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FIN, FUR & FEATHER

By The Post's Wildlife Reporter—John Kupstas

Come Along Sometime

This weekend marked an exciting two-day twenty-mile drift down the Susquehanna from a spot north of Laceyville to Vossburg where the trip ended.

The trip will long be remembered by the following who made the drift:

Paul Gates, Sordoni Enterprises, and sons, Paul, Jr. and James, Dallas;

Harry Burns, industrial representative, Singer Sewing Machine Co., Dallas, and guest, Jimmy Healy, New Jersey;

Ed Friar, Friar and Pizano Glass Tile Co., and son, Edward, Jr., Shavertown;

Vincent Novick, New Jersey Construction Co., and son, Billy, Trucksville;

Tom Considine, Wilkes-Barre Publishing Co., and sons, Tom, Jr., and Pat, Wilkes-Barre;

Jack Jennings, Jennings Art Service, and sons, Brian and Garry, Wilkes-Barre, and guest, Atty. Joe Saunders, Justice Department, Washington, D. C., and son, Joe, Jr.;

Joseph Gates, Stegmaier Brewing Co., and sons, Joseph, Jr., and Paul, Wilkes-Barre, and nephew, Larry Miller, Dallas, Texas;

Captain William Gates, U. S. Air Force, Military Air Transport Command, and son, William, Jr.;

Anthony Yunkavage, instructor at Myers High School, and son, Richard, Wilkes-Barre;

Tom and John Kupstas, Huntsville.

We gathered at Root Hollow Lodge in Forkston Township where we spent Friday night. Arriving at the lodge about 8 p. m. all pitched in to get supper of potatoes, pancakes, pizza, cheese and beverages. A brief run-down of the food for the trip included 23 chickens, 40 pounds of hamburger, 25 pounds of potatoes, eggs—a couple days work for a flock of hens, Canadian bacon and about five yards of Kielbasa and beverages, a small river in itself, and a vast variety of other things from juices to mustard.

At 10 p. m. all the kids hit the sack, some on cots, others in sleeping bags and others were just too mischievous to sleep. The men called it a day about 2 a. m. after having a midnight snack.

The first morning, after a hearty breakfast, we started for Laceyville where the boats were beached.

(Continued on Section A, Page 6)

Your Library

by FRANCES DORRANCE

The Library Auction

The splendid picture of the Rotary members sewing the canvas tops for the Auction booths reminds me of our first auction in 1946. We had English weather—sunshine and showers, umbrellas went up and then went down. Our only tent covered the block and a small group of bidders, all who could squeeze under it.

Harry Ohlman and Howard Risley tried their voices and wit at auctioning so successfully that the professional auctioneer, who had offered his services, got mad and went home.

Col. Dorrance Reynolds had given a pedigreed bull calf, to be guarded by the Colonel's granddaughter, Mary Belin, and Joanne Levin. (Both girls are now married). When the showers came, Joanne's raincoat was thrown over the calf, and the two girls braved the downpour. That year, Joey Peterson (I wonder if he'd like to be called that now) gave his beloved scooter and rejoiced in the tidy sum it added to the day's treasury.

That first auction was great fun, as have been all that have followed. The Library Board had been worried about plans for raising money to supplement the appropriations from the school districts. Mrs. LeGrand spoke of a letter from Labrobe, reporting that they had raised \$1,000.00, by an auction. We hoped that we could do as well. We set to work, committees took up their responsibilities. Every one gave generously. Unexplored attics were rifled for their treasures. Everyone worked eagerly and we outdid the Labrobe people, for instead of only one thousand dollars, we cleared thirty-five hundred. Unbelievable.

That first auction was great fun, as have been all that have followed. Each year, the same enthusiasm, the same faithful workers, the same generosity and the same big gath-

erings, fathers, mothers, grandparents and many children have made the same successful auction. Many people from out-of-town come each year. The Chevrolet people sent their photographer, whose pictures made up a large part of a successful issue of their magazine.

