

Fin, Fur and Feather



People Learn The Hard Way

Most hunters are good citizens, but occasionally game protectors encounter persons who perpetually flaunt the law in defiance of penalties and restrictions placed upon them.

On November 1, a Cassville, Huntingdon County man was arrested by game protectors and fined for hunting and killing 6 gray squirrels during the Governor's hunting ban. On the 29th of the same month, game protectors again arrested this man for illegally killing and possessing 2 deer in close season.

In another case, November 13 of this year proved the start of an unlucky streak for a man living near McVeytown, Mifflin County. He was picked up by game protectors on that date for killing deer in close season and for hunting small game while his license was revoked. Not satisfied, the same man was caught hunting deer on December 3. This being the third offense the perpetual violator was fined the maximum penalty and, in addition, was placed in jail for a lengthy stay.

A Montgomery County man appears to be out to set somewhat of a record as an "outlaw hunter", having been prosecuted each year for three consecutive years. In 1950 he killed an antlerless deer during the buck season and ingeniously attached antlers, but was detected and paid a penalty of \$100 with revocation of hunting privileges. In 1951 he secured a license under an assumed name and hunted two days, resulting in a higher penalty. This year, he again hunted during a period when hunting privileges had been suspended and killed a buck deer. The fine for this offense was still more severe. At the completion

of the hearing on the last case, the hunter requested permission to deposit his guns with the Court, just to avoid further temptation, until such time as he would have his hunting privileges restored.

Warning Is Well Placed

The inscription on a board above the gun rack in a Huntingdon County sportsman's camp reads: "All the game in the woods is not worth the life of one person."

Report Big Game Kills

The Pennsylvania Game Law requires hunters who bag big game animals in the state to report their kills to the Harrisburg office of the Game Commission.

Knowledge of the extent of bear and deer harvests is important to the Commission. Successful big game hunters, including those who are permitted by law to hunt without license, are requested to report their kills at once, either by the big game kill card attached to their hunting license or by postal card. The time, place (county and township), sex, weight, and number of antler points, if any, should be furnished. Full cooperation of the nimrods is helpful to the Commission in developing and managing their future sport.

To Sell Forfeited Auto

In accordance with the Game Law, which provides for the confiscation of equipment illegally used in the spotlighting of deer, the Game Commission has confiscated an automobile so used and is offering it for sale.

The Game Commission confiscated a 1951 Pontiac car on June 20. The auto was used in the illegal, night killing of a deer in Lycoming County on November 30, 1951, by a spotlight attached to the vehicle.

The lapse of time was due to litigation in the case.

The Pontiac will be sold at public auction at Eck's Central Storage Garage, Williamsport, at 10 a.m. on December 30.

Violations Reviewed

Game Commission records show that, in the order given, the predominant violations in the 1952 small game season, to date, were: hunting in safety zones; hunting without license, on borrowed license, or non-residents hunting on resident license; carrying loaded guns in vehicles; and killing deer in close season.

In the bear and buck deer season, game law breakers fell into these principal classifications, in the order of numbers prosecuted: killing illegal deer; license violations as given in the November hunting; loaded guns in cars; shooting at random; and violations of the roster law.

In October of this year, 481 persons were prosecuted for game law infractions in Pennsylvania. Penalties collected totaled \$15,179.31.

Really Meant No Hunting

Game Protector Paul R. Miller, Butler, says it is evident someone tried to help enforce the Governor's hunting ban in his own little way. Miller tells that early in November a sportsman showed him a note that was placed on the windshield of his car while he was hunting hickory nuts. It read: "Don't you know there is no hunting of any kind since the Governor closed the season? Get out of the woods and stay out."

Worth Repeating . . .

In one week, a city newspaper has been getting enough government publicity to fill 800 columns, Junius B. Wood says in an article in Nation's Business.

The Veterans Administration's 15,432 insurance employees were found by the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report to be carrying an average work load of 450 policies each, compared with a work load of 1,762 policies per employee in private business.

SAFETY VALVE

Robert L. Whalen, Trucksville, our neighbor, sent us the following letter and poem this week. We enjoyed both and thought you would too. You bet we'll call him the next time we need a good home for a dog.

Myra Risley

Dear Mrs. Risley:

I have followed with considerable interest your stories of puppies abandoned in the Dallas area and your efforts to secure homes where they will receive care and affection. I should be glad to welcome a puppy and will guarantee both care and affection.

Very truly yours,
Robert L. Whalen
Trucksville, Pa.
Phone 4-5561.

P.S. I am enclosing a copy of a poem I copied from some source, it may have been the Post. If not I am sure you will appreciate it.

I want my boy to have a dog
Or maybe two or three
He'll learn from them much easier
Than he would learn from me

A dog would show him how to love
And bear no grudge or hate;
I'm not so good at that myself
But dogs will do it straight

I want my boy to have a dog
To be his pal and friend
So he may learn that friendship
Is faithful to the end

There never yet has been a dog
Who learned to double-cross
Nor catered to you when you won
Then dropped you when you lost.
—Marty Hale

And I Quote . . .

"Women used to dress to kill; now they just dress to torment."—Emil Coleman.

"The relationship many teen agers establish with their parents is touch and go."—Albert A. Frank

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper
a community institution"
ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant, Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.50 a year; \$2.50 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 8c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Berta Drug Store, Bowman's Restaurant, Evans Restaurant, Smith's Economy Store; Shavertown—Evans Drug Store, Hall's Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Deltown—Cave's Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store; Sweet Valley—Britt's Store; Lehman—Moore's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address.

Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and similar matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch.

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Local display advertising rates 60c per column inch; specified position 70c per inch.

Political advertising \$1.10 per inch.

Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 75c per column inch.

