

Connecticut Saga

"Or a nut in the nutmeg state"

I knew the house would be mine some day. I practically fell out of the station wagon when I saw a "For Sale" sign on the lawn out front. Norm applied the brakes like a dutiful spouse so I could peek in the windows. Much to my delight the door was open and a little note of welcome typed neatly inviting us to come in and look around. We did and Norm could see I was a goner.

The owner must have gotten wind of the out of state license plates and once he saw my face he knew he had a feminine Mr. Blandings in tow. I was swooning around the place and the kids were tearing around peering into fireplaces and discovering the barn and shed, while Norm stood quietly by wondering if he could muster the strength to produce another place similar to "Mad Acres" back in Huntsville. What with courage, slave labor, a champagne appetite on a beer income and the complete cooperation of the Kingston Bank we had brought order out of chaos and had a lot of fun doing it. Before we left here that day I had constructed mentally a fence, a compost heap, strawberry patch, chicken coops and turkey run, complete clothes line system and could almost see a garden pool dancing in the sunlight. I looked

over at Norm and asked, "What do you think of it?" and he replied, "I like it but don't you think it's a little far to commute?"

We came back the following three days and on the third day I resented some other folks coming in and looking around. Keith, a very sympathetic soul, announced in loud tones that his Mother was buying the house but gave them permission to look over the upstairs. We drove back to Huntsville the next day and all I could see or think about was the house. We wrote to Wade and told him about the place and I guess he decided from the letter that we had decided to take the great step and move. As far as Wade is concerned the sun never shines in any city but Wilkes-Barre (Chamber of Commerce please take note) so he deemed we had taken leave of our senses. This reaction bothered us not at all as we have been considered borderline cases for years but no one has caught up with us yet.

Before leaving for Pennsylvania we had conversed with the owner and I told him just two things were bothering me. The heating system and the well. He assured me I would be warm with an oil burner and that the well had never gone dry. The oil burner was what really got me down. Frankly I love anthracite. You can see it coming in the truck, hear it run-

ning into the cellar and then go down stairs and admire it and the man who earned enough shekles to have it delivered to you. Really a soul satisfying experience. Now take oil. You look out some day and see something that looks similar to a boaconstrictor lying on your lawn. If you open the door you can smell it but you never get to see it. In no time it's gone and what have you to show for it? A little film on the curtains and an unpaid bill. Burn anthracite and you have nice clean heat. On cold days you can put on the draft and it knocks itself out throwing off heat, and then you have mounds of wonderful ashes left and you feel like you really get something for your money. How do people get along without ashes? We ashed the driveway after snowstorms, used it for drainage in the gardens and as drainage for the terrace. How I miss that ash pile in the cellar. The owner went on to say that we would probably have natural gas before too long. That is something I was at a loss to converse about. I felt like some one had taken Wilkes-Barre's name in vein. I longed to assure him if we had gas it would be natural but it was no time for a pun.

Back in Huntsville we thought about moving and considered the pros and cons and came out about even. Norm had the clever idea of moving to St. Petersburg to

spend the rest of our lives but I said, "What about the brats?" and he said, "Boy, they would certainly ruin the peace and quiet down there," so we gave St. Pete up as a dwelling place. However, I know he has it in the back of his mind to live down there some day in the ballpark with the Yankees. I just hope I die before he pitches his tent behind home plate. Last winter when we visited some friends in Florida Norm drove me over to St. Pete and said it was a shame to be so close to that city and not see it. He had me almost convinced until I began to see banners announcing we were in St. Pete, "Winter Home of The Yankees" and then I knew why he was so anxious for me to see St. Pete. We even had the good fortune of having breakfast in the hotel where the ball club stayed. Norm caught sight of Yogi Berra and you would have thought Betty Grable was crossing the dining room in her birthday suit. Norm hastily summoned the waitress and they d'sappeared behind the sport page of the local paper and came out only long enough for her to point out more Yankees to Norm. Our sight seeing consisted of watching two ball clubs work out and then locating the ball park and being the first two to enter the holy premises to watch batting practice. Just prior to game time the fans began to arrive via

crutch, cane and wheel chair and Norm sat up big as life with his silver hair glimmering in the sunshine and said he felt right at home with the old folks. As for me I felt I should go out and pitch for batting practice or even go in and pinch hit if the occasion arose. I forgot to mention it was a double header in every sense of the word and Norm felt that the long drive to Florida had been worth just that one day alone.

