

Richard Robinson Dies After Coasting Mishap

Richard Moore Robinson, son of Richard I. and Helen Monroe Robinson, of John Street, Greenwich, Conn., died Tuesday morning of injuries received in a coasting accident Saturday. The youth, who would have been 13 years of age February 13, never regained consciousness following the accident. His father is a nephew of Mrs. John N. Conyngham of Hayfield House, Lehman, his father, the late Edward M. Robinson, of Philadelphia, having been a brother of

Mrs. Conyngham. Richard I. Robinson resided with Mrs. Conyngham for several years following the death of his parents.

The boy, his parents and two surviving brothers, Conyngham and Peter, frequently visited at Hayfield House.

Memorial services will be held at the Round Hill Community Church, Greenwich, this morning at 11.

The first co-operative dairy in America was established in Orange county, New York, in 1856.

Important To Mothers

Senior Girl Scouts, most of whom have had training in child care and first aid, are eager to earn money evenings by "baby sitting." Paste this list of names on your kitchen calendar and whenever you are in need of someone to stay with the children or grandma, go down the list: Elsie Anders, Memorial Highway; June Colwell, 38-R-2; Nancy Antrim, 284-R-3; Betty Berretini, 550; Nancy Carey, Claude Street; Nancy Diebert, 591-R-2; Jean DeRemer, King Street; Claire Griesing, 383; Ruth Haycox, 494; Barbara Ide, 132-R-2; Nancy Kraybill, 129; Anna Mae Shafer, Mill Street; Virginia Allen, 350; Virginia Bruges, 143-R-2.

All the above girls are between the ages of fourteen and sixteen and are capable and dependable. It is expected, however, that folks will take them home at the end of the evening!

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When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will we be responsible for this material for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch.

Classified rates 5c per word. Minimum charge 30c. Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue. In no case will such items be taken on Thursdays.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

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Contributing Editor
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Parcel Post Party

Lehman Township High School Parent-Teacher Association will hold a Parcel Post party in the High School auditorium on Friday night, February 13.

Your Health

From the Medical Society of the State of Pennsylvania and the Luzerne County Medical Society "Doctor, what do you have for gray hairs?"

"Only the greatest respect, madam."

There is no recognized treatment for the prevention or cure of graying of the hair.

The normal color of the hair is maintained by the presence of a dark pigment or coloring matter known as melanin.

Some persons are born with an absence of this pigment and others acquire this lack.

Albinos are a type of person born without pigment not only in the skin but in the hair and eyes, and their skin is pale, hair white and eyes pink.

Graying of the hair usually begins between the thirty-fifth and fortieth year, but in premature types it may begin before the twentieth year.

The graying of hair due to old age begins earlier in males than in females, with the hair at the temples being affected first.

Graying of the hair does not indicate any slowing down of mental or physical vigor other than the normal aging process.

There is one treatment for gray hairs which doctors frequently suggest for women who are sensitive regarding their whitening hairs.

This is dyeing or restoring the hair with henna rinses, the least harmful of preparations for darkening the hair.

Some silver and lead preparations have proven dangerous as they have led to metallic poisoning.

Those who accept their graying hairs with equanimity are sensible.

DO YOU KNOW?
The Greek death rate from tuberculosis is reported to be between 250 and 450 per 100,000 of population as compared with 40 in the United States.

SAFETY VALVE

Appreciate Value Of A Paper Editor The Post: Knowing how much a newspaper means to the progress and development of a community, we are contemplating the establishment of a newspaper in our community and would appreciate having copies of your newspaper to serve as a guide and pattern in our endeavor.

We will appreciate any help you can give us.

Freeland Community Association
George Kostick
Executive Secretary

LIKED EDITORIAL

Dear Editor: Your editorial in today's Post is admirable and more. I wish it might have a wide presentation. It is the best I have ever read—clear, to the point.

Meanwhile please send me three copies. I want to help spread so timely and fine a piece of writing.

With my thanks and very good wishes,
Anne Dorrance
Huntsville

Sleighriding Party

Mr. and Mrs. William Eckert, Kunkle, will be hosts to the CF Society of Huntsville Christian Church tonight at a sleighriding party. There will be indoor games for those who prefer them. Any one can bring a sled is urged to do so.

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Barnyard Notes

There hasn't much happened since the last writing. I am sitting at the typewriter Tuesday evening, after the help has left, trying to concoct something for this week's column—when the Pied Piper slashes over from the house with two bowls of feed and asks if Eric—the red—is here.

