

You Know Me

Al, Himself

From where we sit, it looks very much as though the proposed jointure of Lake Township and Noxen schools has hit the greased skids laid by the Harveys Lake Protective Association, but the situation may be saved by a little educating.

The Governing Board of Harveys Lake Protective Association met at Irem Temple Country Club last Thursday night with a few members of the Lake School Board and Principal George Taylor as their guests.

After Mr. Taylor explained that the preliminary step of the jointure is binding only for one year, "It was the consensus," according to an article in Saturday's Wilkes-Barre Record, "That joining with Noxen Township for a year was not dangerous; but all felt that any definite, permanent arrangement binding Lake Township with an assessed valuation of \$1,485,617 with Noxen Township, valuation \$396,000, should be investigated thoroughly before effected. It was felt that the association has a right to express itself and be consulted because it represents approximately 80 per cent of the valuation in the Township."

A resolution was passed "That the association request Lake Township School Board at its meeting July 20 to refrain from taking any action that would commit the township to the erection of any building or buildings, or bind it to any permanent arrangement with Noxen Township, until the school board has explored the various avenues available to it, to determine which is best; and before any permanent arrangement is made, that the school board consult with the Harveys Lake Protective Association."

The Lake School Board met July 20 with three members of the association and the Noxen School Board as guests, and no action was taken on the association's resolution.

The Noxen School Board met last Monday night and our board met the following evening in separate executive gatherings and as far as could be learned by this reporter, no decision has been made.

We believe thoroughly that any group paying 80 per cent of the taxes of a township should have some say as to how its money shall be spent, and we are aware that defeating the wishes of this group would be a difficult task. We are not sure, though, that the Harveys Lake Protective Association, as a whole, are against school jointures, so it is up to the citi-

zens here to educate them that a jointure with Noxen would be a good arrangement.

It is unfortunate, in our opinion, that the association stepped in so late, and it is certainly embarrassing to our school directors who invited Noxen to form this jointure. The news of such an arrangement has been published in the public press for months. A citizens' committee formed from the Parent-Teacher Association of Lake school after studying the matter, as to state laws, etc., decided that a jointure with Noxen would form a better school for both districts; would give our pupils an opportunity to study such subjects as a modern language, a privilege denied our children now.

E. S. Teter, county superintendent of schools, okayed the plan. We sent our principal, George Taylor, to Harrisburg and he came back with the blessing of the State Board of Education. Noxen School Board met and agreed to the jointure. Our board met and did likewise. One of the members of our board running for re-election announced in the public press that he favored jointures. A budget was set up that proved, if figures mean anything, that it will cost our school district \$9,000 less this year under a jointure than it will if we continue alone. The difference will be made up by State taxes. Some ask, "Well, don't we have to pay State taxes?" Sure we do, but we are going to pay those taxes anyway for other townships to form jointures, so we may as well get back some of our money here.

Yes, we are quite certain that the Citizens' committee and the combined school boards of Lake and Noxen can prove to most of the Harveys Lake Protective Association that the better thing for us to do now is form a jointure with Noxen, and when we do we are sure that we will have the association with us.

Naturalized citizens of the United States are entitled to all privileges.

Government run by women is called gynarchy.

SAFETY VALVE

NINETEEN DONORS

The Dallas Post, Dallas, Penna. Mr. Risley, This week's Post tells of nineteen pints of blood being collected at the Lake.

Nineteen pints of blood given to the Red Cross Bloodmobile! What a record for our community at the Lake! Are we too busy, is it inconvenient, or are we scared it'll hurt, to give a pint of blood?

Do we realize what blood means to some one who needs it? Ask Mr. Harry Allen, Alderson, who recently had a leg amputated. He can tell you it meant life instead of death to him. How do we know we'll not be the next of the community to need blood?

