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Scrantonian Tribune, Sunday, August 28, 1988

suburban scene

Stan Lukowski/Mid Valley

A reason for jubilation

Dickson City and especially the visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary Church, one of the largest congregations in the Scranton Diocese, will be celebrating its 100th anniversary on Saturday. Rev. Mr. Jeffrey Paulish is ordained into the Roman Catholic priesthood Saturday at 10 a.m. in St. Peter's Cathedral, Scranton. Bishop James Timlin will preside at the ordination mass. It's been some time since the Dickson City church has had a native son enter the priesthood, which is more reason to rejoice.

Next Sunday, Rev. Paulish will celebrate his first mass in his home church. This will be followed by a reception in Gensiti's, Dickson City.

Rev. Paulish is the son of William and Therese Paulish, 610 Third St., Hickory. He is one of three more to be ordained on Saturday. The others are Rev. Mr. Charles Edmick, Plymouth, and Rev. Mr. Joseph Kutch, Simpson.

Paulish presently is serving as a deacon at St. Cecilia Church, Exeter.

He was ordained into the diocese in a beautiful and spiritual mass celebrated by Bishop Timlin last March 5 in St. Peter's Cathedral.

Rev. Mr. Paulish possesses an outstanding academic record. He is a graduate of St. Mary's Parish School, Dickson City; Scranton Preparatory School, the University of Scranton and St. Paul's Seminary.

He pursued a master's degree in psychology at Boston College and Marywood College. He received his master's degree and master of theology degree from Mary Immaculate Seminary, Northampton.

While in the seminary, his pastoral assignments included Graceland Nursing Home, Nazareth; Iatowski University Campus Ministry; Immaculate Conception Parish, Allentown, and Sacred Heart Parish, Wilkes-Barre, and Holy Spirit Parish, Dickson City.

Rev. Mr. Paulish is the grandson of the late Peter and Julia Legas Paulish and the late John and Helen Deroosky Kasper.

He is the nephew of his wife, Etta. The writer is the godfather of the new priest and his wife is his godmother.

REFLECTIONS: Here's one for the books: Maria Casella, granddaughter of Al Chykovsky, the retired Olyphant basketball and basketball official, and an outstanding pitcher for Mid-Valley High School's Spartans softball team, was named as one of the year's 100 best athletes as a tribute of the month and athlete of the year. She still failed to gain first-team all-state honors. That borders on absurdity.

Construction, construction everywhere in the Mid-Valley. This past week, heavily traveled Cypress and Dunmore streets were being milled in preparation for its first resurfacing in some years. And Punnett workers were seen readying another spot with a high volume of traffic, the Lackawanna Avenue bridge in Olyphant, for a massive reconstruction. In Dickson City, work continues along the railroad tracks as some traffic hampers when construction on the aforementioned places begins to earnest.

A lot of localites on the recent football hospital stays. Included are Olyphant's Bob Sharpe; Pottsville's John Kerling and Thorpe's Fred Sobitt. Another, Dickson City's Leo Larkovak, keeping fit and trim by taking brisk walks each day.

There's no greater Boston sports fan than Olyphant Borough secretary Dick Kelly. If he's not wearing a Celtics shirt, he can be seen in a Celtics baseball cap.

Dick's infatuation with Boston's basketballers dates back to the days when Scranton was a farm club of the Sox and saw many of its players graduate to the parent club. I job was a farm club of the Sox and saw many of its players graduate to the parent club. I job was a farm club of the Sox and saw many of its players graduate to the parent club.

Attention Thru Alumni Association: During a recent trip to New England, where he participated in a number of alumni group meetings, he reigns supreme, participating in a parade as a band member on the back of the marching band. He wore a shirt with the year of his or her class number on the back. One of the marching band was a member of the 1922 class, would you believe.

Andrea Henley Heyn/Wayne County

The birth of VIP in Wayne

Those tireless volunteers have a new name. New director, and as of tomorrow, a new motto. But they still are working on the same difficult problem: Domestic violence in Wayne County.

Last year, 129 Wayne Counties were victims of abusive spouses.

The Victim's Intervention Program (VIP) became VIP July 1. Formerly the Women's Resource Center, it operates as a satellite of the Scranton organization. Now, with its own funding, its own staff, and its own board of directors, VIP opens its new doors Monday at the Fourbridge Mall.

Its light and airy second floor accommodations will house counseling programs, administrative desks, "offices" would sound too grand for relatively small space which will be used as a "youth center" for the staff.

Keyel Hush-Hall took over as executive director of the new organization. Dawn Weis is the program's counselor/advocate.

Hush-Hall explained that VIP's mission is three-fold: Direct services to victims, education/prevention, and systems advocacy.

