The Dallas Post, Inc.

ESTABLISHED 1889

Published by
THE DALLAS POST, INC.

Publication Office
Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania
H. W. RISLEY .....Managing Editor and Treasurer

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association
Member Circulation Audit Bureau.
Member American Press Association.

THe DALLAS POST is a youthful weekly rural-suburban newspaper, owned, edited and operated by young men interested in the development of the great rural-suburban region of Luzerne County and in the attainment of the highest ideals of journalism. Thirty-one surrounding communities contribute weekly articles to THE POST and have an interest in its editorial policies. THE POST is truly "more than a newspaper, it is a community institution."

Congress shall make no law * * * abridging the freedom of speech, or of Press.—From the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Subscription, $2.00 Per Year (Payable in Advance)

RELIVE OLD HOME DAYS AGAIN

It was a great idea former residents of Stull, deserted Wyoming county lumbering town, had a few weeks ago when more than 175 persons gathered to hold a reunion and Old Timers' Day. Noxen is planning a similar event for next year and many other communities throughout this section of the State are holding annual Old Home Days.

Shavertown firemen are planning an all-day program of entertainment on August 22 to raise funds for their fire company. Why not combine that event with some kind of Community Day for Shavertown and all of the adjacent communities? Why not make it a day that will stand out in the history of these communities as the Big Day of the year when old residents return, when acquaintances are renewed, and everybody in this section takes a day off to enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of the occasion?

Since the days of the old Dallas Fair there has never been a similar community project where residents of all of these communities could gather and renew acquaintances. The all-day program sponsored by Shavertown firemen offers this opportunity. Many of us live the year around in Dallas, Shavertown, Trucksville or Fernbrook and never meet our fellow townsmen. After all we are not above the communities in which we live. We have failed to join together as one great community and show that we have any community loyalty. Potentially the communities of this region are strong enough, pretty enough and worthy of some show of community loyalty. Let's all get back of Kingston Township's All-Day Celebration and invite old friends and residents to come back for the day.

The committee in charge of the program is working hard to make the affair a success, but however hard they work they cannot put the program across unless they have the solid support of every citizen of Dallas, Shavertown, Trucksville and adjacent communities. Here is the one opportunity everybody in the region has been waiting for, a Community Day in which every citizen takes a part.

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NINE CEMETERIES—NO LIBRARY

Baseball teams in the Rural League complain that they get little support from their communities. The Dallas team is unable to find suitable grounds for a diamond and there isn't enough public spirit here to stir up interest enough to help the boys get one.

Whether in the baseball team, the schools, the churches or any other community project, the continual hue and cry is, "we get no support and no co-operation."

Taken all in all there is hardly a citizen in the whole territory who hasn't voiced this opinion once or a dozen times during the past year.

Of pure selfishness, the community has plenty. And when we say community we mean the back mountain region. We fail to see that through working together we can accomplish more individually than we can by taking a purely selfish and personal view of the community. Any person, whether he be a newcomer to the community or an old citizen, soon finds himself crucified, if with a little more daring than the usual run of citizen, he attempts to voice a different opinion than the group holds or attempts to lead any community project. The simple truth is that most of us haven't the good old American "guts" to say our soul is our own or the brains to be real leaders. If there are any real leaders in the back mountain region, they are so effectively hiding their light under a bushel that neither they or the community is benefitting by their ability.

Here we are, potentially a great community. Our population is large—large enough to support the very best schools, excellent churches a good library, a community club, baseball teams and every community project any person could reasonably expect to find here. Plain unadulterated cussedness prevents us from having these things. Our existence is more that of a hermit crab than that of an up and coming community. Instead of working together we continually work at loggerheads.

It would all be very nice to write sugar coated editorials telling what a wonderful community we are. It would look better in print, especially in the hands of persons living outside this area, but what's the use of kidding ourselves. There are many things to be done before we can do much honest boasting.

There will be lots of persons who will agree with this editorial and there will be many more who won't. Maybe somebody will tear the paper up and send it back to us as somebody did a few weeks ago with the remark that POST editorials are written by a young upstart. Be that as it may, we don't expect anybody to have enough courage to say whether he thinks this editorial is right or wrong or to send us a note over his own signature saying that we are right or wrong. No, that would be too much to expect from a community of nine cemeteries and no public library.

Patter

Her parents displayed no great emotion at the wedding, but I imagine her father shed a few cheers.—Boston Transcript.

—o—

Wives should remember that the average man is like an egg. If you keep him in hot water, he soon becomes hardboiled.—Canton Repository.

—o—

Things are reported to be bad in Hollywood, and many of the lesser lights of the film-world are out of work. Indeed some of them are making this year's divorce do till things are better.—Punch (London).

—o—

Most of these love triangles turn into wrecktangles.—Boston Transcript.

—o—

Maud has made some swell marriages but divorced all her husbands. Having outgrown select circles, she now moves, so to speak, in the best triangles.—Boston Transcript.

