

## THE DALLAS POST *Established 1889*

*"More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution Now In Its 71st Year"*

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations  
Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association  
Member National Editorial Association  
Member Greater Weeklies Associates, Inc.



Editor and Publisher—HOWARD W. RISLEY  
Associate Publisher—ROBERT F. BACHMAN  
Associate Editors—MYRA ZEISER RISLEY, MRS. T. M. E. HICKS  
Sports—JAMES LOHMAN  
Advertising—LOUISE C. MARKS

## Editorially Speaking:

PEARL HARBOR DECEMBER 7, 1941

by HIX

Today is the twentieth anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor.

The filing cabinets in the basement at the Dallas Post are crowded with one-column cuts of boys who hurried into uniform to defend their country.

Two-column cuts are there, too, mute reminders of the boys who never came back.

The Dallas Post published, during the war years, a list of the boys who had died, with dates and places, in the place of honor at the top of the front page, left hand side.

Each successive week, the list grew longer. "Only one plane lost," shrieked the headlines in metropolitan newsprint, a salute to the bombers that returned to base.

Only one plane lost.  
But in that one lost plane, the heart of a mother died.

*My heart was in that one lost plane—*

*Once more, in paralyzing pain*

*As on that day when he was torn*

*From living flesh,*

*I yield him up again.*

*Be thine, Oh monstrous god of War,*

*The glory—*

*Mine, the road to Calvary,*

*The cruel crown of thorn.*

Twenty years ago, Japanese planes zeroed in on Pearl Harbor.

The attack has been characterized as a sneak attack, an act of treachery.

Since when does an enemy issue an engraved invitation to do battle?

The very essence of battle, since the vanished era of armored knights meeting in combat, has been surprise.

The Japanese planes struck. They wiped out Pearl Harbor. They flew back to their carriers according to a prearranged plan.

If they had laid broader plans, they could have destroyed the Panama Canal on the same day. For some unknown reason, they did not continue to rain death, though there would have been no way of stopping them if they had chosen to attack the Canal Zone at the same time they raked Pearl Harbor with hell-fire.

This country is now under attack from the forces of Communism. Each day, propaganda nibbles away a little more of the stalwart American will to keep its place in the sun on its own terms and in its own way.

Not as spectacular as the dawn attack on Pearl Harbor.

But far more devastating in its over-all effect, over the crowding years, as one liberty after another is jettisoned to the insatiable appetite of the totalitarian state.

## Barnyard Notes —

Gretchen, my faithful Doberman, broke the early morning stillness with a series of short, low barks from her bed on the landing at the head of the cellar steps.

An intelligent, discerning dog, it was not her usual warning that an intruder—a curious skunk probing for garbage; a wandering mongrel sniffing through the orchard or a late-homing unsteady pedestrian was about.

I pulled the covers around my shoulders and, not yet thoroughly aroused, rolled over in bed. Myra, in the adjoining bed, had not heard her.

But Gretchen continued her sharp, persistent warning. She would not be denied, but it was not her usual demand to be let out in her yard.

Now, thoroughly awake, I groped for my slippers and padded down the hall. Through the front windows I noticed that lights were not yet on across the street in the Grade School shrouded in mist. Henry Welch had not yet begun his daybreak chores.

Once downstairs, I pressed the button that flooded the kitchen with warm light and looked for my other guardian, Rogue. There in his corner near the kitchen cabinet, his cushion derailed, lay my old faithful friend, his tortured body convulsed in another fit!

He had had many of them during the past year, since he had become too old to follow me to work. But this one I sensed was different! There was water on the floor and his head lay in it. I lifted him gently and pressed the broken capsule of aromatic spirits of Ammonia against his warm muzzle, and laid his head on a cushion of clean newspapers. There was no response! Usually Rogue would snap out of it with this treatment and unsteadily reel into a corner there to stand for the rest of the day. He and I had gone through this many times before!

