

Sweet Valley

Karla Ray, a student at College Misericordia, spent the Easter recess with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ray.

Anyone having news for this column please call 477-3731. Thank you.

On May 1, Northwest Area High School P.T.A. will sponsor the western show recently put on at Ross Elementary School, by the Ladies Auxiliary of Sweet Valley, admission prices will be the same.

Mrs. and Mrs. William George and Mrs. George visited Mr. George's mother at Alden on Easter Sunday.

Young Adult Sunday School Class of Maple Grove Church will hold a ham and pancake supper at the church hall on May 1. Everyone is welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sayre, Carol and Craig, Lake Silkworth spent Easter Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Zaginlon, Berwick.

Mrs. Elair Wesley and Beverly, Mrs. Thomas Raspen and children spent last weekend visiting relatives in the Philadelphia area.

Young Adult Class of Maple Grove Church held its regular monthly meeting at the church hall on Friday evening.

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NOXEN

Mr. and Mrs. John Sabatini, Jonann and Danielle, Bristol, spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Keiper.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence May, Pierce, Idaho, called on the W.S. Benders, on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jackson, Clarks Summit, called on them on Tuesday. They had just returned from a winter in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Christine Blizzard held a party at her home on Thursday. Present: Mesdames Nina Brown, Clayton Keiper, Ray Kelly, Robert Clark and the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Vane Race, Walling Ford, Conn., were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Fish, on Saturday.

Mrs. John Hansen, son John Jr. and Debbie, Canadagua, N. Y., spent the week with Edgar Engelman and family. Mrs. Robert McGovern and Cindy Lou, Chalfont, Pa., also spent the week at home.

Peggy Coole, N. Plainfield, N. J., spent several days this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Coole. Debbie and Vickie Coole, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. David Coole, Spencer, N.Y., also spent the week with them. Their dad came for them, on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Engelman, Pamela and Cynthia Sue, Waverly, N. Y., spent the weekend with his mother, Mrs. William Engelman. (Continued in Section A)

Mount Zion

Last Friday I was at a funeral home to officiate at the funeral of one of the oldest patients of Valley Crest, Mrs. Dora Sutton Kirk of Carverton. Her mind was keen and she remained aware until near time of her passing. She was quite a one to join with me when a gospel song was sung, for she knew most of them well. And they seemed to mean much to her.

At that occasion I had a chance to visit with several of my Carverton friends. Someone told me that Harold Lewis of Mt. Zion was in the hospital. I haven't been able to find out how he was doing but I hope he is getting along well. There was a time when a patient in Pittsboro Hospital was quite sick and needed a certain type of blood. The office told his son to see if he could find someone to donate blood. He came to the parsonage door and made known his need. I had never had any experience in getting blood donors and do not know how I happened to do to Harold Lewis unless it was that he was such a husky looking fellow. Anyway, Harold went to the hospital, was typed and gave some blood. At a later date the hospital phoned to ask me if I could get blood of that type for another patient. So back I went to find Harold Lewis. He was off in the tomato field and

when he saw me coming up over the hill he remarked to some nearby, "There's the preacher, I bet he's after my blood again!" I was and he did give again. Such a memory of Harold Lewis has staid by me. That is why I say I hope he gets along all right in the hospital.

AT MT. ZION CHURCH

It had been announced that adults would be received into church membership last Sunday. Lana Best and Margaret Marcy were received having taken a course in church membership with the pastor. And at the same time Walter and Caroline Drummond of Harding were received by letter of transfer from First Methodist Church of Pittston. Long time friends when I was pastor at Pittston and very fine people. Walter ("Bud") is a lineman for P.P.&L. and is apt to be the one to come when something goes wrong with our lines up here. I've always been interested to see how the business works when he is out on the road with the truck anywhere. There's a radio in his cab, and if the main office wants him there will come a numbered call over his speaker which is turned up loud and he will be sent to some locality where there is more trouble. And Bud knows what to do and does it. Such

a man is greatly needed. And on the side let me say that one of the best pictures of Ruth and me is one that Caroline took with a color film of us just after the wedding of their daughter Jeanine to William Fencil down at their home on Sullivan Trail. Also Bud and Caroline are the donors of numerous shrubs we have set out around the place here.

What a string of pleasant memories come to mind in thinking of people we call "old friends!"

MOTHER AND SON DUET

Last Sunday Marjorie Seiple and son Hal sang a lovely duet, "Just When I Need Him Most". Sorry I couldn't be there to hear it, but Catherine had made a tape of their rehearsal of it and played it for me Sunday afternoon. It was well done, but in one place there was a goof (permissible at a rehearsal!) and the couple had to readjust themselves. In knew by the sound of Marjorie's voice that she was smiling at her own mistake and Catherine said that was the case. Well that's Marjorie, a smile no matter what happens. And that goes for son Hal, too. I hope they'll do a duet again sometime when I can hear it. Their voices blended beautifully.

