

## Anybody Know Where to Find a Frow To Add to Zel Garinger's Collection?

Does anybody know where Zel Garinger can find a FROW? He needs one to add to his collection of outdated farm tools and gadgets.

Folks used to split shingles with a frow. Mr. Garinger remembers a pile of shavings from shingle-making on his father's farm at Harveys Lake that to his childish eye seemed as high as the barn itself. Zel made inquiries at the Library Auction, and was met with blank stares. But not from Mrs. Hicks. Mrs. Hicks had seen a frow in action in New York State when a small child, and knew what Mr. Garinger was talking about.

One thing leading to another, the idea of a report on what is a unique collection of implements was incubated.

Mr. Garinger was shingling his garage roof on Lake Street on Friday, and he was planning to go deer hunting later in the day, but he took time out to display and explain his own treasures.

With Hallowe'en coming on some weeks ago, Mrs. Garinger transferred some of the more lethal weapons from back porch to the house, with visions of Scotch sickles, flails, and scythe blades broadcast around the neighborhood. From time to time, Mrs. Garinger emerged from the kitchen door

with another curiosity. The last time she had a pair of coal scuttles made to order in Mt. Upton, N. Y. tall and narrow, holding as much as the average scuttle but of such a shape that not a lump would be spilled in coaling the kitchen range.

"Nice to hold glads", she said, "or Christmas greens."

Mr. Garinger screwed a combination apple corer, peeler and slicer to the porch flooring and demonstrated. The finished product, minus peel and core, was sliced in a spiral, and under gentle tension expanded like an accordion. It was good to eat, too. Probably in the days when folks dried apples, it was a boon to humanity, for any child would get a tremendous kick out of running the apparatus.

Mr. Garinger began selecting things from the shelf.

"Look at this hand-made lock," he invited. "See how that heavy screw releases the catch? Made on somebody's forge, that was, and he must have been an expert blacksmith. It's heavy, but it's handsome too."

We wanted to know where he picked it up.

That item, he said, just ran up to him. He was showing his implements at Lake Township for some

sort of a doings, and a man looked them all over, then said he had something to add to the collection. When the unknown came back from his car, he handed Mr. Garinger this old forged padlock.

He picked up what looked like a pair of tongs. It developed that it was a contraction to ease a tight shoe over a corn or a bunion.

The two Scotch sickles looked like illustrations from a Bible story, much longer than the present-day models, and used, not for chopping or slashing, but for severing the grain heads gently in a clump.

There were some blacksmith tools, and a pair of shoes designed for the cloven hoof of an ox.

Mrs. Garinger made another trip to the kitchen and back again to the porch, this time with a tailor's goose, "And a gosling", she added, setting down a smaller edition. It reminded us of the story about the man who wanted to order a tailor's goose in duplicate, but was unsure of the plural. "Send me a tailor's goose", he wrote, and then, "P.S. Send me another."

Now a pair of steelyards came to light. Zel hung an old flat-iron on the hook and balanced the weight. "It's 125 years old", he said.

There was a candle-mold, twelve-candle size; a bullseye carriage lamp, and a lamp lighter.

A hatchel, a group of tapering spikes clumped in the middle of a long board, was once used for

processing flax for linen.

Among the ready-to-wear for men and oxen were two shoulder yokes, one to slip over the head and distribute the weight of two brimming buckets, the other to fit over a pair of massive necks.

Mr. Garinger still mourns over the coffee grinder which used to hang on the wall. He says he never saw another like it, and described it in detail.

Then he gave the cherry-pitter an experimental twist, and went on to the spud.

A spud? What's a spud, we wanted to know.

A spud, Mr. Garinger explained, is something you take bark off the trees with, in the spring of the year when the sap is up. Hemlock and oak, mostly, and the bark is for tanning.

"This", said Mr. Garinger, balancing a handmade hoe head on his finger, "was picked up in the basement of the White Store church in Mt. Upton. See that eye to hold the handle? That was forged in by hand in some country blacksmith's shop."

