

EDITORIALS

Believe it; DEP's doing good job in Jackson Twp.

It appears the state Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) and Sun Pipe Line Co. are making the the best of a bad situation in Jackson Township. In January, about 5,000 gallons of gasoline spurted onto the frozen ground from a break in Sun's pipeline near Chase Corners. The season was important as it helped reduce the damage that might have been done had all the liquid been absorbed into the ground. A sizable, quick response further diminished spread of the gasoline, which was spilled on a slope leading down to waterways.

Since the spill, Sun appears to have conducted a thorough and responsible cleanup, although the company has been quite lax in telling township officials and residents about it. The DEP, on the other hand, has done an admirable job of both, keeping a close eye on the cleanup efforts and sending representatives to every township meeting to report on progress.

One bone of contention with Sun is the cost of the township's independent consultant on the case. Township officials say Sun agreed to pay for that person, but as yet not a penny has been forthcoming on the \$4,000 bill. Recent comments by Sun officials, while not repudiating any agreement, have not been encouraging.

Sun's dealings with affected homeowners seem to have no such hangup. While the company expects it will be able to fully rehabilitate the area, it is understandable that some families may not want to take their word for it, or wait until the cleanup is finished. The company has offered a generous buyout program for owners of affected properties, or a substantial payment for time and trouble to those who elect to stay on.

Ultimately, the effectiveness of the cleanup will be determined by the DEP, a government agency that frequently is the butt of undesired jokes thrown out by people who lack any basis for their comments. Judging by the agency's performance thus far, DEP deserves our support and respect; they are our best line of defense when dangerous compounds are released into our environment.

Publisher's notebook

Ron Bartizek



When I was coming of age, a popular phrase summed up the attitude of my generation toward those who had come before: "Don't trust anybody over 30!" Having long since passed that mark, I can attest that was good advice, even as it applied to us.

The themes of my youth were rock music, free love, peace, a social conscience and rejection of materialism, not necessarily in that order, but all conducted in a laid back manner. I probably exemplified a couple of them, though not, unfortunately the second, and I spent most of my time working rather than going to concerts or "be-ins." (You need to have been there to understand that one.) But I look around now and see a society and individuals that are about as close to those ideals as they are to the nearest star.

For example, a review of the ads in this Sunday's New York Times magazine begins with Nissan, proudly stating that their new model goes through 39 paint process steps and 29,998 quality checks, while 0 details are overlooked. Doesn't sound like a mellow approach to me.

Then there's the movies. By now we were supposed to all be watching the modern equivalents of Federico Fellini or Ingmar Bergman; instead we get Lethal Weapon 26 and Home Alone 14. And music!! What happened to songs with a message, and stories and lyrics that could be sung in mixed company?

How about cars. The original VW Beetle and early Datsuns (predecessor to Nissan) and Toyotas reached our shores long before gas prices spiked in the 1970's, and ecology conscious (and broke) hippies latched onto them as great practical transportation. Now you could put a Datsun 210 in the back of a Ford Expedition to roll out in case of emergency, kind of like a dinghy on an oceangoing sailboat.

All this pales in light of the current fetish for high living. We thought our parents were captives of a material culture gone mad, sucking every molecule of humanity from them as they strove for . . . a second car, bought used. Nowadays, shiny new second, third and fourth cars are taken for granted, as we hunger for vacation homes, private club memberships, expensive restaurant meals and ever-more-exotic vacations.

The disappointment I feel for my own generation makes me ill sometimes. But then I check my stock portfolio, and things seem much better.

Your news is welcome

The Dallas Post welcomes submissions about Back Mountain people and events. In order to plan each issue, we must adhere to self-imposed deadlines, as well as those of our printer. To have the greatest likelihood of publication, items should be received at our office by 4 p.m. the Friday prior to each issue. Items will be accepted until 4 p.m. Mondays, although much of the paper is already assembled by that time. Send or bring items to: The Dallas Post, 607 Main Road, P.O. Box 366, Dallas, PA 18612. Our normal business hours are 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday. A deposit box is located at the front of the building for after-hours submissions.