In looking over the early library scrapbooks, faithfully kept by Mrs. LeGrand, one finds repeatedly the names of Harry Ohlman, Howard Risley, Henry Peterson, Fritz Hendricks, Henry Jones, Joe MacVeigh, Dr. Sherman Schooley, Nort Bert, Herbert Hill, and many others whose enthusiasm and continued effort established the Auction on the firm basis it has had throughout the years.

As the attic treasures grew fewer, the committee began soliciting new goods and the ready response and generosity of the merchants and firms have helped maintain the high level of the receipts, so that the first \$3,500.00 has grown annually to \$10,000.00 and over.

From the very beginning, especially in the post-war scarcity, everything could be found for sale at the Auction. Farm utensils, cooking gadgets, dishes, glass, furniture and live stock, especially puppies, so eagerly bid for by the children. The different booths are most successful, while the antiques collection wins rapt bidding.

Special thanks should go to the Book Club members, for their magnificent work in soliciting generally. There are many thrills, which keep people standing or sitting until late in the evenings, the thrill of devotion, cooperation of all the splendid men and women who give of their time and strength and enthusiasm.

The auction—your auction—has been called "a wonderful community undertaking, in which everyone joins because all are interested in your Back Mountain Memorial Library."

SUCCESSFUL INVESTING...

by ROGER E. SPEAR
Investment Advisor and Analyst

MAGNETIC TAPE COMPANIES ARE VERY FEW IN NUMBER—GOOD GROWTH SEEN AHEAD

Q From Connecticut, "I own a tape recorder and have had a good deal of satisfaction from it. It occurred to me recently, as I bought some magnetic tape, that this field must have tremendous possibilities in many commercial uses that I know nothing about. How would I set about making a small investment in the industry? I can afford some risk and will welcome any suggestions."

A I agree with you wholeheartedly. The magnetic tape industry is relatively young, growing rapidly and has, as you say, tremendous possibilities ahead. These lie in industry, entertainment and in missile and space age development. About a year ago, America's first space passenger was given up for lost. A three-month old female mouse named Laska soared hundreds of miles above the earth in the nose cone of a giant Thor-Able rocket. Though the nose cone was never recovered, Laska's sacrifice was not in vain. Her reactions to the brief and violent journey, along with data on the behavior of the missile, were automatically transmitted to earth and recorded on magnetic tape.

An Electronic Age "Must"
The magnetic tape which is an integral part of our missile program serves a lot of other purposes in electronics. It is used to a large extent in computers, both commercially and in defense work, to record data and act as a memory for the machines. You have seen for yourself the number of uses for tape in the home. In the entertainment world, at present, lies the biggest market for tape. All "live" radio programs are recorded on magnetic tape for future re-broadcast. Master discs for pressing phonograph records are made from tapes, which can be edited for a perfect performance. There is a growing market for stereo tapes for high-fidelity sound. I believe that there is a large industrial market for tapes in the future, as an essential element in automation.

Only 4 Major Stocks
At present, only four major companies account for the bulk of tape production. The largest is Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, on the Big Board, which controls over half the market with its "Scotch" brand magnetic tapes. Reeves Soundcraft (unlisted, but probably soon on the American Exchange) and Audio Devices (ASE) are pretty close to one another in magnetic tape sales. ORRadio Industries ("Irish" tape) comes fourth in value, but not in importance. ORRadio is closely tied in with Ampex Corporation, which is the largest manufacturer of magnetic tape recorders, and is a whale of a company.

Reeves Soundcraft Seems Best Choice
Of the four stocks available, my strong personal preference is for Reeves Soundcraft. Last year Reeves completed what is believed to be the most modern and efficient manufacturing plant for magnetic tape in the world. The plant is located in Danbury, in your own state. Change-over and start-up costs led very little in the way of earnings for Reeves in 1958. I look for better results this year. Up to the present time, the firm's major emphasis has been on volume. When this is built up, as I expect it will be, a profitable operation should be established. Reeves sells between 9-10" and must be considered a reasonable degree of risk. I believe this stock offers you the best opportunity to be represented in the magnetic tape field.