By the end of September we made up our minds to move. Our next project was to find a buyer. We knew it would have to be some one who would appreciate how we had knocked ourselves out fixing up the place. We did realize that we were in a highly desirable location. It was fast becoming the Westport of Wilkes-Barre. What with swimming pool and rail fences and the post lanterns getting larger all the time, it was becoming suburbia at its very best. I know of a couple who wanted just what we had to offer and that is how Sis and Bill came into our lives. The night we sold the Huntsville house I cried like a baby. I felt like I had sold one of the kids. I admit there are times I might consider giving them away but selling them would be out of the question, in more ways than one. Once we had signed on the dotted line there were all sorts of things to be taken care of. Moving from

one house to another is a terrific undertaking but child's play as compared to moving from one state to another. The most interesting thing of all was the reaction of various friends, and I use the word friends cautiously, of ours. A couple of sentimental souls cried, some felt really sorry, and I know of a few who actually rejoiced. They were mostly the ones who never missed the water till the Smiths ran out of rye so I refuse to feel rejected, sad or even sorry. Several folks ran in to say goodbye that you thought never knew you lived around there so one outweighed the other. During my twenties I wanted very badly to be liked by everyone but now my only ambition is to keep the few good friends I have. A person who everyone likes is either unbearable or a complete drip, not capable of having opinions or any thoughts that differ from other peoples. Now to get on with the story.

Norm was more worried about the chickens and turkeys than anything else. The turkeys were too young to die and the June peeps were pullet size and ready to lay eggs. To dispose of either would be murder in a sense. Bill quietly

suggested that he might take over the live stock but for a while Norm was convinced that no one could take care of them like he did. I think I had the bright idea of letting Bill finish raising turkeys and then dividing with us after the killing. At the time Bill thought it a good arrangement but now that they are gorging themselves on a hundred pounds of food every three days he's beginning to wonder. I don't know if the girls have started to lay eggs yet but I do know that Bill has acquired seventeen ducks from Hank Jones. Remind me never to trip through that yard in my bare feet.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Time Limit Set For Parking Privilege

Acme Store, in collaboration with Bowman's Restaurant and Merritt's Drug Store, has instituted a new ruling for its parking lot. With an eye to keeping the lot free for bona fide customers on Friday nights, an hour and a half parking limit has been set, with tickets issued showing the time of entrance.

THE PRODUCE CENTER

LUZERNE-DALLAS HIGHWAY

Large Parking Space Available — Open evenings and Sunday

"Headquarters for all canning needs"

Come in and see our complete selection of fresh fruit and vegetables.

FROZEN FOODS AND GROCERIES

Christmas Trees 75c and up	Christmas Wreaths 69c each
Grapes 2 lbs. 25c	Oranges 3 doz. 89c
Tangerines 35c doz.	Apples 95c bu. (McIntosh, Delicious)
Mixed Nuts 43c lb.	ALL KINDS OF HARD CANDY

Rib End Pork Loin	39c lb.
Lean Pork Butt	49c lb.
Meaty Boiling Beef	39c lb.
Fresh Ground Hamburg	55c lb.
CENTER CUT	
Chuck Roast (by piece)	65c lb.
Veal Breast	39c lb.
Country Style Scrapple	17c lb.
Lare's Loose Sausage	59c lb.
Lare's Home Made Kraut	2 lbs. 19c
Fancy Mixed Nuts	43c lb.
Hard Mixed Candy	25c lb.

LARE'S MEAT MARKET

188 MAIN STREET LUZERNE

OPEN FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS TILL 9

DIXON'S SUPER-MARKET

DALLAS — PHONE 135

Owned and Operated by RALPH DIXON

Roasting or Stewing Chickens	39c lb.
Trimmed Picnics	49c lb.
Rib End of Pork (up to 3 lbs)	41c lb.
Armour's Skinless Franks	59c lb.
Bananas	2 lbs. 25c
Head Lettuce	2 for 29c
Muck Potatoes	(peck) 35c
Large Tangerines	(dozen) 35c

Franco-American Spaghetti 15 3/4 oz. can 2—	25c
Brillo-Soap Pads or Cleaners reg. pkgs.	9c
Clapps Strd. Baby Foods, reg. jars	6—55c
Wegner's Fcy. Sliced Beets No. 2 can 4—	51c
River Rice 1 lb. pkg.	2—29c
Campbell's Pork and Beans 16 oz. cans 2—	23c

Enjoy the **HOLIDAY** WITH THESE LOW PRICES



Make a wish come true!

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Heartfelt wishes kindled by affection and steeped in friendliness... wishes that peal out like church bells... that echo through the air like a song.

In this cherished time of the year, when good will and joy are a shared radiance—make those wishes come true.

Be merry. Toast the Season, if you must... but be careful... be considerate. Don't let exuberance blot out caution. Don't invite tragedy by overindulgence... don't drive after drinking... warn others not to.

Holiday happiness deserves to be preserved every day in the year.

DON'T JUST TALK SAFETY... *Live Safety!*

This message in the interest of highway safety is one of a series prepared and disseminated by the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association and the Pennsylvania Department of Revenue.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

