

Barnyard Notes

Pleasant Callers

Among the pleasant callers entertained at the Barnyard this week was a grey squirrel who has been looking over the apple trees with an idea toward permanent tenancy.

There is, apparently, a housing shortage for grey squirrels, too. We have several nice hollow tree apartments that have been vacant since the flicker family moved out. We hope Mr. Squirrel will bring his wife back to see them and persuade her that our orchard is the proper location and that the Hollow Tree Apartments are tops. Low

rental, excellent view and convenient to food supply. To help him convince her we tossed five butternuts and a handful of peanuts at the base of every tree.

Housecleaning

Now that the last peach has been canned and there is nothing left to harvest except pumpkins and sunflower seed, the distaff side of the Barnyard has embarked on fall housecleaning. From garret to cellar everything has been dragged out and neither Buck nor I can find a comfortable chair without stumbling over bric-a-brac or smashing a piece of glassware. The place suited us the way it was. We hadn't noticed any dust and we're sure the mattresses and pillows on our bed didn't need cleaning. Neither of us have been in bed long enough since spring to soil

the pillow slips let alone the pillows. Have we, Buck?

Acres of Diamonds

Well, right in the middle of the fracas who should drop in at the Barnyard but my old Seminary roommate, "Red" Clearwater of Deposit, N.Y. Him that I hadn't seen for more than twenty-six years. Mrs. Clearwater was along. They have closed their summer hotel at Lake Osego and were on their way to Virginia in a station wagon to pick up antiques.

Of course I didn't recognize "Red." Twenty years is a long time. Once his hair was wavy red. It's thin and dark brown now. Mrs. Clearwater is a charming woman and I am sure has been a fine helpmate. I'd never met her before but I could tell her about some of his old flames and an interesting incident relating to one of them.

One afternoon four of us took a walk to Pringle Hill Cemetery. Funny how young folks pull for a cemetery on such occasions, but you'd hardly expect to find a proctor or a professor in a cemetery when you were out with a couple of Seminary girls, so there's where we went. Red's girl was a steady. It was a crush, but she refused to go for a walk, which was against the rules, even in the afternoon, without being accompanied by another Seminary girl. She probably figured it threw the preceptress off the scent.

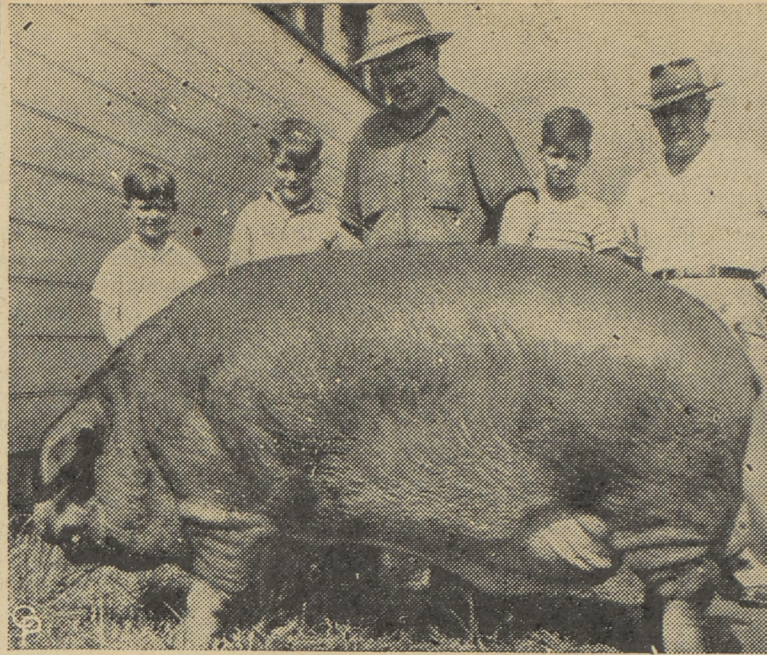
Her companion was a big horse, six inches taller than I and 75 pounds heavier, but Red insisted that I trail along to keep her occupied while he and his girl talked over some serious matters such as why she had smiled at some other guy at dinner or something of the sort.

At least two of us spent a very pleasant afternoon reading inscriptions on Pringle Hill grave stones. How Red fared I've never learned, but differences seemed to be patched up when they returned to the Seminary for dinner that evening. I gave a sigh of relief like a tugboat that had piloted in an ocean liner when I saw my heroic date swing into Swetland Hall and her place in the Seminary Dining Room.

I guess it was fun. We'd gotten away with something. No one got a demerit and certainly in my case it wouldn't have been worth it.

But this is the point of the story. After dinner a friend handed me a note from the ocean liner. Somehow, some way, she had lost her diamond on Pringle Hill. Would

'TYPICAL FARMER' AND PRIZE BOAR



SELECTED AS "America's Most Typical Farmer," Edward Ray, Morrisville, Pa., is shown (center) at the New Jersey State Fair, Trenton, with his prize boar, "King Proud Leader." Ray was selected from over 300 contestants throughout the U. S. for the title. (International)

I look for it?

After dark, Red and I trekked up past the coal breakers and over the acres we had covered during the late afternoon. There, in the gloomy cemetery beneath the towering figures of Christ nailed on wooden crosses we played the beams of our flashlights; and there at the base of an intriguing tombstone, among hundreds, sparkling in the grass, we found the diamond just as it had fallen from its setting.

One in a million, I shall remember the incident many times twenty years, if I should live that long.

