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"FOR WITHOUT ARE DOGS"—Rev. 22, 15
by ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD

Not very far without! Oh, let them be gathered beyond Heaven's door all hopefully, Waiting their lord's quick summons or command, Dreaming they hear his voice, or feel his hand, And, wistful Muzzles to the threshold pressed Ask, as of old, the chance to give their best. Thus may they wait, with homage in their eyes. Till the Great Master of the House arise, And flinging wide the door, their penance ends—"Love is Heaven's password. Come ye in, my Friends!"

Group Feels Libraries' Support Should Come From Public Funds

Final autumn meeting for Public Library Administrators' Round Table was held at Scranton November 8. Nine libraries were represented: Towanda, Tunkhannock, Laceyville, Wyalusing, Ulster, Canton, Troy, Factoryville and Bradford-Sullivan-Wyoming County Libraries.

The subject was finance and standards of public library service in small communities.

The librarians agreed that libraries should be considered educational institutions and that they should prove their value to their public by the good quality of their book collections and the skill of their staffs.

As educational institutions, they should be supported by public funds.

Endowments and gifts are very welcome and should be encouraged but they should be used to demonstrate new projects or for specialized services that may not be required for a large part of the patrons.

A library may be established and demonstrated in an area by private funds and volunteer labor. However, if the public is convinced of its permanent value, it would support the library from part of the normal budget for public service.

The Round Table discussions were adjourned until late in March. In the spring three more meetings will be held to further explore the ways in which a library can improve its work for the public.

Read The Post Classified

Ralph Weatherly Writes Appealingly About His Favorite Dogs And Parsons

Since our friend Ralph Weatherly, former rector of Grace Episcopal Church in Kingston, retired to live on a high hill in Mt. Zion, he has been enjoying the view of the far mountains, revelling in the sunsets, and raising tomatoes and sweet peppers. Sometimes, now that he has more leisure than he did when he was in the forefront of the battle, he takes time to write. He starts off with Charlie Gilbert, also retired, and goes on from there. Like this:

About Dogs and Parsons
Gentle Saint Charles of Mt. Zion, diarist and meditative Methodist, has taken to his family one Tuffy, a composite pup—composed of the best traits maybe, and certainly of energy, fun and curiosity, excited by rabbits, awed by deer, and disturbed by fish in Charles' pond. Does Tuffy know how fortunate he is to be in that family of dedicated, happy folk—Dorothy who writes like St. Paul, Catherine the singer and social worker, their parents, Charles like him of Assisi, and his quiet wife? I think so; dogs are indeed perceptive.

Cindy came to us when apple trees were in their glory in the great garden, with Carol in her play-pen under a tree amidst thick grass, the spring sun in its glory over Montrose, the air keen like the best wine. Cindy was a sort of shepherd with a gallant tail and a laughing mouth, loyal to our children, eager to bark. In that garden among the heaven-kissing hills there came to me as I worked with a hoe in an open shirt a young man, almost running in apparent distress. Down the driveway he rushed to me and said, "Are you a priest? Can you, will you give me absolution? I have done a terrible thing!" There we talked and presently knelt in the kindly soil, praying together. He had hurt Our Father and an innocent man, participating in a crime; and we asked pardon for both of us men. Then I rose and gave him the ancient promise of the Church's cleansing, after repentance and amendment of life; and I tried to tell him how much I knew of God's forgiveness of me. Presently he arose and with his face aglow went away from me forever.

To Carolina, Cindy went with me on my first trip there in an automobile, in 1926; under a misapprehension that Harper's Ferry was in Virginia I drove there the first day. A hotel keeper admitted Cindy with me: I awoke next morning to find that the town is in West Virginia, a dubious state to Southerners, with queer boundaries. In that strategic gulch John Brown, saint and hero, desperado and Kansas murderer (depending on how one thinks) started action still revolutionary and disturbing. Cindy swam in the Shenandoah, and after the second day and a seventy mile detour by Fincaisle slept in my car with me to be awakened by roosters crowing in a farmer's barnyard. Next morning when the battery of the Chevrolet, shaken almost off by dirt roads, had been repaired, we crossed the Blue Ridge and descended by Boone's Mill, driving in the bed of a creek in branch water sometimes a quarter of a mile. If it had rained!

