

### Barnyard Notes

#### Food For The Roses

We had just got the paper to bed after a rough, tough Thursday and with a sigh of relief had settled down to relax before going home for supper, when someone stepped into our outer office. It was Mr. Stofila. He keeps a cow on his place at Glenview Terrace. He and his two youngsters had brought us a nice trailer load of cow manure, and would we please tell him where to put it. About that time of day, and especially on a hectic Thursday afternoon we could have—but we didn't. We'd ordered it, even if we had specifically said, "Be sure not to bring it on Thursday!"

We buttoned our corduroy jacket and followed Mr. Stofila over to Franklin street where his Model A Ford and trailer were parked beside the high school. It was a nice load. Packed down smooth so that not a crum would fall off.

We discussed possible routes to the mulch pile back of the barn. If he drove through the yard in the orchard, he'd rut up the turf that Nordi Berti had just rolled down. If he drove in from Lehman Avenue over the tree lawn, he'd probably knock down one of our row of young cherry trees. But even if he got through the cherry trees, he'd have to drive through the garden and over Myra's young strawberry plants covered with straw. We knew there was no use considering that route. We hemmed and hawed. There was a way out. Mr. Stofila could unload the stuff along side the barn, and we could cart it over to the mulch pile sometime when we weren't busy. It looked like a good decision even if it did seem a little hard on us.

There was a commotion on the back porch. "Don't put it there. It'll be there all summer like those two piles of top soil along side the front yard." We were licked. We hadn't reckoned on the feminine influence. Mr. Stofila would have to drive through the narrow place by my rose bed. He did, and he broke off two. We wished we'd told Mr. Stofila where he could put that stuff on a Thursday afternoon when we hadn't.

#### A White Dog

A little white dog, curious to see what we were doing, sniffed at our legs Easter morning as we

brushed the dirt out of the Hudson in front of our barn. He was a nice little fellow. We wondered what kind of master he might have. The dog has been roaming Lehman Avenue too frequently for it to be an accident. Somebody neither cares for his pet nor the welfare of his neighbors or his neighbor's children.

We had a notion to lock the pup in the boxstall where he'd be safe from the law and an indifferent master; but we thought better of it. Three weeks ago two youngsters knocked at our door one evening. They had a bull terrier on leash. "Mr. Risley," they said breathlessly, "do you know whose dog this is? We found him downtown, and we don't want him shot." We didn't know. He was a friendly fellow with a 1946 license on his collar. We took him in, just as soon as Myra could put Buck in the closet so he wouldn't tear the stranger to pieces.

The terrier had the run of the house, but liked best to follow us from room to room or lie at our feet as we read the evening paper. Buck didn't like the closet so he howled. We tried it the other way around. Locked the stranger in the closet and let Buck have the run of the house. The stranger howled. We couldn't live that way long; so we went to bed early—the stranger with me in my bedroom and Buck with Myra in hers. Everybody was satisfied and everything was quiet.

Next morning we called the County Treasurer's office, and found that Boots—that was his name—belonged to a family on Harris Hill Road, Trucksville. But we don't want any more stray pups overnight. That's why we didn't put the little white fellow in the box stall.