Eric is the gaunt Irish Setter with soft brown eyes that has been underfoot all day; or when he hasn't, has been licking our hands or stealing envelopes off the desk and chewing them up with puppy facetiousness.

The Pied Piper walks in and Eric leaps from his sleep on the floor. Quicker than you could say "Jack Robinson" he gobbles the bread and milk in the aluminum dish, then turns to the dog food in the iron stone bowl—wolves its down and looks for more. Outside, dejected, on the stoop are Golden Tom, Stripes, and Snoozie, our cats, that followed the Pied Piper all the way from the house. If you read it in a book you wouldn't believe it—how animals and men follow a woman that has food around. Animals have sense. They never let looks or a pocketbook warp their judgement or divide their affections.

Eric—the red, is a beautiful dog. Someone's pet, no doubt, but he has no collar, license, or fat on his ribs—things he would surely have if the devotion he shows for man were returned in full measure.

Dogs, cats, kids, an opossum, and now and then a skunk have a way of gravitating to The Post. We hope it will ever be thus, and that there will be food enough to go around; and there will be so long as the Pied Piper has a crust—or a pint of cream to share.

Traveling Man Returns
At the risk of violating a confidence, we'd like to mention that a neighbor of ours was overjoyed this week when a familiar scratching was heard at the door. Investigation revealed a plump grey squirrel, sleek and with a beautiful coat, insisting on coming in for breakfast. He had been away for five months, and long since mourned as a casualty of the small game season; but there he was more chipper than ever, up to his old tricks of begging for peanuts and clutching at the hand that held them. A man about town if there ever was one, and more welcome than the first daffodil in spring.

Tracks In The Snow
The sprinkling of powdery snow on Monday revealed some interesting visitors to the Barnyard. Their calling cards were all over the lot when we turned on the floodlight to go down and close the chicken coop door at midnight.

There were choppy, hoppy-hop trails and faint brush marks where belly hair had trailed between the hops. For a while they had us guessing when they stopped abruptly at the chicken house. Maybe a skunk we thought. Then we guessed the answer. Sandy, the canny Scot, over for a call from Murray Sureman's next door. Sandy's short legs make those short hops necessary if he is to travel in the snow, and his belly drags along in between.

Then there were tracks of our three cats revealing that they make a thorough round of the premises, keeping an alert watch under the chicken coop for any marauding rats and mice. Though there were many rabbit and bird tracks, there was no evidence of tragic encounters with cats or dogs. All trails, except the rabbits, led eventually to the garbage can, including mine—which confirmed what I have long suspected—that even with me it is the most frequented spot in the Barnyard.

MAY IS The Time
Flicka, Dewey Edwards' sorrel pony, protests mightily at the queer sturrings of nature that are beyond her comprehension and kicks her sharply shod feet against her stall. For a long time we thought it was the devilishness of her Western ancestors cropping out in their daughter that made those flashing hooves lash out at the stall windows in revolt against being cooped up in a stall for the winter. But under the gentle petting of Ralph Rood, she kicks less and less, except late at night and early mornings when we want to sleep. Sometimes she makes the roof rattle and the windows shudder; but that, we believe, is when she feels uncomfortable. Flicka is in foal. May is the time. She will be worse before she is better and so, we suspect, will be the barn, and our sleep.

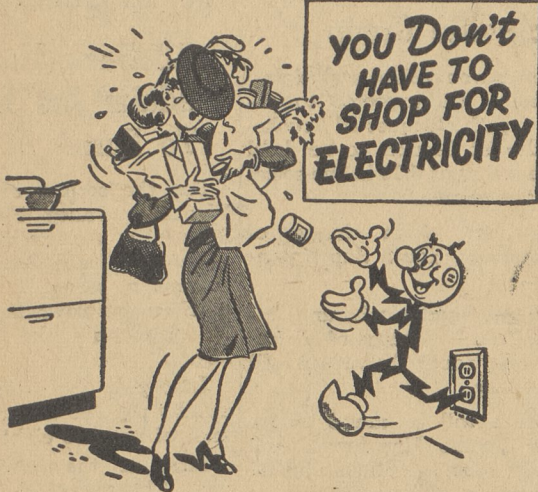
A Classmate Dies
Dartmouth Alumni magazine arrived last night chronicling the death of classmates and turning our thoughts to a day in September 1923 when we met bronzed, short, Frederick Stubbs on the Freshman Commons Terrace in Hanover, New Hampshire. A handsome lad, he was, with a flashing smile and the clear brown skin that youngsters envy at summer beaches.

