

# Fin, Fur and Feather

By William J. Robbins Jr.



The scarred maple trees that stand in Patterson Grove Camp grounds are monuments that remind us of a generation that staked out claims of land in what was for years called the frontier.

From the north of Ireland came these settlers seeking freedom of thought and action. The Coughlins, the Crocketts, the Robinsons, the Trescotts and many others, carved out of this wilderness homesteads that afforded them all the privileges they desired even though sufferings were two-fold for years after.

The clearing of virgin forests, the building of log cabins, and the raising of hardy crops such as wheat, barley and flax with primitive wooden farm implements was a task that later generations would never undertake. Families were reared, however, and many did obtain education from the best Old Country pedagogues that fitted them for a place of prominence in early American history.

For years it has been generally thought that maple syrup-making was introduced by the Pilgrims, but the American Indian used this sweetening agent long before the white man came to these shores. The legend of Indian origin is lengthy but the gist is—that a young maiden waited too long to fill the olla, (water jar—pronounced oh-yaw) and used sap to boil the venison. It turned out so sweet that a council decided to boil more sap to see what would happen if it boiled nearly away. To the amazement of all, it turned into what we call maple sugar.

Although Vermont is now acclaimed the center of this industry, it only acquired this position in the last generation. Women of the pioneer families considered it their duty to gather sap and boil it into syrup or sugar. This being the only sweetening agent available, I might add here, that it was a much better sugar, for it did not overtax other organs of the body during digestive functionings. Trees in the trackless forests of Pennsylvania up until the Civil war period yielded many gallons, and during my Dad's youth "Maple Syrup Making Time" was a "must" on the agenda of many families in the remote sections.

To the children who walked many miles to gather from the sap buck-

ets, it meant a night of fun, for occasionally the fire would be so large (made so purposely by them) that a few minutes more boiling would run the syrup into sugar, their only confection. A chunk of pork fat suspended just a little below the rim of the kettle would keep it from boiling over. When the foam rose to touch the grease it would settle down almost instantly. This did not neutralize the evaporation process, and this was generally known to the children.

In my youth I have gathered many pails of sap, but the trees tapped were red and silver maples, and they do not yield as much, or a sap as high in sugar content as the sugar maple. To the best of my knowledge, it takes about thirty-five gallons of sap from the sugar maple to make one gallon of syrup. Other varieties from forty to forty-five gallons. The hours involved in boiling are the reason for the high price of the finished product of today, for the cost of labor in the Vermont camps is in line with labor costs in other major industries of our Nation.

Just how many children of this age would be satisfied with this form of diversion is hard to estimate, but my guess would be very few. Other occasions of joy were theirs, barn raising bees, nut gathering and of course the days of finger staining, hickory nut shucking time. These events, along with slaughtering time were so important in the lives of these peoples that other happenings were tied in with them. For example, one night say, that their cow came in fresh last walnut shucking time, or I'll start to build a shed right after maple syrup time.

At this time of the year, when vegetation starts to wake, it is impossible for me not to think of the people that settled in what is now the north part of Columbia County and laid the groundwork for the comforts of this era, especially when I pass the Patterson Grove section with a full knowledge that the large scarred maples that gave food to freedom loving peoples still stand as a symbol of fortitude. It might be said that it was predestined that this part of these now great United States should be settled by, named, and still referred to, as Irish Lane.

## SAFETY VALVE

AT NEBRASKA AIR BASE

Hello Boss:

Just finished reading the Post and decided to write a few lines. Once again I will say I enjoy reading The Post.

I notice that the foxes and raccoons are still in the headlines. I wish I could be there to join Overbrook Gun Club in its hunt for foxes.

Things are once again quiet here at Offutt. I guess you heard about the P-50 crashing. I was working at the Main Gate when we heard the explosion. My Sergeant of the Guard, T/Sgt. Billy Hough, was one of the first to arrive at the scene and started pulling out the airmen from the nose of the Bomber. He was put in for the Soldiers' Medal.