Barking in Montrose was the cause of Cindy's leaving us, for she disturbed our neighbors. With a heavy heart I took her down to Rush hoping that Christy Curran, an Irish school teacher and home-run hitter who owned a farm there would take her. Christy came out to my car and I could not explain what I wanted him to do, but he understood, amazingly reaching for Cindy he placed her around his strong shoulders like a muf and walked away from me, whistling, to turn presently and say how glad he was to have her. I drove away and after a bit stopped in a kind of wood to weep over partings in life like this, a sort of death when even a loved dog goes; and then grateful for such a man as my friend, I came home to the rectory and my lonely wife.

Bounding with life and joy, Bengy rushed into our hearts, an Esquimaux Spitz we first saw on a farm lawn near Montrose, with a noble forehead, eyes that smiled and a loving heart. Rolling down lawns, rushing after rabbits, and alas, once after a skunk, leaping with energy, he adored our children, protecting them, showing off for their sakes, anxious to be with all of us. He loved to come to church and once burst through a chapel door to join me at the altar as I celebrated Holy Communion. He enjoyed riding, thrilled to get into a fight. Old Tom the grey cat grew up with Bengy from kittenhood; they fought for each other. Once I saw Tom jump on the back of a dog that was in battle with Bengy; Tom leaped through the air and descended with drawn claws upon the enemy who took off in terror with Bengy in pursuit, laughing I think.

For ten years Bengy and Tom were with us. Tom and the family had a sort of mutual affection; Bengy gave all of his love to us, asking nothing. Then in a crowd before Grace Church he was hit by a motor. My heart aches when I remember parting with him, and I mean aches physically. I have thought about him and written about him and prayed for him, in gratitude to God for such a noble character, abounding in loyalty, unselfishness, fineness of feeling (he was a gentleman that made me ashamed of many humans), happy,

loving beyond duty.

Arche rode with my son upon his parish visits sitting so that some drivers approaching thought with alarm that a dog was driving the car. A big and sort of awkward fellow, he had the sensitiveness of a fine dog. His unbelievable exploit staggers my mind. Left by necessity to continue his hunt with his sister at Mountain Lake, some ten miles east of Bear Creek, he did not return to the parishioner's house and everybody assumed that he was lost, stolen or killed by a deer. Mr. Stanley Zeveny never saw Arche at the lake, and his master in Nanticoke waited for days and then gave up hope. It was midwinter with snow and zero temperatures. Somehow across the thirty miles over mountains and gulches, through Wilkes-Barre and neighboring towns, Arche made his way, and after a week he scratched at the rectory door on State Street, Nanticoke, and came in to warmth and protection, lean and tired and sleepy but alive. He was led by the lodestar of love and gratitude.

In our Cathedral Church of St. Peter and St. Paul built on a hill overlooking Washington on land given by a family from Susquehanna County, some fifteen acres, lie the bodies of distinguished Americans. The cathedral domain was once an ideal, a concept, a dream; but now it stands in grandeur, with schools for boys and girls, a library, a college of preachers, with majestic columns of stone and windows of intricate design admitting light on altars in various chapels,—a dignified shrine for all people, this House of God. Long in building, costly indeed, it challenges all to worship and to help.

Woodrow Wilson, staunch Pres-

byterian, lies in his crypt perhaps dreaming of the universal peace for which he gave his life; and there are others there, Dewey and various great or good men. The body of Alfred Harding, for fourteen years Bishop of Washington is there, beneath a life-sized sarcophagus. He was one of those who built the cathedral by vision, dream, prayer and money. What kind of a shepherd of shepherds he was we can only guess for time runs on and men pass like a dream. It is a sign of the kind of heart and mind Alfred the Bishop had, that at the feet of his monument lies the sculpture of his little dog, curled up,—a homely little dog that may have wandered in from the street to the bishop's heart, forever asleep as near as he can get to his master. I am impressed by the cathedral's vast building and I know its invaluable work, but somehow, in some warm way, the friendly saint and his little dog bring a sort of focus that is humanly significant and that opens into heavenly intimacies.