For a half hour I waited as this prolonged convulsion shook his body. I nervously lit a cigarette and waited at the kitchen table. His unseeing eyes told me that he was in no pain. It would soon be over. There would be no more body wracking fits. Thank God he would go shortly on his own bed, in his own corner in the home that he loved—without the assistance of the veterinarian's merciful needle!

And thus quietly of old age ended the life of one of the most devoted friends that come so rarely to a man during his lifetime!

Rogue was a mongrel! He was the son of John Hewitt's registered English Setter and an equally blooded Springer Spaniel. He was an individualist who early showed his independence and self-reliance by wandering away from the litter at the farm on the Huntsville-Idetown Road and making his way alone to Dallas, unowned, uncontrolled—a stray dog. (It was not until years later that John Hewitt recognized him and told me the story of his parentage)

Rogue was a Francois Villon—if any four-footed creature was ever entitled to that distinction. His happy personality brought him friends wherever he wandered, hung up his hat or wagged his bushy tail. But his big heart encompassed so many that he had difficulty remaining steadfast to anyone for more than brief periods.

I first became acquainted with him more than sixteen years ago—when housewives near Dallas Grade School spoke about the beautiful silky-coated Setter that came to their doorsteps winter evenings asking for handouts.

His distinctive long, jet black ears, the funny black and white markings that bisected his face— one alert eye completely surrounded with black, the other roughly cocked in a field of white gave him the appearance of a clown and stole their hearts.

No one could turn so happy a dog away, so housewives bedded him down on their back porches after giving him warm scraps from their tables. Mrs. Winnie Thomas on Rice Street remembers those frigid evenings well! Rogue was grateful for her solicitude throughout his life and gave her an affectionate sniff whenever he met her years later at her son's fruit stand on Memorial Highway.

The tales of the wandering dog did not make any real impact on me until the following spring when breathless youngsters on their way to school ran into the Post bubbling over with accounts of the

## Looking at T-V

With GEORGE A. and EDITH ANN BURKE

TOP PERFORMANCE—Julie Harris again gave proof of her greatness as an actress in her glowing performance in "Victoria Regina."

We wager this show can't miss being nominated for TV's highest award, the Emmy.

It was a very difficult role since it covered 60 years in the Queen's life. But Julie Harris was perfect whether as the young princess, the devoted wife of Prince Albert or the old Empress.

There could have been no happier choice for her consort than James Donald who gave just the right amount of gentleness to a demanding role.

Hallmark certainly can be pleased with this adaptation of Laurence Houseman's play.

PIPER LAURIE, Ann Harding, Maurice Evans, Ina Balin, Arthur Hill and Joan Hackett will participate in the "Westinghouse Presents" show Friday, Dec. 8 at 10 p.m. "Come Again to Carthage" is about a nun who finds that she has chosen her vocation for the wrong reasons. Piper Laurie plays the role of the nun and Ann Harding plays her mother.

CAR 54, WHERE ARE YOU? Joe E. Ross and Fred Gwynne, co-stars, want it to be known that their car breakdown during the recent Thanksgiving Day parade telecast was not a gag or a publicity gimmick. The real-life search for Car 54, which showed up at the last minute with several clowns pushing it, came about as the result of a dead battery.

ITALIAN COMMUNISTS—An hour-long show, "The Remarkable Comrades," will be presented on the ABC-TV's "Close-Up" program Sunday, Dec. 10 at 10 p.m.

The telecast will present films of a party cell meeting and of a visit to the party's international leadership training school, as well as a report on the Communist Party's business enterprises. It will also focus on the opposition by the Roman Catholic Church.

CAROL BURNETT says "There are few women comics seen regularly on TV because women are more inhibited than men. They're afraid to let themselves go. They always want to look pretty."

Carol doesn't care if she looks pretty or not while on camera. "I'd rather get a laugh," she continues. "I know I'm not going to win a beauty contest."

She likes the hours she has with Garry Moore. She works on Tuesday from 1 to 6. Five hours on Wednesday and five hours on Thursday. Friday, the day they tape the show, she works 8 hours. That adds up to 23 hours.

At the moment she has no desire to have a show of her own.

