

# DAZZLING DOLLAR FOOD BARGAINS



## AT DARING'S

Main Highway - Dallas

- Choice Western **ROUND STEAK** **77c** lb
- Country Fresh **SPARE RIBS** **49c** lb
- Fresh Lean **GROUND BEEF** **2-lb. 99c**
- Our Own **FRANKFURTERS** **2-lb. 99c**
- Shurline **CATSUP** **6 for \$1.**
- Tastewell **KIDNEY BEANS** **8 for \$1.**
- Campbell's **TOMATO SOUP** **10 for \$1.**
- Scotties (400's) **TISSUE** **4 for 89c**
- Chock Full O' Nuts **COFFEE** **69c** lb
- PET MILK** (Tall Size) **6 for 85c**
- Shurline **APPLESAUCE** **7 for \$1.**
- A & P **EGG NOODLES** **4 for \$1.**
- Mrs. Filbert's **MARGARINE** **4 for \$1.**
- Frozen French **GREEN BEANS** **6 for \$1.**
- WILD BIRD SEED** **3 for \$1.**

Clip This Coupon Good For —  
**5 lb. Franklin Sugar**  
**AT 53c**  
March 7-8-9

### Mrs. Ludwig Vrhel Dies After Stroke

Mrs. Ludwig Vrhel, resident of Carverton for the past thirty years, died Wednesday morning at Nesbitt Hospital, where she had been admitted Tuesday night by Kingston Township Ambulance. Found unconscious on the floor of her living room by a grandson Melvin Vrhel, she died without awakening. Services are scheduled for Saturday at 2 from family home, with burial at Carverton. Friends may

### Services Friday At 11 For Robert L. Bachman

Robert L. Bachman, guest of the Bevan Convalescent Home for the past nine months, died Wednesday morning. Services will be conducted call tonight. Mrs. Vrhel, native of Austria, leaves two daughters, Mrs. Sherman Heft, RD 3, Wyoming, and Elfrid Vrhel, at home; a son Erick, East Hillburn, N.Y. seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

### from the Merritt Hughes Funeral Home Friday morning at 11, followed by burial in Hollenback Cemetery. Friends may call this afternoon and evening. Rev. William Reid, pastor of Carverton Methodist Church, will officiate.

A native of Sugar Notch, son of the late Lawrence and Loretta Fahringer Bachman, he moved to Carverton thirty years ago, joining Carverton Methodist Church. Before closing of the Wilkes-Barre Lace Plant, he was employed there as an engineer for many years. His

### wife, the former Jennie Spence RN, died last April.

Mr. Bachman was a member of Chandler Lodge 227 F&AM, in Reading. Other Masonic affiliations were Reading Consistory and Rajah Temple. He is survived by two sisters: Emily and Anna Bachman, Wilkes-Barre, a nephew Robert F. Bachman, formerly a member of the staff of the Dallas Post, Demunds Road; A daughter Margaret died in 1947.

### A Winter's Night

by DOROTHY I. PEIFFER

Mary burst through the front door accompanied by a blast of bitterly cold wind. "Mother, I'm home," she called, her progress through the living room marked by mittens, scarf, books and coat strewn in her wake. Her mother glanced at the disorder, but couldn't bear to dim the exultation of her teen-age daughter by a reprimand. "Mother, I told Jim, and Babs,

and Stan I was sure I could go to the basketball game tonight. It is okay, isn't it?" Mary asked. "Isn't it too far to drive in such cold weather?" countered her mother. "Oh, Mother," Mary scoffed, "The roads are dry, it's too clear to snow, and the boys' father is letting them use his car. The cold weather isn't going to make any difference." "I guess you are right. You may go, but on one condition." Mother

added with a smile. "How about putting your things away before you go into raptures." "You're a doll," Mary said, giving her mother a hug, before picking up her coat. That evening Jim came on time, Babs and Stan were waiting in the car. "Hi!" Mary said, getting in. "You know, Babs, that positive approach you suggested really worked. If I had asked Mother for permission, she would have said to ask my father and he would have told me to ask my mother and Mother would have insisted that he make the decision and by then I would have been ready to give up. Today, I acted as if it were okay, and it was." "My father is so strict, I don't dare ask him. I always go to my mother," Babs answered.

