

DOG STORY

(Continued from Page 9)

Many times when Selig came home and was tired, Donnie would run to him and kiss him. Well you know all this so please see that he is taken care of."

When you take into consideration the fact that the Breakstones were athletic fighting men and women before they left Donnie to become hardened, toughened soldiers and seaman to help win a war, the love of children for dog and dog for children is all the more outstanding. Love may not be the proper English word for expressing, but what else could you or would you call it?

Royal was a fullback on the Meyers High School team. Morton was a center for an eleven at the same school. Bernard was champion breaststroke swimmer of the school. Adelbert was a star on the 109th Polo team over six years. Adelle was for two years in succession the runner-up for the tennis championship of Luzerne County.

Donnie had no knowledge of the athletic prowess of the Breakstones. But the dog, too, had an athletic heart. He was a sportsman of the dog variety, a hunter par excellence, and why shouldn't he be when his sire was the great Eugene M. national Field Trial Champion.

Buried in Family Yard

With hunting days over, his pals gone, the skies leadened and a dog heaven was beckoning, Donnie's step grew tottering, his food no longer was tasty, he was alone, so much so that on February 26 he laid down for final sleep. Then out near the flower garden, where the boys said Donnie should be buried, a hole was dug. Into it was placed the remains of a dog, wrapped in silk satin and black plush, a royal funeral for a royal dog. Over his body was then rolled a robe of cotton and Donnie was peacefully resting in that eternal sleep when clouds of earth were gently heaped upon him.

With boys and girls gone, just one left, the father of the home, in his solitude, recalled the once happy days in a happy household. He had written his boys and his girls, but to Donnie he could not write and Donnie wouldn't understand anyway. So in his loneliness this father sat down and penned two odes to the dog, each expressive of the memories of their dog. They are:

Why Do We Weep?

Why are you crying, who do you weep?
Has a dear friend passed off to sleep?
Last night our Donnie went to his rest,
Of friends we had, he was the best.

Twelve years he was with us, now filled with grief,
We've come to realize he was a thief
Who stole our hearts away, he was so mild,
Not like a dog was he, more like a child,
So, cry out your eyes,
Cease from your weeping,
Don't be sorrowful,
Donnie is sleeping.

Ode To Donnie

Where is my Donnie, where is my boy?
He was my Donnie, he was my joy,
The first dog I ever owned, he was the best,
Where's my Donnie, he's gone to rest?
Where is my Donnie? We ne'er can part,
Where is my Donnie, right here in my heart?

Why is my heart so sad? my brain's in a fog,
Why do I feel so bad over a dog?
But oh what a dog was he, gentle and sweet,
Just to be with him, that was a treat,
Donnie had courage, he was staunch and true,
When I had Donnie, I never felt blue.

I never owned Donnie, Donnie owned me,
We loved each other 'twas easy to see,
How I'll miss Donnie, in Spring and in Fall,
For Donnie's great heart held love for us all,
Will time, the great healer, e'er make me forget?
I'm sure I don't think so, why are my eyes wet?

Wrap me in silk and satin, don't weep, now be brave,
I've enjoyed my whole life with you,
Please bear me tenderly to my grave,
Dig it near your lovely garden,
That will be my nest,
You've all made my life so happy please, now, let me rest.