

Reporter's notebook



Grace R. Dove

POSHunters love to tell tall tales, which always seem to increase in size as they are retold ad infinitum, ad nauseum.

We've all heard of the poor hunter who leans his gun against a tree to answer an urgent call of nature at the same time that the Monster Trophy Buck of the Century steps out of the woods in front of him.

Although in slightly better taste (I hope), these stories haven't been retold too much, so they're still pretty much the same size they were when they actually happened.

They're true and unedited. And, I hope, rather accurate.

I left it home. When my husband, Matt, got his first job when he was 16, he immediately put his first shotgun, a beautiful 16-gauge bolt-action, on layaway for hunting season.

He paid it off the day before small game came in, took it home and sat up half the night oiling it and making sure that he had the bolt set properly and just the right ammo.

Since Matt had a younger brother at home, he decided to be safe and remove the bolt from the shotgun before putting it away.

When his hunting buddies stopped by the house to pick him up early the next morning, he hurriedly grabbed his gun, ammo, orange vest, license and lunch and charged out to the car.

It wasn't until the guys had arrived at their hunting spot and unloaded all of their gear from the trunk that Matt discovered he had left the bolt action to his new 16-gauge home on his dresser.

The deer are perfectly safe when he's in the woods. An old college boyfriend whom I'll call Scotty never missed a hunting season: archery, small game, buck and doe.

The year that he was able to afford to buy a new compound bow (they were still a bit of a novelty back in the mid-'70's), he also splurged on a special arrow

Bud shot the microwave, and other hunting tales

tip, corkscrew-shaped with wicked razor-sharp edges.

Scotty spent several hours the night before the start of archery season sharpening and honing the corkscrew tip with an electric knife sharpener and a set of small hand files, while he, his brother and a cousin participated in a mandatory pre-hunting ceremony involving the sacrifice of several six-packs and the recitation of magical incantations containing numerous expletives.

The next morning, stumbling hung-over, wet and fuzzed out through the soggy woods, Scotty kicked out a large doe.

Raising his new bow and deadly corkscrew-tipped arrow, he took careful aim as she fled through the fog.

As he shot, the fancy new tip fell off the arrow. He never found it.

The last thing he heard was the doe laughing at him.

• Fore!

While a friend's father was driving to work the first day of buck season, disgusted that he hadn't gotten it off from work to go hunting, he saw a wounded buck stumble and fall on the shoulder of the road ahead of him.

He stopped to check it out. The deer was still alive but clearly on its way out.

Not wanting it to suffer, and not wanting to waste the meat, he put it out of its misery by hitting it over the head with the only heavy, blunt instrument that he could find in his van - a golf club.

I've heard of people taking deer under some rather strange circumstances, but this is the only time I have ever heard of someone getting a buck with a golf club.

• Have a nice trip! Shortly after my husband acquired his second pickup truck, a shiny red four-wheel-drive Ford F-150, we took it to visit my family in Toms River, N.J. When we were leaving, my stepmother said to us, "Have a nice trip!"

We certainly did - on Rte. 78 west, way out in the middle of nowhere, we hit a rather large buck. With no CB radio, it was nearly impossible to get someone to help

us. I tried using a flashlight to flag down passing drivers, but their only response was honking horns.

The only man to stop and help us later told me that the accident scene is also known as Flashlight Annie's Hill, because a local lady of the evening hangs out there flagging down truckers for illicit pleasures. The passing drivers had evidently thought that I was Flashlight Annie, he said.

Our family joke is now to never wish someone a safe trip.

By the way, Matt and I have hit deer with two pickup trucks (one with the blue truck and two with the red one), a Bronco II and a Volkswagen Dasher.

Matt's older brother has us beat - he got one with a tractor-trailer - and salvaged enough of the carcass (minus a leg) to fill the freezer.

• The day Boris shot the microwave.

Our friends, Boris and Pat, own a working farm near Fleetville, smack in the middle of some prime hunting land.

Several years ago their youngest son, Bud, had set his 16-gauge shotgun in the gun rack after returning from a hunting expedition - but forgot to unload it and put the safety on.

