

Fin, Fur and Feather

By William J. Robbins Jr.



THOUGHTS

Why do so many people ask a deer hunter, "if you get a deer please let me have a piece; I've never eaten venison!" and at the same time know that if they do get a nice cut of this pure meat, it will wind up in the garbage can.

I have often wondered how many pounds of venison are wasted in this manner. I know many who have accepted a select cut of deer from me have never used it. As a matter of fact the wives of some recipients wouldn't permit "the horrible stuff" in the house, let alone cook it.

I've often wondered, too, how many people know just how to prepare venison. The American Indian did char flesh food over the open fire, and rest assured there was no waste in their camps. Even the entrails were cleaned and made into stew. Marrow from bones was considered a delicacy. Pem-i-can was half deer and bear meat, seasoned with mint or penny-royal.

I saw plenty of antlerless deer the first day, but none with horns. Had a splendid opportunity to look at a bear over the sights of "Loud Lucy", my faithful 270 Cal. He was big and pretty; As a matter of fact, the largest bear I have ever seen, dead or alive, in the woods, or in a zoo. A fair guess of its weight would be some over 300 pounds. Each time he passed through a sunny spot his coat sparkled like a loaded coal truck, going down the road on a clear day.

Now that the hunting season has about come to a close for many, there is still a lot of sport to be had during snow-shoe rabbit season, and many pleasant hours can be had if you own a good fox hound. The baying of a hound on a warm scent has for many, the same thrill as hound after cotton tails.

If you do take to the winter woods, why not take food for wild-life with you. With the swing of a light hatchet many sumac can be cut. A couple dozen ears of corn in a hunting coat require little additional energy, and can be dropped in a wood-chuck hole that is occupied by brer rabbit, or if you

have no special time to return, an ear of corn can be pegged or spitted so that it remains above snow level, but not too high for game to reach.

For those who have finished with their guns proper cleaning comes next on the agenda. This program should be followed with precision. A thorough cleaning given every three weeks during the winter months, and every six or eight weeks during summer.

April 15th will soon roll around.

If you want the little woman to raise the roof or blow her top, get out your fishing tackle and start fly tying on the dining-room table. This diversion can evolve into a project that can last weeks or months. In addition to fly making, one can get into plug carving, and if ambition runs rampant, even go in for rod making. These adjuncts will tax the initiative of any like Walton adherent, even if the first made articles are not prize-takers.

Someone should instruct the new Game Protectors in the right approach to motorists at their established road blocks. The question arose in my 14-year old son's mind, why he was asked to show his license when he was a passenger in a car.

He was not hunting from the car, and this should have been apparent to the protector. As a matter of fact I doubt if anyone saw him hunting during the day. The only answer I could give was, that this was a little man on the job and just a little eager to show his authority.

The thought has occurred to me many times, just where do the Game Protectors spend their days? In nearly thirty years of hunting I've met but two in the woods, Harry Meiss and Warren Ohlman. Many can recall these two men and this gives an idea of just how long ago that was.

Can't help but wonder if my pet fox met a tragic death. She broke her chain two weeks ago and left for parts unknown. This has happened before but then it was the collar that snapped and after a few days in the wilds she would re-

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SAFETY VALVE . . .

MORE ON ALCOHOL

Dear Editor:

I was interested in the article on alcoholism which appeared in The Post but I missed something now that there are those who call alcoholism a disease.

It seems strange that there is no effort made to discover the cause as there is in other diseases and remove it. Typhoid, tuberculosis, diphtheria and polio, with its miles of dimes and miles of dollars used in research as it should be, to find the cause of the disease so a cure can be found.

I have read a number of articles on alcoholism and alcohol education and most of them seem to be more concerned in finding a way to drink all they want and still not become alcoholics.

There are now 4,500,000 alcoholics in the United States and 900,000 are women and some of them are mothers. Think of that. Why not get after the cause? I don't think it would take very long or cost much for research.

"Wine is a mocker, strong is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Proverbs 20:1.

