

Connecticut Saga

The company which manufactured the type of insulation bats Norm bought for the attic had very definite ideas how their product should be installed. In each bat was a slip of paper with pictures and captions which should have been a cinch for an old "Life" reader. Norm glanced at the slips, tossed them in the fireplace and said he was going to do the job in a more original fashion. He could insulate without pictures.

I was at the sink in my trusty red flannelled nightie cussing silently at the egg yolks which seemed to be delighting in sticking to the plates when Norm reached over with the stapling gun he had hired for the duration of "Operation Insulation" and tried out the gun. It worked and I let out a loud protest and he grinned and said, "Just testing Bun," and with that he and his chemical shirt went charging up the narrow stairs with insulation clutched in both arms. He didn't get far. The load was too much for the narrow stairs so Norm backed down, eyes bright with a new, more daring plan which included the dishwasher.

My instructions were to leave the dishes (that part sounded good) run not walk to the attic, open the window facing the barn, and lean out. I ran as instructed, tore open the sash, and leaned out into the ten above zero weather and was thankful for the red flannel between me and it. Down below Hopalong Cassidy Smith was busily fashioning a lasso of what I deemed to be a part of my new clothesline. My job was to catch the lasso, at great danger to life and limb, then lower one end to the ground. Then Hoppy would fasten his end of the rope onto the insulation and I was to pull it up through the attic window. For a solid hour I was up there pulling bats in through the window. Once Norm stepped on his end of the bat and gave me such a jerk I almost fell out on my head. I began to complain of overexposure and had I known it at the time I might have stayed on and become "Miss Antifreeze of 1951." Why let Chicago take the honors. However my engine was perking on coffee instead of gin so I might not have fared as well. When the complaints became louder and longer Norm had the audacity to ask if I was losing my sense of humor. Ever since Reader's Digest came out with an article a month or so ago stating that people with humor were normal and in some cases even intelligent I have taken a new lease on life. Wade read the article too and remarked that he hoped I wouldn't take it too seriously. Whenever Mom takes to the typewriter the whole place takes on a slightly "You Can't Take It With You Air" and his boyish heart cries out in protest. In Wade's youth I was far more apt to take to the vacuum cleaner but after ten long, clean years I found out that didn't pay off so we'll try this for the next ten and see what happens.

At last all the bats were upstairs and Norm shouted for me to wait up there for him. I did for the simple reason I couldn't have left if I wanted to. He came up the stairs, ignored the light switch in passing and asked where I was. My colorful costume was helpful in the search and I was duly thanked and then allowed to seek the warmth (?) below.

We had our lunch to the tune of the stapling gun. The boys kept running to the attic and then back reporting progress. Punchy came down once shaking his head and telling me he didn't think I was going to like it. That was no surprise to me. I was geared not to like the job from the moment

Norm announced his intentions of insulating the attic. After lunch I couldn't endure the suspense any longer so I went upstairs to confirm Punchy's dim view of the job.

In other attics and I say this with longing in my heart, the insulation runs up and down between the rafters. Not so the Smith attic. Ours runs all around the attic from ceiling to floor and since the attic is tremendous you have no idea how frightening it appears. It looks saggy, baggy and spooky. I thought maybe Edgar Allan Poe had been up there with Norm helping to create a horror chamber. Norm stood there, hands on hips, very much on the defensive and waited for me to express an opinion. I wanted to be kind. I knew I should be kind. After all what other husband would spend his time around Christmas fixing up the attic? None I hoped unless they were to follow the printed instruction type. I ventured softly, "Isn't it sort of baggy?" I had used the wrong adjective. "Baggy?" he boomed, "I'm not finished with it yet. What do you mean baggy?" The boys stood by with solemn brown eyes sensing a crisis. I had discussed with a friend of mine the importance of kids feeling secure and wanted and Punchy, the quiet one had taken it all in. He came over to me, pulled my ear down to his level and whispered loudly not to do anything to ruin Keith's feeling of security. It struck me very funny and I assured Punchy that it would take more than fuss about the attic to shatter his brother. It would take something like not having three meals a day, or not being called Fathead by his Dad. Either would have a devastating effect on the little man who really believes "we are what we eat," and quite possibly that his head is fat. Speaking of heads Keith has a very interesting one. It is round, firm, and covered with hair which has the knack of standing straight up on end. Early in his youth Norm used to call him "square head" jokingly. Keith started to kindergarten right after Christmas one year and announced

that he was going to keep his hat on in school. We went into the usual long parental explanation of why he shouldn't leave his hat on and it was several minutes before we had sense enough to ask him why. Children usually have reasons for doing things if their parents would allow them to. Norm, a more experienced parent than I, asked Keith why he was going to leave his hat on. Keith gave us the look kids reserve for their parents when they think their parents are being especially stupid and replied very cheerfully, "I don't want the kids to see the corners on my head."

