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Editorially Speaking:

STAMPING OUT PROSPERITY

Back in the mid-fifties when those bug-like foreign cars first began to appear in numbers on U. S. highways, some of them sported a window sign that read: "Help stamp out Cadillacs."

It was supposed to be a joke. Evidently, though, this appeal was taken seriously in some governmental circles. At least there seems to be a concerted drive that is having the effect—if not the intent—of stamping out not only Cadillacs but all other makes of standard-size automobiles.

The bludgeon for this campaign is the gasoline tax. Both the state and federal governments have been boosting the rate of this tax at such a pace that they have also boosted the sale of midget-sized cars.

First came a swarm of miniature imports from overseas. Then American manufacturers found themselves forced to follow the trend. Now the foreign car fad is turning into a compact car landslide, with the result that experts are making this prediction: By 1964 one of every five cars on the road will be an "economy-size" model.

The most ironic twist is that this derives from a desire for fuel economy at a time when the actual price of gasoline makes it one of the most economical buys in the market place. Over the past ten years the national average price of regular grade gasoline went up only an almost imperceptible five percent.

But motorists pay substantially more for this product because in the same period the national average tax on gasoline increased 51 percent—to more than 10 cents a gallon. The federal gasoline tax alone has risen 166 percent since the start of 1951.

Last year's boost in this federal tax—bringing it up to four cents a gallon—was supposed to be temporary, lasting only to June 30, 1961. But now Congress is being subjected to a campaign to persuade it to toss that promise out the window. Instead of letting the "temporary" tax expire, pressure is on to pile another half-cent on top of that four-cent rate.

Those pint-sized foreign cars are no longer any joke, and there's nothing funny now about the saying: "Help stamp out Cadillacs." For the heavy gasoline tax that did so much to make those small cars popular can cause a lot of other changes, too—unless motorists and business people start putting up road blocks against higher tax rates.

It's Easy When You Know How

A recent AP wirephoto shows a two year old child with its head caught between iron railings, while a mechanic cuts the bar loose with a hacksaw.

Shades of Charles Dickens!
Anybody who has read Bleak House knows how to get a child out of that predicament, as easy as falling off a log!

Remember little Peepy?
A two year old child's body will go wherever his head has gone, if the head is caught in a vertical trap with room to maneuver the shoulders.

It is impossible to pull the head back through the railing without removing his ears; but it is perfectly simple to turn his shoulders and thread the rest of him between the bars.

Many a child with his head between the banisters has been rescued by a smart mother and an older sister, or a grandmother, one supporting the child from beneath, one gently easing the child through to aperture from above.

Eleven years ago in the Dallas Post the system worked with a set of twins, one after the other. One twin experimented, was rescued, and the other twin felt that his brother was getting all the attention.

And the very week the Dallas Post carried the story, The Saturday Evening Post came out with one of its "What would you have done?" problems.

The problem: What to do when a child gets caught in the banisters?

The answer: Thread him through the railings. Don't try to remove his ears.

Williams Reunion

The Williams Reunion will be held on Saturday, August 13 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Weidner, Poplar Street, Fernbrook.

Cafeteria Volunteers

Mrs. Jerome Gruver will be in charge of volunteers for Gate of Heaven Cafeteria for 1960-1961, succeeding Mrs. John Exarhopoulos.

SUCCESSFUL INVESTING...

By ROGER E. SPEAR
Investment Advisor and Author

Frying Pan to Fire Not Wise Jump

Q. "I am concerned about Harris Intertype as I hold 210 shares of this stock and have over \$5,000 paper profits. Should I sell and take profits, hoping to buy back at lower prices later, or should I hold for capital gains over the next five years?" G. V.

