

You Know Me By Al, Himself

The early settlers at Harvey's Lake and the township not only feared to displease God, but they believed in education, according to the book loaned me by Mr. Humphrey. They didn't wait for churches and schoolhouses to be built, they started serving God and educating their children in their own homes.

Otis Allen gave up rooms in his house for the first instruction to the coming generation. There wasn't space then for Home Ec or mechanical shops as we have now, but they did teach reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic. The first instructor was Jonathan Williams, who taught for the three winters of 1842, '43, and '44. During the last year of his tutorage a school house was built on the farm of Henry Ide. This history book doesn't go into details as to who first thought of the idea of building a school or what meetings were held and so forth, but we may presume that there were some who didn't like the idea of imposing on the Allens any longer and others who didn't want to be obligated to anyone, so "let's build our own school." Three years later in 1847 Nathan Kocher, at West Corners turned part of his house into a school building and Mr. Williams taught there. In 1849 a school house was built near this site and Miss Eliner Montross was engaged as teacher. Mr. Williams also taught the first school at the Outlet during the winters of 1849 and 1850.

In those days there were no busses, of course, so schools sprung

up all over the township. In 1878 there were seven in different homes and buildings with an average attendance of 119 pupils and that year \$1002.21 were expended for educational matters. This was a sizable amount in those days and compares very favorably with other nearby townships, even including Kingston if one disregards the private school, Wyoming Seminary which was opened in 1844. As for churches, the people of Laketownship depended entirely on preachers from other towns in the early years. Religious meetings were held in the houses of early settlers until schools were built and then on Sunday the traveling minister held services there. The first preacher was Elder Clark, a "Christian" minister from Plymouth. Then came a man named Davie, what his first name was the book doesn't state. These men preached wherever the people would come to hear them.

Leave it to the Methodists, they erected the first church here, in 1873, and established a Sunday School three years later. In those days they were known as Methodist Episcopalists.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with this religion, that was the name of the church when founded by John Wesley in England in 1738. When the religion spread to this country in 1784 it was known as the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1828 a group left and formed the Methodist Protestant and in 1884 the Methodist Episcopal Church, South was formed because of the difference of opinion on slavery and it wasn't until recent times, May 10, 1939, the three combined into one, the Methodist Church.

But to get back to the Methodist Episcopal of Lake Township, a class was formed in 1845 consisting of James Hawley, Amanda Hawley, Horace Hawley, Sarah Hawley, J. R. Bronson, Elizabeth Bronson, Mr. and Mrs. George Levally, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Edwards and Welcome Fisk. Meetings were held in a school house until 1872 when the society erected a church building which was dedicated the following year. The building cost \$2,250. We will have to end this column here, but next week we will write about other religions formed and their first ministers. That is, if you are interested. If not, let's know. —A. G. K.



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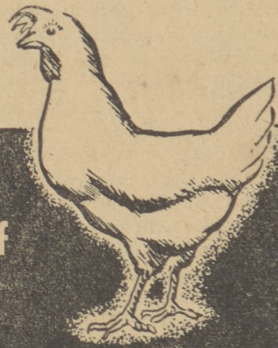
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Dear Mr. Risley:

As they say—"Here we go again". Having a trailer is great, you decide to move and—pronto—all you do is put a few towels around the dishes in the cupboard, pull the lightcord, disconnect the water, and—"hit the road". Easy—hm.

You can really see America. We saw something yesterday that puzzled me awhile but—soon found out what it was. We had taken a ride in toward Norfolk and on the highway was this fence enclosure back toward a woods. It had large tents and one long wooden building which looked like a horse stable but instead—it had people living in it. Colored—of course. They were all sitting around like flies—men, women and children. We turned around and came back for another look to discover that they were contractors for digging potatoes.

Thank you very much,
Mrs. Henry H. Kitchen.

Gay Nineties Party

About 150 friends and neighbors enjoyed the "Gay Nineties Party" given by the W.S.C.S. of Trucksville Church last Friday evening. Old oil lamps furnished the light for the affair and dishes and appointments were those of fifty years ago. Waitresses and hostesses wore Victorian costumes.

Mrs. Ruth Reynolds, master of ceremonies, welcomed the guests and Rev. Robert Webster gave the prayer. A varied program of readings and musical selections was presented. Mrs. J. B. Schooley, Mrs. Sheldon Jones and Mrs. C. F. Keller were honored on their birthday anniversaries; also Mr. and Mrs. Archie Baker who celebrated their forty first wedding anniversary.

