

The Dallas Post

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An independent newspaper devoted to the great suburban and agricultural district of the Greater West Side, comprising Dallas and twenty-seven surrounding communities.

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THE DALLAS POST PROGRAM

The Dallas Post will lend its support and offers the use of its columns to all projects which will help this community and the great rural-suburban territory which it serves to attain the following major improvements:

1. A free library located in the Dallas region.
2. Better and adequate street lighting in Trucksville, Shavertown, Fernbrook and Dallas.
3. Sanitary sewage disposal system for Dallas.
4. Closer cooperation between Dallas borough and surrounding townships.
5. Consolidated high schools and better cooperation between those that now exist.
6. The appointment of a shade tree commission to supervise the protection and see to the planting of shade trees along the streets of Dallas, Shavertown, Trucksville and Fernbrook.
7. The formation of a Back Mountain Club made up of business men and homeowners interested in the development of local institutions, the organization of new ones and the development of a community consciousness in Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown and Fernbrook.
8. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkham-nock.
9. The elimination of petty politics from Dallas borough council and all school boards in the region covered by The Dallas Post.
10. And all other projects which help to make the Back Mountain section a better place to live in.

HAPPY DAYS

This is the season of the year when the small boy gets the most out of life. Adolescent juveniles of today may go in for golf and tennis, for motor-ing and more or less decorous bathing parties in more or less modest costumes, but the small boy who hasn't yet any "teen" in his age gets his summer fun in just about the way we did, and our fathers and grandfathers before us.

At least, if he doesn't, he's missing something of real value in his life and education.

It is one thing for a boy to go to a carefully-supervised summer camp or to study scientific woodcraft under the tutelage of a scoutmaster. It is quite another thing for him to roam around the woods and pastures barefooted, accumulating sunburn and stone-bruises and an immense amount of lore about the habits of mud-turtles and garter-snakes. Game laws mean nothing in his young life. He can get more of a thrill fishing for bullheads and sunfish in the old millpond than your fancy sportsman with his split bamboo rod and hand-tied flies ever experiences.

And when it comes to bathing, all the beaches in the world can't compare with the old swimmin' hole where you never had to bother with a bathing suit, where girls were strictly banned, and where you didn't need a spring board to dive from. No man has ever truly lived who has not experienced the sensation of a "belly-flop" that pretty nearly knocked the wind out of him!

We do not learn about the world we live in through eyes and ears alone. We learn through our hands and our feet, the feel of sun and wind and rain on our bare-bodies, the squash of mud between our toes, the heft of a hickory limb compared with a willow. Only such intimate contacts with nature can establish a background against which life can be viewed in later years in its true perspective.

Do boys still whittle out of young willow shoots? You hammer the bark gently with the handle of your Barlow knife—only it's your Boy Scout knife in these days—and the bark peels off in a perfect cylinder which only needs to have the wood whittled to the proper shape and reinserted, to make a whistle to which any good dog will respond. We had almost forgotten the dog. He is needed to make the picture complete.

A boy, a dog, a jackknife, in the country in the summer—that is the combination which provides the only perfect happiness most of us ever had or will have.

Foe of Noise



Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim silencer for firearms, who says he will stop making guns silent and try to make cities noiseless.

TRAFFIC LIGHT NEEDED

Hardly a week goes by that some automobile doesn't feature in a smash-up on Main street, Dallas. The intersection of Huntsville and Main streets seems to be the most dangerous spot in town. This week there were three smash-ups at that point. Three automobiles featured in one of the smash-ups.

Wyoming Valley drivers, anxious to get to Harvey's Lake, race through the streets of Dallas at 35 and 40 miles an hour. Dallas is simply an obstruction in their path of progress. The comfort of its citizens, shoppers and pedestrians is not to be considered by the "wild asses of the macadam" anxious to get to Harvey's Lake on time for a dance or what not. Speed's the thing—and speed they do, because they know they can get away with it. A traffic light at the more dangerous intersections in Dallas would help to retard the speed of motorists.