A QUESTION ON AMPLEX
Q A Pennsylvania reader asks, "Do you think Ampex is a good buy now? I'm looking for the long range; that is, the next ten years."

A Your question ties in naturally with the inquiry which is answered above. Ampex is not cheap on the basis of earnings, although the stock has come down in price almost 20% from this year's high. I like Ampex for the long-range purpose you outlined. In your place, I would buy the shares, provided you don't lose sleep over possible price fluctuations.

(Send your investment questions to Mr. Roger E. Spear, c/o this paper.)

Route 115 Construction

(Continued from Section A, Page 1)

superintendent of construction Mr. Stabler from Harrisburg, make it their eating headquarters. Things will be fine by late fall, Mrs. Steele says, but she wonders if she'll ever get rid of the mud. During the conversation a large bulldozer grunted up to the side door, leveling off another load of fill, and the phone went dead.

The latest dope is that work will be completed, black-top over crushed stone, with wide shoulders and much widened road-bed, some time between October and November.

In the meantime, more and more cars are using the section of road that has already been treated with crushed stone, and find that conditions are not as bad as they had been led to believe.

Want To Sell Your House? Use The Trading Post

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

July 4, 1826

Fifty years ago this date the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia.

Today two signers of the above died in their respective homes: John Adams at Quincy, Mass.; Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, Charlottesville, Virginia.

By Hon. Thomas H. Benton

Doubtless there was enough of similitude in their lives and deaths to excite the belief in the interposition of a direct providence, and to justify the feeling of mysterious reverence with which the news of their confident demise was received throughout the country.

The parallel between them was complete. Born nearly at the same time, Mr. Adams the elder, they took the same course in life—with the same success—and ended their earthly career at the same time, and in the same way: in the regular course of nature, in the repose and tranquility of retirement, in the bosom of their families, and on the soil which their labors had contributed to make free.

Born, one in Massachusetts, the other in Virginia, they both received liberal educations, embraced the same profession (that of law), mixed literature and science with their legal studies and pursuits, and entered early into the ripening contest with Great Britain—first in their counties and states, and then in the broader field of the General Congress of the Confederate Colonies.

They were both members of the Congress which declared Independence—both of the committee which reported the declaration—both signed it—were both employed in foreign missions—both became vice presidents—and both became presidents.

They were both working men; and, in the great number of efficient laborers in the cause of Independence which the Congress of the Revolution contained, they were doubtless the two most efficient—and Mr. Adams the more so of the two. He was, as Mr. Jefferson styled him, "the Colossus" of the Congress—speaking, writing, counseling—a member of ninety different committees, and (during his three years' service) chairman of twenty-five—and board of appeals; his soul on fire with the cause, left no rest to his head, hands, or tongue.

Mr. Jefferson drew the Declaration of Independence, but Mr. Adams was "the pillar of its support, and its absent advocate and defender" during the forty days it was before the Congress. And it was he that conceived the idea of making Washington commander-in-chief, and prepared the way for his unanimous nomination.

In the division of parties which ensued the establishment of the federal government, Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson differed in systems of policy, and became heads of opposite divisions, but without be-

coming either unjust or unkind to each other. Mr. Adams sided with the party designated as federal; and in that character became the subject of political attacks, from which his competitor generously defended him, declaring that "a more perfectly honest man never issued from the hands of his Creator"; and, though opposing candidates for the Presidency, neither would have anything to do with the election, which they considered a question between the systems of policy which they represented, and not a question between themselves.

Mr. Jefferson became the head of the party then called Republican—new Democratic; and in that character became the founder of the political school which has since chiefly prevailed in the United States. He was a statesman; that is to say, a man capable of conceiving measures useful to the country and to mankind—able to recommend them to adoption, and to administer them when adopted.