## Rambling Around

By The Oldtimer—D. A. Waters

Closing the Armour Leather Tannery at Noxen removes the last big industry on the Bowmans Creek Branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The present one is the "new" tannery. The Mosser Tanning Company had one over twenty-five years before this one.

Albert S. Orr of Dallas interested George Shonk of Wilkes-Barre, whose family owned timber land at Ruggles; the Troxell Family, owners of land at Harveys Lake; The Ryman Brothers and Joseph Shaver in lumber business at Dallas; and others, and persuaded them to take stock in a proposed railroad in 1885.

He secured right of way, most of it in long leases without expense, secured a franchise, and started to build from the Luzerne end. Shortly thereafter Albert Lewis, owner of larger tracts farther up the valley, interested the Lehigh Valley Railroad, which bought up the franchise and completed the road.

For practical purposes the branch ran from Wilkes-Barre via Dallas and Bernice to Towanda. Officially it began at the Main Line at Pt. Bowley, about three miles above Wilkes-Barre, and extended to Bernice. Beyond Bernice it was a separate railroad, the Loyalsock, called the State Line and Sullivan. Connecting at Satterfield, a little beyond Bernice, was another small railroad called the Williamsport and North Branch. It was about fifty miles from Wilkes-Barre to Bernice, requiring nearly 1500 telegraph poles. There were in the busy days about eighty-five sidings, including those on branches. Albert Lewis Lumber and Mfg. Co. owned a private road about twelve miles long, branching off this side of Alderson, running away from and north of the Lake to Ruggles, with a connecting line to meet the L.V. line just this side of Noxen. Trexler and Turrell and the Central Pa. Lumber Co. and perhaps others, ran their own trains over railroad company tracks under special agreements.

Through passenger trains were operated between Wilkes-Barre and Towanda, requiring a day for the round trip with several hours lay-over. These usually had few cars and had to back into passing sidings to let the freight train pass, contrary to usual railroad procedure. Long trains were operated on excursions to Harveys Lake from Wilkes-Barre, laying over at the Lake and returning the same day. There were also special passenger trains to Ganoga Lake, which was reached by a branch from Ricketts, from as far away as New York.

Local freights were run through, stopping at every small station for which freight was on the train, and the trainmen unloading it at each place. For much of the area there were no roads at all from any place of good size and the railroad was the sole source of supplies. It took

a whole day to make the trip, returning the next day. In the early days lumber and timber, and tan bark, etc. were the principal items of freight. Later Arthur L. Stull and Albert A. Stull, nephews of Albert Lewis, built two big dams, named Splash Dams Nos. 1 and 2, and built immense ice houses from which an ice train was run to the Valley every week day and sometimes several of them. The railroad company had its own ice houses all along the entire railroad and shipped over this branch annually hundreds of cars, probably thousands, for railroad use. Harvesting ice was a principal industry in the Back Mountain Area for months, and some men left home and lived at Mountain Springs, then Bear Run, for weeks at a time. The Ice Company maintained boarding houses for them.

Ryman and Shaver had a siding near the present Orchard Farm Road. The Rice Mill, now Devens, had a siding, shorter than at present and the Station siding was also in use. On the flat at the Telephone Company property Albert Lewis had a mill, with a total of three sidings. There was also a passing siding which was maintained until fairly recently.

Above Dallas there were sidings at Chestnut Ridge, Outlet, Cherry Creek, Alderson (6), Harveys Lake, Gravel, Noxen, Mosser Tannery, nearly a mile with several branches, Whiteman's Sawmill, Wilson's, Stull (4), Bakers, (2), Hayes, Beth Run, Sipler, Rock Cabin, Bean Run, Meadows, Opperman's Pass, Unknown Pond, Ganoga Lake Branch about four miles with 11, mostly the Lewis and Turrell lumber interests, Ricketts, Lee Road, Wolf Run (2), Newells (2), Browns, Trexler & Turrell (3), Lopez (3), Jennings Mill (3), Thorndale Branch with (6) in about eight miles, Strouds Mill (2), and several at Bernice. Most of the names shown were sawmills. Cherry Creek was operated by John T. Phillips of Lake Street.

