

Not Only Dogs And Cats, But Ducks Monkeys, Parakeets, Find Refuge

"You just drive down the dirt road, take a turn to the left onto an improved road, and in about three miles turn to the right on another dirt road. Maybe four miles. You can't miss it. It's the last house on the left."

This was a client arranging to have a stray dog picked up at the Luzerne County SPCA on Veterans Day.

The client left, and general man-

ager Ruth M. Jones took the roving reporter on a personally guided tour of the facilities.

Muted mewing and muffled barking seeped through the doors to the service section. A driver appeared with two cats in carrying cages, headed for the isolation ward where animals spend the first few days. In the cat room, a small and friendly cinnamon monkey, released from his cage, leaped in a series of

hop-skip and jumps for the kitten cages along the side wall. Three kittens surged furiously against the wire mesh, purring their pleasure, and the small monkey reached expert hands through the openings, settling down to a fifteen minute hair-grooming operation.

"He looks over the cats every day," Miss Jones explained, "he's a good hunter."

"Where did the monkey come from?"

"The folks were leaving, and they couldn't take him. We're going to keep him for awhile."

Miss Jones indicated three striped pussies, half grown kittens.

"Those kittens," she said, "came within about three feet of being incinerated at the dump."

Collecting garbage, a truck driver on his rounds pulled into the incinerator area with a full load. As he shut off his motor, he heard a commotion from the garbage. Tied securely in a sack were the three kittens, their nine lives apiece hanging in the balance.

Cats have pink plastic dishpans for nests, in which they curl contentedly, peering over the rim with the studied nonchalance peculiar to cats.

In the dog-rooms, a worried looking collie pricked his ears.

"He's a nice looking dog, didn't you ever believe this... but he won't catch rats, and his owner

got disgusted. The dog and the rats were friends. They ate out of the same dish, and as long as the dog was there, it was impossible to use rat poison."

An enthusiastic puppy wagged a small tail in the end pen. A sad looking mongrel, obviously in heat, yelped at confinement. A boxer, turning grey around the muzzle for advancing age, asked mutely for a good home, wrinkling his nose at the visitors, but without much hope.

A dog of indeterminate ancestry, but with a strain of German police, wondered why he had been smuggled into this country from Korea, and then turned out to fend for himself.

"Can't afford to keep the dog; too many puppies every year;

neighbors complain; can't get him housebroken; Moving away." These are some of the standard reasons for sending a dog to the SPCA.

The SPCA gets some odd requests. There was the family in Wilkes-Barre who expected a load of coal, and were scraping the bottom of the bin when the truck appeared. The truck driver started to adjust the coal chute, and a pregnant skunk, loaded for bear, emerged from under the steps. The truck driver went away fast, and mamma called SPCA.

Then there was another skunk, caught in a steel trap under a porch. He had just about chewed off his leg by the time the SPCA released him with a special apparatus.

This is the same type of gadget that is used to lift a cat down from a tree, a series of hollow metal rods equipped with a padded belly-band and capable of being extended to a great height.

It used to be the fire department that got the calls when a cat was up a tree. Now it's the SPCA.

Miss Jones exhibited the catch-em-alive traps in varying sizes, which when appropriately baited, attract a frightened cat or a hungry dog, without necessity for pursuit.

Pointing out a large model, she said, "That's the kind of a trap we caught a little boy on a trike in, up in Scranton a few years ago."

Seems the little boy, ears down between his shoulders, pedalling his trike like crazy, knees pumping, hair flying, ran right into the trap along with the raw hamburger, and his mother didn't know how to get him out. She had a mental picture of little Joe ending up at the SPCA, until a neighbor released the door and backed the trike out of its prison.

Dogs and cats and monkeys aren't the only things that come to anchor at the SPCA. There was that small screech owl, found in a second floor bedroom of an abandoned house, reduced to bones and feathers, but still able to give a wicked nip with its bill.

And the pet duck. The little boy wept bitterly, but his mother said she simply could not keep it. The neighbors were complaining.

And a whole series of lost parakeets, post-Easter chickens in pastel fuzz, rabbits, raccoons. No snakes to date.

Kennel supervisor Walter E. Ruggles (he's Frank Ruggles' nephew) sees it that everything is kept spotless. The runs are hosed out with antiseptic every day. Carrying cages are sterilized. The long sink in the isolation room, used for dipping and bathing, fairly shines.

For painless disposal of sick animals there is a cylinder which eases them out of their misery, putting them to sleep almost instantly.

Many of the animals are adopted. The SPCA investigates thoroughly before placing an animal in a family.

Miss Jones wishes that people who drive up furtively at night and dump unwanted animals in front of the building on Fox Hill Road would read the sign which clearly states, "No charge for service." Scarcely a day passes that she doesn't find some miserable little pet shivering on the doorstep.