(The above from Benton's "Thirty Years' View".)

By John Lord, LLD

He (Adams) was remarkably blessed in his family, and in all domestic matters—founder of an illustrious house, eminent for four successive generations. His wife, who died in 1813, was one of the most remarkable women of the age . . . to whose influence the greatness of his son, John Quincy, is in no small degree to be traced.

Adams lived twenty-five years after his retirement from public life in 1801 . . . dividing his time between his farm, his garden, and his library. He lived to see his son president of the United States. He lived to see the complete triumph of the institutions he had helped to establish.

On his final retirement to Monticello in 1809 . . . Jefferson devoted himself chiefly to his estate which had been much neglected during his presidential career. To his surprise he found himself in debt, having lived beyond his income while president. But he did not essentially change his manner of living which was generous, though neither luxurious nor ostentatious . . . His correspondence was enormous—he received sixteen hundred and seven letters in one year, and answered most of them. After his death there were copies of six thousand letters he had written . . . His house was the largest in Virginia, and this was filled with works of art, and the presents he had received. But his financial difficulties increased from year to year.

Among his papers was found the inscription which he wished to have engraved on his tomb: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

(The above from "Beacon Lights of History").

Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

Godfrey has decided not to attempt to resume his heavy schedule of radio and television programs which last season totaled eight hours, an unusually heavy weekly schedule.

Godfrey will have a radio show, Monday through Friday, 9:05-10 a. m. In addition to the radio series, Mr. Godfrey plans to do a maximum of four special one-hour television programs during the 1959-60 season. The first of these is tentatively scheduled for September 16. No details are available as yet, but Godfrey promised the "very best that I can dream up."

Discussing his recent operation, Mr. Godfrey said that "brilliant and heroic" surgery had freed him of the cancer of which he had been a victim two months ago. He has been swimming, hunting, flying his plane, and last week, riding his horse, "Goldie" again.

Sam Levison who took over Arthur Godfrey's show, will continue in that show, Monday through Friday, 10:30-11 a. m. EDT.

Andy Williams takes over as singing host of his own hour-long summer musical show on Tuesday, July 7, with Janis Paige, Johnny Carson, Eddie Hodges and Peter Appleby as premiere guests. "The Andy Williams Show" will be presented as the summer replacement for "The Garry Moore Show."

Eddie Hodges, who has been very busy since he first appeared on "Name that Tune" lost out on the role that he tried very hard to obtain. Choice for the role of Johnny Dorset in O'Henry's "The Ransom of Red Chief" was between Eddie Hodges or Teddy Rooney, son of Mickey Rooney. Teddy Rooney, who is nine years old will star with William Bendix in the Rexall TV Special on Sunday, August 16, on NBC.

The freckle-faced Teddy varies from the description of Johnny Dorset only in that his hair is blond, rather than the fiery red described by O. Henry. The role calls for a lad with "bas-relief freckles," a boy endowed with boundless energy to fulfill the difficult task of portraying a little monster who hands out such punishments to his captors that they try to return to his father before a cent of ransom has been paid.

This play will mark Teddy's first dramatic TV appearance, although he has made two appearances as himself on Jack Parr's show and last month took part in "America Salutes the Merry Month of May." He has a role in the newly released Doris Day picture, "It Happened to Jane."

Who Pays? This new panel quiz show, which will be telecast 8-8:30 p. m. on Thursday, stars Mike Wallace as emcee, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke Celeste Holm and Gene Klavan as panelists.

In the same, the panelist will try to identify a guest celebrity (temporarily hidden), by questioning three persons who work for the visitor. The employees will split \$400 if the panelists cannot identify the celebrity. Each show will present two games.

Jimmy Durante, who hasn't been in a live television show since June, 1956, will star in a TV special September 25. The show, "The Best of Durante" will highlight great moments in the entertainer's career and will also feature several guest stars.