Without police protection and without a traffic light, Main street Dallas, is now one of the most dangerous streets in Luzerne county. Good fortune and not foresight is all that has prevented tragedy there.

THE "LOWER" HOUSE

Most observers of public affairs will agree with Mr. Coolidge in his recent statement that in the Congress which adjourned the other day the House of Representatives proved itself the saner and more statesmanlike of the two houses and went far toward regaining its former prestige.

Certainly the performance of the United States Senate is nothing for the nation to be proud of. Instead of being sedate, deliberate body which it was intended to be and was for many years, the Senate has become the forum for the wildest and most irresponsible demagoguery. This is a condition which cannot be entirely blamed, perhaps, upon the so-called "popular" election of Senators; but certainly a considerable number of Senators, whom we might name, could never have got into the Senate in the old days when State Legislatures chose the members of the so-called "Upper" House.

It was the House of Representatives which was responsible for practically all the constructive legislation which the 71st Congress has enacted thus far. While Senators of both parties were posing for individual effect and taking every possible opportunity to give the President a slap in the face, the House of Representatives went about the public business in a business-like way and stood firmly against the wildest and most impractical proposals of the Senate.

The attempt to assert the authority and dominance of the Senate and to reduce the Presidency to the status of an office-boy has had some curious manifestations, but has aroused the laughter and derision of the public more than its sympathies. The rejection of the President's first nominee for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Judge Davis, was much more an attempt to "put the President in his place" than because of any real objection to Judge Davis.

No wonder that President Hoover said, when informed of the birth of his latest granddaughter, "I'm glad she doesn't have to be confirmed by the Senate."

The Senate controls all important patronage, under the Constitutional clause requiring its "advice and consent" to major Presidential appointments. But in the last few weeks of the session it became apparent, even to Senators, that the country was resentful of the Senate's antics. The President wisely refrained from trying to crack the whip over them. Apparently he thought that if he gave the Senate enough rope it would hang itself; and that is what has happened, so far as the respect of the people is concerned.

SELF-DRUGGING

It grows on people—the habit of "taking something" for every little discomfort they happen to feel. Self-dosing is never the wise thing to do; you would not employ a physician to treat you who made no pretense to any knowledge of treating the sick or indisposed; now, would you? Then why do it to yourself?

A diagnosis of any indisposition is necessary before any sort of intelligent treatment can be instituted. Even the intelligent physician may be puzzled over the actual cause of a given complaint, often a comparatively trivial, yet a very annoying thing. Not long ago we met a lady who had spent over \$500 on a peculiar neuralgic headache without more than temporary relief; she had taken every variety of "headache tablets" that she heard of—seriously impairing her blood and weakening her heart very perceptibly; a doctor suggested examining her nasal passages and sinuses; "O, there's nothing wrong there—I have no catarrh," she insisted. Nevertheless a few treatments to reduce the swollen turbinates cured the headache.

Many elderly men in the western section of our country are sure they have "prostate trouble." They hear their symptoms accurately described daily over the radio, by the advertising miracle worker; they hear the promise of absolute cure by a simple operation—they make their own diagnosis, and drug themselves frantically without benefit; they accept the fakir's "simple operation," paying for it in advance with all the money they can scrape together; they reason that, if the quack were not honest, the government would not permit him to broadcast his ballyhoo! A nasty mess, isn't it? They do broadcast just the same; we are so busy trying to avoid foreign entanglements that we haven't time to protect our people from fraud! Several men have recently lost their lives because of their own gullibility, according to newspaper reports, in one of our western states.

Tuning in on the Talkies by Walthill

A PENNSYLVANIA pair recently married by shaking hands. Even a nodding acquaintance with some women holds its perils.

Al Jolson declares that many an erstwhile prize cellar is now not only down but out.

"Rich But Honest" seems to be a condition of sufficient moment to be preserved in films.