Hostesses were Mrs. J. B. Schooley, Mrs. Stanley Henning, Mrs. Elizabeth Turn, Mrs. F. D. Finney, Mrs. Ben Post, Mrs. R. F. Hemenway, Mrs. Harry Grace, Mrs. Laing Coolbaugh, Mrs. William Grace, Mrs. Fred Griffith, Mrs. Levi Crews, Mrs. Sam Davis. Waitresses were Mrs. Alan Nichols, Mrs. Sam Keast, Esther Grace, Betsy Reynolds, Margaret Webster, Nita Williams, Gladys Fox, Edith Hoover, Marjorie DeWitt.

Boston's Garage Has Anniversary

It's "Happy Birthday" on Saturday for W. E. Boston Chevrolet Co., Pikes Creek.

Mr. Boston, the owner entered the automobile business 22 years ago and has been at the same location ever since 1927. He sold Fords for about 16 months and acquired his Chevrolet franchise on July 9, 1928.

Two men are employed by Mr. Boston in the service department. David J. Martin is the mechanic and Dean Keller is the apprentice mechanic.

Mr. Boston is a member of Back Mountain Lions Club and manifests interest in community affairs. In point of service he is one of the oldest dealers in the Harrisburg Zone of the Chevrolet Motor Division.

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Poet's Corner

The following verse is reprinted here at the request of Garfield Jackson. Mr. Jackson found while he was refinishing an old piece of furniture in that wonderful wood-working shop of his at Harvey's Lake.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN

I wish there were some wonderful place

Called the Land of Beginning Again,

Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches

And all our poor selfish grief

Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door

And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all un-ware,

Like the hunter that finds a lost trail;

And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done

The greatest injustice of all

Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits

For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We could find all the things we'd intended to do,

But forgot, and remembered—too late;

Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,

And all the thousand and one little duties neglected that might have perfected

The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind

In the Land of Beginning Again;

And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged

Their moments of victory here

Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp

More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best

And what had seemed loss would be gain,

For there isn't a sting that will not take wing

When we've faced it and laughed it away;

And I think that the laughter is most what we're after

In the Land of Beginning Again.

So I wish there were some wonderful place

Called the Land of Beginning Again

Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches

And all our poor selfish grief

Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door

And never put on again.
Author Unknown.

The Book Worm

The Bookworm is conducted for and in the interest of Back Mountain Memorial Library.



By Mrs. Elizabeth York

Who could better appraise the Back Mountain Library than the teacher of the old one room school?

How that teacher would have delighted in the very thought of a library so near!

To bring the need closer to your mind, go back some years and visit that one room school house in thoughtfulness as you should. You know it. Many of the Back Mountain readers have a vivid picture buried in their memory from their own experience.

Usually, that one-roomer was painted red. I suppose to distinguish it from the rest of the houses. Once in a while, an enterprising school board really changed it to white, inside and out. Sometimes in recent years the old worn benches were replaced with modern single seats and desks. What a boon that was. Not to be crowded into a seat too large or too small—one that fit.

It is the first day of school. Do you still remember? The teacher is confronted with a roomful of eager faces. Look them over. It isn't just a roomful of country kids. It is fifty or sixty bright-eyed boys and girls wanting to know and eager to learn all they can from that teacher.

Education begins with curiosity. Some folks call it inquiry, but it all results to knowledge.

It was a wise teacher in those days who could guide those children to cultivate intelligence in that group.

You know the tools—the books so old and worn it was a shame to look at them. The type was so small it was hard to place it before young eyes to strain them.

How fortunate a teacher was if the larger township school could spare enough new text books. What a happy experience to be able to hand a child a clean new reader and arithmetic, etc. And I mean the latest version.

Don't forget it took more than text books to awaken and keep interested those young minds that are on the way to wisdom. And how can they find that wisdom except through the use of reference books, dictionaries, encyclopedias, different historic books, etc. Did you find them in this one-room school? No. Where the need was greatest, they were absent.

That was not all that was absent. There never was a child, old or young, who didn't love and cherish a good live story. Story books are as necessary as bread and butter. They serve a triple purpose on the road to knowledge. First, they entertain a child. Second, they teach a hidden truth. Third and not at last, they solve many a problem of discipline. A wise teacher used stories to solve many difficulties she encountered in the one-room school.

Any child will work hard to finish the daily assignment if a story can be read when the work is completed.

Desks will look neat after "The Store at Criss-Cross-Corners".

Lazines will melt after hearing "Walter, The Lazy Mouse".

Sharing will be second nature after a good story on self discipline.

The wonder of books is never told completely.

So the teacher of the one-room school was at a loss to know how and where to get the very books she needed. Sometimes, if she were old enough she had a multitude of stories stored in her own home to loan and read.

So I say that teacher would have been the first to praise and use the Back Mountain Library. She would have known its value in the school room, the home and the leisure hours for children and parents alike.

