



Dushore High School class of 1905

March 4, 2020

TOURING SULLIVAN COUNTY'S  
MUSEUM . . . while dusting

Hattie B. Newell died May 6, 1974 at the age of 90. She was the daughter of Fred and Sallie Fairchild Newell. Fred owned the Sullivan Review from 1887 to 1918, and Hattie not only worked the paper but also contributed to its writings. We found one such example of her writing in a

newspaper called "The Triangle, Devoted to the Interests of the Public Schools of Dushore Boro." This was Vol. I, No. I dated Nov. 10, 1899. The editors were listed as Hattie Newell, Rowena Herrmann, Mable Hayman and Thomas V. Kelly. This piece is entitled 'Fireside Dreams'.

Did you ever watch the fire on a fall or winter evening? Perhaps the wind is whistling and moaning outside, and in glancing out the window all we see is dark sky, clouded over in places, and looking as if in mourning for the past summer days, when fields were green, or perhaps white (covered with daisies) and the whole earth was in a dreamy, happy state.

"How cheerful is the picture inside in contrast with the one outside.

"A bright, cheerful fire is blazing, and as we look at it a thousand thoughts of the future come crowding into our heads. Dreams of success in our school and finishing with honor. Then of working for ourselves till we have a higher education, and perhaps honor and fame. Then we think of the good we'll do, of the homes we will make happy, of the many hearts we will gladden with our kind deeds and pleasant words.

"Then the castle falls to ruins and we think of the stern reality. We have to study hard enough to keep up, without attaining any glory.

"Perhaps in after years we will be the ones who will need help and kind words, Who knows?

"Then, too, the fire seems strangely symbolical of our life.

"First it struggles to burn, the flame at times is nearly extinguished. This seems like an infant whose life at times is nearly gone. Then it shoots forth again, and the child lives, as do the flames, which steadily grow brighter and brighter, showing the different stages of childhood. Then it burns very bright, the flames going higher and higher, like ambitious youth. It finally settles to a steady glow and stays so for some time, like a person who is no longer young, but lives on in a quiet, peaceful life, sometimes quenched by a cruel gust of wind that threatens to overpower it, but shining forth again. Then it slowly dies away, going lower and lower, so like an aged person, till the flame of life is extinguished, and we see nothing but dull black ashes, where once was a bright, beautiful fire.

"Thus, it seems that every picture that is presented to our fancy fades away. But as the old song says: "Bright things can never die." If the struggles fall to the ground, there is still hope. And though the flame of life dies out, if we shine brightly trying to give light to others, the flame shall be rekindled to burn more brightly and more beautiful than ever."

This comparison between a fire place flame and that of life is aptly put for a then fifteen-year-old student at the Dushore School. For this and more information or a visit to YOUR museum, you can contact us by phone at 570-946-5020 or emailing [museum@scpahistory.com](mailto:museum@scpahistory.com) for an appointment. Also, check out our web site at [scpahistory.com](http://scpahistory.com) and like us on Facebook.

Dushore class of 1905 - Ralph Kline, Fanny McCarty, Delena Utz, Cindy Hileman, Carrie Kobher, (J.E.R. Kilgore principal) Mildred Kester, Geo ?, Abey Onie, Lawrence Kelley. W.S.Bender, M. Molyneux, Ray Kschinka, Gert Cunningham, Zeta Farrell, Jeneatt Kline, Mable Krause, Ray McCarty, Mina Wilcox.