E. M. ROBBINS
Trucksville

PREVENT THE CAUSE CURE THE DISEASE

December 11, 1951

Dear Editor,

I feel strongly that the temperance forces of the Back Mountain Area should make a forceable reply to the article written by Mr. John V. Heffernan, Wilkes-Barre newspaperman, and published in your paper in the Safety Valve section under the title of Alcoholism. This will also be a reply to the reader whose one paragraph letter appeared in Safety Valve the following week. The name of the latter author did not appear, instead the person was only identified by J. B.

The question of what to do about Alcoholism seemed to be receiving a great deal of attention from the Republican Governor of Pennsylvania, John Fine. I would like to quote from an early spokesman of that party as to the best way of solving the liquor problem. I am quoting from the words of a person who is held in high esteem by men of all political parties in America, Abraham Lincoln had this to say, "The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening its destruction. All

attempts to REGULATE it will only aggravate the evil. IT MUST NOT BE REGULATED: IT MUST BE ERADICATED." End of the quotation from Abraham Lincoln.

I agree with Mr. Lincoln that the liquor traffic must be eradicated. In other words I am saying that we must prohibit the sale of beverage alcohol. Not only must we pass a law which says it shall be unlawful to make or sell beverage alcohol, we must see that such a law is given strict enforcement. Our government and our people can certainly enforce such a law. We can enforce laws against gambling and the smuggling of drugs if we would. Our nation is mighty powerful when once its determination is centered on accomplishing a worthy cause. It took the people a long while to abolish slavery, an institution that had existed in our country for about 240 years. When the nation finally decided that it must be decided and decided now, we find the shackles loosened and America has a new birth of freedom.

Is the time not ripe to free the youth of America from the terrible environment about them? Is it any wonder that young people are making such terrible blunders as regards beverage alcohol? Their beloved America has legalized the sale of this liquid. They see that the nation allows newspapers, radios, and television to advertise beverage alcohol as if it were something to be desired. They hear of people in high places and people seemingly successful who imbibe. Can you wonder that youth might choose the wrong way when the issues are so obscured? Youth does not so easily become aware of what is happening near the end of this road of Alcoholism. Isn't it time for us to free society of beverage alcohol and allow the Youth of America a fair chance to compete in the World of tomorrow with a clear brain, a clean record, and with high courage for the future?

Some people wish to have Alcoholism classed as a disease and those who become alcoholics considered as sick and in need of hospitalization. If alcoholism is a disease, and if this disease is caused by drinking alcohol, then instead of trying to cure the disease let's prevent it. I have heard again and again the old adage, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." If you hospitalize the 1 out of 16 who may become an alcoholic and still continue feeding alcohol to half the population and continue producing more and more alcoholics what will be the end result? Would it not be better to go to the source and destroy the cause? If you were going to build a Panama Canal and the malaria mosquito kept biting and killing your men would you say we must build hospitals to take care of these unfortunate men who were bitten? Why not destroy

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Single copies, at a rate of 35c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Berts Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Donahues Restaurant; Shavertown—Evans' Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Mottown, Paves Store; Huntsville, Barnes Store; Harveys Lake; Lake Variety Store, Deater's Store; Fernbrook, Reese's Store; Sweet Valley, Britt's Store.

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ONLY YESTERDAY

From The Post of ten and twenty years ago this week.

From The Christmas Issue, 1941

Editorially speaking:

Christmas, 1941, is a solemn one for all of us . . . There are sad homes this Christmas . . . There will be more of them next Christmas . . . Our faith in man is shaken . . . Ours is a righteous cause that we have forgotten too long . . . But if we are only awake, if we are willing to fight to make this a world in which all peoples can live in harmony, we shall have saved the world and our own souls.

If we forget the ideal in the hundreds of war—if we refuse to accept the world leadership thrust unwillingly upon us—we shall have turned our backs on the wisdom Christianity has striven to attain for 2000 years.

Idetown Classes Hold Joint Christmas Party

Christian Boys' Class, Kings Daughters Class and Mrs. John Garinger's Class of Idetown Methodist Church held their Christmas party in the Churchhouse Saturday night. Present were Mrs. James Brace, Mrs. John Garinger, John Race, Dorothy Meade, Lorraine Keller, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ide, Roxie Hoover, Donald Williams, Nelson Carle Jr., Roland Ide, Bruce Ide, William Allabaugh, Shirley Welsh, Frank Prutzman, Kathryn Kidd, Kenneth Kidd, Sally Spencer, Jerry Spencer, Mary Lou Rogers, Jimmy Rogers, Jack Paul, Harry Thompson, Carlton Hadsel, Lynn Hadsel, Tony Toluba and Teddy Toluba.