I am now working Town Patrol in Omaha. This is a very interesting job which includes everything from AWOL's to drunks, to accidents and many other incidents. I pull the job for three nights and tonight is my second night.

It is now snowing and the past several days it has been miserable. It's a big place and we had loads of fun. We also spent the night in St. Paul.

That's about all I know for today. Say Hello to all my friends.

Herb Dreher

### IN APPRECIATION

To the Folks of the Dallas Post: I cannot thank you as I would like. For all you've done for me; I cannot find the words I should use to tell you fittingly.

Your kindness has meant so much to me. That only One I know can ever repay a service such as this one here below.

Therefore to Him I delegate what I cannot express.

May God repay you—early, late, for all your kindness.

Sgt. William E. Henninger  
Weisbaden, Germany.  
May God Bless you all.

### "THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, YIELDING PLACE TO NEW."

Dear Editor:

We picture the amazed expression on the face of the person returning to the Back Mountain after a ten-year absence.

When he left here in 1942 the new memorial highway was a raw strip of road running straight through former pasture land, swamps and householder's front or back yards. (Continued on Page Three)

## THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

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

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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, Donahue's Restaurant; Shavertown—Evans' Truckville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown, Caves Store; Huntsville, Barnes Store; Harveys Lake; Lake Variety Store, Deater's Store; Fernbrook, Reese's Store; 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.

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

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## ONLY YESTERDAY

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

March 20, 1942

Two Lehman buddies, Pfc. Alfred Lamoreaux and Pfc. William Simpson, are both in Australia, but probably do not know they are so close together. Buddies in school and enlisted in the Air Corps on the same day, they have been separated for two years.

Numbers of 780 local men are drawn, the majority with high numbers.

Elwood Davis gets his marksman's bars at Parris Island Marine Corps Base high man among 500.

Migration of spring birds is well under way in Dallas, with a large flock of meadowlarks sighted.

Ultra-modern equipment at the Post makes possible to publish draft statistics in close-packed columns.

Residents are asked to collect scrap for salvage.

Huge ice floe, detached from the shore at Harveys Lake, is endangering boat houses as it moves back and forth.

Shad, 12 cents per lb; potatoes full peck, 35 cents; spaghetti, 2 lb package 10 cents; large grapefruit, 3 for 13 cents; tomato soup, 3 cans 20 cents.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Andrews, Jackson Street, will celebrate their golden wedding on Saturday.

Emma Freda Walters, Lehman, is engaged to F. Emmett Murtha, Exeter.

Frank Jackson describes his finding of Lost Lake.

Chief Ira Stevenson captured a 30 inch lake trout on the ice with his bare hands Thursday morning.

March 18, 1932

Arthur James will run for Superior Court.

Action is started to condemn six and three quarter acres owned by John Kaschenbach, Wilkes-Barre, in Kingston Township, and James McCabe, Charles Rowe, and Daniel Sakowski have been appointed viewers by Judge Valentine. Property is to be used for a school.

Autos must have inspection tags by March 31, the first compulsory inspection in the State of Pennsylvania.

Little boys look smart in collarless blue serge suits, \$8.95.

Correct your figure comfortably. Charis foundation garments by Minnie Kunkle.

Raise rabbits. Light work, showing excellent profits. Box A, Dallas Post.

George Casterline, veteran ice-harvester, fell under his saw and suffered severe cuts of both legs. He is at Nesbitt Hospital.

Slate-surfaced 3 ply roofing, \$2.05 per roll; glazed window sash, 58 cents.

## THE GREATEST MOTHER OF THEM ALL

BY

EDWARD H. KENT

We are about halfway through the Red Cross 1952 fund-raising campaign. It is not going so well. Many people seem to think that all the Red Cross is asking for is one dollar. If they depended on that, they would have gone broke years ago.

Few people realize what the Red Cross does. If there is a disaster, fire, flood or tornado involving four or less families, the local chapter is responsible. If five or more families are involved, the national organization takes over. There are many disasters every year, costing millions.

During and after the 1936 flood, the national organization spent in the Wyoming Valley more money than the valley had given them in many, many years.