Chet Huntley is off to Africa to film the first of two full-hour special programs on African nationalism to be telecast on NBC-TV.

During the past year, Huntley has traveled about 50,000 miles.

Noxen Cub Scouts Have Outdoor Party

Dens 4 and 6, Noxen Cub Scouts, held a covered dish fried chicken picnic at Dymond's Grove on Saturday. Present were Mrs. Gerald Grant, Gary Patton, Mr. and Mrs. William Hollis, Edward, John, Raymond, Stanley, Leroy Scott, Den Mother Mrs. Franklin Patton, Steven Patton, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Schenck, Keith and Marshall, Steven Arendt, Den Mother Grace Keiper, Allen, Tommy, Teresa, David and John Mulligan, Mrs. Charles Engelman, Den Mother Mrs. Dick Traver, Richard and Robert Traver, Chris and Stacey Lattimer, Mrs. William Siglin, Sharon, Dorine, Lyle Siglin, Carol Patton, Mrs. Fred Case, Mildred, Ricky, Loren, Roger, Richard Wilson.

Two Local Students On Dean's List At Wilkes

Two Back Mountain students were named on the Dean's List at Wilkes College for the past semester. They were: Frederick J. Roberts, Shavertown, who graduated first in a class of 248 with an average of 4.00, the highest obtainable; and Beverly Major, Lehman, a sophomore.

Mr. Roberts is son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Roberts, Yeager Avenue. Miss Major is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bryce Major. She is a Student Government representative and a member of Theta Delta Rho Sorority.

Barnyard Notes

Who put the fireworks in the Fourth of July? Much of the credit goes to John Adams, according to The World Book Encyclopedia. The Founding Father declared that Independence Day "ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward for evermore."

So, from that time forward, the birthday of the U. S. has been marked by brilliant explosions of color and noise . . . and the deaths and accidents that invariably accompany them.

Americans, however, got the idea for fireworks from Europeans, who got the idea from the Arabs, who merely copied the Chinese.

In 1232 A.D., when a Chinese city was besieged by Mongols, the defenders cooked up a batch of saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal and frightened their attackers with "arrows of flying fire."

Arabs were quick to copy these weapons, which probably were rockets. The Crusaders brought them back to Europe, where the Italians discovered that they made fancy exhibitions as well as formidable weapons.

By the time fireworks spread to England and France, figures and structures of wood and plaster had been added.

In 1520, when Henry VIII met Francis I on the Field of the Cloth of Gold in northern France, the historic moment was celebrated by the appearance of a huge dragon that thundered across the sky breathing fire.

By the 1600's, fireworks had developed into such an art that two schools of thought had arisen to argue over methods of display.

The Southern school, centered in Italy, concentrated on building elaborate structures such as castles and temples, from which the fireworks were exploded. The technique of setting off the fireworks was shrouded in mystery.

The Northern school, influenced by the Protestant movement in Germany, thought the Italian procedure smacked of popery. The Northerners exhibited their fireworks before the show, for all to admire, and then made them the important part of the display.

While the two schools fumed over their firecrackers, fireworks crossed the Atlantic and became an American institution.

A LIFE FOR AN IDEAL

We salute the hundredth anniversary of the birth of a great American, Walter Scott Lenox. He never led an army. He never ran for public office. He never held a press conference. So far as we know, he never made a public speech.

Nor did he ever compromise or discount the ideal for which he lived and worked and suffered. No pressure of friends or foes or finances ever forced him into the expediency of mediocrity. After a lifetime of struggle, overtaken by blindness, partial paralysis and debt, Walter Scott Lenox achieved his goal. He had made the world's finest china in America, achieved the recognition of Europe for his artistry and craftsmanship and established a company that would keep alive through the years his contribution to the country's prestige.

Born in the pottery center of Trenton, N. J., Lenox became an apprentice potter at a tender age. Spurred on by a love of beauty and a capacity for painstaking care, he advanced rapidly, became art director of his company at twenty. But he realized that American china was quite crude, and that he would have to form a company of his own to have the freedom to develop quality that would rival the Old World's finest—and he was resolved to make the best, or none at all.