The direct services are myriad and essential. "We provide courtroom advocacy, counseling and crisis intervention," Hush-Hall said. "We know where those are, to protect those who volunteer their homes and the victims."

A woman need only call the hotline number, 863-6411, at any time of the day or night, and the volunteer will help her in getting to safety, Hush-Hall said.

At the safe house, the victims are helped to sort out what needs to happen next, housing, financial assistance, job programs, and court protection.

Domestic violence cases often end up in court, with the perpetrator told to stay away from the "home" with a "Protection from Abuse Order" if he (or much less often, she) violates that order.

he is then held in contempt of court.

To face the abuse and the unfamiliar court system, the victim can count on VIP's court advocate for explanation and support. Education/prevention is the second focus of VIP.

Spreading the word to every segment of the community about the effects of domestic violence, the services available, the aid needed by victims, the signs for which to watch is the goal.

Prevention is a direct outgrowth of education. And education is needed for the children in abusive families because the overwhelming majority of abused women had fathers who were abusers.

"It's an insolent thing," Hush-Hall said. "Male learn as children to be perpetrators and if you're a girl, you learn that it's alright to be abusive."

Systems advocacy, the third component of VIP, works to educate within legal, medical and social service agencies which deal with abused women to make the agencies more aware of domestic violence, advocating specifically for the special needs of the victims.

Volunteers are the backbone of this organization. Some volunteers take 40 hours of training to prepare them for their professional work of counseling, advocacy and providing safe housing.

But volunteers of the stamp-clinking, envelope-stamping, and fund-raising type are also welcome and needed.

Additionally, "we need a safe home in the north part of the county," Hush-Hall said. "We need a safe home. You just need a spare bedroom, nothing fancy."

Volunteers: Do, I, G, U.

Jobs You Can'Tell Your Little Friends: What letters are noters afraid of? Answer: I, G, U, U.

One more: What does a squawk wear swimming? Answer: A necktie bikini.

Francis D. Hudzinski/Down Valley

While here, Al did his utmost

One of my closest buddies, my former insurance agent and a former Dupont mayor and presently a member of borough council, was taken away from us by the Man in the Heaven. I'm sure that's there he is now.

I'm referring to Albert J. Conello, whose heart had failed. He had been in the hospital for a week. I can remember when Al served as a member of the Dupont Police Department, going back maybe 10 years or so when cops at that time were making \$15 per month. I could remember Al serving as justice of the peace now they call that magistrature for what it is. I could remember Al serving as mayor in an overwhelming Polish-Slovak-Russian community of Dupont, for two consecutive four-year terms. Al was on town council which he had remained 11 months to serve.

Al was very active as a member and officer, last serving as vice president of the Dupont Home Co. active in the Dupont Lions Club where he had a term as president; president of the Dupont Italian-American Club. I can't forget that he was active in the Dupont Senior Citizens Club.

What Al liked to do was work for the Democratic Party in Dupont and Lawrence County. This man was known by just about everyone in the area.

I could remember visiting him at his residence the afternoon and guess what Al was doing, watching soap operas.

He was very worried about spending in the past few years. He had a lot of money, but he was afraid to spend it. He was afraid to spend it. He was afraid to spend it.

Before I conclude my knowledge of Al, I must say he was one of the best presidents the Lower Lackawanna Valley Sanitary Authority ever had. He served on the authority's board of directors for nine years.

Our condolences to his wife, his two daughters, brothers and sisters and all his cousins.

SHORT NOTES - Dupont Borough Council will probably select Mrs. Gloria Costello, to replace her hubby, as member of Dupont

Borough Council to fill out the remaining months in office. If Gloria does not want, someone in the Costello family should be selected.

We were told, the private garage hauler from Avoca is taking a financial beating because of the low garage contract. Avoca was only \$100 per month for 1988 and 1989. It was \$150 per month for 1988 and 1989. It was \$150 per month for 1988 and 1989.

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morning - Former Avoca Councilman Jim McDuire, a local bachelor, taking it easy in front of Lewisburg's Drug Store. Jim, during his four-year term, was a pretty good dirt coachman. His math skills for the borough was recreation for the youngsters. I must give some kind of credit to Jim McDuire. He was a pretty good dirt coachman.

When sewer lines are placed along Springbrook Avenue (Route 11) in Mosaic will be getting a grant for that project which will take care of portions of the population. When the project is finished, the Glendale section, which borders that area, will also be improved. Glendale is a part of Pottsville Twp. The Pottsville Tomato Festival held just recently for four days was such a big success that area residents and out-of-state residents can't wait for next July's four-day event. Some estimate the attendance at the four-day event started at 8 a.m. That day they had all kind of races, contests, you name they had it.

Jeff Lewis/The Abington Area

On (parents) eating out!

Doesn't anyone eat at home anymore?