The rest of the trip they chatted gaily about their basketball team, school, and friends. They arrived in time to watch the end of the J.V. game, then the Girl's Varsity, and finally, the big game. The gym was small, packed, and noisy. Their team managed to win before their voices gave out. The stars were diamonds sparkling on blue velvet as they walked to the car, and their spirits were high as they headed for home. But, what was the matter with the car? "Is something wrong?" Mary asked.

"It's just cold," Jim assured her. "After it warms up, it will run better." Jim was wrong, Jim and Stan got out, opened the hood, and came to the conclusion that the head was cracked. "What does that mean?" asked Babs. "It means we're stuck. The car won't run," Stan answered, and calling Dad won't do any good, because we have the car."

"I'm scared to call my father," Babs said. "If I can get to a telephone, I'll call mine," Mary offered hesitantly. "We'll flag down the next car that comes along and ask them to take all of us to a gas station. It's too cold to wait here," Jim said. Four scared young people stood at the side of the road, waiting for help. The road wasn't a heavily traveled one, and it was a long wait. When a car came along, it stopped, but could only manage to take two people. Mary had to go to make the telephone call, and Jim to escort her. That left Babs and Stan still stranded.

Mary felt as if they had driven miles and miles before they finally came to country garage that was still open. Mary placed the call and heard her father's voice, gruff with sleep. "Daddy, it's Mary. The car won't run and we're stranded. Will you come for us?" He agreed, and Mary, prompted by Jim, gave him directions for finding them. She concluded with, "Daddy, will you call Babs' parents? They will be worried about her."

Jim and Mary studied their surroundings. It was a large room, and had an air of clutter and disorder. Mary guessed that it was the hang-out for the men and older boys of that rural area. Three men in work clothes were seated about a pot-bellied stove. Two boys of about her own age were playing a pin-ball machine. There was a soda cooler and a small display case filled with the usual candy, cigarettes, and packaged cakes. One side of the variety of automobile parts. Fly specked posters covered the walls.

Jim mumbled something and Mary attempted an answer, but conversation was difficult. Even though the men were obviously ignoring them, the air was heavy with their furtive interest. Jim thought, "Why didn't we take time to put more anti-freeze in the car as Dad cautioned us to do when he handed me the car keys. He'll probably never trust us with the car again." Mary thought, "I wish I could have gotten out of this mess without calling Dad. He is never strict and accusing like Babs' father. Instead he always says how proud he is to know he can depend upon me to make the right decision. And what do I do? The first time I have a chance to prove that he is right, I run to him crying like a baby. I've really let him down."

After much peering through an ice-coated window, Mary saw Dad pulling up to the garage. Dad had picked up Babs' father and he showed great concern for his daughter. Mary attempted to placate him, as they drove towards the stalled car and Babs and Stan. Two very subdued and frozen young people crawled in. A few perfunctory remarks passed between the boys and the two men concerning the car, then everyone lapsed into silence. The boys were taken home first, prepared to see their father with the bad news. Babs and her father were dropped off next and seemingly years after her light-hearted departure, Mary was home.

Her father was so quiet. As they hung up their coats, Mary quivered with shame and said, "Oh! Daddy, I'm so sorry. I know you are cross, but I didn't know what else to do. Please forgive me." Dad jerked his head up at the outburst. "Cross? I'm just sleepy. The only time I'll ever be cross, is if you wouldn't call me when you are in trouble. Now, forget it and go to bed." Mary ran up the stairs with a great weight lifted. It was all over. You could always count on Dad.