In 1889 when other American companies were stamping their wares with English marks to make them saleable, Lenox set out, with the investment of his total savings of \$4,000, to establish a mark of his own that the world would look up to.

Twenty-nine struggling years later, Lenox delivered the first American china to the White House, a 1,700 piece set costing \$16,000 and ordered by Woodrow Wilson. On the heels of this recognition came orders from royalty, the great and the near-great over the globe. The Lenox dream was fulfilled. He had made an American fine china the choice of world connoisseurs. His company at last was solvent.

In 1919 the blind, almost helpless paralytic called in his associates, burned the firm's paid up notes and mortgages in a miniature kiln set up in the office for the purpose. Within months, Lenox was dead.

In 1959, to perhaps signalize the founder's centennial, the company has brought out its famous ware in a new shape, "Sculpture", they call it. It would be a monument the founder would like, for this is the type of sculpture Walter Scott Lenox would understand best.

From Pillar To Post

By MRS. T. M. B. HICKS, JR.

It's hot up in the attic these days, so plan to do your rummaging for the Library Auction in the cool of the morning before the sun heats up the shingles.

There is sure to be something salable up there, along with the treasures that you have to keep because great-Aunt Ella gave it to you for a wedding present and might come to visit unexpectedly. Hot weather makes an attic or a storage room look overloaded. The auction is the answer.

While it is perfectly true that it is the new goods and the antiques and the refreshment stand that bring in the cold hard cash, it is the used furniture that brings the crowd. Get a golden oak chest of drawers up on the stand, and watch the bidders go to town. Each woman mentally paints the sturdy chest according to her own ideas, and installs it in the summer cottage or in the nursery, or removes the mirror and uses it downstairs in the play-room for a catch-all. It's a lot of storage space for a few dollars, and paint will rejuvenate it.

And that porch rocker . . . nothing like a tall-backed porch rocker for solid comfort. Any number of porch rockers can be sold over the block. Look around in the attic and see if you can find one. Maybe you will find yourself buying it back when you see how many folks want it.

Dishes always go at a good price. And it never fails to astonish the owner that a painted china pin-tray will bring a fantastic amount. Some folks come to the Auction to pick up a bargain for use in the summer cottage, or to see what's doing in the antique line, but most folks actually come for the fun, and find themselves bidding before they know it.

The auction is no place for reticence. If you want something, wave like crazy until the auctioneer's attention is attracted, and then speak up with your bid.

I have in my collection of ironstone a nice little pitcher which was knocked down to me for a thin dime the first year of the auction. Standing beside me in the drizzle was a woman who looked at me with hate in her eye.

"I wanted that pitcher," she hissed, "and I'd have given a whole QUARTER for it."

"Well, why didn't you speak up?"

"Will you sell it to me for a quarter?"

"Of course not. I love it. It is exactly right for a quart of milk."

The little pitcher still holds a quart of milk in my Frigidaire. It is a cherished possession. And those blue plates I bought from the Odds and Ends counter two years ago. They're lovely. There are times when I deplore the brisk market in puppies. They are such engaging little creatures, but they tend to be homesick the first night out. Grandchildren have a way of sinking into complete oblivion when they drop into bed after the Auction, but the puppy, purchased with carefully hoarded cash assets, has no intention of letting any of the adults in the family get a spot of shut-eye. And he has a way of being a she. Always.

The Auction this year looks bigger and better than ever. Swimming pools and motor boats, no less. And a car. It's different from the first Auction, when folks gathered up what was in the attic, donated it, and went home with their neighbor's treasures, all in the space of one day. It rained, but who cared? The crowd looked pretty sparse, compared with the thousands who gather now for the big two-day and night event, but it was a lot of fun. And then, as now, it was for the support of the Back Mountain Memorial Library, a peculiar treasure of this community.