

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

ANNA GRAMM...

ANNA IS MAKING A FEW PURCHASES BEFORE LEAVING ON HER VACATION... REARRANGE THE LETTERS ON THE BOXES AND SEE WHAT SHE IS TAKING ALONG.....

FIND TEN "P" OBJECTS

POPULAR PROFILES

HERE'S AN EASY PROFILE ARTISTIC ARTIE HAS DRAWN FOR YOU.... JUST MAKE A LINE FROM 1 TO 30.....

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IT'S TRUE!

RITA JOHNSON WAS 13 YEARS OLD ON A FRIDAY THE 13TH AND EVER SINCE HAS CONSIDERED 13 HER LUCKY NUMBER.

EDDIE QUILLAN IS AN EXPERT GOLFER. HE WAS CLUB CHAMPION AT LAKESIDE FOR TWO YEARS.

George Murphy IS AN EXPERT CHEMIST.

Although RITA JOHNSON HAS FLOWN MORE THAN 40,000 MILES AND HAS TRAVELED MORE THAN 90,000 MILES ON TRAIN - SHE HAS NEVER BEEN OUTSIDE THE U.S.

HARKING BACK TO THE DAYS OF LON CHANEY, LEO G. CARROLL PLAYS FOUR WIDELY DIVERGENT PARTS IN M-G-M'S "LONDON BY NIGHT".

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EXCERPTS FROM THE HISTORY OF DALLAS

By WILLIAM PENN RYMAN

Before the invention of the lucifer match the matter of keeping fire in a house, especially in the winter, was one of extreme importance in this very sparsely settled country.

Every one burned wood then, and fire was kept overnight by covering a few live coals with ashes in the fireplace. Sometimes this failed and then, if no flint and punk were at hand, some other member of the family had to go to the nearest neighbor, probably a mile or more away, and bring fire. It is not difficult to imagine their sufferings during the winters in this respect. Had food, clothing and other things been plenty and good, this hardship could have been better endured; but they were not, and, worst of all, there were almost no means of procuring them.

There was an abundance of game and fish for a time, but they did not satisfy a civilized people. Buckwheat was early introduced in Dallas, and was afterward so extensively raised here that the expression "Buckwheat Dallas" was frequently used by way of marking this fact in connection with the name. It is a summer grain and quick to mature. In ninety days from the day when the crop is sowed it can be grown, matured, gathered, ground and served on the table as food, or, as has been often remarked, sold just in time to meet a three-month note in the bank.

Another practical benefit from raising this grain was that, in gathering it, a large quantity of it shook off and was scattered over the fields. This afforded a most attractive pigeon food, and during the Fall and Spring seasons, and often during a great deal of the winter, pigeons would flock in countless numbers all over that country. They came in such quantities that it would be difficult to exaggerate their numbers.

When a boy I used to see flocks that extended as far as the eye could reach, from end to end, and these long strings or waves of birds would pass over so closely following each other that sometimes two or three flocks could be seen at once, and some days they were almost constantly flying over, and the noise of their wings was not unlike the sound of a high wind blowing through the pine woods. They cast a shadow as they passed over like a very heavy cloud. Often they flew so low as to be most easily reached with an ordinary shot gun.

The skilled way of capturing them in large quantities however was with a net. William, or Daddy, Emmons was a famous pigeon trapper as well as a fisherman. He used decoy pigeons. They were blind pigeons, tied to the ground at some desired spot, and when they heard the noise of large flocks flying overhead they would flap their wings as if to fly away. Attracted by this the flock would come down and settle near the decoys, where plenty of buckwheat was always to be found. When a sufficient number had settled and collected on the right spot, Mr. Emmons, who was concealed in a bush or house nearby, would spring his net over them quickly and fasten them within. After properly securing the net the work of killing them began. It was done in an instant by crushing their heads between the thumb and fingers.

Hundreds were often caught and killed in this way at one spring of the net. Pigeons were so plentiful that some hunters cut off and saved the breasts only, and threw the balance away. Pigeon trapping in Dallas twenty-five and thirty years ago was almost, if not quite, a parallel with the great shad fishing days in the Susquehanna.

On the morning of September 5, 1887, while walking along the roadside in Dallas Borough, Daddy Emmons was knocked down by a wagon loaded with hay, through some carelessness of the driver. Emmons was pushed off the lower bank of the roadside, a broken thigh was the result, and he died from the shock at the house of his daughter, Mrs. Davis, in Dallas village, within a few days at the age of ninety-two years.