I wonder how many eligible donors passed the school house, at the Lake, on Monday, July 16, and could have stopped and given a pint of blood. Let the Red Cross doctor and nurses decide if you are eligible. All but nineteen missed their chance at the Lake, but it isn't too late to make an appointment and go to the Blood Center, and give your pint of blood—which you won't miss and which will mean so much to some one who needs it.

It seems to me a disgrace to our community, to read in the Post "Nineteen pints were collected." Mr. Risley, this is what went through my mind when I read your record of the Lake donors. It is directed to the folks in the Lake vicinity. I think the Post reaches a good share of these folks, so I put it on paper, and addressed it to you.

Sincerely,
One of the Nineteen
Mrs. C. B. Kocher

RECREATION CENTER

Mr. Howard Risley, Editor and Publisher The Dallas Post, Dallas, Pennsylvania Dear Sir:

The astounding success of your Library Auction has answered a question which has been in my mind since moving here from a mid-state community of about the same size as Dallas. Namely, has Dallas any community spirit?

The answer, of course, is now known to be a definite yes. But that merely raises another question in my mind. Which is, why has not this town any facilities for recreation of its members within the community limits?

The other town of which I speak (Continued on Page Nine)

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

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A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant Lehman Avenue, Dallas Pennsylvania.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.50 a year; \$2.50 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 8c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas-Berts Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Donahues Restaurant; Shavertown—Evans' Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown, Caves Store; Huntsville, Barnes Store; Alderson, Dealer's Store; Fernbrook, Reese's Store; Bloomsburg Mill Cafeteria; Sweet Valley, Britt's Store.

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 this material be held for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 65c per column inch; local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch. Political advertising \$1.00 per inch. Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 60c per column inch.

Classified rates 4c per word. Minimum charge 75c. All charged ads 10c additional.

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.

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

Editor and Publisher

HOWARD W. RISLEY Associate Editors MYRA ZEISER RISLEY MRS. T. M. B. HICKS Sports Editor WILLIAM HART Advertising Manager ROBERT F. BACHMAN

ONLY YESTERDAY

From The Post of ten and twenty years ago this week.

From The Issue of July 25, 1941 Mothers of draftees will meet on Tuesday in the American Legion Home, Wilkes-Barre, to form a Mothers' Association.

Nine local men are far up on the draft list in the recent drawing, with George Hunt, Dallas RD 3, second.

Burgess Herbert A. Smith is unopposed for reelection in the primaries.

The fight for tax-collector in the Township is between Herbert Lundy, the present incumbent, and Wilson Ryman, Township auditor.

Harry Williams, employee of Oliver's Garage, saved a seven year old boy from death at the Horse Show in Kingston on Sunday by snatching a runaway's bridle.

Margaret Bodycomb, aunt of Doctor Robert Bodycomb, authority on rehabilitation of the deaf, spoke before the Rotary Club Thursday night.

Twin-Lake waterway, paralleling the course of the new highway, may possibly have its course changed before construction is completed.

Raymond E. Kuhnert, principal for thirteen years at Meshoppen, will take on the supervising principalship at Dallas Township Schools August 1st.

Rev. Thomas Smith, retired Red Rock minister, 81, killed a nine-rattle snake on his front porch with a stick, not wishing to mess up the paint with a gun.

Helen Grace Lewis, Askam, became the bride of Ralph Warrell, Dallas, on June 28, at a ceremony performed by Rev. Francis Freeman.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Grace Mahler, Plainsville, and Royal Lyne, Jr., Trucksville.

Lake Protective association is beginning a campaign for new members.

Mrs. E. E. Trumbower Has Broken Shoulder

Mrs. Edward Trumbower, Shavertown, mother of Ord Trumbower, manager of the Acme super market in Dallas, remains in the Nesbitt Hospital, where she is resting comfortably after a bad fall Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Trumbower slipped on a throw-rug on a waxed floor, and fell heavily, fracturing her shoulder. She was taken to the hospital for X-Rays and treatment, and will probably remain there for some time.

