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When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address.

Allow two weeks for change of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

The Post is sent free to all Back Mountain patients in local hospitals. If you are a patient ask your nurse for it.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in other publications.

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Editorially Speaking
No Higher Calling

Every day is Mother's Day. Mothers all over the world go quietly about their business of making a house into a home. They are content, for the most part, to remain behind the scenes, smoothing the way for the more aggressive members of the family.

They take little credit to themselves. Many of them do not realize that there is no higher calling.

To many people, being a mother classifies as "no occupation."

A true home-maker combines the wisdom of the ages with the realization that times do change; that adjustments must be made; that children are leaping eagerly into the future of the space age, and that time rushes by on such winged feet that nobody can keep up with it.

Mothers are apt to feel a little dizzy at times, but they would do well to remember that the eternal verities do not change, no matter how swift the pace.

That honor, and decency, and integrity, are still pearls of great price.

That love is vital for without it, a child can never realize his full potential.

And that instilling fundamental principles into their children is the most important thing that mothers can accomplish.

The Unhappy Beagle

Political capital is going to be made of President Johnson's picking that unfortunate beagle up by the ears "to hear him yelp."

And it is also going to be made of driving on the wrong side of the road at excessive speed.

Not to mention that can of beer.

What it amounts to, in an election year, you can't afford to be natural, if you don't want to explain to the hecklers.

Everybody has at some time driven on the wrong side of the road. The traffic cop issues a warning if he's around, but it is nothing that gets into the newspapers.

A large segment of the population bends an elbow upon occasion, but this does not set off a national crisis.

Many people honestly believe that the proper way of lifting a rabbit is by the ears. The SPCA entertains a different view. They say, lift it by its midriff.

Hoisting a beagle by its ears is guaranteed to make him yelp.

It is also guaranteed to make the country yelp, if the hoister is high in the councils of the mighty and intending to run for office.

Elections are won or lost upon such issues as a polka-dot necktie, a brown derby worn at a cocky angle, a large black cigar, or an outraged beagle.

It's A Powerful Drug

It has been said time and time again, but one more time does no damage, and it may save some child's life: KEEP THE ASPIRIN BOTTLE AWAY FROM THE CHILDREN.

Most of us think of aspirin as completely harmless. It is a valuable drug, but it is a DRUG.

And in large doses, it can be fatal to a child. Children will swallow anything. And with all due respect to the drug companies which have endeavored to make life pleasanter for the children by flavoring aspirin so that it tastes like candy, they have done something which can be lethal. It's perfectly OK for a drug to taste like medicine, and far safer.

Lock up all the drugs. Don't leave the aspirin around for children to sample, any more than you would leave the can of lye or bottle of disinfectant.

Children like to play doctor. They will pump pills into a younger brother or sister.

Nip this in the bud by seeing that there are no pills easily available.

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years Ago In The Dallas Post

Chief Blackbird, of the Chippewa Indians of Northern Wisconsin, spoke to students of Dallas high school. Arrayed in a white moosehide chieftain's robe and wearing a ceremonial headdress of feathers, Chief Blackbird told legends of his people and sang Indian songs to the accompaniment of a tom-tom. Made a big hit.

Farmers reported that winter-kill of vegetation and shrubs was almost unprecedented. Cold weather continued, with no chance for the soil to warm up. Farm work was about two weeks late, due to heavy frosts in April.

Political ads invited everybody to vote for George Marsden for representative of the sixth District; for Thomas Lewis, State Representative.

Four-page job, very slim pickings. Those were the days when the Dallas Post was just squeaking by.

Forty-eight cents would buy you ten pounds of sugar. Eggs were nineteen cents a dozen, dried prunes, three pounds for two bits.

Jim Besscker was advertising that John Dillinger, the Nation's most wanted criminal, drove Ford V-8 cars exclusively because of the quick get-away properties.

20 Years Ago

The Dallas Post sent out 808 free copies of the paper to soldiers that week.

Carried on the front page, upper left, were names of soldiers missing in action since onset of World War II, prisoners of war, died in service, killed in action.

Killed in action: Richard Wellington Cease; died in service: George Ulrich, Howard Cosgrove, Thomas Clark Lloyd, Evand J. Brace; missing in action: Keats Poad, Walter Cease Wilson, Harold Thomas Kepner, John E. Fritz, John P. Gleason, Clifford Nulton; prisoners of war: Clarence H. Morgan, Donald Freeman, Fred Westerman.

Dorothy Cornell took top honors at Lehman.