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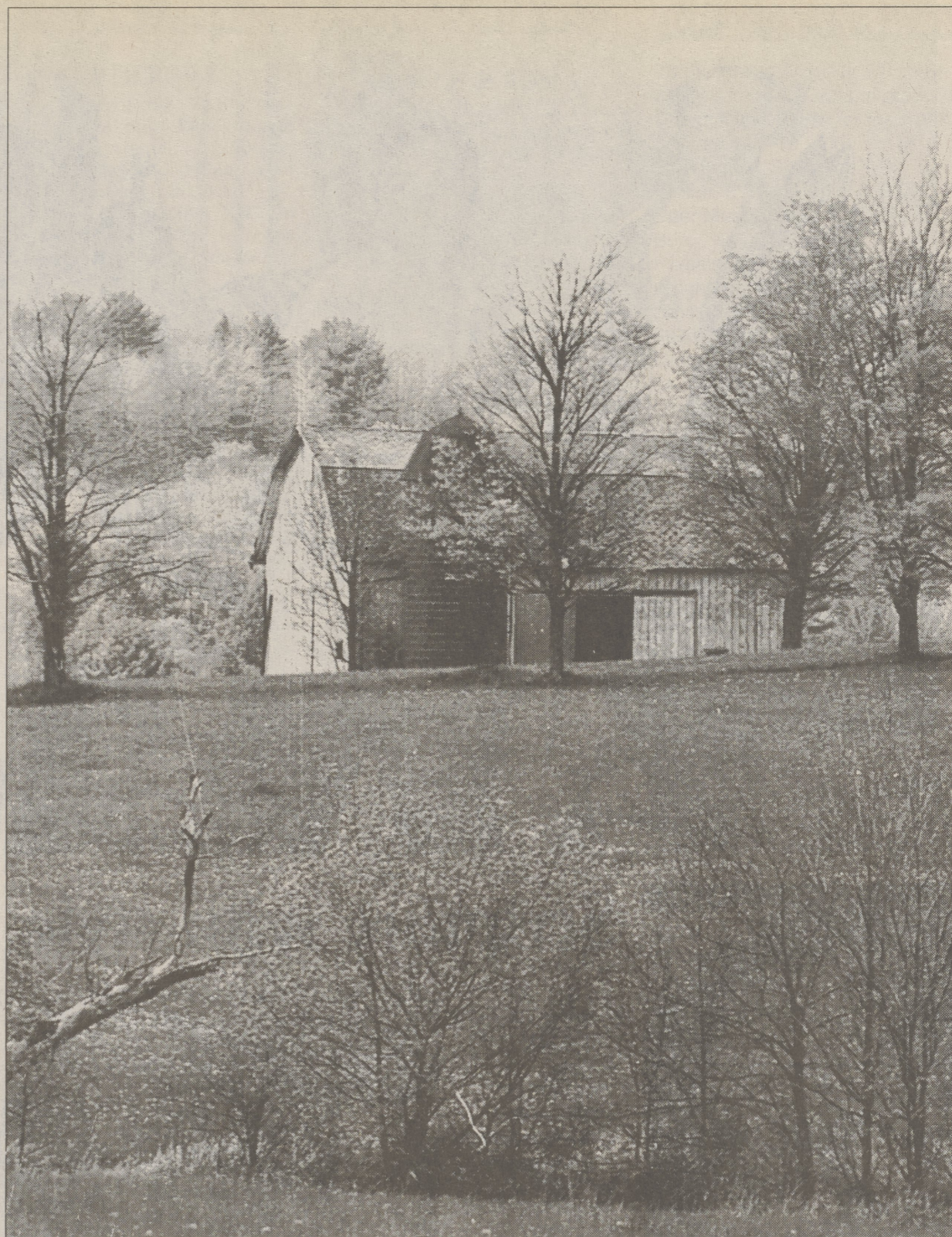
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Back Mountain pastoral. Photo by Charlotte Bartizek.