He showed a king-pin and wrench from a lumber wagon, a blacksmith's hoof knife and a hoof cleaner; a square razorstrop of a type practically extinct; a broad two-pronged paddle for lifting steaming clothes from the boiler or yarn from the dye vat; and crowning touch, a whip made from elephant hide which sang viciously when snapped.

There was a powder-bag for loading a muzzle-loader, the muzzle-loader in person, and a 32 rim-fire rifle, initialed T.K.S. and supposed to have been the property of T. K. Sturdevant during the Civil War.

When the Garingers were in New York late in November, they dropped in at Altman's to see the display of antique gadgets, and Mr. Garinger was able to put the management of the department right on the uses of a short handled four-tined fork, employed to push cornstalks or straw through a cutter without endangering the fingers.

"There's one more thing you ought to see", said Mr. Garinger, leading the way through the house to the side porch, "here's a harness vise."

On the way through the living-room we noted a Rogers Group, "The Elder's Daughter", and a calendar clock pointing to not only twelve-fifteen but to Friday, to December, and to seven. An educated clock, that.

We had by no means plumbed the depths of Mr. Garinger's collection, but we had seen a considerable sample.

As we were leaving, he called our attention to the rosebushes by the driveway. "Been in our family for a hundred years", he said, "And I've got some golden raspberries, too. Very rare these days."

Mr. Garinger goes in for the unusual.

## Meeker WSCS Enjoys Party At Rebennack's

WSCS, Meeker Methodist, were entertained at John Rebennack's home on Saturday evening. Following a brief business meeting, the Christmas story was read by Mrs. Russell Selts. Santa Claus distributed presents and revealed identity of Mystery Pals.

Christmas refreshments were served to Mesdames Morton Conover, Minnie Hoover, Shelanski, Walter King, Wayne King, Eugene Robinson, Lawrence Wolfe, Lloyd Rogers, Edna Karschner, William Drabick, John Hildebrand, Walter Wolfe, Helen VanBuskirk, George Weintz, John Davenport, Bert Bryant, Gordon James, Bruce Verner, Martin Sites, Misses Letha Wolfe and Nancy Hoover, and the hostess.

## Beaumont Students Have Christmas Party

Beaumont students will have their annual Christmas party today at noon, with general carol singing and a visit from Santa Claus after the noon meal. Yesterdays was the annual turkey dinner, with all the trimmings. Each home room will have its individual party.

Dismissal for the holidays is scheduled for 2 P. M., with return to school at the usual hour January 2.

## Rave Boys Move To New Location

### Establish Nursery In Shavertown

Rave's Nursery has changed its location from Dallas, where it has operated for two seasons, to Shavertown. The triangle between the old highway and the new, south of Hall's drugstore, was purchased from the Fred Howell estate in March and plans drawn for permanent occupancy and extensive landscaping.

Whitell Brothers erected a small office building and Sev Newberry designed the sign in a fence effect which will eventually be flanked with yew trees to broaden it and reduce the apparent height.

A rustic footbridge will cross Toby's Creek and connect the two sections, with the background filled with rhododendron and azaleas against the old stone wall, a perfect backdrop for the flower beds along the new highway. The sunken garden effect will be preserved, according to Robert Rave. There is a demand for English wallflowers by people who have stone walls or rock gardens, and this call will be catered to.

In clearing the acre for business purposes, great care was taken to preserve all good trees, with saplings and brush thinned out. The soil across Toby's Creek is practically virgin, built up by flood waters when the creek changed its bed.

Both Rave Brothers are graduates of Pennsylvania State College, Louis in Horticulture, 1949, Robert in Landscape Design, 1950. Both have had a great deal of experience in landscaping and gardening.

The 15,000 four-year old yews on the Martz farm are an outgrowth of Louis' gardening after he graduated from high school. The yews will be ready for sale in another three years.

Both boys, prior to graduation, worked summers on landscaping. They say there is great opportunity for this type of work in the Back Mountain, with so many new homes going up.

## Herbert Webster Upped To Sergeant

Herbert Webster, 23, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Webster, Trucksville, has been recently promoted from corporal to sergeant.