The Albert Lewis Lumber and Mfg. Company had interests almost all over the area beginning at Dallas with offices at Alderson.

Lopez was a busy place then, besides sawmills, a toy factory and a kindling wood factory. It had a railroad water tank for the steam engines. There were also water tanks at Bernice, Beth Run, and Alderson. Now the tracks in the middle of the Branch, west of Noxen, have been removed.

Stull takes its name from Adam Stull, who married a sister of Albert L. Lewis. His son, Fred, brother of the ice company Stulls, managed the store there in the busy days.

When thou art in the bathtub, ask not for whom the phone is ringing, for thou knowest it is for thee.

## Outdoor Tips

Sure, it's often been said that deer are wary and wise critters—but deer can and do make mistakes! And the wise hunter will put meat in the pot or hang up a record set of antlers if he takes advantage of these mistakes. If you see a doe cautiously walking across a deer path—wait. Deer are gentlemen and smart, and usually let a lady go first. If you bide your time, Mr. Big will come right after his lady and into your sights.

Hunters aren't the only ones in the woods who make noise—deer can raise up a storm too. Learn what to listen for in the woods. Track down unfamiliar noises until you become familiar with them. Look for rubbing trees, where deer have worn away tree bark with their antlers. If you hear any noise in the area, chances are it's a buck having a go at a tree.

Sometimes deer are attracted to noises instead of being sent skittering in the opposite direction. If a hunter makes a lot of noise and seems unchalant about it, deer may come fairly close to see what all the hollering is about. This may sound like a hare-brained scheme but give it a try sometime and you may be pleasantly surprised.

## Rogue



## SAMMY

By MRS. E. S. IDE

My Scotch Terrier is old and gray  
Some would say "she's had her day"  
She is still a faithful friend  
Although a hand I sometimes lend  
To help her up or down a stair  
Or on a choice living room chair  
She shows her teeth and rolls her eyes  
To let me know she is very wise.  
She speaks for food, water and "out"  
If I am slow she'll sit and pout  
Until this life she bids adieu  
I'll care for her—Now wouldn't you?

## ROGUE — A GENTLEMAN and A CLOWN

exploits of a wonderful scam that played with them in the school yard but broke up their games by stealing the ball or a pitcher's mitt; remaining tantalizingly close at hand, but just out of their reach; running here; running there but never giving up the trophy. (For years after he came to live with us, these youngsters would come to The Post at all hours pleading, "Mr. Risley, will you get Rogue to give me my cap?")

They told me how he crowded ahead of them—not waiting his turn—as they climbed the ladder to slide down the playground sliding board. Rogue became adept at climbing ladders and belly flopping down sliding boards, his ears flopping, his legs outstretched. He was likewise self-appointed ring master of the child-power merry-go-round, standing braced in the middle of the swaying, revolving ring, barking orders as youngsters leaped on and off!

Then an ominous note was added to the stories of this clown, loved by every youngster at Dallas Grade School during those days at the conclusion of the War: The teachers' patience had come to an end! They were no longer favorably impressed with Rogue's antics, for Rogue could see no sense in being denied the advantages of a more formal education. When the bell rang and the playground ceased to ring with children's laughter, he was forlorn and did something about it. He trailed into the sacred halls of higher learning. His appealing eyes and winsome playfulness might win the hearts of children but teachers had to teach! He sensed the coolness, but he would not stay out!

He early learned how to open doors! No door that ever exposed the slightest crack; no screen door fastened with a hook was a bar to his hunger for education, food or companionship! I have seen him sit patiently for hours in front of a screen door, banging it at intervals with his paw, until finally the restraining hook leaped out of its eye, and as the door bounced open, squeeze his black nose between the door and the jam and then step proudly onto an enclosed back porch. Once in he applied the same routine to the cabinet doors that guarded a beloved garbage can. Those were the moments you could have killed him, but you never quite measured up to it.