—o—

MODERN YOUTH

Mother: You know, Geoffrey, Norma is nearly 17 years old, so today I had a frank discussion with her about the facts of life.

Father: Ah Did you learn anything new?—Everybody's.

—o—

Young girls of today hardly reach their teens before they are at their nicoteens.—Boston Transcript.

—o—

Familiarity breeds attempt.—Cornell Widow.

—o—

She doesn't kiss or neck or anything—she is nobody's fuel.—Colgate Banter.

—o—

"You are burning the candle at both ends," said a parent, admonishing his spendthrift son.

"But, dad," the youth returned, "you always told me I should try to make both ends meet."—Boston Transcript.

—o—

WOMEN

The Scotchman said he loved blondes because of the lighter overhead.—Baptist.

—o—

She is always complaining that she has so little to wear—and last night at the ball she seemed to be wearing it.—Pathfinder.

—o—

That girl must be 25. She's stuck to the same story all the years I've known her.—Pathfinder.

—o—

She's the kind of woman that talks on and on about the things that leave her speechless.—Pathfinder.

—o—

She is a rarely beautiful girl—very rarely, indeed.—Boston Transcript.

—o—

Dubious compliment: She is as pretty as can be.—Pathfinder.

—o—

CHILDREN

Little girl: "My, what a pretty baby. How old is it?"

Mother: "Two months."

L. G.: "Is it your youngest?"—Carnegie Tech Puppet.

—o—

"Sam, Ah jes' seen a alligator eatin' our younges' chile"

"Umm-uh Sho' nuff? You know Ah thought sump'n been gittin' our chillun"—Life.

—o—

Postscripts

Among the modern American poets none is better known than Dorothy Parker, writer of sentimental poems. Recently W. W. Scott in "Life" took occasion to write in her style. He took Mother Goose rhymes and revamped them in the style Dorothy Parker likes to use so well. Here they are:

If Dorothy Parker Had Written "Mother Goose"

Tears for a Pillow

Rub-a-dub-dub
Three lads in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker,
And none in love with me.

† † †

Reward of Inconstancy

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells and silver bells
And broken hearts all in a row.

Verse for a Tombstone

† † †

Jack Spratt would eat no fat,
His wife would eat no lean.
And that my dear's the silly way
Our love has always been.

† † †

Introspection

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
I wonder why I stick around
And write this sort of thing.

† † †

Frustration

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it
Without any knife?
You said it, Tommy,
It's a bum deal—life.

† † †

Lines to a Passion

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey,
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her.
All men are funny that way.

† † †

To a Forsaken Lady

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find him.
Leave him alone and he'll come home
And many lads behind him.

† † †

Subject Matter

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall.
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can't keep my heart from breaking again.

LETTERS.... TO THE ....EDITOR

Mehoopeny, Pa.,
August 2, 1931.

Neighbor Risley:

My Post arrived this week right on the minute. Thanks for your courtesy and business enterprise—but, however, I wish you would appologize to your readers for publishing my kind of railing stuff. I wrote you upon the impulse of the moment not thinking that my request would ever be known in print.

I wish in this to congratulate you upon your editorial effort and to commend you for presenting the matter of house numbering, road hogs and woman school directors. The last has been tried out in some districts, however, and not been found a perfect success. I would not dare to express an opinion upon this matter for fear it would lead to conflict with those nearer home.

There is another home matter that should receive your attention and that is the audit of the Dallas borough. Over four years and not a statement by those in official charge to show whether Dallas borough is in existence financially or not.

There is suspicion of insolvency, when unusual financing is offered by calling a bank note against the school district as an asset, and pass it up that way by some members of the board.

When the audit does come I am anxious to see how far my prediction of a borough school indebtedness of $65,000 at the close of the past year was out of the way, and I am conscious that the auditors will have trouble in gathering in all the numerous debts that are now outstanding.

Turning to agriculture I might add that all crops here are bountiful. Oats are equal to last year; corn is rank, good color and luxuriant; stand clover unusual yield and all put in the barns in fine condition; buckwheat jumping with perfect weather conditions; Timothy is the weakest crop, and potatoes, barring bugs and blight, will be a bumper crop.

Milk is the money resources for these farmers, but the prevailing price is discouraging. They received last month $1.34 per hundred for their milk. They pay 22½ cents per cwt for cartage to station leaving them $1.11½ a hundred pounds or 2.23 cents a quart.

Now think of that, when you in Dallas pay 12c a quart for milk.

What puzzles me is that some wide-awake farmer with a nice herd of cows in that district does not start in with a clean outfit and good milk and offer to the consumers in that town and vicinity milk at something near a reasonable price. Coal, milk and baker's bread are the only three things that seem to be controlled by monopoly or syndicate. Drugs and medicines and spirits of fermenti are, of course, in a class by themselves.

Now the mosquito annoyance that I spoke of in my last, we have in a measure overcome—by simply spreading a sheet of Tangle-foot over the top of our heads. This prevention might not be the most delightful in a pillow case point of view, and we expect to hear the echo of this novelty on wash day when we get home.