Kozemchak Helped Hurricane Victims

British Honduras (FHTNC)—Daniel Kozemchak, chief journalist, USN, son of Mrs. Rose Kozemchak of Overbrook Avenue joined rescue operations in hurricane-stricken British Honduras, November 3, aboard the anti-submarine warfare support aircraft carrier USS Antietam.

The Antietam departed Pensacola, Fla., November 1, in answer to an urgent appeal by the British government to aid the Central American nation which had been ravaged by Hurricane Hattie.

The carrier, on its second hurricane rescue mission in as many months, transported some 300 tons of supplies to the storm victims, as well as 48 Navy doctors, 4 Navy nurses, 87 corpsmen and 23 helicopters.

Tenth Annual Christmas Tea Planned For Dec. 8

Plans are complete for Altar and Rosary Society's Tenth Annual Christmas Tea, Friday, December 8, Gate of Heaven Church auditorium.

Mrs. Ted Popielarz, President, has appointed Mrs. James E. Regan General Chairman, Mrs. Louis J. Vitali Co-Chairman, Mrs. Gustav A. Kabeschat will act as toastmistress. Members and guests are asked to bring foodstuffs for the Christmas charity baskets.

A special feature of the tea will be judging of the best centerpiece submitted in religious, fantasy, or original categories.

Decoration Chairman is Mrs. Leon Chase, Co-Chairman Mrs. George Ruckno, assisted by Mesdames Char-

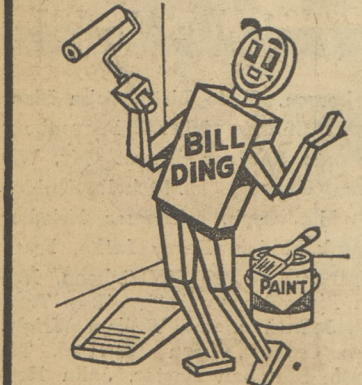
les Glawe, Paul Gates, John Elenchick, Emerson Steele, Edward Pydzelski, Paul Monahan, William Stewart, Joseph O'Donnell, and Miss Marie Thevenon.

Refreshment Chairman, Mrs. John Chesnovich, Co-Chairman, Mrs. Francis Fertal, with Mesdames William Motyka, Bernard Rollman, John Callahan, Paul Doris, Leo Moon, Leon Bartz, Stephen Schmalz, Edward Gilmer, and Maurice Evans.

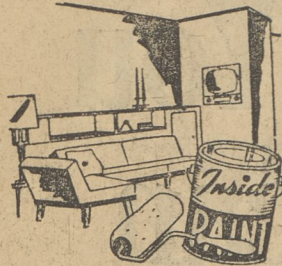
Reception Chairman, Mrs. Joseph Wentzel, Co-Chairman, Mrs. Joseph Kusiak.

Hall Chairman, Mrs. George Decker, Co-Chairman Mrs. Peter Shiner, Mrs. Paul Gates, Mrs. William Lloyd will be in charge of entertainment and Mrs. Vincent Makar will handle public relations.

Rev. Francis Kane is moderator of the society.



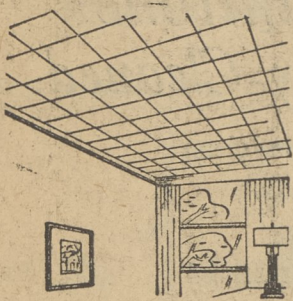
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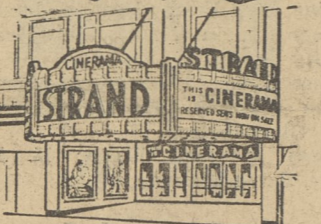
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