A. This is always a difficult question to answer. If you are seriously concerned, say to the point of staying awake nights, I would do what J. P. Morgan once advised, sell down to the sleeping point. If your holdings in the stock are entirely disproportionate to your list as a whole, it would be prudent to bring your investments into balance by disposing of part of your holdings. Aside from these personal considerations, I see no reason to sell Harris Intertype. This stock has a strong position in printing equipment and has moved into electronics. On official estimates of \$5.50 a share net in the current fiscal year, the stock sold recently at 11 times earnings, which is reasonable for a situation that seems to be in a strong growth trend. I believe the long-term outlook for the shares is excellent, and on this basis I would not sell.

Q. "I am thinking of selling my Jupiter Oils and buying Waltham Precision. What is your opinion?" J. H.

A. I go along with you on the sale of Jupiter. This is a relatively small exploration and development situation that I believe has very limited prospects. But why step out of the frying pan and into the fire? If you get out of one low-priced speculation that has caused you a loss, I would consider it good judgment to stay out of this general field and go for better quality. If you want to buy into electronics and can assume market risk, I would rather see you buy Baird-Atomic, which has shown definite signs of growth.

Neophytes Advised To Avoid Warrants

Q. "I have heard much talk about money being made in warrants. Just what are warrants and what is your opinion of them as a trading medium?" G. S.

A. There have been a number of inquiries about warrants in my mail lately, so I intend to devote my entire column today to this subject. Warrants represent the right to buy a given stock at a fixed price, sometimes with a time limit but usually within a specified period. Aside from this right, warrants are worthless. They represent no ownership in a company, and they pay no dividends. Stock warrants are pretty much the same as real estate options, which give the holder the right to acquire property under specified conditions. The speculative attraction in warrants is that they normally sell well below the price of the stock on which they have a call. Because of this factor alone, in a rising market, warrants can show a proportionately much higher gain than the stock to which they are tied. There is another side to the coin, of course. If the stock falls, you are likely to suffer a far greater loss percentage in your warrants than in the related shares themselves. Most warrants today are fully priced and command a substantial premium over their option value. As you say, there is a great deal of talk about money made in warrants. Money is made but largely by professionals and by knowledgeable people who are able to devote a great deal of study to this medium. Unless you fall into either of those categories, I would avoid speculating in warrants. In my experience, a great deal more money is lost than made in them, but you never hear much talk about that side of the picture. (Copyright 1960, General Features Corp.)

SAFETY VALVE

STATIONED IN ALASKA

Dear Mr. Risley:
May I please have information about the cost of sending The Dallas Post to my son-in-law, Floyd L. Weber? He will be stationed at Ladd Air Force Base in Alaska for fifteen months. He is formerly from Harveys Lake and is naturally hungry for Back Mountain news.

We send him clippings, but I know he would enjoy having the paper.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Sheldon Frantz
Dallas, RDI.

Youth Crusaders Camp

Donald Smith, Betty Jane Scott, Sonia and Sandra Pizarro are camping with 100 other Christian Youth Crusaders at the CYC camp on Barnes Lake near Beach Lake. They are members of the Trucksville Free Methodist CYC chapter. Donald Smith has attended this camp three years and always has managed to catch at least one big pickerel out of the lake.

Campers sleep in tents in the woods, in sleeping bags, on cots, or on the ground and love it and come back for more every year. Activities include archery, boating, fishing, track, softball, volleyball, hiking, Bible study, swimming, chapel time, and food time.

Subscribe To The Post

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

For relaxation there is nothing like a boat trip. Five years ago we celebrated our thirtieth anniversary by a trip up across Lake Superior.

This started by train around the western end of Lake Ontario, through the Canadian fruit and vegetable region, thence across the neck of the Canadian Arrowhead from Toronto to Georgian Bay. We liked the trains. The dining cars use a place mat which is an interesting map; the stations are painted red with yellow trim, surrounded by lawns and flower gardens and adorned with flower window boxes and equipped with screen doors.