Back in time



Anna Mae Estus

The front porch was a summer time living room and a social meeting place for neighbors and family. Porches were big, some screened, but most were not. There were grass rugs on the floor and bamboo curtains you could roll up or down to make the porch shady and cool. Smaller porches would have awnings that made them cozy. There were lots of rocking chairs and tables that held the ever-present lemonade. All the house plants would be put on the porch until summer was over.

Every porch, large or small, had a wooden swing hung by heavy chains from the ceiling. The swing was a delight to lovers, a nice place to be as close as you dared. Children loved to swing to the ceiling if not watched. There was a wicker "fainting couch" where you could have a nap. A hammock was attached to a hook on a corner post of the porch to an opposite corner of the house. It was a neat trick if you could get in and out of the hammock without ending up on the floor. There were brightly colored cushions everywhere.

On our porch my sister Madeline had to be sawed out of the pickets several times when she would get her head stuck. Doc Laing was always called to help get her free and to treat her injuries. When she was too old to have put her head between the pickets to get stuck, then she could get herself out, Doc Laing told her. It took all afternoon, but she finally freed herself. More pickets were put between the ex-

Front porch was the place to spend summer

isting ones, her head wouldn't fit any more.

Babies would be put on the porch in the baby carriage for their naps and fresh air, protected from mosquitos with a netting. On rainy days the older children could play on the porch. There was always one who couldn't resist leaving the porch to splash in a puddle.

We had a small brown bulldog named Stevie who would let us dress him up in baby clothes and push him in the baby carriage on the porch as long as you didn't laugh at him. There was a very nosey person who passed by our house every day. When she saw us pushing the carriage she said, "Oh, did your mother have another baby?" My older sister Ethel said, "Yes, come and see him." When she pulled back the blanket and saw that brown face and big eyes, she screamed and left in

a rush. When we laughed, Stevie jumped out of the carriage, leaving a trail of baby clothes and booties behind him. He hid for the rest of the day.

Friends passing by would stop to visit and rest before going on. Neighbors would spend an afternoon visiting and rocking. In the evening the adults would sit in the rocking chairs, the kind with high backs and reed seats and wide arms. There were several rockers and at times there was need for the young men to sit on the porch railing. The evening would end with everyone singing the songs of that time.

There are very few porches now, none on new houses. Everyone is too busy with too many distractions, no time for the simple pleasure of sitting in a rocker in a cool breeze, relaxing, listening to birds singing and children playing, and waving to a passing friend.

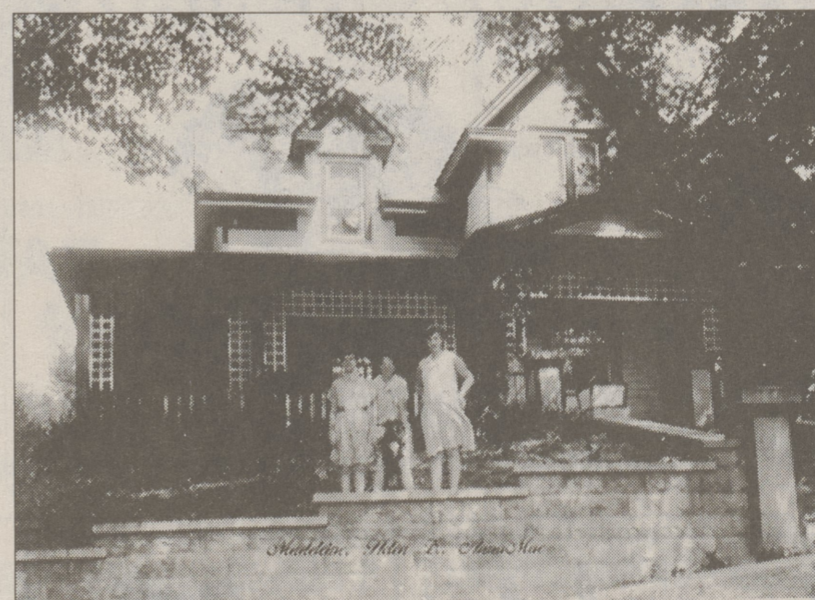


PHOTO COURTESY OF ANNA MAE ESTUS
Madeline Sullivan, Helen Czaleges and Anna Mae (Sullivan) Estus on the front porch of the Sullivans' home on Huntsville St.