Betty Compton

"Yesterday's Wife" rates as good entertainment for girls seeking tomorrow's husband.

Much of the work "Down on the Farm" is done "While New York Sleeps."

"All's Fair in Love" and movie plots.

This Week's Short Story "So Long Letty" "See My Lawyer."

Tinkering With Film Titles "The Phantom Butler" serves guests with spirits.

"The Frontier of Stars" is marked by electric signs. "The Man Who Lost Himself" has been found at the movies.

Professional Jealousy "Who Am I?" asks one film. "Who Cares?" answers another.

"Getting Mary Married" sometimes provides a job for the whole family.

His "Father's Son" "Barber John's Boy" is a little shaver who grows up to be a talker—in Vitaphone pictures.

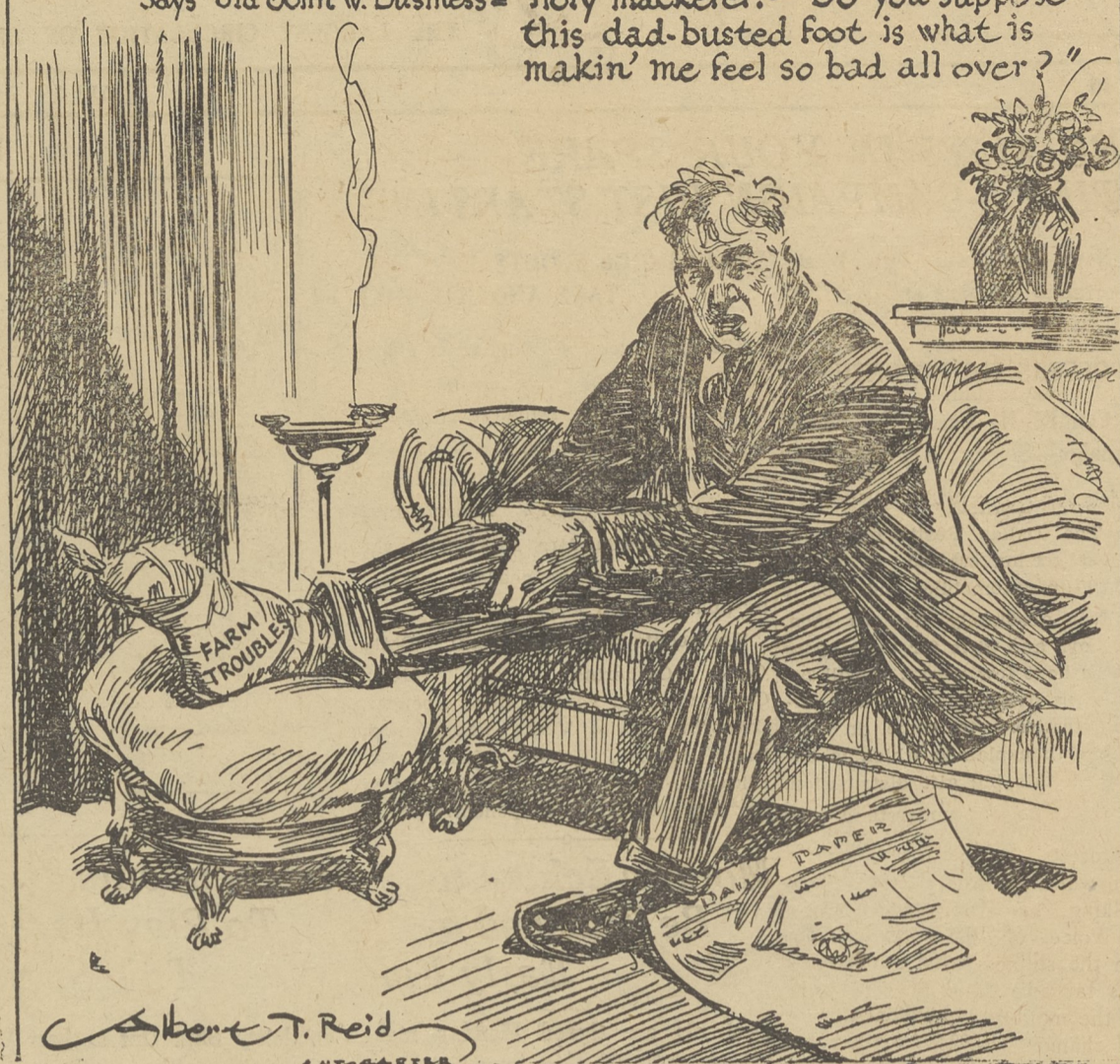
DID YOU KNOW That Amos 'n' Andy are making a talkie?