It was mostly a region of lake plains, blending into rolling country with rail fences, many horses in the pastures, comparatively few silos and dairy cattle, some shorthorn cattle. It did not look particularly prosperous, but then that was a dry year. New York State being practically parched. A noteworthy sight was an area of tobacco fields and new drying houses about latitude 44° N. or more northerly than Portland, Maine. Apparently Uncle Sam's price support program favors Ontario tobacco like it did potatoes a few years ago.

Georgian Bay, on the shoulder of Lake Huron, is almost a big lake in itself with 30,000 islands and great stretches of open water. It was the avenue of French expansion to the north and west to escape the Iroquois and the scene of much of the Jesuit effort to Christianize the natives, especially the Hurons. Near the south end is a Martyr's Shrine, commemorating Fathers Brebeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, and Chabanel who died in 1649. With Lake Huron it was important in the fur trade and the struggle for mastery of the continent. Today it is a short route for Lake freighters carrying grain from the northwest for transshipment to eastern points and overseas. It is 223 miles from Port McNicoll to Detour Light at the foot of the St. Mary's River, mostly open water, the few islands seen being picturesque.

The trip is enlivened by group singing, dances, horse races, various games, movies, and eats upon eats. They serve a hearty breakfast, then bouillon from 10:00 to 10:30 a. m., a full course lunch, then afternoon tea 4:00 to 4:30 p. m., with a big dinner in the evening. Night lunches served in staterooms by request. And no one is hungry after a meal. The menus are long and the portions large. If one at a table orders cake for dessert, a big plate of assorted kinds is produced and passed around to everyone. If one orders fresh fruit, a basket of half a dozen kinds is brought out and also passed to everyone. We were introduced to Stilton cheese and crackers for dessert, also passed around and dished out with a big spoon. The chairs were firmly fastened to the floor, really revolving stools. The entire boat, made in Clyde shipyards, Scotland, was heavily ornamented

with brass which shone. Decorative tubs of beautiful plants were in the public rooms and flowers scattered around and on the tables.

The boat was not large as boats go, about 350 ft. long, 44 ft. wide, two stateroom decks, speed fifteen knots. We shivered as two nurses at our table told of Manitoba winters, and learned something about international business from a traveling man selling machinery.

Leaving Detour Light, about fifty miles mostly twisting and turning brought us to Sault Ste. Marie, at the foot of the "Soo" locks, which is becoming an industrial area. It was Sunday and we attended a service in the "United Church of Canada," and looked over the freight locks on the American side, the world's busiest waterway, handling as much tonnage as Panama and Suez combined. All passenger ships use the Canadian lock, its passage being one of the high spots of the trip. In early times this was a place of hard and dangerous portage.

Lake Superior, the world's largest lake, is 35 miles long, 165 miles wide at the extreme width, 603 ft. above sea level, about 21 feet above Lake Huron. In twelve hours you sight land maybe once or twice. At the Canadian Lakehead there are several very large and deep bays. Fort William and Port Arthur, originally pioneer trading posts and frontier settlements, dating from 1678, are ports for shipment of grain and other products and also vacation centers, 272 miles from Sault Ste. Marie. Our total mileage by water the round trip was just under 1100.

Terminal and passing boats provided a lot of interest. One yacht, which had moved up from the Gulf and tied up at Sault Ste. Marie must have cost as much as several fine homes. Freighters were mostly grain and ore carriers, long, blunt, cigar-shaped craft with many hatches and not much superstructure.

Passengers came from everywhere and from all walks of life. An old lakehand reminisced in our hearing. A retired paper man explained the business as we watched pulpwood loading at Port Arthur. An employe of the Canadian Grain Board, on vacation, talked about wheat grading and controls as we passed grain elevators. Many of the crew, including the entertainment steward, were students. A nurse brought on board an Indian baby, who had undergone a serious head operation. Several retired people were on board, some on transcontinental trips.