Later that day, Boris saw someone in his field who didn't belong there and hurriedly reached for Bud's 16-gauge on the rack.

It went off in his hands, blowing a hole in Pat's microwave oven, which wasn't in season at the time.

"When I called Sears to arrange to bring the thing in for repairs, they told me that the microwave's warranty didn't cover shotgun blasts," Pat disgustedly told me.

Like the infamous pink battery bunny, the microwave was still working, so Boris simply welded a piece of metal over the hole.

It worked fine.

Moral of the story: Unload your gun and put the safety on before you put it away.

And check the fine print of your microwave warranty to see if it covers shotgun blasts

To the disgust of my friend's wife, Sears said the microwave wasn't warranted against wayward shotgun blasts

Second birthday

Stephen Ruch, the son of Ted and Dianne Ruch, Dallas, will celebrate his second birthday November 9.

Stephen is the grandson of Stephen and Joan Tometchko, Dallas, and Robert and Lorraine Ruch, Media. He is the great-grandson of Eva Tometchko, Larksville, Mary Krostag, Dallas and Dorothy Ruch, Kingston.

Stephen has an older brother, Matthew, who is five years old.



STEPHEN RUCH

Library news

Sarah Tamanini's treasures are on display

By NANCY KOZEMCHAK

The display case at the Back Mountain Memorial Library is showing a collection of "little things" borrowed from Sarah Tamanini of Harveys Lake. In her 16 years, she has lived a very interesting life. She has lived in 22 different dwellings, including houses, apartments, trailers, a school bus and a tipi. She has lived in Pennsylvania, Iowa and South Carolina.

When she was four years old and living in Clinton, Iowa, she purchased her first pocket knife. It was the smallest pocket knife we had ever seen and she decided then and there to collect "little things." Because of her Nomadic life, she had collected "things" from stores, flea markets, yard sales, souvenir shops and friends met along the way in Reno, Lock Haven, Williamsport and the Wilkes-Barre area. Parts of her collection are also from Clinton and Davenport, Iowa and Clio and Bennettsville, S.C. and Washing-

ton, D.C.

Some interesting items in the display are a chair and footrest made out of a tin can, a miniature old testament Bible, figurines from J.R.R. Tolkiens "Lord of the Rings", doll house items, candles and candle sticks, a 1/2" pencil with eraser that actually writes, coins, thimbles, cups and saucers, and of course her mother-of-pearl pocket knife. Sarah is presently home-schooled but has attended schools in several school districts. She has won awards for her poetry and as a 4-H member. She is an avid reader and visits the Back Mountain Memorial Library on a regular basis. There is a larger treasure chest in the display which is filled with miniatures; a wagon with a gray turtle, small cot with baby doll, table and chairs, carpet and a tiny toy train. The display also has pots and pans, baseball bat, coal pail and a wash tub. Sarah is presently in the process of writing her first book. She is the oldest of five children, and has three brothers

and a baby sister. The display is a joy to behold and hard to imagine anything could be so small. The display will be at the library until November 23.

The library has lost a very dear and devoted friend with the passing of Frances Linskill. Frances was a stalwart member of the Book Club and supported library projects. She allowed us to borrow her Beatrix Potter collection of minitures for the display case many times through the years, and always had interesting stories to tell at the Book Club meetings. She will be missed for her pleasant and gracious ways.

New book at the library: "The Phalanx Dragon" by Thomas Rizzi starts when Iranian soldiers salvage an intact U.S. cruise missile that has veered off-course during the Gulf War and Iran's intelligence bureau puts a team together to decipher the missile's advanced computer-chip technology. Leaders in Tehran use computer chips to upgrade already existing weapons.

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Tom Ridge for Governor

Good Luck, Tom Ridge!!

"I can't vote this year, but my mom, dad and Senator Lemmond say you'll be good for Pennsylvania. Keep the taxes low and the quality of life high so kids my age can stay in Pennsylvania when we grow up!"

Carson W. Baker
Age 3
Lehman, Pennsylvania

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