Dallas Club Delegates To Attend Meeting

Delegates from Dallas Senior and Junior Woman's Clubs will attend the Spring Meeting of Luzerne County Federation of Women's Clubs, on Wednesday, April 25th, at American Legion Home, North River Street, Wilkes-Barre. Hanover Township Junior and Senior Women's Clubs will be hostesses.

Mrs. Edward R. Williams, Nanticoke, County Federation President, will preside at the sessions, which start at 10:00 A. M. Conference theme is "Youth Builds Freedom".

Luncheon will be served at 12:30. Reservations for the luncheon must be in the hands of the committee by 6:00 P. M., Tuesday, April 24th.

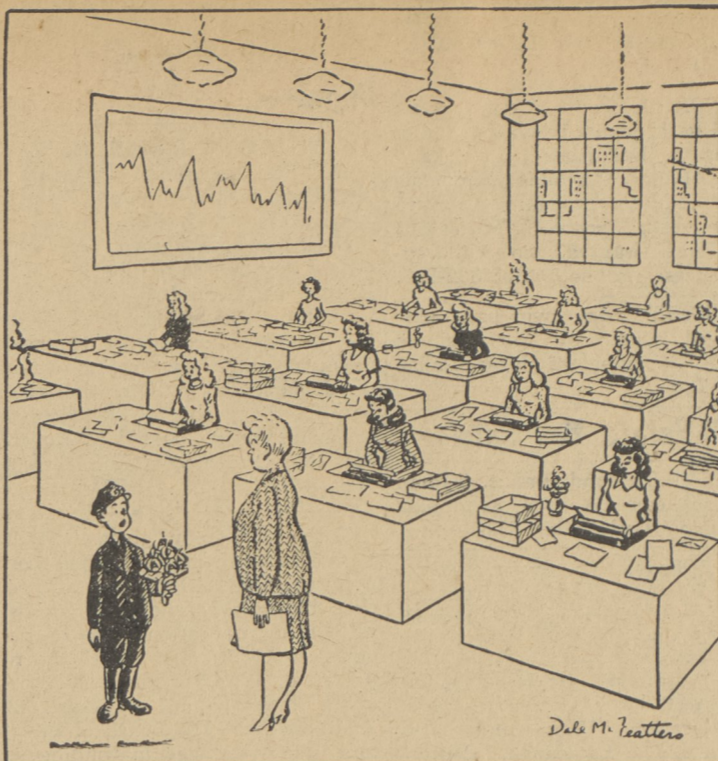
Luzerne County Federation of Women's Clubs, comprising thirty women's organizations in the county, has a record of more than twenty-five years of civic and community service, and recently was the subject of a story in "The Pennsylvania Clubwoman".

Lucky Dance At Lake

Lake Township Seniors are sponsoring a Lucky Dance tonight in the School auditorium, with both round and square dancing. Al Derhammer will call and refreshments will be sold.

STRICTLY BUSINESS

by McFeatters



"Flowers for the blonde, third row, second from the left!"

Floral Arrangement Class To Continue

A floral arrangement class taught by Anthony Broody last Sunday at the Prince of Peace Parish Hall, will continue every Sunday afternoon at 2. Members and friends are welcome.

Mr. Broody, assisted by Sophie Karcher, demonstrated the making of a corsage, and each member of the class was presented with a sample. Flowers used were gladioli, carnations, geraniums, roses, jonquils, hyacinths, sweet peas, and orchids, all donated by Mr. Broody.

16 Boy Scouts Sign For Camp Acahela

Sixteen Boy Scouts from Troop 281 have signed up for Camp Acahela. Robert Anderson passed tenderfoot tests at Monday night's meeting; Sandy Sims, formerly a Cub, was admitted to the troop; Danny Richards was appointed troop librarian.

Twenty-three members were present. Committeemen Eugene Groff and Percy Love, and assistant scoutmasters David Kunkle and Leslie Barstow, held tests and gave instruction. David Evans conducted games.

SEE US FOR YOUR BABY CHICKS



Chicks that are vigorous and strong—from inspected, high producing flocks... that's the kind we're selling. Place your order now so you can get them when you are ready. And remember, we have everything you need to start chicks right.

Distributed By

OLD TOLL GATE FEED SERVICE

Trucksville

Phone 520-R-2

The One Man Wonder...



One man wonders what tomorrow will bring, while the other looks to a secure future. And well this man may, for he is protected from the unknown by adequate insurance. For complete details on the coverage YOU need, see us now. No obligation!

