

man flag to United States troops. In Essenwine said.

The Plymouth police department.

6 Breakstones in Service Too Much Grief for Their Pet Dog

The blood of champions, be it man, horse or dog, oft flows to a lonely heart. You may term it nostalgia, melancholia, weariness, despondency or any of the other name a modern thesaurus may suggest, but, after all, it is memory that brings about this heaviness of heart. It is true of man and just as true of the lower animals.

What else could have prostrated Donnie, a handsome, silky-haired English setter, pride of the house of Al Breakstone, 167 New Mallery Place, and caused him to pine away and eventually slip into a dog's grave when six of his pals had joined the armed services of their country and another of the family is soon to join them?

Donnie's heart broke, and what dog's heart wouldn't break, when, after 12 years of joyous companionship with the boys and girls of the Breakstone family, he found himself alone, all alone except for the master of the household and one daughter? Donnie's demise is one of the dog tragedies of war, just that and nothing more.

You see, Donnie came in the Breakstone home 12 years back, just a rollicking, chubby puppy. But in

that home he found companionship such as few dogs ever find. With boyish boys and girlish girls he grew into maturity, the playmate of the children, their pal in the days of their schoolhood. Between few boys and few girls has their grown the attachment that came to the Breakstones and their dog. Individually and collectively, all eight of them, with the father in addition, chummed with Donnie, and he liked it.

Came the war, and conditions changed in that home and for that dog as they have generally through the land. Morton (Mike) Breakstone went off to war, a Commando presently in England. Royal was next, now a guard at the U. S. Embassy, London. The departure of these boys had its effect on Donnie. He missed them and expressed it by his constant watching for their home-coming. Then Albert (Dob) went to Fort Benning, Ga., and Selig Holden departed for New Cumberland.

With four of his pals gone, Donnie showed the effects of their absence. He plainly missed their merry words, their loving pats and the joy of their presence. Donnie was old, nearing his 12th birthday, and in dogdom he was a veteran going down the other side of dog life.

When Bernard departed for Camp Shelby, Miss., and Adele joined up as a second class seaman, Waves, and was sent to Cleveland, Donnie's heaven of bliss came tumbling upon. Then he was plainly disturbed. His constant watching of the door, his trips into the yard, his sorrowful

looking up and down the street for pals that never came caused him to understand in his dog way that something was wrong. Memories of the once happy days weighed him and he worried, fretted, pined, all to no avail.

Royal Remembers

When Hanna Beryl went to Atlanta, leaving only Louise and her father at home, the wisdom of this dog was such that while he could not know it was war, he knew it was something just as devastating that would crumble the happiness of 12 long years and leave him in solitude. It tore on his heartstrings, and the blood that coursed his body flowed to a really lonely heart.

But Donnie was not alone in the suffering from long separation. The boys and the girls, now men and women, had not forgotten the dog any more than he had forgotten them. A letter that came to the Breakstone home, dated in England on February 1 and written by Royal, expressed the sentiment of the Breakstone soldiers of the army and the sea. It read in part:

"Dear Pappy:

"I received a swell letter from Selig. He said he was home on furlough. I bet Donnie was happy. Tell Louise to stay with Donnie at nights or he might pass away from loneliness. He Means plenty to us five boys and Allie. We love him and miss him. He may be a dog, but he's a pal, pal to all of us.

(See DOG STORY on Back Page)

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