I quote the following tribute to Daddy's memory, written soon after his death by Hon. Caleb E. Wright, formerly of the Luzerne bar:

"The first time I met this ancient fisherman was at Harvey's Lake, where he had a summer cabin. At our first interview, I thought I discovered his merit; and then and there we grew into bonds of affinity. With every yard square of the noble sheet of water, Daddy Emmons was familiar. A man may be good on water, without much knowledge of woodcraft. This was once demonstrated when the old fisherman undertook to guide George Lear of the Bucks county bar and myself from the north shore of the lake to Beaver Run. We wished to reach the run at the foot of the great meadow. It was once a meadow, but of late years an inextricable confusion of alders, through which the stream found its way, a mile or so in extent. Instead of reaching it below the jungle our conductor brought us in above. Our Bucks county friend started in first. A short distance brought him to the alders. We found his track, where he had penetrated the tangled undergrowth, but that was all. The future attorney-general of the Commonwealth was lost.

"In hunting for him, having wound up our lines, we got lost, too. I don't know how many hours we wandered in the dismal slough, chiefly in circles, but Squire Kocher, hunting his cattle, found and rescued us. Mr. Lear, getting out upon a long road, following it to the Lake, had encountered a lad of Judge Barnum's who rowed him across to the hotel.

"There was pleasing simplicity and honest candor in this old navigator of the lake that commended him to the regard of men far above him in social rank. Judge Paxson of our Supreme Court, for many years a summer resident of the celebrated resort, spent his days in company of Daddy Emmons. Their communion was a pleasant thing to behold, and the distinguished jurist, in common with many other, will ever bear a kindly remembrance of this piscatorial veteran, deploring the sad catastrophe that hastened his descent to the tomb."

Daddy came to Harvey's Lake from New Jersey. Until two years before his death he lived in a hut in a cove of woods on the banks of the lake and was looked upon as the ideal fisherman of the neighborhood. He knew just where the finny tribe was most numerous and seldom failed to make a catch.

DETECTIVE RILEY

By Richard Lee

DETECTIVE RILEY, THE WOUNDED BUCK WILSON, VIOLA, AND THE SECRET AGENT LAND AT THE SHANGHAI AIRPORT!

COME, BUCK DARLING, I'LL GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL

TAKE CARE OF HIM VIOLA, I'VE GOT TO REPORT TO THE UNITED STATES CONSUL!

GOOD BYE, RILEY, I MUST REPORT TO MY CHIEF!

RILEY GOES TO THE AIRPORT MANAGER-

I WANT A SUIT OF CLOTHES AND AN AUTOMOBILE--- THIS'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM!

VERY GOOD, SIR!

STARTING NEXT WEEK "THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY MYSTERY" IN WHICH DETECTIVE RILEY IS PITTED AGAINST THE MOST CUNNING OF CRIMINALS, "THE SPHINX"

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LITTLE BUDDY

By Bruce Stuart

IT'S BROKE AGAIN! I'M ALWAYS HAVIN' TROUBLE WITH THIS WATCH!

EXCUSE ME OFFICER, I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOMETHIN'

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND A SECOND-HAND SHOP?

I WANNA BUY A SECOND HAND FOR MY WATCH!

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DASH DIXON

By Dean Carr

THE SPACE SHIP CARRYING OUR HEROES HURTLES EARTHWARD COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL

I CAN'T STOP IT! WE'LL BE KILLED!!

O-OH!

LOOK - DASH! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH ON AN ISLAND!! IT'S A JUNGLE ISLAND - WE'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!!

GIANT BEASTS GAZE SKYWARD

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO DOT AND DASH IN THE LAND OF PREHISTORIC AGES - ? ? ?

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FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!

By H. T. Elmo

MIRRORS ARE BURIED WITH UNMARRIED WOMEN IN SWEDEN, SO THEY CAN ARRANGE THEIR HAIR TO APPEAR TO ADVANTAGE ON THE DAY OF RESURRECTION!!

MEN'S JACKETS WITH THE OWNERS' FACES DESIGNED ON THEM, WERE FAVORITE FASHION IN FRANCE A POPULAR FASHION DURING THE 16TH CENTURY.....

AMONG THE ANCIENT PHOENICIANS IT WAS CUSTOMARY FOR PEOPLE WHO COULDN'T SWIM TO EAT BREAD ON THE SUBJECT - IN THE BELIEF THAT THEY COULD THUS LEARN THE SECRETS OF SWIMMING!!

WHEN AN INDIAN WISHED TO BECOME ENGAGED HE DUG UP ROOTS OF THE BLOOD-ROOT PLANT AND RUBBED IT'S RED JUICE ON HIS HAND..... HE THEN PRESENTED THE STAINED HAND TO HIS BELOVED..... IF SHE WAS WILLING TO MARRY HIM, SHE WOULD SHAKE HIS HAND AND THUS, THEY BECAME ENGAGED!!

A LONDON CAT ADOPTED AND NURSED A MUSKRAT FOR 6 MONTHS... AT THE END OF THIS PERIOD THE CAT CALMLY DEVoured IT!!!

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