Five girls were in the running for May Queen at Lehman: Judy Simms, Margaret Lukasavage, Ann Sydowski, Melba Reakes, and Pauline Ehret.

A Flying Fortress thrilled Dallas as it shattered the Sunday morning quiet. Col Kirkendall, match.

Dallas Borough baseball team won the first two games of the season taking Lake Township 6 to 5, and Kingston Township by forfeit.

Heard from in the Outpost: Willard Crispell, England; Harry Snyder, Ellington Field; James Davenport, Fort Pierce; John Garbutt, Amarillo; Lou Kelly, Florida; Earl Borkowski, Harlingen; Richard Gibson, Georgia; John Blase, Florida; George Dymond, England; Edward Staub, Fort Benjamin Harrison; Howard Culp, in the Pacific; Larry Lee, North Africa.

Residents were urged to conserve every scrap of waste paper, to make into cartons for supplies for front line troops. Remember those paper drives?

Married: Marian Ruth Gay to Lawrence Smith, Mary Martindale to Wilfred Moore.

Alexander Wilson, 87, East Dallas, died.

30 Years Ago

Charlie Steinhauer's sporting goods store was robbed by three boys who took fishing tackle.

Wild driving during the commencement season was the topic of discussion by police, tavern keepers, and educators.

Seven school districts decided to try again for a jointure.

Anne Wojcikowski was chosen May Queen for Dallas-Franklin.

Kingston Township school board doubled its per capita tax. Members passed into a state of shock when two visitors applauded the action.

Flannigan Furniture creditors were still trying to salvage a little something from the bankruptcy proceedings.

The community turned out, aided by State Police to search for a three and a half year old child, Ronnie Ray, who was found at dusk in the woods near Huntsville dam, guarded by Sport, Mrs. Edna Ray's cocker spaniel. Norti Berti found the little boy.

Willard Bidings, 8, Alderson, injured in a car accident, was improving at General Hospital.

Dallas Community Ambulance Association viewed a 1948 Buick Buick Ambulance with discussion of purchase. Other vehicles were also considered.

Married: Irene Berrettini to Harold I. Knox, Naomi Veitch to Donald Lewis.

Died: Mrs. Emma Tredinnick, 78, Dallas. Luther H. Flynn, 57, Hunlock Creek.

Parking lot was black-topped for Gate of Heaven parishioners, and for a playground for school children.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boston observed their Golden Wedding.

Back Mountain was steaming up for the May 13 Primaries. Newell Wood had full page ad, candidate for State senator. Harold Flack was running on the Republican ticket.

READ THE TRADING POST

Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer — D. A. Waters

In buying a business or a house, or even a new car or major appliance, or any other contract, most of us read the fine print and footnotes, check the computation of figures, etc. But in considering public business there is a tendency to have confidence in an elected official or anyone appointed to public responsibility if he belongs to the "right" political party or faction and is endorsed by our favorite people, labor unions, etc., regardless of what he says or does.

We are now in school budget time and we will be flooded with figures. There is a favorite practice of holding down criticism of high expenses at home by trying to show that they are even higher elsewhere. A common basis of comparison is average annual cost per pupil.

But this is affected by many things. You could take a dozen sets of correct figures regarding one school, make accurate computations, and come out with a dozen correct answers, but not one of them would give a fair comparison with an adjoining school unless every element of the computation was based exactly on the same conditions.

Some places have divided elementary and high schools in different administrations and even in different districts. Some states have public colleges. There is a wide difference regarding night schools, summer schools, etc. Some figures include such things as state bureau and official expenses.

And what is a pupil? Does a housewife who goes out for an hour of driving instruction about ten times count as much as her boy who rides in a publicly paid bus, is issued a lot of books and supplies, given the services of half a dozen teachers and the use of a two million dollar facility, and rides home at public expense over a hundred and eighty days a year? Do you count a pupil who has moved away? And what happens to your figures when you have an epidemic dropping attendance 20 per cent? Official and professional sources have come up with two standards: first, average daily attendance; and secondly, average daily membership, which is most dependable as the expense incurred whether full attendance is maintained or not.

And for fair comparison only regular elementary and secondary day schools are to be counted as basic figures. Special expenses should be reported separately.

There can also be wide variation in what expenses are included. Since capital outlay and debt service vary

widely from year to year and from place to place, for big comparisons it is better to leave them out in short term checking.

The question of time is important. Every year expenses go up, due to increased costs and built-in automatic increases. Old figures are useful for comparison but not valid as close standards to stick to. Future periods and the current year are only estimates, however carefully they may be prepared. Past periods should be actual.