That Wilfred Glenn, basso heard in the Atwater-Kent Hour, sang in the first commercial broadcast? Before that he was a clerk in an Alaska salmon cannery, which is a long way from Buckingham Palace, where he recently sang for the King and Queen.

We Wouldn't Be Surprised

By Albert T. Reid

Says old John W. Business: "Holy mackerel!—Do you suppose this dad-busted foot is what is makin' me feel so bad all over?"



EVERYDAY NEW YORK O. O. MCINTYRE

PARIS, France—The Bois is my notion of earthly Elysium. Here Paris relaxes, dreams and makes love. Its mossy trees, rippling streams, shy walks, dewy grass, wild flowers flinging back the happy rays of the sun and violet aura of sky speak perpetually of beautiful secrets unknown to man.

The Bois stands always with its protecting arms outstretched toward Paris—a sheltering haven of cheerful loveliness. Any day, rain or shine, the carpeted green will be dotted with sprawling figures, like a battle field after action, closely hugging the earth—and lost in reverie.

One morning in one of its dells, soft and velvety with the dead leaves of centuries, a young idealist was stretched out on his back gazing at the sky with the vacant stare of a dog that had caught its tail in a crack. Beside him were a package of cigarettes, a photograph and a book of poems.

It was different, however, at the village of Barbizon a few kilometers away where the Barbizon school of art was cradled in its timbered cup of exquisite scenic beauty. We went, of course, to worship at the little cottage of the great painter Millet, preserved intact for posterity. We visited with awe his studio and beheld the easel at which he sat while his immortal "Angelus" escaped on canvas. We stood reverently at the side of the bed upon which the artist breathed his last. We also walked by the studio where Rousseau toiled and the hotel where Robert Louis Stevenson lived and wrote. Barbizon itself suggests a Callot engraving come to life.

Paris is at its topmost best at 6:30, when the Paris workers pop out on the sidewalks and go laughing and chattering home to dinner. Everybody is touched by an indefinable buoyancy and skips along. I would, old fool that I am, have skipped a few gutters myself if it had not been for my recent bridge work.

It is quite childish, I suppose, to leave Paris in a pout, for all cities over here I love and admire it most. Yet it seems to me something should be done to save it from itself. I am fully determined that I am never coming to Paris again—that is to say, not again this summer.

BRUSSELS, Belgium—We crossed the Belgian frontier at Bettionnes. The custom officials, fussed up like drum

There was a great to-do in Brussels upon our arrival. Everywhere the national colors were flying, bands playing, and from thousands of throats came the cry of "Vive la Belgique!" I misinterpreted the cry at first and was very embarrassed. I thought Brussels had turned out to pay respects to the results of my luncheon time shot of bicarbonate of soda. But it subsequently developed all Belgium was honoring the centennial of its independence.

Brussels is a reputed "little Paris." Architecturally there is a slight similarity, and Brussels has its Bois and Avenue Louise, strikingly like the Champs Elysees. There, to me, at least, the similarity ends. I felt at once a kindlier and more friendly attitude toward foreigners.

One, too, is impressed, after gay Paree, with the small number of sidewalk cafes and general sobriety. There are many pavement drinkeries here, but in nearly every one—and I made a careful inspection—the tippie is light beer or a mineral water. The people also seem more alert and less excitable over trifles.