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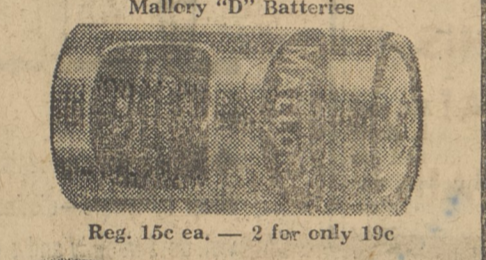
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● Fits All Cars  
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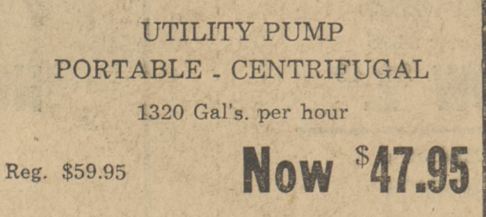
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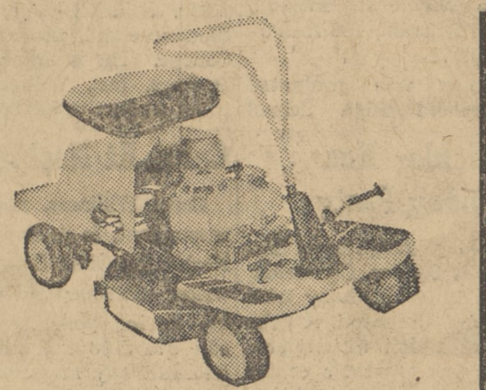
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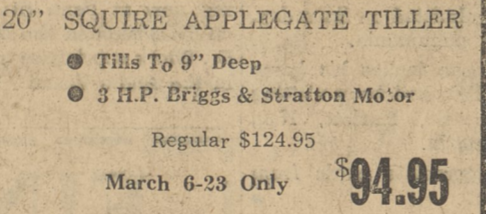
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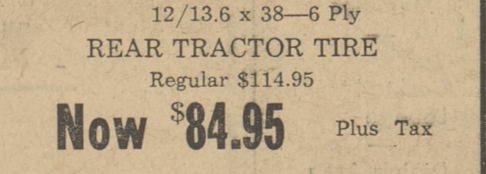
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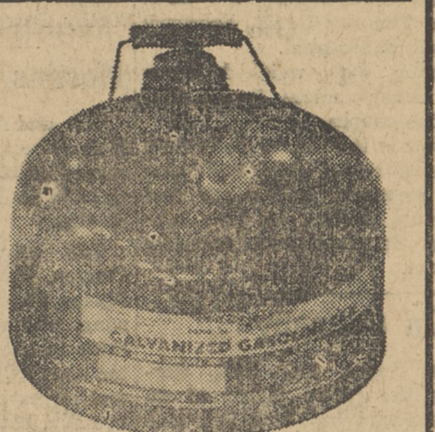
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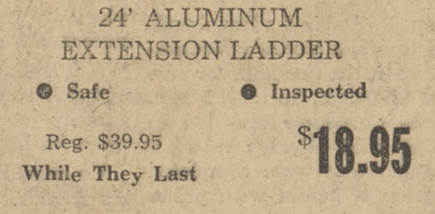
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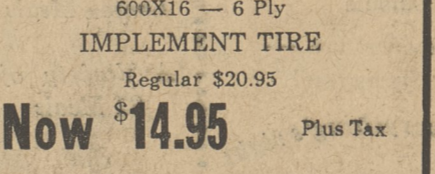
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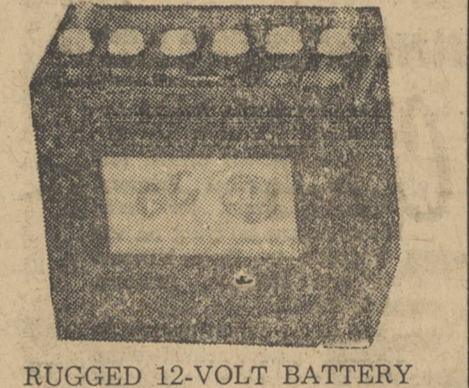
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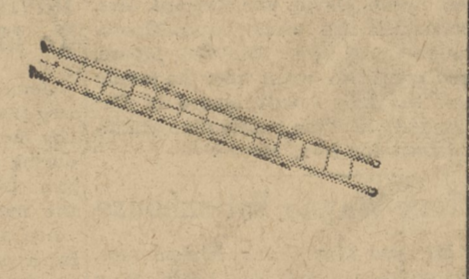
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