School expenses, like other things such as the cost of living, vary widely in different sections of the country and in different conditions. Since they have better staffs employed and keep better records, bigger districts are usually reported in early figures.

In a study for 1959-60 covering 332 districts with over 12,000 enrollment, the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare showed an average annual expense per pupil of \$333 compiled on average daily attendance and \$313 on average daily membership. Eight of these big districts were in Pennsylvania. The expenses were for the highest, Reading, \$438 computed on ADA and \$419 on ADM, running in decreasing amounts for Allentown, Erie, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, to Scranton, and the lowest, \$359 computed on ADA and \$335 on ADM.

In a survey for 1960-61, The National Education Association compiled a report covering 480 districts maintaining elementary and secondary schools, all having over 30,000 population. The lowest expense per pupil was \$172 for one district in Alabama. The highest was one New York District \$948. Twelve districts had less than \$200 and eleven had over \$600, each being about 3 per cent of the total. About 65 per cent were in the range \$300 to \$499. The highest expenditures were in the bigger cities. The same source for the same year showed an average expense per pupil for 37,475 basic administrative units of \$369 computed ADM and \$393 on ADA. Those figures were estimates only.

For 1961-62 the same source showed units dropped to 35,330 and estimated average expense per pupil increased to \$388 on ADM and \$414 on ADA.

For 1962-63, the same source showed estimated current expenditures for public elementary and high schools only, excluding debt service and capital outlay, for 50 states averaged \$433 computed on ADA and \$404 on ADM. Pennsylvania \$485 and \$458, respectively.

Better Leighton Never

Ruralvania Indeed

Rooting back through old Dallas Posts, specifically in the 1940 edition, I came across what may have been our most notable lapse of editorial judgment. The Post advertised that a number of people had expressed dissatisfaction with the name "Back Mountain," as it implied this area was a hillbilly haven, not at all conversant with the high degree of civilization in Wilkes-Barre.

Therefore, the Post sponsored a contest, no prizes, for a new name, and these are what the people came up with:

Ruralvania, Bedford Hills, Dallas, Sylvan Hills, King-Dal-Lake Mount (wow), Mountainboro, Newer Dallas Region, Dallwood Heights, Suburban Heights, Suburban Hills, Mountain Parkway, Blue Ridge Region, Dal-King Suburbs, Dallmont, and Highland Manor.

Now, about these names. First of all, does anybody like them? How would you like to live in Suburban Hills or Heights? Sounds like some place in New Jersey. King-Dal-Lake Mount is too much. Newer Dallas Region and Dal-King Suburbs sound like a zoning map.

Dallarea has me guessing as to pronunciation, but seems wrong, somehow, for any reason you like.

How did the contest turn out? By the fifth week, Suburban Hills led all contenders by a thin margin. By the sixth, Ruralvania (Oh, woe.) nosed into first. But even after the first week, it was becoming apparent to the editors that Back Mountain wasn't as repugnant to people as first appeared, and it was holding its own against all the upstarts, much to everybody's embarrassment. Votes continued to trickle in for the others; but those who liked the old name, of course, probably didn't even bother to write in, but simply cornered the editor on Main Street when they got a chance.

The editor got sick of the whole thing, people lost interest, Back Mountain prevailed. Praises be.

The Midnight Dog

Clarence the midnight dog accepted last week's story with only passing interest. He indicated to me that it was all he could do to put up with the sloppy weather recently, which tended to take the appeal out of his evening walks.

So he spent almost all of last week with the cats, asleep on the back porch, stepping out only for lunch. One consequence is that his coat has stayed nice and clean, which disturbs his sleep a little, but makes him a more welcome guest.

If the weather keeps up much more like this," he heard one woman say, "we'll all get webbed feet."

Our doggy friend headed right for the cool grass again when the

Wesley Lewis To Be Honored

Boxholders of R.D. 3, Wyoming, will honor Wesley Lewis, Mt. Zion, at an informal testimonial dinner Saturday evening, May 16 at Carverton Grange Hall.

Affair is scheduled for 8 p.m., and a program and refreshments have been arranged.

Rev. William Reid, Carverton Methodist Church, Rev. Stanley Koluicki, Rector of St. Frances Cabrini Church, and Justin Bergman are heading the committee to honor the retired mail carrier, so highly esteemed by the community he served for 30 years.

Arrangements are in charge of Elmer DeWitt; refreshments, Mrs. Merle Safford, Mrs. Richard Garman, Mrs. Peter Sherman, music, Carol Sutton; decorations, Mrs. George Kromelbien; publicity, Mrs. Robert Robbins.

Contributions may be mailed to Harry Spare or he may be contacted to pick them up.