Let US Take the Risk!

C. WAYNE GORDON

LOCAL AGENT

Main Highway, Shavertown

Farm Bureau Mutual Auto Insurance Co.

PHONE 557



Chicotine—Tioga's Chick Starter—Tioga Grower—Broiler—Super Broiler—Turkatine—Tioga's Turkey Starter and Tioga Turkey Grower. Field Tested Feeds. Now more completely fortified with Vitamin B12 and Antibiotic Feed Supplement. BUY TIOGA'S FEEDS—FOLLOW OUR PROGRAMS—COMPARE RESULTS

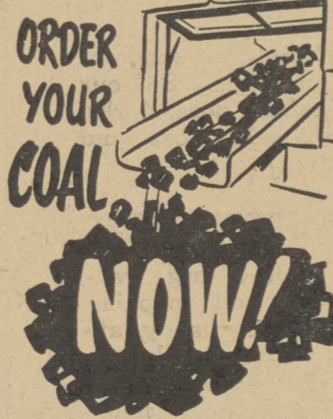
DEVENS MILLING COMPANY

A. C. DEVENS, Owner

PHONE 200—DALLAS, PA.

PHONE BERTI & SON

DALLAS 277-R-2



AT LOWER SPRING PRICES

- GLEN ALDEN COAL (Nut, Stove, Buck, Rice)
- BLUE STONE
- TOP SOIL, FILL
- GENERAL HAULING
- RED ASH
- CINDERS
- STOVE WOOD (Saw Mill Lumberyard)
- FIRE PLACE LOGS

ASHES and GARBAGE COLLECTED WEEKLY

BERTI & SON

FRANKLIN ST., DALLAS

BLACKTOP

DRIVEWAYS—SIDEWALKS
PARKING LOTS
TENNIS COURTS, ETC.
ROAD GRADING

DALE PARRY
DALLAS 167

Don't You Think I Deserve BLUE STREAK?



It's what's in a dog food that makes it GOOD!

BLUE STREAK DOG FOOD

Distributed By

OLD TOLL GATE

Feed Service

Trucksville - Phone 520-R-2

Mt. Vale Council 224 Meets Tonight at IOOF

Mt. Vale Council 224, D of A, will meet at IOOF Hall tonight at 8. Officers are asked to wear white, and members taking part in the Rally are urged to attend the practice. Books and cards must be returned tonight, as the Rally takes the place of the May meeting.

CAR WASHING SPECIAL

at Ray Chappell's \$1.00 Prompt service

MOBILE GAS STATION
Luzerne-Dallas Highway

It's Spring

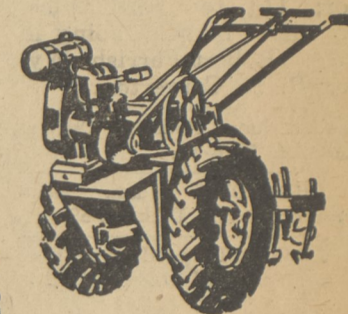
Time to get lawns and gardens in shape



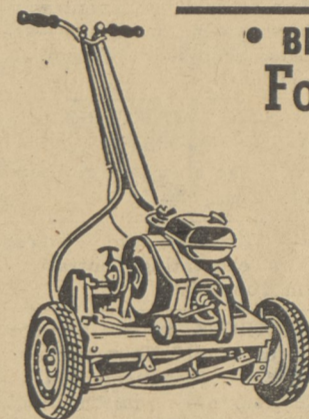
CALL "Bob" Gregory • Power Mowers • Garden Tractors • Saws • Bicycles • Motorcycle Oil Repairing and Welding "BOB" GREGORY Phone 267-R-3 Shavertown

For A Better Garden

Save time and energy - use a power tractor



- ROTO-ETTE POWER GARDEN TRACTORS
- GARDEN-AID POWER TRACTOR



BIG CHIEF POWER TRACTOR For A Better Lawn

- POWER LAWN MOWERS

WATER PUMPS (Deep & Shallow Well)
PLASTIC PIPE FITTINGS for water pumps

E. F. SCHMALTZ

314 Wyoming Ave., Kingston • Phone 7-6915

"PHIL" CHENEY

is pleased to announce he is the new proprietor and is now operating...

The Dallas Service Station

"in the triangle"



- LUBRICATION
- CAR WASHING
- TIRE and BATTERY SERVICE

"The emphasis is on better service"

"PHIL" CHENEY'S ATLANTIC SERVICE STATION

In the triangle, Lake and Church Sts.

Phone 9090

Dallas, Pa.