

Fin, Fur and Feather



By William J. Robbins Jr.

One of the most dependable sources of food for the Indian of the Susquehanna valleys and neighboring tributaries, and later the early white settlers, was the natural phenomenon "Shad Run," prior to spawning season.

The Indian was quite adept in his method of trapping shad, and each tribe would lend a helping hand in grape vine net weaving for placement in the river several weeks before this great fish migration.

When sections were woven together the net would be secured to the bank on the upper side of a creek mouth and stretched diagonally across the stream. The shad reaching the net would turn into the creek and when this smaller tributary became so filled with fish that they could no longer move, the net would be swung to the lower side and closed as a gate.

This type of trapping at the mouth of Toby's creek was the reason lower Kingston, or what was once called Westmore, bore the nomenclature "Fish Island". The shad runs were so great that this particular creek as far up as what is now Dallas would be solid with fish. It was no problem to mugg what was needed for food and the preserving method was either to sun or smoke dry this flesh food. Thousands of fish did die, and tales are to the effect that the odor of decomposed shad could be detected for miles around and would remain until high water cleaned off the banks.

Cured fish was a welcome supplement to the menu of the Indian for deer, bear, and other game that we of this age hunt, was not too plentiful. This same condition of game shortage also confronted the early white settlers, and they were quick to learn the ways of preservation of the only food that could be considered bountiful.

There was no alternative but to use fish as the main course for the big meal of the winter months, which was always served in the evening. Such a diet would be most insipid to us, who have so taste desires; however a change in flavor could be obtained by the addition of ground nut or corn meal.

Some sixty years ago my grandfather netted shad in the river

along the rocks, near where the Gas House now stands. Many boat loads were huckstered from the canal basin where the Court House now stands and people that lived in the vicinity of the canal that crossed the city where the Laurel Line travels, depended on this fish peddler to sell them Buck Shad for 10 cents, and Roe Shad for 15 cents.

We of this age could again enjoy angling and the flavor of this most delectable of game fish if the Commission in Harrisburg would spend some money on fish ladder research at Safe Harbor.

Dollars have been spent needlessly on surveys such as the one at Harveys Lake, that gives the fisherman nothing in return, and the crux of this disheartening condition is that I and many others know such waste will continue; that absolutely nothing is being done to remedy the ills that confront all fishermen; that so called Big Problems could be eliminated if such was the desire of those in charge.

Information on fish ladders is obtainable from most any northwestern State, without cost to the Commission of our State. The shad still approach the Safe Harbor Dam but are attracted to the swifter waters of the turbine outlets, and this is, so say the members of the Fish Commission, a major problem.

First Fall Flock Of Wild Geese Flies South

First fall flock of wild geese flying South was reported by David Estus, Huntsville Road, Friday, September 7, at 11:45. David, at nine, is one of the Post's best reporters on natural phenomena, seldom missing anything in the changing seasons.

Mrs. Antoinette Mason's thorough grounding in bird lore, coupled with David's own keen native observation, is responsible for this.

Children who have gone through Mrs. Mason's second grade are never at a loss for the name of a bird or a knowledge of its habits, basic information which helps them through their entire school life and beyond.

Know Your Neighbor



REV. FREDERICK W. REINFURT

Everybody knows Rev. Frederick W. Reinfurt, pastor of Dallas Methodist Church for the past seven years. He's a country boy at heart, and glad to get back into the hills. Florida, where he served for three years, suits him all right in the winter, but he wouldn't miss a northern spring and summer and fall for anything.

A boy born on a farm, he says, may enjoy a bit of city life as a change, but there is a deep primal urge that inevitably draws him back to the soil. There is the feel of dark rich dirt between the fingers that satisfies the heart and soul, a knowledge of kinship with all growing things. Rev. Reinfurt hopes some day to own a farm and work it himself, but probably will not realize his hopes until retirement from the ministry.

He recollects that as a young boy in Arlington he helped with all the farm work during the school terms, doing chores before walking a mile and a half to school, chores again before supper, and the same routine later when working 9-10 hours a day in the mill, including threshing oats by lantern light after supper, sometimes until 10 PM.

When he felt the call of the ministry he had already been out of school for five years, having left at the age of fifteen to work first in a glass factory, later as a weaver in Hawley and Honesdale. The glass works in White Mills, when it closed supplied experienced workmen for the Corning factory.

When young Reinfurt decided to

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ONLY YESTERDAY

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

From The Issue Of September 12, 1941

Lake turns down local Option at Primaries with overwhelming majorities.

Dallas may have an auxiliary landing field for small air craft on Parrish Heights.

Concrete will be poured for piers for the new highway bridge at the foot of Machell Avenue on Monday, and Machell opened again for traffic within two weeks.