One French-Canadian mother who had been educated in France and had traveled extensively there was interesting to talk to, and her daughter more so. The girl had been brought up under strict discipline, after the first grade, in girls schools. She was insisting on attending some exotic co-educational college, especially where the girls were allowed to wear shorts.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

From The Issue Of August 4, 1950

Joseph Pooley has an editorial on the Family Reunion in this issue that is worthy of framing.

Harris Haycox, manager of Lazarus Department Store, will sponsor a Little League baseball team of Dallas Indians.

Prohibition Party supporters held a rally Saturday afternoon at the Free Methodist Camp Grounds, at which candidate for governor Richard Blews spoke, introduced by Rev. H. D. Oliver, Jr. Albert Crispell, candidate for Lt. Governor, also spoke.

Kunkle firemen got their first workout with the new pump on Friday, when lightning set fire to two barns, Denman's in Beaumont and Patton's in Backwheat Hollow. Both barns were a total loss.

Lake Silkworth is planning the annual Water Carnival, which will feature story book floats, for August 20.

Luzerne County rejected an ordinance as illegal, designed to bring Natona Mill into Dallas Borough. Dallas Township and Dallas Borough have been in dispute on this point for some time. The case was tried June 8 before the court on banc. Judges Pinola, Aponick, Flannery and Lewis.

William Young, held prisoner after Corridor, whose health was undermined by hardship, died last week. His wife is the former Martha Shepherd of Dallas. Mr. Young was a key man in National City Bank in Manila after the war at the specific request of General MacArthur.

Four weddings on the social page: Dorothy Weaver of Kunkle to Henry Kraft of Noxen; Jean Zimmerman of Wilkes-Barre to James Martin of Sweet Valley; Mildred Lyons of Dallas to Robert Brody, Main Road; Helen Urick of Jackson Township to John Niezoda of Lehman.

An increasingly serious condition is centered in Susquehanna and Wayne Counties, where rabies is on the increase. Game and agricultural agencies are joining forces to port-mote a program of fox poisoning considered the prime suspect in spread of rabies. Much valuable livestock has been lost.

Norman Johnstone, executive sec-

retary of Wyoming Valley Motor Club, says the road around Harveys Lake will be improved, and chuck holes filled, also a guard rail will be erected at Warden Place.

From The Issue Of August 2, 1940

Steady streams of khaki-clad soldiers will continue to move all next week over Back Mountain roads following the same route taken by the 93d Infantry last week. National Guardsmen converging on Plattsburg for the biggest peace-time military maneuvers.

William Thomas, home in Dallas from one year in the Navy, says he is glad he is an American. He saw too many refugees on the fringes of the War for comfortable memory.

A terrific storm in the Back Mountain put phone lines out of order, killed cows harboring under trees, washed out roads, and flooded streams.

Dr. H. O. Boston, veterinary surgeon, formerly of Noxen, died in Orange, N. Y., after several months illness. His father is Dr. C. L. Boston of Noxen.

President Roosevelt may mobilize the National Guard.

Washington OKs a \$10,000 WPA job for improvement of Trucksville school grounds.

Out-of-county trucks are bringing bootleg coal to this area. Watch out for short weight.

Looks as if heavy equipment, due to the European war, will be in short supply. W. H. Schaul, operating at Dallas, is purchasing \$47,000 worth of heavy tractors.

Mrs. Bertha Cariduff, 43, is buried.

An East Dallas youth was drowned at Lake Louise. Thomas Miller, 17, stepped off a ledge into deep water. Companions tried to rescue him, but were unsuccessful.

Ruth Churnside of Parsons became the bride of Edward VanHorn Friday evening. The couple will live in Dallas.

Esther Barnes of Huntsville and Lawrence Smith of Sweet Valley, were married in the parsonage of Wyoming Avenue Christian Church, Rev. Charles H. Frick officiating.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Muriel Craft to Judson Bailly.

Kingston Township supervisors

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

JUDSON LAIRE has been head of various television families since 1949, but the tall (6' 1"), distinguished-looking, gray-haired actor readily accepts such type-casting.