Well fed as he was, after he came to our house, he never gave up his love of garbage cans! He remembered. He remembered those tricks learned during that first hard winter when he picked up a living wherever he could—most of it from garbage cans!

Rogue's formal education was short lived, for, as I have said teachers didn't understand his ambition. They asked the school custodian to "Get rid of that nuisance." That man of all trades, somewhat against his will, but not one to shirk a duty, tied a rope around the silken neck and with Rogue prancing proudly beside him escorted the culprit beyond the Space Farm where he released him. In no time, of course, he was back scratching at the doors of higher education. This was repeated several times and at much greater distances but with the same inevitable result!

Finally the day arrived when there was to be no return. The bedeviled teachers called the State Dog Agent! That was the day that Myra really became interested in the homeless dog that had created such a stir in the neighborhood. An emergency prompted immediate decision. She called the County Treasurer's office and lied beautifully, explaining that she wanted a license for HER dog, a male Springer Spaniel resembling a Setter, brown eyes, one surrounded with black the other with white. From that day she claimed Rogue as her dog, though I doubt that he ever really belonged to anyone. Rogue was everybody's dog—just like Russell Honeywell is everybody's cop, and Nort Bert is everybody's friend in time of trouble. But Rogue did eat regularly at our house and I suppose he was, after a fashion, our dog. He would have been the first to deny it and tell you that we really belonged to him. Anyway you want it, Myra always conscientiously saw to it that he had his new license every year before any other dogs in the neighborhood were aware that the old ones were no longer good. One year she forgot and bought him two.

From the day he first wore that tiny brass symbol of good citizenship, life for Rogue was a bowl of cherries. No dog ever had a

better home! No dog ever deserved it more!

Throughout his early active years, he repaid his board with his clownish escapades. In the middle years he paid it with a devotion and love for his mistress that was heart warming. Always when she left the shop he romped beside her, chasing Star Dust, announcing to all the world "Here we come!" In the later years he plodded faithfully at her heels—maybe several feet behind, but he would have said it was his duty, "She's getting older, I've got to protect her, and this is a busy street!"

Rogue knew how to handle automobiles. Walk right up to them slowly and say "You move for me." He never darted and he always walked slowly and deliberately facing traffic. He had only two close calls—once when he was with a crowd of us in front of our Barn and once when he forgot that a driveway is for automobiles and not to sleep in.

He was hit in front of the barn by Mary Lavelle when in a moment of joyful recognition he ran from behind a parked car to my mother's yard where his sister had just arrived. He loved my sister and could scent her at long distances. She always gave him an affectionate pat with her hand or foot and he loved that, too. Fortunately Mary's car was moving slowly and only roughed him up. But he was bruised so thoroughly that at first I thought he would die. The veterinarian refused to come and attend him on the spot, but asked me to bring him to his office on a carpet. It was then I almost lost my respect for an old friend for I have none for physicians who roll over in bed when there is blood running on the highway. Rogue soon forgot that bump but he never forgot his encounter with Ralph Rood's ancient car at the foot of Ralph's driveway.

It unfolded slowly one sunny afternoon while Rogue was taking his usual siesta in the cool dust in the gutter where the driveway joins Lehman Avenue. Gently easing his ancient and respected vehicle down the drive, Mr. Rood failed to see Rogue.

They were, until that eventful day, fast friends! The car completely passed over the unsuspecting Rogue, ruffling his pride more than his body, much the same as a pullet is humiliated after an encounter with a lively rooster.

Rogue got up, shook himself and with an expression next to scorn asked Mr. Rood with those appealing eyes, "How could you do such a thing to an old friend?"

From that day until Mr. Rood's death, Rogue never forgot! Whenever there was a screech of brakes or a rattling of gravel in the Rood's driveway, Rogue ran from wherever he was to bark a warning. He might be sleeping at Myra's feet under the desk or be preoccupied with a squirrel chase—he never failed to let the world know that in his estimation Ralph Rood was a careless driver.