I'm always amazed as I drive through Chinatown and Charles Sumner at the number of restaurants along Rt. 1 and Rt. 191, quickly counted 25 food establishments within the 1.4 mile stretch. And believe it or not, more one stop is being done a very good business. As a matter of fact, you'll often find a waiting line at many of them.

Just ask my parents, who frequent most of the restaurants in the area on a nightly basis. My parents dine out so often that they're on a first-name basis with all of the cooks and dishwashers throughout the area. I think they even exchange Christmas cards with most of the waitresses in the greater Scranton vicinity.

This was always the case. When they were busy raising four children, including a somewhat rambunctious second child, there was always a home-cooked meal on the table at exactly 5:30 p.m. every night. Most meals were of standard variety - meat, potatoes, vegetable and dessert. But the Lewis family did partake in a few weekly modern lunches and dinners. Among these eclectic entries were baked beans and barbecue and French toast with peaches or powdered sugar.

At times as all four children were grown and on their own, the nightly suppers to family-style restaurants and cafes began for my parents.

At first this dining habit appeared innocent enough and it seemed like a great way for them to reward themselves after catering to their children for so long. But I've been getting the distinct impression lately that these nightly meals are becoming an obsession with them.

Hardly a night goes by that the car isn't pointed in the direction of the arena of fresh-smelling meats. I've discovered certain menu choices secretly hidden under the sofa or behind the cushions in case they need a quick visit.

They've gone so far as to plan their restaurant around cities or sites that are renowned for their culinary expertise. I've heard time and time again that Disney World has great restaurants and all sides, but I can't remember ever hearing about any of the rides.

But still, eating aside, these nightly dining experiences are well deserved and short-lived. You're always back in plenty of time to watch their favorite sit-com or sporting event. And when the family gets together, it's back to the old habit of great home-cooked food and lively conversation at the dinner table.

And from what I see along Rt. 1 and 191 in Abington, there are many other people out there enjoying the same dining-out routine night after night. My guess is, you're not the only one.

Whether it's fast-food, pizza, home-style cooking or elegant dining, you're sure to find it in the Abington. And be sure to say hello to Dale and Jack during your next meal away from home. They'll be the ones with a smile on their faces.

This will be my last Abington column. Added responsibilities at my teaching position in the North Pocono School District has made me decide to relinquish this position. I've enjoyed the challenge of the Abington and I hope I served the community well. I will continue at the Scrantonian Tribune as a city correspondent in the west, north and south regions.

Nan Waters/Carbondale Area

Today its jeans n'....

"School bells ring and children sing, it's back-to-Robert Hall again." Remember that old jingle?

We were reminded of the other day as we were punching back-to-school bus and class schedules from parents and school ones in my computer.

And of course every September as the bells ring and the school opens, we with us went back in school again. We'd like to be returning to some college student, some who are in their late teens or early 20s.

I have very little patience with these so-called back-to-school people who say, "I'd go back to school again but I'm going to be in next year." Yet, you're going to be 40 years old.

The day you stop learning is the day you might as well pack it in, curl up in your rocking chair in a retirement and watch the afternoon soaps.

And during their school days you try to tell your children that it's the best time of their lives. Learn. Enjoy. Just watch till you get out in the real world and you have to punch a time clock and carry your own way.

But they never do. Not till it happens to them. Back when I went to school, you got a new plaid dress and a pair of saddle shoes for the first day of school. There was a magnet. You had your hair cut and your teeth cleaned at the dentist. And you were checked if you needed it.

Nobody worried too much about corrective shoes or orthodontia. Or contact lenses or visits to the dermatologist. Nobody worried because they were unknown.

Kids today are out there buying jeans that cost as much as our parents spent on a week's groceries, sweatshirts and gold chains

and watches—three or four on one arm.

I can remember when teenagers didn't say anything. They were white and your father wore their mother his dress shorts. Sweatshirts were what the children wore at football practice. Clothes didn't make a statement. Your mother might tell you that you and you were darned glad to get them.

Nobody wore jeans to school. A boy who wore the country who had shaggy hair to wear jeans wore shorts and ties and jackets. Sometimes three-button, but they were CLEAN.

And of course, before the first day of school you had to buy a new pencil box, complete with a ruler, eraser, pencils and a protractor.

That was a pointed metal implement you attached to your pencil sticks with a never-remember using it but it was always there.

The school district provided you with fat blue pencils and a lined label. And you had new books to use. My mother always used shelf paper or brown wrapping paper or leftover fabric. (Remember children that people used to wear their kitchen table?)

The first day of school was exciting. You usually knew beforehand which teacher you'd get and you were either ecstatic or in the doldrums about her. (I had no men teachers in grade school.)

We made no fashion statements in our plaid coats and dresses and Dutch bang haircuts. We were just there, being our pristine, newly covered books and our pencil boxes.

The best years of our lives.