Careys Say Thank You

Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne Carey and family, Claude Street, Dallas, wish to thank everyone for being so kind to them, during their recent upset, when their home caught fire. They especially want to thank the Dallas Fire Company for being so prompt.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST

David J. Joseph Dies At General

Dallas Man Active In Many Projects

Losng a valiant fight against overpowering odds, David J. Joseph, 80 Norton Avenue, Dallas, one of the Back Mountain's most civic minded citizens, died Saturday afternoon at General Hospital following a short illness.

Becoming ill suddenly on April 18, Mr. Joseph was admitted to the hospital three days later, where his condition continued critical until he succumbed.

A man who strongly believed in helping the less fortunate, whose independent mien covered a heartful of compassion, of keen insight, and sparkling humor. Mr. Joseph's presence was welcome everywhere.

His devotion and pride of family was evinced also in his role as an executive of Glen Alden Coal Company, where as general superintendent, he guided his men with a thought always of their safety.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, he was the son of the late John D. Joseph, a former superintendent of Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company, and Mrs. Gwen Joseph, Shavertown.

As a lad growing up he spent his weekends and summers learning the breaker business first hand, and upon graduation from Coughlin High School, gained full time employment in the underground workings. Advancement was rapid due to his executive ability.

He married the former Ann Taylor, Lee Park, with whom he celebrated his 42nd wedding anniversary on December 8, 1963. The couple has lived in the Back Mountain 30 years, the last twelve of which were spent in Dallas.

Mr. Joseph will be well remembered as a song leader much in demand, and organized and directed a number of minstrel shows to aid churches and service clubs in their fund-raising projects.

He was a member of Huntsville Christian Church and its board of trustees, Lodge 655, F. & A. M., Keystone Consistory, Scranton, and Irem Temple. Past president and privileged member of Dallas Kiwanis Club, he was also past president of Retired Men's Club of Wilkes-Barre, and a member of Daddow Isaacs Post No. 672, American Legion, Dallas.

In addition to his wife, he is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Ernest Thomas, R.N., Dallas; sons, John T. Joseph, Silver Springs, Md.; Sgt. David T., stationed at the Pentagon with the U.S. Air Corps, Arlington, Va.; Charles Remphrey, Atkins, Ark.; and eleven grandchildren. Also his mother, three sisters, Miss Anne and Mrs. Arthur Evans, Shavertown; Mrs. Kenneth Woolbert, Trucksville.

Services were held Tuesday afternoon from an Edwardsville Funeral Home with Rev. M. Richard Bevan and Rev. Edmund L. John officiating.

Interment was in Fern Knoll Cemetery, Dallas.

Gloria In Excelsis Tower Dedication

Today, at impressive ceremonies, dedication of the Gloria in Excelsis tower will take place at the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul in Washington, D.C.

At 10:30 a.m., Festival Morning Prayer for Cathedral schools and colleges.

At 12:30, dedication of the tower, with the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court the speaker.

At 4 p.m., Festival Evensong and Dedication of the Ten-Bell Ring.

At 8 p.m., the Gloria from Bach's B-Minor Mass, and lighting of the tower. Narrator, Basil Rathbone.

Rev. Charles Frick At Vet's For Checkup

Lt. Col. Charles H. Frick, former pastor of Huntsville Christian Church, is at Veterans Hospital for a check-up.

Rev. Frick has been preaching in Benton ever since the first of April, jumping the gun by a solid month after recovering from a serious injury in New Orleans. Doctors had told him to rest until May 1. He is now walking without a cane after fracturing his pelvic bones. At 86, he is still young in heart and astoundingly healthy after his accident.

Den 6, Cub Pack 281 Visits The Dallas Post

They lined up at the counter of the Dallas Post, laboriously printed their names, and were ready for a personally conducted visit to the printing plant—ten Cub Scouts from Pack 281, with a fringe of small children belonging to den mother Kathy Barlow.

Under convoy of Leighton Scott, they toured the plant from soup to nuts, getting a load of linotype machines, composing stones, the big press, the small press, the medium size press, and the cutter and folder.

"Do we get our names in the paper?" they wanted to know.

Yes, you do, Richard Lawler, Bobby Daubert, Mark Barlow, John McAndrew, Roger Owens, Brad Arnaud, Stephen Paul Summa, Michael Yenason, Matthew Barlow, John Barlow, Nora Barlow, and Mrs. James Barlow.

From— Pillar To Post...