It finally reached the point where Mr. Rood lost his affection for Rogue. Then the feeling was mutual. Rogue had definite likes and dislikes. For all his gentleness, he never could tolerate interference from any one at mealtime. The appearance of another dog, even one as rugged as a Doberman, got his back up. Food meant life, and he learned that lesson well during those winter days he had had to beg or steal it. But he never wolfed food! He revealed his breeding in his table manners. He took food gently and almost apologetically from the hand that offered it. He was polite. Children could have learned a wonderful lesson from him.

He had a marvellous scent! When all other senses failed him—eyesight, hearing and coordination—he could still scent out a Christmas turkey high on the kitchen counter and steal it in a twinkling! Foodstuffs had a way of disappearing when the refrigerator door was left ajar—and often a raw potato or an onion went with it from the vegetable bin on the back porch. Auction committees remember his legerdemain at the hot dog stand. Nothing violent, impulsive or rash. It was just "easy does it!" He was a deliberate thief!

Once in his youthful days, he reached into a baby carriage on Main Street and stole a doll before the unbelieving eyes of a horrified mother. He brought it proudly to the Post where it was placed on top of a filing cabinet along with his other trophies: a baseball

## From Pillar To Post...

by Hix

Mrs. George Fetchko of Beaumont, unwrapped the bundle carefully and laid it on the counter at the Dallas Post.

From the soft blanket a small dark face looked out, and a tiny mouth formed a rosy smile.

Mrs. Fetchko and her husband hung over the baby. "It's the smartest little thing you ever saw," Mrs. Fetchko beamed.

"And where on earth did you get her?"

"From the children's home in Scranton. She's the fourth we've had from there. Four since September a year ago."

A foster baby couldn't have a nicer foster home.

The visit with the baby came about completely coincidentally. It involved a number of local people.

First, Helen Peterson on the telephone. "There's a friend of mine who would like to give a child's crib away. What do you suggest?"

"Mrs. Fetchko, out in Beaumont, natch. Mrs. Fetchko and her Dorcas Society at the Seventh Day Adventist Church have a pipeline to distress all over that region. And they'll make the most of any gift of clothing or furniture. Call your friend and tell her how to get in touch with Mrs. Fetchko."

Then I went home to lunch.

A phone call from Myra: "Mrs. Fetchko is here with her husband, and the cutest baby you ever saw. They've been driving all over Dallas hunting a crib."

"I'll be right back. Hold everything."

Business of swallowing a cup of coffee and finishing a sandwich on the way out the door.

We all admired the baby. Mrs. Fetchko said its name was Lois. It had no other. Lois was two and a half months old, and she was a good advertisement for the Home and Mrs. Fetchko. Plump and comfortable, dry and warm, satin-smooth as to skin, bright of eye and bursting with intelligence.

Lying on the counter she gurgled delightfully. Held in the crook of an experienced Nonnie's arm, she sagged in all the right places, resting her head confidently upon a well upholstered shoulder.

"We'll find out who has the crib."

Business of telephoning to Mrs. Peterson, Business of telephoning to Mrs. John T. Hughes on Highland Avenue, Goss Manor.

"Let's have a blueprint, Mrs. Hughes."

"You can't possibly miss it."

"You'd be surprised. I can miss anything. Let me have all the turn-offs."

Mapped out, it seemed there might be a chance for error.

"Come on, Mrs. Fetchko, the pilot awaits."

Trailed closely by the Fetchko car, and signalling all turns, I zoomed up Church Street, turned into Center Hill Road, turned right at the first intersection, as directed. And there was the house, with Mrs. Hughes waiting expectantly at the door.

Mrs. Fetchko, bearing Exhibit A, showed Mrs. Hughes what was going to sleep in the crib, and the crib was stowed in the back of the car. I waved goodbye, and got back to my gainful occupation at the office.

Since coming to Mrs. Fetchko, Lois has gained three pounds, one for each week of residency, and her satin skin looks like a plump sausage casing.

"Hope we'll be able to keep her for awhile, maybe until she's a year old. Maybe the demand isn't too great for colored babies," said Mrs. Fetchko hopefully, reporting progress over the telephone.