Goodluck to you, "Red." You are the third roommate who has visited the Barnyard this year.—Capt. Dale Harris, whom I hadn't seen in ten years and Jack MacAvoy, for the first in twenty. Next time you call I hope it won't be during housecleaning.

Fellow Gardeners

Mrs. Wilson Cease has the loveliest larkspurs we've seen this year.

She has promised to give me several plants for the hothouse.

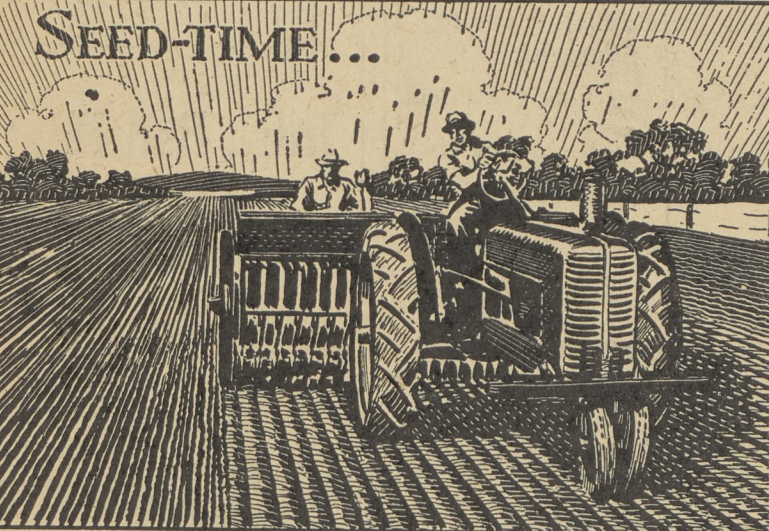
If the warm weather continues for another week Clint Ide of Huntsville will have the best patch of melons that has been grown here for years. His big patch of Lincoln corn will also be mature.

Edith Shaw Jones

We were saddened this week to learn of the death of Edith Shaw Jones who visited us and was the guest of Mrs. Zeiser a year ago at the Barnyard. Mrs. Shaw, a former Coughlin High School instructor of German, was a woman who maintained a lively and sparkling interest in life despite advanced years.

For the past five years she had spent her winters in St. Petersburg, Florida, among old friends and pleasant memories of a useful lifetime as a teacher of youth. Only last year she published a volume of her poems entitled "Dear Teacher" gathered

OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat



"WHILE THE EARTH REMAINETH... SEEDTIME AND HARVEST... SHALL NOT CEASE." —GENESIS, 8-22.



THESE WOMEN!

By d'Alesio



"We'd better send them a wedding gift. This makes the sixth announcement they've sent us!"

STRICTLY BUSINESS

by McFeatters



"That's the Barber College team—wait'll you see their hidden ball play!"

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NOW HAS 23 EX-61 EMPLOYEES, ORDERS PILING UP...

KELLY SAYS: "OURS IS THE ONLY ECONOMIC SYSTEM IN THE WORLD THAT PROVIDES OPPORTUNITIES SUCH AS I FOUND"

MARY WORTH'S FAMILY

DINGBAT! IS THAT A PICTURE OF ANGEL VARDEN... OR DO I SLANDER YOUR INTELLIGENCE?

IT'S HER ALL RIGHT, CONNIE! I'M GONNA GET IT AUTOGRAPHED WHEN SHE COMES TO TOWN!

"EVEN YOU, BRUTUS!"

WHAT D'YA MEAN...? DON'T YOU GO FOR "AMERICA'S GIRL PAL"?

FRANKLY, DINGBAT, THE FACT THAT SHE IS COMING TO BOOMVILLE TO MAKE "ARMS AND THE WOMAN" IN OUR POWDER MILL LEAVES ME DELIGHTFULLY COLD!

GOSH, CONNIE! AFTER I SAW HER IN ORPHAN OF THE HILLS, I WAS A CHANGED MAN! I FELT... WELL... OLDER AND WISER!

HOW INTERESTING, DINGBAT, SHE SEEMS TO HAVE THE OPPOSITE EFFECT ON SOME PEOPLE!

REG'LAR FELLERS

Jimmie Meets With Some High Finance

By GENE BYRNES

HOW MUCH WERE THOSE JELLY BEANS?

EIGHT FOR A PENNY!

ONE EIGHT FOR A PENNY? MISTER STEIN ACROSS THE STREET SELLS TWELVE FOR A PENNY!

WELL WHY DONTCHA GO OVER THERE AND BUY THEM?

CAUSE HE'S ALL OUT OF 'EM!

WHEN I'M ALL OUT OF 'EM I'LL SELL 'EM TWENTY-FIVE FOR A PENNY!

LEGAL

LUZERNE COUNTY, SS:

In the Court of Common Pleas of Luzerne County, No. 479 October Term, 1946. Libel in divorce a vinculo matrimonii. Vera E. Henson v. Hobart Odell Henson. To Hobart Odell Henson: Take notice that an alias subpoena having been

LEWIS S. REESE,
Acting Sheriff

WILLIAM A. VALENTINE,
Attorney

from among many she had written of school incidents during a long and useful life. We shall miss her cheerful interest in people, flowers, books and even printing. It may truly be said of her that the good die young no matter what their age.

To Show At Toronto

James Simpson, horseman at Hayfield Farm, will take two Clydesdale stallions to the Toronto, Canada, Royal Winter Fair on November 18. In 1924, Mr. Simpson showed the grand champion mare and in 1934, the first time an American bred horse won the championship.

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Charles H. Long
Sweet Valley, Pa.