in the school by Channel 44.

The Troup Fund, Inc. has announced plans to begin construction of the 300 condominium apartments planned on the old Newberry Estate.

Residents of the Back Mountain are busy formulating plans for the Clean-up, Fix-up, Paint-up Campaign sponsored by the Wyoming Valley Improvement Council for the month of May.

Lake-Lehman baseball team defeated Central Catholic 7-5 then later in the week were defeated 12-0 by the Dallas Mountaineers.

Engaged—Eleanor Jackowski to

Walter J. Buda; Janice Foux to Gene E. Pios; Patricia M. Shonk to Stephen Bruce Stearn.

Married—Mary Jane Antanitis and Pfc. Matthew A. Yonkonis; Celena C. Carroll and Joseph James Perry, Jr.

Anniversaries—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Grey, 40 years.

Deaths—Thomas E. Heffernan,

Lehman; John F. Gallagher, Dallas; Ethel E. Shaver, Dallas; Edna Mae Long, Dallas.

Prince of Peace holds successful antique show.

You could get—Steaks 85c lb.; veal shoulder roast 79c lb.; pork and beans 2 cans 25c; raisin bread 39c loaf; sharp cheese 8-oz. pkg. 63c; tuna fish 2 6½-oz. cans 65c.

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