Know Your Neighbor



MISS MIRIAM LATHROP

"Here comes the library," shriek the school children when Miriam Lathrop's car, filled to overflowing with books, happens to visit a rural school at recess time. Big boys lift out the cartons and carry them into the one-room school, little girls delve hopefully into the boxes.

Miss Lathrop's visits are always a high spot in the school term. The Back Mountain librarian makes a careful selection with an eye to rotation of books, so that each school will enjoy new material. It takes a lot of time, it means eternal mending of greatly loved books, and endless handling in preparation for the visits, as well as sorting and stowing away on shelves after the books have been in circulation.

But Miss Lathrop likes it. The rural schools are close to her heart, for she knows that many pupils do not have access to enough books at home, and the library fills this need.

She has been a librarian for thirty years, so when it is a question of cataloguing, or routine of running a library, our Back Mountain librarian knows what she is talking about.

Cataloguing over twenty-five thousand volumes is no mean task, but fortunately Miss Lathrop did not have that many to cope with when she took over the Back Mountain Library as its first librarian in June, 1945. It is only recently that the shelf population has increased to such an impressive figure, making expansion of shelf space in the newly acquired building next door a necessity.

Miss Lathrop's first library was in Springville, a community affair in one room of the brown-shingled Community Building across the street from Dr. Lathrop's home. Books were collected from private libraries, accumulated from the neighboring bookshelves, and distributed free of charge to Springville citizens, with a non-paid librarian in charge.

The library outgrew its quarters, so on the death of Miss Lathrop's father, Dr. Homer B. Lathrop, the books were moved to his former office, with Miss Lathrop still officiating. When she decided to take a library course at Pennsylvania State College, her aunt, Miss Emily Avery, stepped into her place and kept the home library going for a few more years.

At the end of that time, the library was closed, and the books distributed, part to the High School, part to private individuals, part to second hand bookstores. A few volumes of enduring interest are now in Back Mountain Memorial Library.

After completing her course at Penn State, Miss Lathrop worked at the desk at the College Library, going to Rutgers University in 1928, where for seventeen years she worked in the cataloguing department. Rutgers Library is manned by a staff of thirty, and has 200,000 volumes.

During her stay at Rutgers, she recatalogued many of the Department of Agriculture Extension book from Newark.

Her decision to leave Rutgers and take over the Back Mountain Library was partly due to chance, partly to the weather.

The property was acquired in January, 1945. In March of that same year there was an unseasonably hot spell in New Jersey, with residents of the lowlands sweltering in the premature summer heat. Miss Lathrop, her car newly released from gas rationing restrictions, made for the highlands, and drove through Dallas on her way to Springville, delighting in the cool fresh air and the budding life of early spring in the mountains.

She promised herself that come next summer, she'd be somewhere else besides in New Jersey.

About that time Howard Hendricks, then Supervising Principal of Lehman Schools, but a former resident of Springville and lifelong friend of the Lathrop family, asked her if she would be interested in a library job in Dallas. One thing led to another, and by the first of June she was installed in the apartment above the library, with workmen milling about below, and books accumulating in cardboard cartons.

There ensued a hectic period. (Continued on Page Nine)



By William Robbins The problems of obtaining and retaining live bait or shiners; the confusion on law interpretation of bait fish and fish bait, so that a Fish Warden might find one over the legal number and slap a fine on you; are the major factors in the decline of live bait fishing. Many fishermen, I believe it's safe to estimate eighty percent, are now using fly rods and as lures, the very popular Hairy Frog and Feathered Minnow for taking bass and blue gills.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago I can recall, in the basement of our home in Wilkes-Barre, there stood five large barrels. In each were approximately two thousand shiners that my Dad, and I netted at Meadow Run ice dams, on the road to Bear Lake. These shiners were known to the fishermen of that era as golden shiners. Solid, and two to three inches in length. The price of this attractive bait was two cents each or one hundred and twenty-five for two dollars. There was no problem of keeping them alive for chlorine and copper sulphate were not used on the same scale as today. A bucket of fresh tap water, and perhaps one stop at a spring or water trough would suffice for a trip from Wilkes-Barre to Lake Carey.