The Home Service Department does an enormous work. This is the department that has to do with men in the armed services, their families and dependents, and all veterans.

John is in camp of the west coast. He gets a letter or wire from his mother saying his brother is very sick, come home at once. John goes to the Red Cross field director, who wires the local chapter asking for detailed information concerning the brother's illness. The local chapter gets busy.

This may involve a dozen phone calls, several home visits, but it must be quick. The man may be really very ill, as nine times out of ten he is. On the other hand it may be John's girl-friend who is dying of loneliness and has talked the mother into writing the letter. For that reason it is necessary to check carefully and quickly.

The wire goes back to the field director, who turns it over to John's commanding officer, who makes the decision.

Please note that the Red Cross has nothing to do with making the decision as to whether John shall come home or not.

All matters regarding pensions, insurance, and allotments, if they are not handled by the Veterans Administration, are handled by this department.

The Motor Corps drives thousands of miles a year, carting veterans to hospitals, and clinics; delivering blood all over the area, night and day when there is an emergency. And no storm or night or rain or snow can keep those gals from going through.

The Grey Ladies visit the veterans' hospitals and do a hundred and one things for the men.

The Nurses Aids do just that, and serve wherever and whenever required.

The Red Cross Canteen on an hour's notice is prepared to furnish hot food at disasters, fires and floods. The disaster committee, immediately on receiving word of a disaster, goes to work and sees that food and shelter are made available at once.

One of the curious phenomena of nature is the fact that in the spring, when the Red Cross drive is on, many people are intensely interested in the Community Chest drive that comes in the fall, and prefer to give their money to it. When the Chest drive is on, it's the other way around. One would not suppose that some of these people might be afraid that the matches would fly out of their pocketbook, would one?

There are some fearful and wonderful stories heard about the Red Cross. One woman would not give because her son had been insulted by the Red Cross. The dear boy was in the Army, on the train. A Red Cross girl came through, handing out cigarettes to the soldiers. She gave the boy a pack, and he asked for a different brand. The girl said lightly, "Beggars should not be choosers", and the boy was highly insulted. The Red Cross was damned from here to breakfast because two kids flip with one another.

Red Cross cigarettes—sold, yes, certainly—there were several cases stolen from a warehouse and sold by the thief. The Red Cross was blamed because of the actions of a thief.

Here is a statement of fact that everyone should remember: The Red Cross does not sell anything.

The Red Cross will never sell anything.

One hears cockeyed stories about the boy in an advanced dressing station who could not have a transfusion until he paid twenty-five dollars. Well, if he paid any money, it was not to the Red Cross. There may have been someone along the line who saw a chance to pick up some easy money—but not the Red Cross.

You hear stories of people paying for blood in hospitals. No one ever paid one cent for Red Cross blood in any hospital. No matter who says so, it is not true. If the blood came from the Red Cross bloodbank, it is free.

Some hospitals make a service charge for giving a transfusion or for blood-typing the patient. That is a matter between the hospital and the patient in which the Red Cross is not concerned.

In an organization as large as the Red Cross there are bound to be

(Continued on Page Three)

## Barnyard Notes

They aint so much happened sence the last ritin. The winds is whistling from their Norways and I am up early Sunday morning seen if the shed roof has blowed off the chicken coop and going about my other earthly business when I am reminded that this is the last day before the Ides of March and one more round with the income tax figures aint going to do any of us hurt.

I am feeling very patriotic, and somewhat akin to spiritual because mine has been figured for some days now. I am also feeling sorry for them as up and down the land has to miss church to do their final skull practice, when all too onct I hear Granny yellin for more heat which reminds me that she is home from Florida for some days, which reminds me where is her income taxes figures, which reminds me that they are not done, which reminds me that there goes Sunday all to thunder.