Teddy Frantz, Harveys Lake real estate man, was killed Tuesday night when his power boat rammied a seaplane moored opposite Wilwood without running lights.

Flight training at Fort Fort Municipal Airport is offered to college men. Dallas men are asked to apply at once, as primary program begins next week.

Elsie Garinger, Alderson, was married to Joseph Rauch September 3.

Famous make, pure silk hosiery, 59c pair; men's sample fall hats, 98 cents.

Wilson Ryman elected tax collector for Dallas Township; David Deater is tax collector for Lake. Appointed to Dallas Borough school patrol are Willis Ide, Ralph Antrim, Dick LeGrand, and William Barry. They will guard crossing at Mill Street and the highway, and on Main Street.

Frederick Eck, Cashier Returns From School

Frederick J. Eck, First National Bank, was among the 208 men from 23 states who were graduated Friday night (August 31) from the School of Banking at the University of Wisconsin.

The fifth graduating class of the Wisconsin School of Banking sponsored by the Central States Conference, had representatives from these states: Illinois 31, Wisconsin 22, Michigan 32, Iowa 6, Minnesota 14, Ohio 21, Missouri 15, Kansas 13, Indiana 9, Colorado 4, Oklahoma 9, Nebraska 6, New York 4, South Dakota 5, Arkansas 2, Florida 1, Tennessee 1, Louisiana 1, North Dakota 1, Connecticut 1, Pennsylvania 2, California 1, and Texas 1.

The first four graduating classes of the school consisted of 41 men in 1947, 67 men in 1948, 140 men in 1949, and 194 men in 1950. The 1951 graduation ceremony, held in the Memorial Union theater on the State University campus here, was attended by some 1,000 students, friends, and relatives of the graduates.

YOU KNOW ME

BY Al, Himself

When one brings up children there are many worrysome years that pops and moms put in. First it is the fear of sickness, then as the kids get older it's accidents; when they reach their teens there is always a worry that they will get into bad company, then there are wars, but if you are lucky they come back and you at last see them grow up into what the neighbors consider somewhat respectable citizens. Then you may sit back and enjoy your children with pride, but the best is yet to come. They marry and give you nice daughters-and-sons-in-laws. We have been very fortunate that way, our kids in marrying, have added the grandest group of extra daughters and a son to our family. We just came back from visiting one of them in Florida. We had a most wonderful vacation with our kids and two of our grandchildren.

The South, as you know, is a farming country. The corn has dried up and other edible vegetation has been harvested and the plants plowed under, but peanuts are in abundance at this time. One goes through miles and miles of lush peanut fields. We ignorantly thought that the nut of this plant was the root, because we have always been told that it grows under the ground. The latter is correct, but it is not a root. The peanut is the seed of the plant. These seeds grow out from the bush and are attached to a long stem, the nuts reach the ground and are pushed under by the growth of the plant and there ripen. Aren't we the dumbest person? Tobacco and cotton is being picked now in states south of North Carolina, but in that State the plants have not as yet matured. Only the large tobacco leaves are harvested and dried and brought to market centers. The smaller leaves and the stalks are then plowed under.

One sees for miles negro laborers, both sexes, with bags hanging down from their shoulders, bending over all day long picking cotton. They spread large burlap cloths out in the sun on the berm of the road, dumping the picked cotton flowers into this burlap. That was the only time we saw the workers unbend their backs. When the burlap is filled, the four corners are knotted and the cotton is weighed so the workers may be paid. The cotton is then brought to the ginning mills to separate the seed from the fibre. It is carted in trailers behind automobiles for miles to the mills. These carts are low built with high upright slats. They are somewhat like the show horse trailer trucks we see occasionally in the North. Sometimes if the burlap is overfilled or is not tied securely, cotton flowers escape in the wind and the roads for miles is strewn with cotton.

We were fortunate enough to see a ginning mill in operation. Farmers line their carts up for blocks waiting their turn to have their cotton ginned and baled. Each farmer dumps the cart's contents on the ground at the door of the mill. An air pipe sucks the cotton up to a dryer as it must be dried thoroughly before the cotton can be separated from the seed.

If it has rained the day the cotton was picked, which had happened on the load we saw go through, then it has to go to the dryer twice. This second process costs the farmer an extra \$2.00 a bale. The seeds are removed, or we should say the cotton is torn from its seed at a cost of a cent a pound. The farmer may sell the seed at \$60.00 to \$65.00 a ton to the mill, or store it waiting for a higher price. Each farmer has only his own load go through at one time. The amount we saw weighed at 1200 pounds. After passing through the gin drums, four hundred pounds of cotton were baled and it gave forth 660 pounds of seed. A four hundred pound bale is generally trucked to another compressing factory where it is rebaled with additional cotton to make a 750 to 800 pound bale for the market.