By Hix

If the 1964 Worlds Fair in New York is anything like the 1939 World's Fair twenty-five years ago, it would be a solid idea to wear old shoes, carry a raincoat, and leave the hard-boiled eggs and fish sandwiches at home.

Hard-boiled eggs, pelt, have a way of soaking through the bottom of the paper sack, and it isn't smart to eat tuna fish—with mayonnaise, after you've been carrying the sandwiches around for half a day.

So, economy-minded or not, better leave the home-packed lunch behind, and rely on the hot-dog stands at the Fair. The kids will demand hot dogs anyhow. Their capacity is unlimited. Begin putting shiny coins in the piggy-bank right now, and by the time you start for the fair, you'll have enough for the hot dogs.

They say there's so much entertainment for free that you don't really need to spend very much on entrance fees, once inside the gate.

Offhand, the most painless way of attending the Fair would seem to be to go by bus, with a group of friends who all want to see about the same thing. This eliminates the car-parking problem, and insures passing into a pleasant coma on the way home, with a professional doing the driving, and no necessity to prop the eyes open after a day of sight-seeing.

The way it worked out twenty-five years ago, the ill-advised experiment in an economy lunch, complete with hard-boiled eggs and soupy sandwiches, was jettisoned in a convenient trash can along about eleven o'clock, and from that time on, the hot dog stands did a thriving business.

Grandma walked the legs off the kids.

When they collapsed on benches, panting with exhaustion, Grandma was still raring to go. "What's the matter with them?" she wanted to know. "They shouldn't wear out so quickly." Grandma was approaching eighty at the time, and Grandma wanted to get her money's worth. After all, whoknew when the next World's Fair would come along? Chances are it would be in some completely inaccessible spot, while New York was close at hand.

Hauled to their feet, the kids stumbled along in Grandma's wake.

One blonde visitor from the Pacific Coast, where summers are cool and a fireplace fire is necessary every night the year round, could not take the heat, and passed out while waiting entrance to the Futurama, draping herself across a convenient steaming arm.

Grandma, next in line, was sympathetic, but she was not about to give up her hard-won place. The visitor, under convoy of an alert guard, was hustled off to the air-conditioned infirmary in the basement of the Futurama, and eventually viewed the exhibit from the moving armchairs . . . and in the next unit was Grandma, the line finally having delivered her to the entrance and provided her with a place to sit.

She said afterwards that all those little cars on the cloverleaf intersections of the Futurama were pretty cute, but that of course it would be impossible to build such huge roadways. It would take up all the space now devoted to farms.

Farms, she had announced on one occasion, were probably necessary, but fields of corn grew monotonous. She enjoyed a drive through the country, it made her so thankful that she didn't live there.

And as for airplanes, she didn't take much stick in airplanes. The vision of the future was interesting, but completely impractical.

That was before the world was catapulted into Space Age. There've been some changes made, but one thing remains just about the same.

That's the hot dog, a hardy perennial.

Bet the hot-dog stands are doing a rousing business, and that by the end of the summer the hot dogs consumed by the visiting public would, if laid end to end, encircle the globe in a wide band, probably lapping over the poles and trailing off into outer space, headed for the moon.

Prince Of Peace Antiques Show Is Its Usual Complete Success

Prince of Peace Annual Antiques Show and Sale Tuesday and Wednesday drew a crowd which gathered before the official morning opening hour, and thinned out only toward the 10 p.m. closing.

Dinner on both days was served to a capacity seating, chicken on Tuesday, beef on Wednesday.

The Flea Market and Flower Mart in the basement drew folks who like to do their own furniture refinishing, and garden enthusiasts. More flowers were procured for Wednesday sales, as Tuesday afternoon crowds had just about bared the shelves.

Heard upstairs in the parish hall: "Well, we DID have a marvelous cherry corner cupboard, but somebody came along and insisted on buying it just before the show. But we've got a couple nice dry sinks, and this year we're specializing in framed prints of birds."

And there they were, a Silver Sleigh exhibit, birds and more birds, attractively framed.

The Powder Horn was a new exhibit. Space is severely limited in the parish hall. Exhibits spilled out

into the lobby, and even into the outdoors, where flowers were arranged in a red wheelbarrow, and white iron garden furniture was shown.

Glass and silver predominated, as is usual in a show where space is at a premium.

Mrs. Joseph Schooley stopped on the way out to chat, shifting her potted plants from one arm to the other. Ollie Schallenberg was on hand, looking like a new man. Mrs. Edward Ratcliff subsided thankfully into a chair in the small area allotted to food, and tackled a piece of cherry pie and a cup of coffee.

"Home-made, home-made. We always make the pies, every year. It's been a busy day