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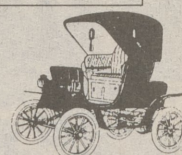
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119 S. Mountain Blvd., Mountaintop PA 18707
Hasay's district encompasses: Harveys Lake, Lehman Township, Jackson Township, Lake Township, Franklin Township, Ross Township, and Dallas Township's north voting district.

State Representative Phyllis Mundy
(Democrat)
283-9622 or 655-3375
Suite 113, 400 Third Avenue, Kingston PA 18704
Mundy's district encompasses: Dallas Borough, Dallas Township except for the north voting district, and Kingston Township.

ONLY YESTERDAY



70 Years Ago - Aug. 15, 1930

3RD ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW

The third annual flower show, sponsored by the Community Association of Trucksville, was scheduled to be held Aug. 22, in the Woolbert Building. There were 32 different classes that participants could compete in. Ribbons were awarded to all prize winners with the exception of entries into classes 31 and 32, these two categories were for garden display and the winner from each class would receive a trophy as their prize.

As the result of the installation of two new pumps at the Silvus and Spencer wells of the Dallas Water Company, Dallas had the greatest supply of water in storage than it had ever had in its history.

60 Years Ago - Aug. 16, 1940

DALLAS TWP NEEDS POLICE

In Dallas Township police protection depended upon a constable who did not receive a salary and was available only when he was not at his own work. Although James Gansel, the township's constable answered most calls frequently at his own expense, he was under no obligation to do so, according to Chief of Police Walter S. Covert. The lack of adequate police protection in the township had resulted in growing public sentiment in favor of the appointment of a full-time officer. A similar movement three years earlier had collapsed, but the need for police protection in the township had finally been acknowledged and it was thought that a campaign would most likely succeed this time.

50 Years Ago - Aug. 18, 1950

DRAFT BOARD PREPARES FOR INDUCTION

While no calls had yet been received for actual induction of men into military service, activity at Local Draft Board No. 92, headquartered in the Kingston Post Office was stepping up. Fifty men were called for a physical examination on Aug. 4, and another 51 of August 9, of this number, only 16 were passed as eligible for induction. Approximately one out of every seven men who took the physical exam passed.

40 Years Ago - Aug. 18, 1960

BOMB SCARE CULPRIT CONFESSES

It was discovered that the bomb threat at a local bank the previous week was made by a thirteen year old Kingston Township grade school student. The child who confessed to his mother and requested that she take him to Chief of Police Russell Honeywell, could not give an explanation as to why he made the threatening phone call.

30 Years Ago - Aug. 20, 1970

BEER DRINKING PARTY BUSTED

Approximately 30 people between the ages of 15 and 25 were apprehended at a beer drinking party in Noxen Township. The party, held in a picnic area on private property was broken up at around 10 p.m. by Noxen Township Police. When asked who the violators were, Magistrate Downs answered that most of the persons apprehended were from Wyoming Valley communities, by which he meant to include anywhere from Nanticoke to Pittston.

20 Years Ago - Aug. 14, 1980

CM HOLDS HOMECOMING

The annual alumni homecoming of College Misericordia was held last weekend at the Misericordia campus. More than 200 alumni and their guests were greeted at the campus. Alumni from as far away as Hawaii traveled to attend the array of activities. Weekend events included the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, a picnic luncheon, an alumni art exhibit, a mass offering for the deceased alumni and a dinner-reunion party.

You could get: Viva paper towels, 2 for \$1.49; Pamper diapers, 30 ct., \$2.79; Zip Loc storage bags, quart size 25 ct., 79¢.