"After all," he explains, "when you've reached my age you can't expect to play young leading men."

Laire has portrayed Emory Bannister, the millionaire head of the Bannister clan, on "Young Doctor Malone" since July of 1959 when he created the role on the daytime drama series. Laire previously earned wide popularity in the role of Papa on the "Remember Mama" series. He played the part during the eight years the program was on TV.

Though he has been acting now for 26 years, Judson started out as a salesman and sold real estate for 12 years before switching careers. He never regretted his decision.

Born in New York City on Aug. 3, 1902, Laire moved to Pleasantville, N. Y., at the age of two and has lived there since. A "serious-minded amateur actor," to use Judson's own description, he performed with local groups after business hours until the depression. The real estate business was hard hit and he felt he wouldn't be risking anything if he changed careers at this time.

In 1935, just a few years after turning professional, he made his Broadway debut in "First Lady." During the next several years he acted on radio, in stock and toured in "Rain from Heaven," and other plays. In 1948 he appeared in the first "Philo Television Playhouse" program, "Dinner at Eight." This past season he was on Broadway in "Third Best Sport," starring Celeste Holm. He also was featured in the recent movie, "John Paul Jones."

A bachelor, Laire lives in New York City during the week but spends weekends at his Pleasantville home, where he relaxes by gardening. He also enjoys traveling abroad and listening to music, especially operas.

PENNY PARKER, 19 year-old singer and actress who plays the role of the grown-up on the Danny Thomas' show was visiting in Hollywood when an agent spotted her and got her three quick roles on network shows.

Penny's real name is Jacqueline Francine Parker. She was born in New York, where she attended Public School 70 and Professional Children's school. After studying and playing little groups in New York, she played in the original Broadway production of "Anniversary Waltz," with Marjorie Lord who plays Danny Thomas' wife in the television show.

WRANGLER — a new Western series, will have its premiere telecast on Thursday, Aug. 4. The weekly half-hour program stars Jason Evers as Pitcairn, a wandering adventurer of the Old West.

The program will take the time period of the vacationing Tennessee Ernie Ford.

ARLENE FRANCIS who pinch-hits for Parr will serve as hostess for the "Today" telecasts during the week of Aug. 1-5 while Dave Garroway is on vacation.

LIBRARY OFFICIALS have been heaping letters of praise on the producer of "The Howdy Doody Show," for its "Reading Is Fun" project.

The new feature was introduced on the program last March 19 to interest children in reading books "for enjoyment." Each week Howdy Doody recommends several books especially selected for young readers by a committee of experts in the children's book field.

Librarians report that because of Howdy Doody many children who never visited the library are reporting faithfully each week asking for the books recommended on the "Howdy Doody Show."

are widening Oak Street between Harris Hill and Carverton Roads.

From The Issue of August 1, 1930

The water situation is becoming acute, and citizens are staging a protest. PUC will send engineers to make a survey. Many families have been without water recently.

Elwood Elston has been appointed special traffic officer in Dallas Borough at 60 cents an hour.

Mrs. G. H. Bulford, 61, was buried in Mt. Greenwood Cemetery.

Four sections of an excursion train from Coxton Yards went through Dallas on Thursday, passengers standing in the aisles. Reminiscent of days when excursion trains to Harveys Lake were a daily feature.

Firemen stood helplessly by while the Bollinger home burned to the ground for lack of water.

A new house burned to the ground on the old Fair Grounds, Tuesday night. It is believed to be the work of an arsonist.

Engineers are working on the new gasoline pipeline which will convey gasoline from Philadelphia to Syracuse for the Sun Oil Company, the only such pipeline in the United States. With headquarters for this section in Trucksville, the company expects to employ 100 local workers.

Ryman Reunion

Ryman family reunion is scheduled for August 20 at National Park, on Route 92, between Tunkhamock and Nicholson. The affair will be a basket picnic.