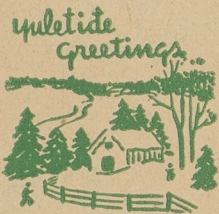
Webster is stationed at Eta, Jima, Japan, assistant instructor in the dozer-scraper classes in the largest training school for American soldiers. He was selected for instructorship from 400 applicants.

Eta Jima, he says in a letter to his mother, is the former Japanese Naval Academy, modelled after the Naval Academy at Annapolis, but even more beautiful. Webster has been overseas since August, flying from Avoca to California August 22, en route to Korea. Transfer was made upon arrival in Japan.

Webster graduated from Kingstons Township schools in 1946. Baseball was his main sport. He pitched on the school team. He also bowled and played basketball and baseball in the Church League. He is a member of the White Church on the Hill.

It was Webster who was the mother of the bride in the Womanless Wedding. He has been active in all sports and community affairs.

# SEASONS GREETINGS TO ALL



May the happy days in your life be as many as the flakes that cover this landscape. Season's Greetings to you and you and you.

### Frank Jackson

"The Bird Man" Maker of Bird Feeders & Bird Houses HARVEYS LAKE



We want to join in the chorus. Here's a Merry Christmas to you, from all of us.

### Gavy's Market

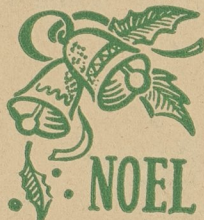
AMBROSE GAVIGAN, prop. Main Highway Trucksville



A message from all of us to all of you... May this be the merriest of Christmases for you, filled with joy and good cheer.

### Carvel Dari-Freeze Store

MARY and JOHN TIBUS, owners Memorial Highway Dallas



Holiday bells ring out in joyous Yuletide greetings.

### Garinger Machine Service

Main Highway Fernbrook



Jumpin' jiminy—here it is Christmas day. We all wish you a wonderful Yuletide, a joyous New Year.

### The Dallas Post

"More than a newspaper—a community institution"



Our wish to you on this Christmas day is like the evergreen, always there and never fading. A gay Yule to you.

### Fran & Jimmie Trebilcox

LUNCHEONETTE Main Highway Trucksville



We sing our wishes for a very happy holiday season and send our thanks for your past patronage.

### James Kozemchak

PHOTOGRAPHY Huntsville Road Huntsville



Hark the herald angels wish you hearty holiday greetings. We too, wish you joy.

### Davis Cleaners

"At The 'Y'" Trucksville



It would take more than a blizzard to stop us from sending you these wishes for a merry Christmas and loads of Yuletide fun.

### Sandy Beach Drive-In

Harveys Lake Penna.



Under your Yule tree, we all hope you find happiness for the season to come. Merry Christmas.

### Rave's Nursery

Your Neighborhood Nurseryman Main Highway Shavertown



May we wish you and your loved ones the grandest holiday you've ever had.

### James F. Besecker

Your Local Real Estate and Insurance Agent Gregory Building Dallas

## Poet's Corner

The following poem was written by Alma Thrash, and sent to her aunts, Mrs. Harry Decker, Huntsville Road, Mrs. Marvin Scott of Davenport Street, Mrs. Oscar Culp of Rice Street and Mrs. Donald Boston of Loyalville after she had moved from Berwick to San Diego, Cal.

We're way out West at Christmas, And we're feelin' mighty low, All we have out here is sunshine, When we're wishin' for some snow.

We appreciate the sunshine, Please, don't get us wrong, But we should be home at Christmas, Way back East where we belong.

Where you wake up Christmas morning And you find the ground is white, Thanking God your prayers were answered For the snow that fell last night.

We remember how the sun shone On the newly fallen snow, Cold and crisp the air on Christmas, But we loved it all, you know.

Since we can't get home for Christmas, Maybe not for many a year, Would you take an Eastern Christmas, Box it up and send it here?

## In Memoriam

In loving memory of Thomas Kington who met so tragic and untimely a death four years ago on December 23.

His mother, father and sisters, Jacquelyn and Mildred.