The proximity to Holland leaves its mark in waddling gentlemen with feathers in their hats puffing huge S-shaped pipes. The Belgians have a large percentage of blondes, both male and female and the ladies in many instances are remarkable types of Flemish beauty.

I wonder if everybody entering Brussels at some time or other does not think of Edith Cavell, the martyred English nurse?

Short shavings—Marie Dressler is taking the cure at a German Spa . . . Karl K. Kitchin is in Berlin writing 30 articles on economics . . . Arthur Moss, of The Village, went to Paris for two weeks and has been there nine years . . . Flo Ziegfeld still telephones Billie Burke four times a day . . . Bide Dudley was once manager of a wagon circus . . . Joe Leblang, the cut rate ticket man, owns several New York skyscrapers . . . George Bernard Shaw subscribes to six American clipping bureaus.

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Radio Topics

The humble beginning of the foremost artists form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of radio broadcasting. Tenors have started as cow chauffeurs, truck drivers and road graders; while girls have begun in the "5 and 10." Many the inauspicious beginnings were at arduous, ill-paying labor. A trip to the Columbia Broadcasting studios reveals a few famous radio star's start in life.

Freddie Rich, for example, who conducts sixteen radio programs weekly, became a pianist in a shabby motion picture house at the age of thirteen and received but \$13 a week for his ten hours of improvised music a day.

Fred Vettel, tenor soloist, was seventeen when he produced his first job of driving a brick truck. His sole interest at that time was to secure the amateur light-heavyweight boxing championship of New York.

Lon McAdams, of the "Round-towners Quartet," was but eleven when he became a cattle driver. His salary of \$12 monthly was a good wage for Kansas cowboys at that time.

Ben Alley, tenor, sang as he removed bumps from the roads in West Virginia. Yet his salary of \$12 weekly was only for his construction work. Now he gets paid for his singing alone.

Hat checker at various dances in the suburb of New York was the beginning of the career of Bert Lown, director of the Biltmore Orchestra.

Will Osborn's first job in 1924 netted him \$18 a week. He played in a five piece orchestra at the Wayne County Club, Pennsylvania.

ANDY—wut fo' yo' gib me back my ring, gal? Who am de lucky man? Tell me dat.

MADAME QUEEN—No' no' Andy. Yo' might hurt him.

ANDY—Don' worry, gal. Ah jist wants to sell him de ring.

B. A. Rolfe, conductor of the B. A. Rolfe Lucky Strike Orchestra tells this one himself:

"I had saved up over a month's earnings, hiding it under my shirts in the bureau drawer. One night I came home to be told of burglars operating in the building. The next morning I dashed to the bank with my money to deposit it in a safe place. There were a great many other depositors crowding about the window and lines were extending into the street. But being a smart fellow (even at that time) I dashed around to a private entrance on a side street and safely deposited my golden hoard. The next day I learned that the crowds were caused by a run on the bank, which was reported to be a little baggy at the knees financially. Now I send my pay check to my Aunt Amanda.

Amos—Luk yeah, Andy. Can yo' tell me one of de uses of cowhide? Andy—Sho, Sho. It keep de cow together.

LAUGH IF YOU CARE TO

By Russell Weaver

MARRIAGE

Modern marriage is just like a cafeteria. A man grabs what looks nice to him and pays for it later.

QUIT RIGHT

A young Scot and his lady friend were strolling past a movie theatre which displayed the following in electric lights:

"THE WOMAN PAYS" "I think we'll be going in here." said the Scot, with a big smile.

PARDON MY SCOTCH GAG.

Kiltie—"How do you feel about petting?"

Lass—"Nothing will make me."

Kiltie—"You're just the girl for me."

PREDARDENESS

A student failed in an examination in all five subjects he took. He telegraphed to his brother: "Failed in all five. Prepare papa."

The brother telegraphed back: "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."