

Reporter's notebook



Grace R. Dove

In this time of political correctness, why can't we call a spade a spade anymore?

Possibly because the Army calls a spade an entrenching tool.

Have you noticed how many commonly used terms have suddenly been replaced by trendy but inoffensive-sounding buzzwords?

Once elevated to an art, euphemisms have now degenerated to the point that nobody knows what you're talking about if you play it right.

For example, the disabled, formerly called handicapped, are now other-abled. Slobs are neatness impaired, while the not-so-attractive are appearance challenged and those who can't read maps are directionally challenged.

News reporters are now called journalists. Maybe we'll keep that one - I kind of like it - but sometimes I think it's gone a bit too far.

Heaven forbid you should be caught dead wearing sneakers - they've been rechristened tennis (tennis shoes), walking shoes, cross-trainers, ad infinitum ad nauseum.

Jails became prisons, then correctional institutions or corrections facilities, guarded by not wardens but corrections officers.

The family dog is now a canine companion, but thank goodness cats are still cats.

The old-fashioned Mae West life jackets are called PFD's (personal floatation devices), which must be worn while using a PWC (personal watercraft), formerly called a jet ski.

Friendly fire means we shot

Let's call a spade an entrenching tool

our own guys, while collateral damage means our guys wiped out a bunch of civilians instead of the enemy.

Kids who spray paint ugly stuff on any available blank wall or concrete highway divider have graduated from destructive brats to graffiti artists or taggers, while juvenile delinquents are now called at-risk students to avoid bruising their tender little egos.

School districts and municipalities don't plan ahead anymore. They formulate state-mandated strategic, five-year, ten-year or long-range plans. They don't even have to follow them, as long as they keep one on hand to pacify the friendly state mandators.

Have you ever heard of manufactured housing? How about haddock loins?

Manufactured housing can be either a mobile home, formerly called a house trailer, or a modular home, once called a double-wide trailer.

Although once spurned by yuppie wannabes, manufactured homes are becoming increasingly popular because they're more affordable (cheaper) to buy and easier to maintain than site-built homes.

No matter what we call them, they're still homes built in a factory and trucked on wheels to a site to be assembled or set up on foundations, cement slabs or block pillars. And they're very nice, both inside and out.

I found haddock loins at a local supermarket. Back in the bad old days, my mother called them fish fillets and cooked them often, probably because they were cheap - uh, affordable.

(My sister Alice hated them so much that she once refused to go near any food containing the word "fillet," even filet mignon, much to

the rest of the family's merriment.)

Technically, a loin is the part of an animal found somewhere around its hips, as in pork loin. I never saw a haddock with hips, but would certainly be glad to give them some of mine if they need any.

A good aside to calling a spade by its proper name is the euphemistic descriptions you often see in real estate ads. Everyone knows a "handyman's special" is bound to be a repairperson's nightmare, and "rustic ambience" often disguises places combining the best of Moose Miller, the Beverly Hillbillies and Ma and Pa Kettle.

While looking at homes more than a decade ago, I toured a "farmette" (all three acres of it) with two "detached outbuildings" - a third bathroom (working out-house complete with working wasp nests) and a cozy guest cottage (dog coop.) I guess that's what you call rustic ambience. The wasps certainly thought so.

Another home disguised as "a handyman's special on 7 1/2 lovely country acres" turned out to be a damp six-room rathole with no central heating, leaky plumbing and a roof more holey than righteous, situated on a small hill overlooking seven acres of lovely swamp, where the well had been drilled. A peek into the small half-basement revealed that the builder had used several tree trunks as supports for the first floor.

I think I prefer the good old days, when educators were teachers, shrinkage was loss of merchandise due to shoplifting, mixed-breed dogs (cockapoos, Dobermanes and Peek-a-pooes) were mutts, environmental technicians were maintenance people and entrenching tools were spades.

Mainstream



John William Johnson

Smells in the Salon perhaps are not quite as noticeable as the many attractive women who work there...the scent of a particular shampoo, oils, wet hair.

"Then again, there's that other sensory experience...seeing me," smiles Candor.

"Coming here is a very sensory experience," he repeats, "but, after all, what we do here is design and sculpt for the senses, and what we have here in doing so, is a license to touch."

Ruth the salon's gentle but powerful massage therapist, specifically has such a license...but she also doesn't mind talking.

"Is anyone out there," she asks, "aware of a day in the last 10 years during which there wasn't...repeat, was not, some horrible warning or caution about what we should or should not eat, or should not do? I doubt it."

As she attempted to make sense out of my typed-out neck muscles, we noted just a few such items which everyone short of cave dwellers have heard about:

- too much bad cholesterol.
- too little good cholesterol.
- not enough fruits.
- not enough fiber.
- too much refined sugar.
- cancer causing saccharin.

Can't live well by (white) bread alone

- cancer causing sunshine.
- cancer causing chemicals on apples.
- fossil fuel burning causing acid rain and global warming.
- nuclear waste causing everything else.

"I'll bet you're just like me, she says ironically. "You can't wait until tomorrow to hear the latest reason we should pull the dirt over ourselves."

"Not all of the gloom is without merit," I remind her.

"I know, and encourage people to practice good health habits, but..."

"Bread...how about bread?" I ask. "I eat a lot, and find myself at the mercy of the restaurateur. And now about the butter that you put on bread. Do you use a no-cholesterol butter substitute? More to the point, in my case, there is only one local restaurant which offers a no-cholesterol substitute for butter."