It aint like the dreadnaught to let me tarry with such items and in this case she is chagrined, and I am not what you might call jubilant. Shortly we are pawing through the drawer where is stored for safekeeping the insurance papers, disabled fountain pens, paid bills and canceled bank checks, looking for Granny's income tax blanks which has been mislaid while she is lolling in the Florida sunshine. We are about to give up the Spook, this being the Lord's Day and the bank is closed and no where to turn for a spare blank when this crisis is overcome nicely as Granny who has been hunting quietly and alone upstairs finds a blank among her hooked rug rags.

Up to here the day is saved for Democracy.

I slip the form in the typewriter, fill out the name and address and ast Granny a few pertinent questions about how is her income this year as compared with last season and she says "awful, I can't tell heads from tails when Myra takes care of my books". Then she produces her canceled checks and bank statement for last July and says "there is what I have in the bank". I ast how she paid her hotel bills down South, and she says "those checks aren't here yet. Don't worry about that, the mah in the bank said they'd take care of them—that's their worry." So how am I to know what she has in the bank from last July's bank statement? I now wisht I was better in algebra and calculus so's to find the unknown.

So I go as far as I can under the circumstances, filling in the blanks for age, blindness and subtracting the deductions whilst hoping next year there will be one for dumbness.

By now I am down to line 4 and the scratch papers is beginning to collect on the table top. Granny brings down the composition book wherein she keeps records of them which pays dividends and them which don't. And all the while she keeps talking to herself how she is going to get rid of the Perfection Stove which paid only \$3.75 all last season. To which I close a deaf ear and say all I want is the total. "It's a total loss," says Granny.

The dreadnaught comes in from the kitchen where she is making baking powder biscuits. "Why in the name of heaven don't you get rid of all those cats and dogs and buy a Government Bond then we wouldn't have to add up a lot of figures. "Who said anything about cats and dogs?" says Granny, hurt like. "You are the one that brought the cats and dogs here and now we have three dogs and with mad foxes running everywhere, they are all underfoot."

By now Granny is in no mood for foolin, what with the hot breath of Uncle Sam getting closer and closer, and any misstep apt to separate her from more e pluribus unum.

While Granny pours over the composition book, Myra looking over her shoulder asts "Is that all Nicholson File paid in December?" and Granny replies, "I don't know, I wasn't here; I just guessed at December. That's what it ought to pay if they sold any files at all."

I am coming along good with the tabulations when I ast where do these corporations have their headquarters? which is required for the revenue people. "How should I know?" says Granny. "I will be glad when they deliver the mail to the house, my mail is all mixed up with The Dallas Post."

By some sleight of hand the addresses turn up and the figures prove out and we are down to the line of great decision. Shall we use the tax table and automatic deductions or list The First Presbyterian Church and Salvation Army. Granny wants both, but I tell her Mr. Truman will not allow it and does she want to be investigated like Tugboat Olga.

She says something about the government being unfair to widows who have to go to Florida for their health and why doesn't that come under the medical deductions? And before I can answer, she asks "How did Eisenhower do in New Hampshire?" and hopes to heaven her grandson, the young Harvard law graduate who has left his Washington job to go with Eisenhower's high command, can do something about it next year.

I can now see the end of the sheet and all the figures are neat on the paper. "Sign on that line," I say, and hand her my pen.

"Thank goodness that's over for another year, sighs Granny. "I was never much good on multiplication and percentages."

And I am prone to add a note for the revenue. "This was made by her son-in-law, any mistakes can be charged to cussedness."



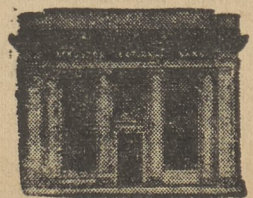
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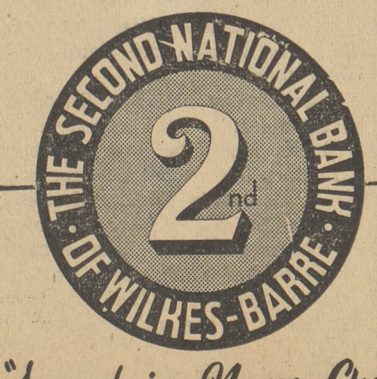


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