After the cotton is dried it is sucked by air into the gin machine where revolving drums with small spikes tear the cotton away from the seed. The seeds fall into a lower receptacle and the fluffy cotton is drawn through pipes into balers.

For us, travelling along the road with nothing else to do, it was picturesque to see this long line of farmers with little carts of cotton, awaiting their turn to have the cotton separated from its seed. We were vacationing, but they were finishing a hard day's work, tired and sweaty, but never too

(Continued on Page Six)

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Barnyard Notes



THE CALIPH OF THE HEN HOUSE

It is my sad duty this week to report the passing of a gallant gentleman, Red, the rooster, is dead. He died sometime Friday night crestfallen on the floor of the chicken house unable to ascend proudly to the roost where he had held dominion over his flock of hens for many years.

Red came from a long strain of fine New Hampshire Reds; so long ago that none remembers his exact age. Granny claims it was ten years, though Myra and I are prone to believe it was about seven.

A beautiful bird—though a strict polygamist—was the favorite of the hen house, and admired, even in his old age, by every giddy pullet. He was their champion and protected them from the jealousy of all the old hens when they were introduced to the flock. But he never neglected his old charges to chase a new skirt.

He took his responsibilities seriously. He was the one to wake the flock in the morning with his clarion call to be up and doing. He was the first off the roost, and the one who always discovered a choice bit of food and called a wandering or pre-occupied hen to come and partake of the feast while he stood aside to let them have their fill. When he ate, he ate sparingly.

He was fastidious about his personal appearance. Proud of his gorgeous red comb which was always erect, and his flowing wattles which brushed the iridescent feathers of his breast. And his spurs, fully three inches long and pointed to rapier sharpness, caused him to lift his legs proudly as he patrolled his domain.

Many a younger cock, hatched and grown to maturity by one of Red's wives, felt the full authority of those spurs when in his callow arrogance he challenged the sovereignty of the caliph of the hen-house.

A true aristocrat, Red tolerated no bickerings within his family. And the cast system which some of the hens attempted to establish got short shift from him. Whenever a smart young Junior Leaguer pecked at a thrifty producing matron, Red broke up the squabble immediately, first with a guttural warning and then with force if necessary. The busybody, the producer and the prima donna of the hen house knew their places while Red was in his prime.

At dusk as the sun settled over the hillside back of Bert Smith's house, Red ushered his family into the coop and seemed to check them one by one until they were settled comfortably on their perches for the night. Then he found his place between two favorites and peace descended over all.

In his youth he may have believed like Rostand's Chanticleer that the sun would not arise without his clear shrill invitation for he made the rafters ring, and the neighbor's boy roll over in his warm bed, when he sounded his trumpet. But somewhere along the line, Red discovered that the sun would come up anyway without so much exertion, and in his latter years, was more apt to give it only a brief morning greeting.

Years ago we decided that only the grim one would challenge his rule—not with axe or knife—but with the age that cuts us all down. There were warnings that the end was near, though he kept his self-esteem and bearing to the last, but nights he often retired before the rest of the flock, and he was lax in greeting a new pullet with all the fire and ardor of a former day. And on occasion we had to help him off the roost which must have caused him great humiliation.

His beautiful plumage remained the same until the last, and that red comb, his plume, which never saw defeat or suffered in the dust was bright and erect, when David Estus, come to do his morning chores, found him lying quietly in the straw beneath the roost.

Thus passes a cavalier, a gentleman of the Barnyard, the protector and solace of all good hens and pullets, the official greeter of the hen house, a loyal friend who on occasion often helped to fill this column.



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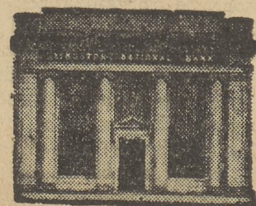
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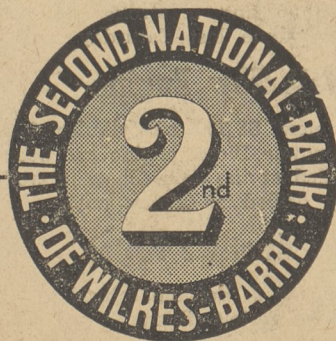
Time and again you have seen a story in a newspaper about the untimely death of a man in the prime of life . . . victim of a heart attack, an automobile accident, drowning.

Suppose that were you. Has your will been drawn by your attorney to properly care for your property and to see that it is put to the best for your family? Do you know that some figures show that as many as 50% of the people who die have failed to leave a will?

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