NOTES BY A NON-MUSICAL MUSIC CRITIC

We attended the Pop Concert of the Wilkes-Barre Philharmonic Orchestra last Saturday night at the college gym. It is always interesting to me to listen to an orchestra tuning up or warming up their instruments. In this function they sound like something wild. They are not trying to get together but each musician is getting his own instrument in good working condition. So up and down goes Lisa Storen on her oboe. Down and up goes the big bass horns. Toodledee up and tootledee down go the flutes and clarinets. Ziggledey zoop and zoogledy zip go the violins. Zoom zoom go the big bass fiddles. They all, for all of their cacophony, are wanting to get their several fingers limbered up to make harmony when the time comes. Meanwhile I noted that the first number on the program was to be Orpheus in the Underworld by Offenbach. I don't know how Orpheus got down into the underworld but the orchestra in its beginnings sounded as if they all were in the underworld with him but if they could get together they might get him out.

So then Martin Friedman sounded one penetrating tone on his violin and all the instruments quit playing their own little ditties and sounded the same note together until director Leva came to the podium. Well, that overture to Orpheus in the Underworld was sublime enough to melt the iron grating over the underworld fastness. The music was the meltingest you could want. Ruth whispered to me, "I want a record of that!" And I replied, "So do I!" That's what music can do. And did.

MALICIOUS DESTRUCTIVENESS AT MT. ZION

Three of Mt. Zion's M.Y.F. girls who had ridden bicycles to the church last Sunday afternoon were horrified when a carload of young fellows came along by the church and stopped long enough for the fellows to get out, grab one of the bicycles and throw it on the hood of the car. Then the car sped away. Howard Dymond was summoned and he drove down the hill to see if possibly the bike had fallen off. It had, and was in pieces at the roadside. The matter has been placed in the hands of the State Troopers who are investigating.

NICE VISITORS LAST SATURDAY

Tuffy announced that a car was driving into our yard. So we put him on the back porch and went to greet our friends Manny and Marilla Winters. We got acquainted with them through the Oratorio and enjoy their liveliness no end. We had invited them to come up some early evening to hear our peepers. But they made it Saturday afternoon and were given what Marilla called a "Cook's Tour" of our estate. Cathy showed them the on-coming hyacinths, the pussy willows, the daffodils along the bank and the jungle at the far end of the pond. They are a delightful couple to visit with. Marilla is on the Oratorio Board of Directors and Emanuel is the public relations man.

A BRAND NEW DETECTIVE STORY

As I said, we attended the Pop Concert at Wilkes-College Saturday night. My hat with my name card stuck in the hatband I laid on top of the rack in the gym. My raincoat with a flashlight and my name card in one pocket and my ever-ready hankie in the other I hung underneath my hat. Enjoyed the concert. (See previous notes "by a non-musical music critic") On the way out I removed the card from my hat band, put on the gray raincoat hanging under it, and we drove home. On the way I reached for my ever-ready hankie. It wasn't ever ready. So Mama gave me a tissue substitute. At home I took off the raincoat, hung it on its hanger, went to bed. All ready for church Sunday morning I put on the raincoat. But what was the red stuff inside? A red lining. Who could have sewed a lining in during the night? It wasn't mine. I took it off, far be it from me to be a raincoat thief about to preach the gospel! It was rather cold.

In the pocket was a bill for a new watch band, and the old watch band included, but the man had paid cash at a local jewellers, so no name. On Monday I phoned Wilkes gym; yes there was a gray raincoat there in the lobby. So I drove down to look it over. It wasn't mine, worse than mine. So to the jewellers I went, showed the cash receipt and the old watchband and asked for identification. No name had been given. The man had never been in before. All they knew was that he had some kind of fabric printing plant in Old Forge, but they could not find it in the yellow pages. (Shame on the yellow pages that they don't list people with raincoats to exchange!) So I called the Pittston Chamber of Commerce. I knew they must be quite smart, having just persuaded a big plant for the benefit of gum chewers to locate in the area. Yes, they knew of a T.P. Printing plant on Foote Avenue, Duryea, Arnold Cembalist proprietor. So I called. The office girl greeted me like an old friend and said they had called all day Sunday and couldn't get me. Pile of good that business card in my pocket did, with my old number on it! She was Ann Bell of Mt. Zion.

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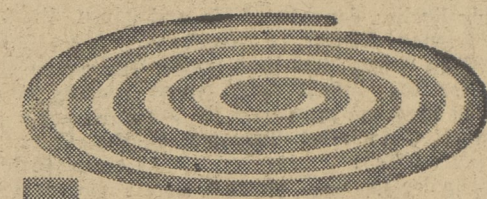
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