"Right...and what most of us eat is what many Europeans call American white air bread. That's what those who seek nutrition and fiber in bread call the commonly-consumed white bread sold in most U.S. supermarkets, and served in most area restaurants."

I point out, even as she continued to knead...no pun intended: "Other breads, many nutritious and containing needed fiber, are also sold at supermarkets. But the American public was sold long ago on white air bread made with refined wheat flour."

She laughs. "Refined means nothing more than removing the wheat's outer coating containing the bran and kernel, or seed. Of course, and this is what the critics complain about, this also removes about 90 per cent of the natural wheat fiber."

I then tell her about my reading of Consumer Reports which tested breads sold in this country.

"Surprise! Surprise," she interjects! "Most white breads were short on nutrition and fiber...right?"

I nod as best as I can with someone holding my neck. "The magazine also listed the breads which contained fiber and good nutrition and which had the best taste, according to a tasting panel. Along with the test results, the magazine also offered its recommendations."

"How's that...you O.K.," she queries, releasing my neck.

"Great...but the message here - and you wouldn't want to be deprived of your food warning today, would you? - is that too many Americans, probably a majority, are eating bread low in nutrition and fiber. Once you switch to a more wholesome bread, a taste is likely to develop for its preference."

"And while you're at it," she smiles, please tell everyone to consider the trees which were cut down to create the fields upon which the grain we hear so much about is grown."

I just did.

If you missed The Post - you missed the news!

**ONLY YESTERDAY**

60 Years Ago - June 26, 1936  
SCHOOLKIDS' LUNCHES, CLOTHES STOLEN

The end of the legal entanglements which have bound Dallas Borough School District of the last two months was in sight this week as the court en banc affirmed a previous victory for the district on two suits and attorney's prepared for final arguments on the third suit this morning.

The eighth grade of Dallas High School encountered a minor tragedy during its annual outing when a number of lunches and Buddy LeGrand's clothes disappeared while the youngsters were swimming. Fourteen youths who confessed to the theft of lunches were taken from the southbound train by chief of police Leonard O'Kane.

50 Years Ago - June 28, 1946  
THE FERNBROOK DAIRY EXPANDS BUILDINGS

Dallas Women of Rotary have voted to give an annual contribution of \$50 to the Cancer Clinic for the use of needy Back Mountain residents stricken with the dread malady. Funds are unrestricted and may be used in whole or in part or wherever directors of the clinic think they are most needed.

Keeping pace with his rapidly expanding dairy business, Clyde Cooper, owner of Fernbrook Dairy, has broken ground for a new plant on his property at Fernbrook. A new 53 x53 square foot building will be of brick tile construction and will house all the milk processing equipment of the firm as well as a retail store for the sale of dairy products and ice cream.

Cease family reunion set for July 20

The Cease Family reunion will be held at the Susquehanna Riverlands, Rt. 11, on July 20.

Current officers are: Olin Marr, president; Wilson L. Cease, vice-pres.; Marlene A. Cease, secretary/treasurer; Roger Cease, historian.

At last year's reunion, prizes were awarded to the following: oldest man, Luther Cease; oldest woman, Esther Rhinard; largest family, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson L. Cease; longest married, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Rhinard; most recently married, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Allan Cease; youngest, Zachary Zubkoff; farthest traveled, Roger Cease.

30 Years Ago - June 23, 1966  
HEAT BUCKLES RTE. 118

Superintendent Edward Hall, at a meeting of Kingston Township board last week, suggested that it probably would be feasible to have some one on duty at the Kingston Township Municipal Building more hours of the day to take calls from residents seeking aid. He said he had received a call from Robert Crosson, saying he was unable to contact the police on an emergency matter. Hall said he later learned they were investigating an accident at the shopping center in Shavertown at the time.

A large section of highway in front of the home of Alan Major, Lehman, on Route 118 buckled up Monday afternoon. A 10 foot square opening surprised residents and motorists in that area. Excessive heat is believed responsible. Tuesday's mishap was repaired by state highway crews who placed a covering of black top.

40 Years Ago - June 22, 1956  
STORM, FREEZE HIT BERRY CROPS HARD

Strawberry crops in the Sweet Valley area were badly damaged by last Thursday's hail storm coming on top of the latest deep freeze on record for 35 years, which on May 25 froze blossoms on the buds and wiped out all chances of an early and profitable crop.

Lehman School Board, at its Tuesday meeting prior to the joint meeting of Lehman-Jackson-Ross, voted approval and support of a recreation program in Idetown. Idetown Civic Association's, Robert A. Wilson, secretary will provide a suitable field in the Oak Hill area and Edward Edwards will supervise from June 30 - August 18 every week day except Saturday. State appropriation for school sponsored playgrounds is allowable for the district. Lehman board will bear approximately 35% of the expense for construction.

20 Years Ago - June 24, 1976  
TOT IS RESCUED FROM HARVEYS LAKE

Two Harveys Lake off-duty nurses and an unidentified man pulled a four year old from the lake last week and gave the limp and lifeless body a second chance. Aaron Pell of Kingston was still listed as critical at Nesbitt Hospital but doctors say he owes his life to Sue Fetsko, her friend, Pat Sandstrom of Warren, PA along with the unidentified man for getting Pell to the hospital alive.

Franklin Township Supervisors will adopt an ordinance at the July 12 meeting for the licensing of transient merchants who desire to do business in Franklin Township. The purpose of the ordinance is to protect Franklin Township residents from "fly by night" operators who peddle questionable services or merchandise. Every person deservng to conduct transient retail shall take out a license at \$2.00 per month.

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