Frederick Douglass Stubbs is dead. Died of a heart attack while on a visit to New York City, and the alumni magazines goes on to say: "Stubby" as he was known to all of the class, was born in Wilmington, Delaware, the son of Dr. J. Bacon and Florence Williams Stubbs. He prepared for Dartmouth at Cushing Academy. In college he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, The Arts, Dartmouth Outing Club and a . . . biological society.

"After graduating from Dartmouth, he received his M.D. from Harvard where he was an honor student. He interned at Cleveland City Hospital for two years. He was appointed to the staff of Philadelphia General Hospital where he was chief surgeon in the thoracic department. He was also on the staff of Frederick Douglass, Mercy and Jefferson hospitals, and director of the City Health Center of Philadelphia. Recognized as the outstanding . . . thoracic surgeon in the United States, Dr. Stubbs did an outstanding pioneering job in the surgical battle against tuberculosis. He was elected to the American College of Surgeons.

"In June 1934, "Stubby" was married to Marion V. Turner, Philadelphia concert pianist, who survives him with their two daughters, Fredericka, 6, and Patricia, 10. His mother also survives."

Dead at 41. We pause and bow our heads to honor a great surgeon, a stalwart son of Dartmouth—who won his "D" in life. Frederick Douglass Stubbs, an American first—a negro by birth.



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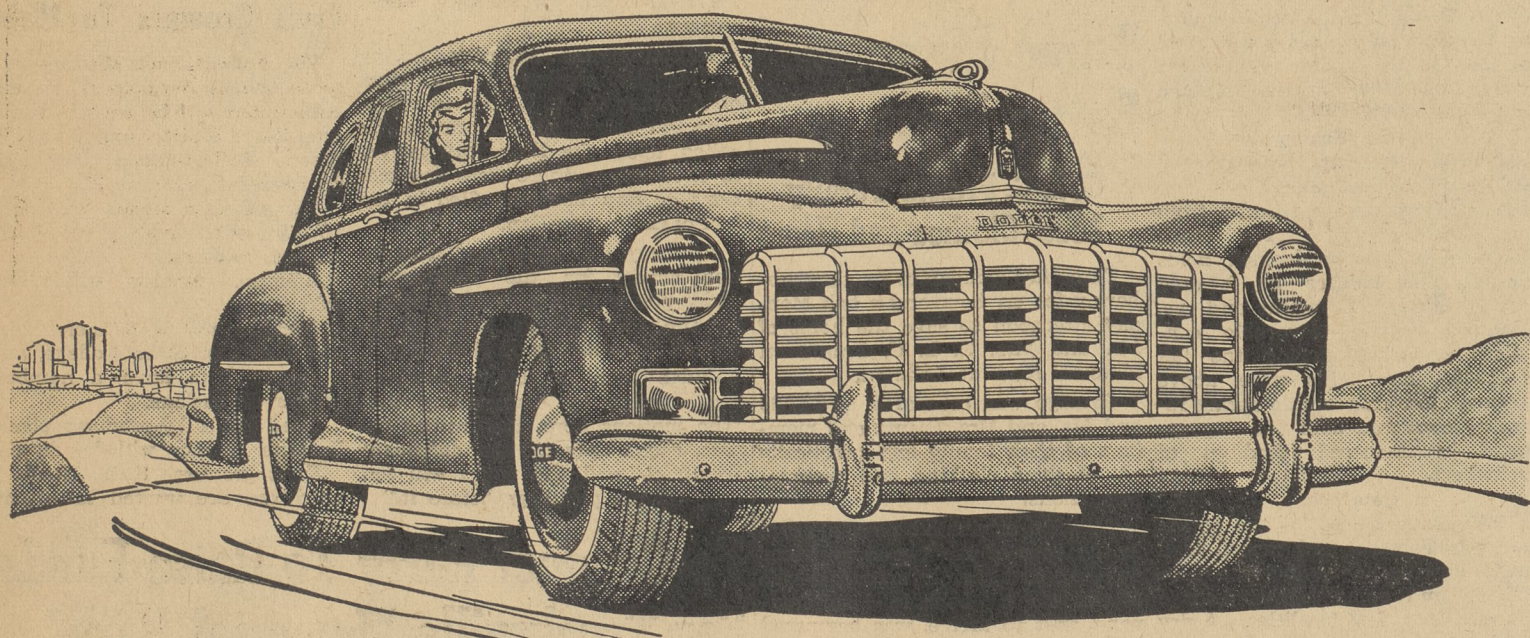
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