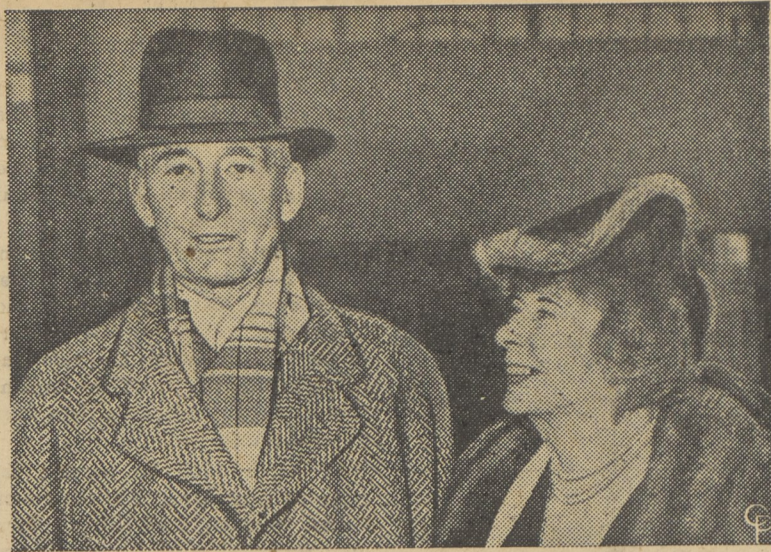
#### Increase

Stripes, our brood cat, can once more crawl through the little hole in the hothouse door; and we now have snoozing in a pasteboard box in the back of our cellar three of those "lovely little kittens, guaranteed to be insatiable ratters." The morning they were born, Mrs. Paul Nulton called to say if we ever had any more of those fine Barnyard kittens she wanted them. Just as soon as they're weaned we'll be driving out with all three. We've wanted to get out there all spring. Nowhere is the myrtle lovelier than in the cemetery on the hilltop back of Beaumont.

#### Johnny

Our nephew, Bruce, just back

### EIRE MINISTER RETURNS TO U.S.



ARRIVING IN NEW YORK aboard the *Queen Mary* is the U. S. Minister to Eire, Mr. David Gray, and his wife, who looks very happy to be home again. Mrs. Gray is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's aunt. (International)

from Guam, a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy, has always been a problem. So when word came from Easton that he had stopped off there with his girl and her mother on the very day that our sister-in-law had two paperhangers—Myra started to get me prepared. The grapevine said Bruce and the girl would drive on to Butler, Pa. leave her mother there, and then return to Providence, R. I. via Dallas.

Myra thought our hair was long and maybe we ought to get a haircut. And another bath wouldn't hurt—the second that week. After all, the girl was a countess—a Belgian, who with her parents had come to this country shortly before the war. Four years ago when Bruce was a student at Harvard we'd promised to find him a girl if he'd visit us during the Lehman Horse Show. We hadn't produced that time; so now he was taking no chances. He was bringing his own. Never having entertained a coun-

ness at the Barnyard, we thought we'd better follow Myra's advice. Hair cut and thoroughly scrubbed we sat around in white shirt and business suit all Sunday morning when we might better have been spreading some of Mr. Stofila's stuff around the rose bushes. We kept peeking out the window for a sailor and countess to drive up. Then we decided to trim Buck. No use wasting all day. It must have taken two hours and Buck got pretty ornery standing on the garden table with the cats stomping around the yard while we ran the scissors over him.

Then a car drove up in front of the barn. Bruce jumped out. He's twenty-two. With him—she must have been all of nineteen—was the friendliest little blonde we've seen in a long time. Me with my hair cut and Buck trimmed fit for a dog show, felt foolish. The Countess Marie Jeanne Celine Alixe Denise de Rasse Pasquier was just like any other Wellesley Junior, only maybe

more normal. Bruce calls her Johnny—and from now on she's Johnny to Buck and me. We'll bet she teaches the lieutenant to go fishing with his dad. We don't figure Bruce is any longer a problem. He's got one of his own now—keeping his dad from teaching Johnny how to fish—and Buck and me from showing her how to scatter Mr. Stofila's stuff where it will make the roses and daffodils grow.

### LEGAL

#### Legal Notice

To Henry E. Bunce, Respondent: You are required to appear on May 13, 1946, at 10:00 a. m. to answer complaint of Florence Bunce in divorce a vinculo matrimonii, filed to No. 427 March Term, 1946, in the Common Pleas Court of Luzerne County.

DAVID C. VAUGHAN, Sheriff. PATRICK J. FLANNERY, Attorney.

#### LEGAL NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been granted in the Estate of Annie H. Washburn, late of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. All persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims

or demands to present the same to William O. Washburn, Administrator, 51 N. River Street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

### NOTICE

To Helen Williams, Respondent: You are required to appear on May 20, 1946, at 10:00 a. m. to answer complaint of Albert Williams in divorce a vinculo matrimonii, filed to No. 524 March Term, 1946, in the Common Pleas Court of Luzerne County.

DAVID C. VAUGHAN, Sheriff

### NOTICE

TO CHARLES AQUILINA, RESPONDENT: You are required to appear on

DAVID C. VAUGHAN, Sheriff. PATRICK J. FLANNERY, Attorney.


May 6, 1946, at 10:00 a.m. to answer complaint of Ruth Aquilina, by her Mother and Guardian, Bessie Richards, in divorce a vinculo matrimonii, filed to No. 69, March Term, 1946, in the Common Pleas Court of Luzerne County.