Dallas should be proud of its achievement in establishing the Back Mountain Library.

Carlyle says: "The true University of these days is a collection of books."

In other words, you have it in that Library. May it continue to grow and serve.



Barnyard Notes

Interesting things are arriving daily for the Library Auction. The dew was hardly dry Tuesday morning when one of Shavertown Builders' Supply's big lumber trucks backed up to the barn with a crew of four and unloaded a child's playhouse.

Built by Atlee Kocher who has charge of the firm's woodworking plant, the house was part of its float in the Sweet Valley and Noxen parades. It contains more than \$75 worth of first grade lumber and is large enough to house a neighborhood of children.

It was just nicely settled under the big poplar tree in the vacant lot opposite the barn when a hoard of prospective young tenants swarmed over it. They must have scented its fresh pine boards while they were having breakfast.

Ralph Garrahan, who with George Ruckino owns Shavertown Builders' Supply, is the man who thought up the idea of delighting some youngster's heart by giving the playhouse to the Library Auction.

Ralph and his family are now full-fledged members of the Back Mountain community living in their new home in Goss Manor. Although we're giving him a little time to rest before appointing him to any committees, we're mighty glad to have a man of his type in the community. Things move when he gets behind them.

Locked in a box stall in the barn are some of the slickest split bamboo poles we've ever seen. One, for still fishing, is so constructed that a fisherman can carry it in his hip pocket, then assemble it in a minute when he finds the right pond.

Billy Williams, our Norton Avenue neighbor, brought in a fine wicker doll carriage and several dolls that belonged to his daughter when she was a child. There was also a child's rocker in perfect condition.

Tony Hudak got thinking about the Auction while he was driving his bulldozer and promptly brought over to the barn a dandy dog crate for the sportsman who transports his hound by automobile. Complete with shutter ventilators and a draw curtain to keep the sun out of the dog's eyes, the crate is of unique and sturdy construction and brand new! It is the gift of Overbrook Gun Club.

It is surprising to see the variety of useful items that every year turn up for the auction. Many people actually give things they would like to keep themselves; while others still think that the auction, and especially the barn, is a repository for unadulterated junk. A good rule to follow is, "if you can't use it yourself and you can't make it work, nobody else can—don't give it."

The Auction affords a splendid opportunity for a businessman or manufacturer to obtain publicity for his wares—and many have the foresight to take advantage of it. With more than 1,000 persons often in front of the auctioneer's stand, a \$10 item can get a whale of a lot of attention especially when the auctioneer plays up the donor and the product. An example of that is the sales record of Nescafe in the Back Mountain. For two years the Nescafe people provided the Nescafe at the Auction and sent a demonstrator here. Today there are many families here who use no other breakfast beverage. Any grocer will bear this out.

So unusual has the Auction become as a community event, that many other communities have copied it and the editors of Life magazine have considered it for a picture story. The big reason for its success is that every member of the community contributes to it, takes part in it, and gets fun out of it.

Country Flavor

FOREST FINGERS

A forest is a living entity. It reckons time by decades and centuries. Seeds grow into saplings, saplings into trees and when time is fulfilled the trees return to enrich the soil which gave them birth. When the white man came to the new continent there were about 822,000,000 acres of forest; now there are approximately 615,000,000. From the Atlantic to the heartland a great forest shaded the land in 1492. As pioneers climbed the Appalachians, flatboats down the rivers and trekked over valleys and uplands they knew what they wanted; dependable water, good soil for crops and hay, wide stretches for pasture.

They slashed and cut and burned to "make" land. First crops were planted among gaunt charred boles. Men built boundaries of stumps pulled from the virgin humus and erected split rail fences to enclose their mowings and pastures. Then in due time along the fences, pasture lanes and country roads the forest began to stretch its exploring fingers. Wherever man lifts the pressure of his hand from Earth's breast the forest begins to repossess that which was once

violently taken from her. He who is sensitive can read the meaning of forest fingers on the countryside. A hedgerow is a miniature and complete replica of a forest. The warp and woof are the sapling maples, ash, elms and birches; along the outside edges are shrubs, tall-growing flowers and weeds. On the fringe is the grass, sanctuary for the seeds of future hardwoods and evergreens. Birds build their nests in the hedgerows and wild animals use them as trails on their appointed rounds. In season the bees and butterflies take harvest of pollen and nectar from the blossoms. A generation ago good farmers were proud of their starkly-clean boundaries; now they know these forest fingers serve a purpose in slowing gusty winds that lift precious top-soil and in providing homes for insect eaters. Nature has time to be patient. Man has taken part of her forest land, but along the roads and lanes, around the fields, pastures and meadows you can see the forest fingers reaching out to take back their own.

to repossess that which was once



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