Classified rates 4c per word. Minimum charge 75c. All charged ads 10c additional.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affair for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

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Barnyard Notes

I shall never forget Christmas Eve twenty-two years ago. It was one of the most rewarding experiences of my twenty-five years as a newspaper man.

No matter how self-satisfied I may become, no matter how many of this world's goods I may gather, I shall still remember it; for it was an experience that would make the heart of any man humble and fix for all time his faith in the decency and love of one man for another.

Yesterday from the files of The Dallas Post for December 1930, I ran across an item by Rev. G. Elston Ruff, former pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Shavertown.

In part he said: More than three million people are out of work—and that is a conservative estimate of the number.

For every wage earner there are women and children in need—some of them starving.

This isn't a situation peculiar to New England or the middle west. It exists in Dallas and the towns around. Such an emergency calls for something special on our part. Let us give to help these neighbors this Christmas."

Then further down the page was this boxed item.

TEARS AT TWELVE

Just twelve years old, unhappy and crying at this season of the year when all little girls should be the happiest, a quiet little girl, poorly clad, walked hesitantly into Jim Oliver's store to look at the toys on Friday. Timidly she asked Art Brown if she might hold one of the dollies. Then she took it in her arms, mothering and fondling it. As she sat rocking it in a toy chair, tears began to stream down her cheeks. She knows she is not going to have any toys this year. She's brave and she doesn't mind. But the touch of the little doll in her arms brought the tears that she had tried so hard to hold back. Art consoled her—told her Santa Claus might bring her the dolly, and she replied seriously through her tears, "There isn't going to be any Santa Claus at our house this year." Since last Christmas, she explained, her daddy hasn't had a steady job. There has been sickness; the chickens he tried to raise on his little plot of ground at Huntsville all have died. There are ten brothers and sisters in her family. There is a scant amount to eat. In her heart she knows there just can't be any toys this year. Whether there is enough food to go around that table of twelve—depends.

That Christmas more than eighty families received assistance in some form from a Community Christmas Fund contributed to by all Back Mountain churches, service clubs and civic organizations.

A. L. Parks, head of Parks Baking Company sent out 100 loaves of bread, part of 2,000 he distributed in Wyoming Valley. Typical orders from the Community Fund included 25 pounds of flour, a three to five pound roast of pork, 5 pounds of sugar, 2 pounds of beans, bread, butter, 2 pounds of candy, 1 dozen oranges, 1 peck of potatoes, box of pancake flour, Karo syrup, 1 pound of coffee, 3 pounds of cookies, oatmeal and lard. The quantities varied with the size of the family. Where arctics were needed they were distributed to children.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Perhaps you have wondered whether the little girl whose story was published in The Post got her doll or whether her smaller brothers and sisters had food for Christmas. Late Christmas Eve, long after most residents of Dallas were in bed, a lady who had been touched by her plight stopped at the child's home and left the doll—and one for her sister—and toys enough for all the other children. They had been provided by the late Jim Oliver who combed his shelves to see that those youngsters had a glorious Christmas. A day later, clutching her doll close to her breast, the little girl trudged three miles through the heavy snow to find the name of the lady so that she could name her dolly after her.

But toys were not all that was needed in that family. The father, a skilled sheet metal worker, had been out of work for a year. The mother bravely held the family together, canning vegetables and fruit from the garden. She patched the children's clothes, made every cent go as far as possible.

Christmas Eve found the group without food. There was no flour, sugar, bread or any of the other necessities. There was no soap. One glance at the house showed that soap was a commodity used there. The children's clothes were clean and neatly ironed and mended.

When the lady was admitted to the living room, she saw in the corner a pathetic little Christmas tree, trimmed with bits of ribbon and home-made ornaments. There was a light shining from one of the upper rooms—there was no other light in the house.

"Your little girl was in Dallas the other day and saw a doll she liked. Will she get it for Christmas?" she asked.

"She loved that doll," replied the mother, "but she won't get it. I had \$5 for Christmas. The neighbors have been good—but it won't go around."

Then all the courage left her as a barefooted little girl in a bathrobe came down the dimly lighted stairway. She had done her best to keep the spirit of Christmas alive for her little flock. The tears just wouldn't stay back.

"Never mind," said the lady. "We've got the dolly here and there will be other things in the morning." And as she spoke, she bent over and with an understanding heart, kissed the woman who somehow at the moment resembled another mother—nineteen hundred and thirty years ago.

Perhaps that was the greatest Christmas gift of all for the man who stood silently in the hallway.

And the dolly's name? Louise. Most of the benefactors in this story are dead now. But somewhere, I suspect, there is a little girl grown to motherhood who will remember the name of that dolly and the woman who gave it.—Mrs. Lewis Mitten.

LIGHTED ANGELS MAKE YOURSELF



Give the holiday punchbowl a table of honor on a small round table set off with a centerpiece of lighted angels.

These curly haired paper angels whose cone-shaped skirts hid Christmas tree bulbs can be fashioned with the help of the pattern below. When cut, attach head and wings to cone-shaped paper cups (the kind your drug store uses for sodas) and insert them over a lighted base. Use gold foil paper for the wings.

To make the base use a round tin pan and make seven round holes in the bottom. Ream until large enough to insert Christmas tree sockets in them. Line holes with electrical tape and insert sockets and bulbs. (Pan will be upside down.) Place angels over bulbs carefully, making sure skirts are not touching bulbs. For a final touch, place a large Christmas candle in the center and circle the lighted angels with Christmas greens.

Come all ye faithful...



Christmas...what a hold it has on the hearts and imaginations of man! Its spirit puts a beauty and joy into our lives so we may carry good cheer and good will wherever we go. In this spirit of deep-down gladness we wish our friends a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Elmer T. Williams

FUNERAL HOME
10 Machell Ave. Phone 4-4101 Dallas