Barnyard Notes

The russet fields of oats are ripe for harvest along North Eaton Road where it trails the slumbering Susquehanna from Tunkhamock until it suddenly comes to an end in a patient farmer's barnyard near Hunter's Ferry at the great bend opposite Vashburg.

Black Eyed Susans nod in the August sun as the dug road skirts away from the damp overhanging ledges and cuts through gently sloping river bottom farms. Sleek Holsteins—a study in white and ebony—graze in lush meadows.

Along the hedgerows, Jewell weed—the children's touch-me-not—peeps timidly from beneath the rank growth of sturdy lavender bergamot and taller blossoms of the dainty flowering purple raspberry.

A flock of crows, disturbed from their feast around the carcass of a groundhog on the road ahead, caw noisily as they rise to the protecting limbs of a nearby pine.

The sky—now wide—is as azure as the St. Lawrence, once it passes Quebec and tumbles toward the Atlantic—and as hard to grasp. Billowing clouds—white as a bride's gown, float gently above the sturdy green hemlocks grasping for a foothold on the rocky palisades on the distant side of the river.

This was Indian country, less than 200 years ago, when the silent war canoes of hostile Iroquois glided down river from their rendezvous at the juncture of the Chemung at Tioga Point.

It is historic country. Lovely country—a place where the wanderer can escape the daily hurly burly; where a man can dream, if he will, and soak in the beauty that lies within minutes of the beaten path.

At times I hesitate to write about these favored spots for fear they will be trampled by the irreverent—by those who want to get there fast and strew beer cans in their wake.

Pioneer farmers hewed these fields from the wilderness and dug roads through the narrows long before post riders and river boats carried the mail down river.

Read the names on the mailboxes in front of these old river homes—Dana, Robinson, Williams—families whose forebears settled these lands shortly after the Revolution.

But this land along the river that was to be named Eaton Township in 1817 after General Eaton, the hero of Tripoli, was settled many years before the Revolution by Zebulon Marcy, Adam Bowman, for whom Bowman's Creek was named; Philip Bush and Adam Wortman. The three last named were old Germans.

With the exception of Wortman, a Tory, all of them left before the war. Wortman, who gave aid to the British and Indians before the Battle of Wyoming was killed by a scouting party when he raised a gun against the settlers.

After the Revolution, three brothers from Connecticut came to North Eaton. They were Obadiah, Aaron and John Taylor. Obadiah, a Revolutionary soldier, rests in the old Robinson Burying Ground—a jewel of memory near Walter Robinson's Farm at Hunter's Ferry, once the site of a thriving shad fishery.

Obadiah took Lot 33 as his claim from Connecticut and there one of his daughters met Capt. Jarid Robinson of Forkeston, another Revolutionary soldier.

Obadiah was the grandfather of Markland Robinson—a name kept alive by a great grandson who still tills these ancestral acres.

No one should drive up North Eaton Road who has not time to pause under the summer sun and cloudless sky at the old Robinson Burying Ground, green amid surrounding fields of oats. It is the oldest of three in the township and antedates the Baptist Burying Grounds at Eatonville by many years.

This hallowed spot is beautifully preserved by the Robinson family in simple contrast to the gaudy memorials of more modern burial parks.

Delicately carved soft brown flagstone is the marker in memory of Abigail Taylor who died in 1807 at the age of 75. Nearby are the markers of Anasa Robinson who died in 1845 and of his wife, Prudence, who died in 1851.

Note the little markers made of field stone and the moss covered one bearing two moon-like faces, simply carved by an unknown artisan.

Nearby, carved in delicate simplicity, are four of the most beautiful memorials I have ever seen. They mark the graves of a modern generation of Robinsons—Louis N. 1830—1952, a former professor at Swarthmore College, and his wife, Caroline H. Madley 1835—1946, one of the leaders of the Planned Parenthood movement in America.