Since the opening on April 11, up until September 30, the shelter has handled 4,196 animals, and the load is increasing day by day.

Mrs. Z. Platt Bennett, whose name appears in memoriam on a bronze plaque in the lobby, had as one of her goals in life the establishment of a shelter for animals, backing the project with tireless energy and taking it as her pet charity. Only a few days before her final illness, she visited the shelter and came back to Huntsville, secure in the feeling that the thing she had worked for so long, was a living reality.

There is no longer any valid excuse (if there ever was one) for residents of Luzerne County to drop unwanted animals by the side of the road.

Fox Hill road, leading off to the left from the airport highway, two miles north of the intersection with route 115 at the Veterans Hospital, is easily located. A sign points the way from the highway, and another sign is a guide half a mile from the turnoff.

The shelter is an attractive little building, low-lying, spic and span in appearance, located well back on a landscaped plot, with plenty of parking space. In addition to the dog wing with its individual outdoor runs, and the other rooms listed, there is a kitchen for preparation of pet chow.

Each day, including Sundays and holidays, over 100 visitors come to see the puppies and kittens.

More and more people have discovered the SPCA. The truck driver answered a call to pick up two dogs recently, and when he came back to headquarters he had eleven dogs aboard. Said people stuck their heads out of windows and hailed him as he went past.

The SPCA is a growing concern. Visit it some afternoon.

And support it. It costs money to provide humane handling for poor little unwanted animals.

Best way to get in the swim is to stay out of the dives.

Only Yesterday

(Continued from Page 2 A)

was guest speaker, tracing the history of the church at a meeting Wednesday night. Charter members were Evi Wilson, Valentine DeWitt, Edward Holmes, Levi C. Lewis, and Robert Lewis.

And 10 Years Ago:

Richard Stine, 19, Alderson, was accidentally shot up at Renovo while hunting with Coon Honeywell and Bob Mitchell. In shock from loss of blood, he was admitted to Renovo Hospital after being transported 2½ miles through the woods and 25 by car.

The fourth accident at intersection with Harveys Lake Highway and the new Lehman road, saw Fred MacCullough, Jackson Street, plunging over the dead-end bank in his car, taking with him the danger sign and three guard posts. Nobody hurt, and the car only slightly damaged.

Excavation has started for the parochial school. A grove of blue spruce was felled to clear the ground.

Robert Kemmerer, badly wounded in Korea, is home again in the USA, at Oakland Naval Hospital, California. Reserves are being called up. Reporting recently for active duty are Richard Staub, reassigned to a chemical warfare outfit; Robert Lyons, to Fort Meade; Ernest Reese, with the Navy.

Dallas Township and Kingston Township football teams will lock horns Thanksgiving morning, Dallas attempting to break an eight-year jinx.

Mrs. L. E. Beisel has found a patch of violets in bloom at Meeker, in spite of two mornings of near-zero temperature.

Fay Turner of Noxen was wed to Robert Ellis Clark of Beaumont at a quiet wedding.

Three Thanksgiving weddings are scheduled: Patricia Patsy to Robert Youngblood; Ona Yurchokonis to James Dougher; Phyllis Harvey to Floyd Wolfe.

Mrs. William Cairl celebrated her 82 birthday with two old friends, once brides in Larksville: Mrs. Annie Avery, Shavertown, and Mrs. Chid Keller, Shavertown.

Dallas Junior Women Plan Yuletide Party

Executive Board of Dallas Junior Woman's Club recently completed plans for the annual Christmas tea at the home of Mrs. Bernard Rogers, Franklin Street, Shavertown. Mrs. Joseph Borton of Trucksville assisted as co-hostess. The board announced that each member will bring a fifty cent gift to be exchanged.

The tea will take place on December 6, Prince of Peace Church, Dallas Woman's Club Chorale will entertain with musical presentations and a few more surprises are in store. Members may invite guests. Mrs. Leo L. Luksavage, Jr., will be chairman of the hostess committee. Assisting her will be Mesdames Carl Goeringer, James Huston, Jr., Stanley Hozempa, Alice Shortz, A. Duncan Whitebread, Janice Rice.

Luther League Hayride

Members of Luther League will enjoy a hayride next Thursday evening, meeting at St. Paul's Lutheran Church at 6 p.m. to go to Mohawk Riding Academy. Members may bring guests to enjoy hayride and refreshments. Final plans will be made at the recreational meeting Sunday evening in the church parlors.

PUZZLE

The Pilgrims put a fish in each hill of corn, and the only explanation of it is the modern gardener can think of is that they must have been rich.

—Boston Globe

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