During bass season it was a custom, almost a family tradition, to spend Tuesday or Friday mornings, sometimes both, at a spot that was closed to public fishing. (We snuck in, too). With fifty or so of these golden shiners, a few creek chubs and some crayfish, we stood a fair

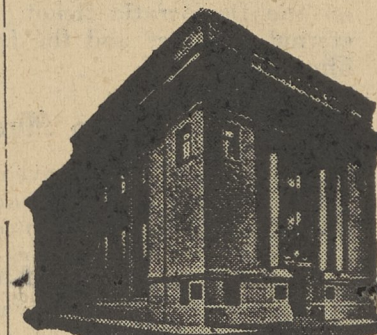
chance of getting a stringer of what would now be considered prize fish. I saw Mother reel in many five-pound bass. This fishing was done from daybreak until the whistles blew at the colliers in the valley. Occasionally we would keep a few fish alive and place them in the bait barrels when we reached our city home. This would afford us fresh fish most anytime we desired it.

Please forgive me for turning my thoughts back through the years. It is little wonder then that the trend is to artificial lures. The worries of netting live bait, the thoughts of unintentional violation of the bait fish law, the difficulty of finding water that will not cause bait to turn belly up in the bait pail and the ease of attaching an artificial lure to a line have caused to become, almost passe, the real sport of live bait fishing.

The average angler of today spends hundreds of dollars on fishing gear, transportation etc!—but if he has the real Ike Walton zest to take a few, it might not be a bad idea to pool the five or ten dollars he would normally spend on the several trips, and when the amount of fifty or seventy-five dollars is attained, take the whole family to the St. Lawrence for a week with the assurance that he will have a day or two to give vent to his pent up desire to reel 'em in'.

Regret to say, I have not received, as yet, a report on the Fish Survey at Lake Harvey.

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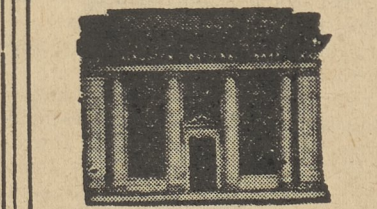
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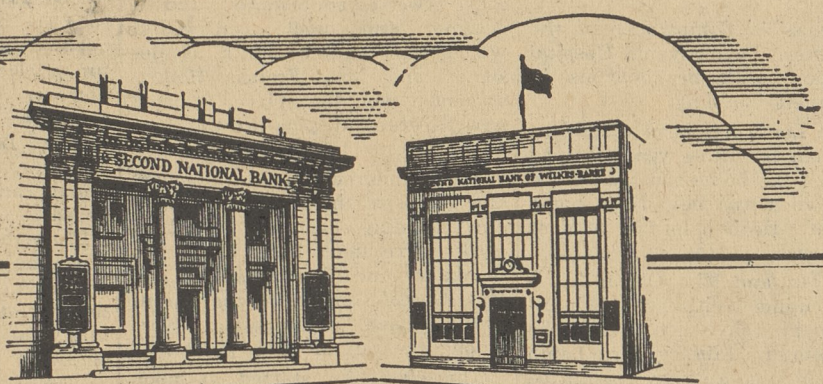
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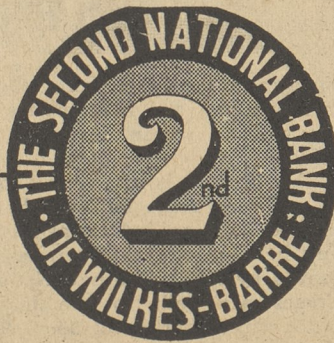
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