Barnyard Notes

Three sections of this week's Post have gone to press and there's still a ten-inch two column hole to be filled on page 2 with what are facetiously known as Barnyard Notes.

Three nights of working almost around the clock, a snowstorm, one fellow off sick, and another gone to greener pastures have put us behind the eight ball, if that's what you call the ornaments on the Christmas tree.

We've never had a more harried Christmas season, except maybe the one twenty years ago when I gave Myra an electric heating pad for Christmas. She's never forgotten it—and I haven't been allowed to.

That was quite a Christmas! There wasn't enough money in the till to pay the help, so all of us gathered in the little office after the paper was out and divided seventy-five dollars. I suppose there are a lot of Republicans who can't remember those days; but I can and I'm no Democrat.

Well, as I was saying, it was a Christmas season just like this one, only more so. There were underprivileged kids, plenty of them that hadn't seen Santa Claus for a couple of seasons. And there were plenty of folks who didn't have too much coal and weren't too choosy about the kind of meat they'd have for Christmas dinner.

Rotary, the Churches, Kiwanis and the American Legion didn't have to hire the F. B. I. to find somebody they could help. It's a lot different today! I don't know where you'd turn to find somebody who needs something unless he's sick or in love.

Well, in those days, Jim Oliver, The Dallas Post and Mrs. Mitten who lived then at the Country Club decided to fill a few Christmas baskets and distribute them around the countryside. I hauled a lot of the stuff in my old blue Ford, and, believe me, a lot of folks who got those baskets were grateful. Some have since sent kids to college; but they were a long way from doing it then!

After a day of bucking through snowdrifts and delivering baskets, along about six o'clock Christmas Eve we found there were some folks who had been overlooked. That meant more food for more baskets! And that's where my share of the \$75 went.

In those days my father ran the hardware store and since my credit wouldn't have been any good in a Wilkes-Barre store, I talked the present proposition over with him.

I am sure he would have let me have anything in the store, for he liked "the little Dutchman," too. I could have given her an axe, a length of log chain or a kitchen range; but they wouldn't have been quite so appropriate as the heating pad he dug out from under the counter.

Yes, sir, that was a great Christmas. Almost as much snow as now!

Back Mountain Shops and Homes All Lighted Up For Christmas

Back Mountain is all dressed up for Christmas, beginning far down the highway at the big bend where O'Malia's Laundry has dedicated its largest window to a colorful Nativity scene flanked by brightly decorated Christmas trees.

At Harter's Dairy, it's a large blue spruce with colored lights; at Isaacs Garage, lighted Christmas trees and wreaths in the big window.

Back Mountain Lumber has a conventional Christmas window featuring fireplace and tree; Forty Fort Ice Cream Store has a beautiful design painted on the windows.

In Dallas, Christmas lights are strung along Main Street; the Dallas Bank is trimmed with garlands

and colored lights; Flannigan's Furniture has window decorations developed in white branches and colored lights, with garlands framing the door; Dallas Hardware has a Manger scene; Grace Cave's shop windows bloom with scarlet poinsettias.

Up the hill at the top of Huntsville Road, Harry Smith has an effective window, marked off in tiny panes with snow in the corners, and Santa Claus beaming in the background.

Many house-holders have decorated, both inside and out. One of the outstanding pieces is the illuminated snowman glowing goldenly at the entrance of Peg Weaver's driveway on Franklin Street.

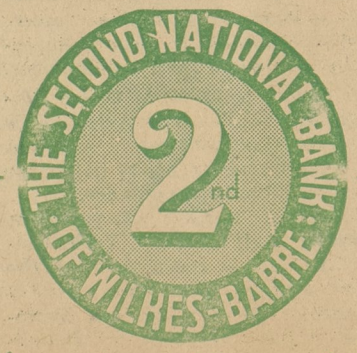


do it the easy way . . .

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