DAVID C. VAUGHAN, Sheriff. PATRICK J. FLANNERY, Attorney.

### NOTICE

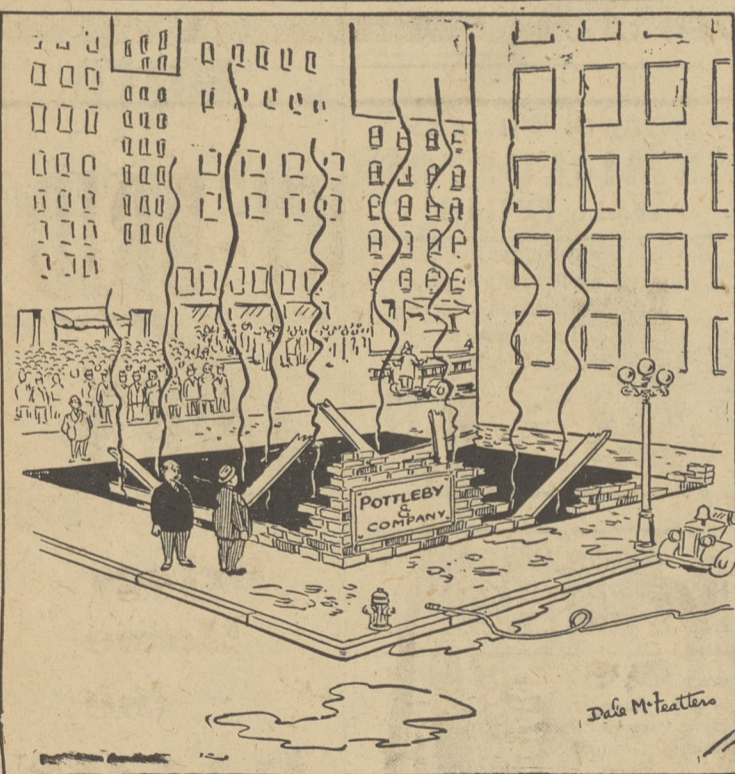
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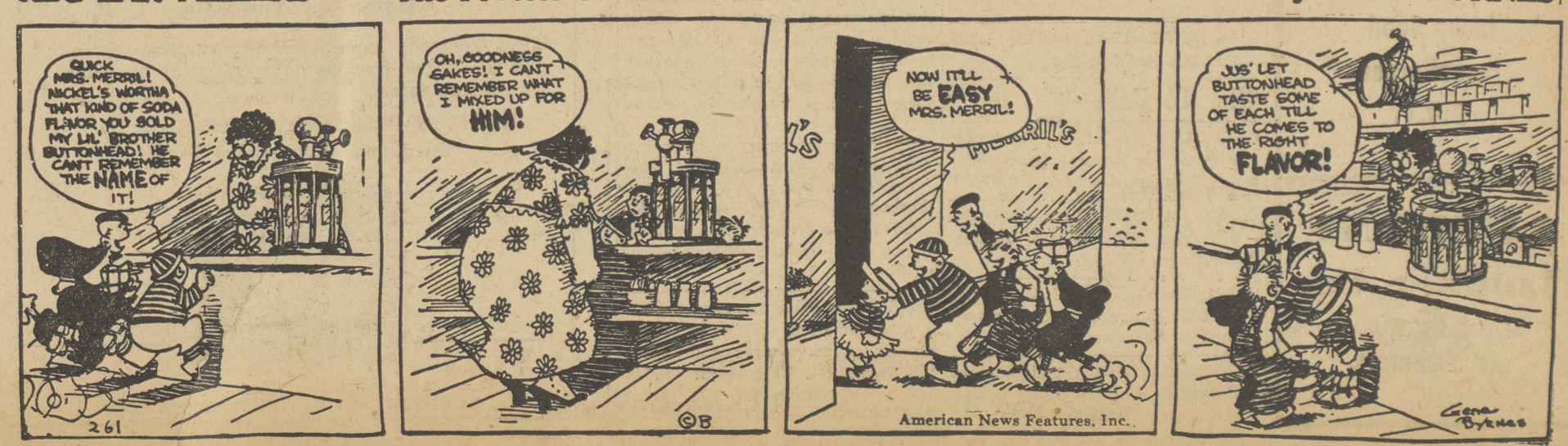
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