There is still another menace to solid contentment which has overtaken us, and that is we are unable to remove our inner garments without pain and blasphemy, owing to the innumerable fishbones protuding through the epidermis over the entire surface of the body. To make this thought more inelegant I might explain that we can't get our shorts off on account of fishbones sticking through the skin. This condition, we are satisfied, is due to excessive indulgence in the "Menu" provided for the regular members of the tribe.

The prospects for game this fall are flattering. Plenty of rabbits and ring necks, a few of native grouse, while deer are the pest of the farmer's life. They are now barding the buckwheat fields on every hillside.

I expect to be located in some se-

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SEEN AND HEARD

By WILL WIMBLE

A garage is a place where a man keeps his oil can, wrench and so many of the wife's contraptions that he has to keep his car parked in the driveway, says Charles Howe.

‡—‡—‡

A woman can sit in the living room all dressed up the entire afternoon and nobody comes. But let her start to take a bath!

‡—‡—‡

George Still tells us that his kids found the stone he had taken out of his bladder over in mamma's rock garden.

‡—‡—‡

Jim Oims says loving in a sport coupe is so much more comfortable, folks have about given up sleighride parties.

‡—‡—‡

Quitting time in a bank doesn't means a thing to the teller who's a couple bucks short in his cash, says Freddy Eck.

‡—‡—‡

Ma says it was six months after Dad lost his front teeth before he got over the habit of covering his mouth with his hand every time he laughed at a funny story.

‡—‡—‡

Maybe they say a candidate conducts a promising campaign because it is nothing else but.

‡—‡—‡

As summer wears on, one becomes more and more undecided whether he really prefers mowing the lawn and trimming the hedges to shoveling coal and checking on the alcohol in the radiator.

‡—‡—‡

The fact that fish can't close their eyes is the only think that keeps them from winking at some of the local fishermen.

‡—‡—‡

Which reminds us that some one once described the oyster as a fish that was built like a nut. Who was that?

‡—‡—‡

A health expert advises keeping baked goods in the ice box in hot weather. And if it's huckleberry pie, the missus also advises locking the ice box.

‡—‡—‡

It is because the fish in the streams are so unfriendly that the canned salmon season succeeds. Ask Al Lasher.

‡—‡—‡

A bridge player about town was playing at a very nice club, when his partner for reasons we shall not attempt to go into, threw all his 13 cards at him. This insulted Mr. Blank, as we shall call him, and he left the room. Flushed and nervous, he paced about, and in so doing came upon one of the board of governors. Mr. Blank told him what had happentd and demanded that some sort of action be taken.

"My good fellow," said the governor, who was not one of the more

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A MAD WORLD

"Ha! Ha! A mad world, a mad world."
—Lord Mayor of London

Philadelphia and Atlantic City are both bidding for the Republican National Convention. Bidding is literally true. Cities usually pay for the privilege of acting as host to the 15,000 delegates more or less who attend the conventions of the two great political parties. The sums paid into the party's campaign fund range from $100,000 to $150,0000 If the convention lasts several days the city soon makes this amount up through the spendings of delegates. Philadelphia in all likelihood will not get the Republican National convention, because Pennsylvania is a strong Republican State. Conventions are usually held in doubtful states where their presence will stimulate votes for the party they represent. For the same reason Presidential candidates are frequently selected from doubtful regions to help bolster up the vote. Strongly Republican, only one United States President has come from Pennsylvania. The State's staunch Republicanism has helped to bring this about.

‡—‡—‡

The Pennsylvania Game Commission sends the following: On the track ahead of his engine, Engineer John Stapleton, of the Philadelphia & Reading R. R., saw something fluttering flopping. He stopped the train, climbed out, preceived it was a hen woodcock broken-winging to save her chicks, who were between the rails.

‡—‡—‡

United States railroads in the first six months of 1931 placed 6,951 new freight cars in service as against 49,208 for the same period last year and 32,794 two years ago. On July 14 there were 571,410 surplus freight cars in good repair and immediately available for service.

‡—‡—‡

Recently an alligator was shot in the Lehigh River. Usually alligators are not found in the Lehigh. Interesting as it was there was nothing funny about finding the alligator in the river for it had escaped from its keepers and sought shelter in the river. But out in Sandusky, Ohio, recently something really funny did happen. For many months there have been rumors of a giant sea serpent in Lake Erie. Two traveling salesmen fishing from a row boat suddenly saw a hugh heavy coil, grey on top and white underneath break the water beside their craft a yellow, black-crowned head, six inches across the forehead, rose up and cold glittering eyes stared at them unblinkingly. More timid souls than the salesmen would have started rowing for the shore right then. But not so these two men. They unshipped their oars, struck the head, stunned the creature, fished its 18-foot length out of the water: waddled it to the boat and brought it to shore; crated it and locked it in their automobile. As soon as it was crated it came to life. Crowds numbering thousands came to see it. Director Henry L. Madison, of Cleveland's Museum of Natural History, came to have a look and declared it to be a python, a snake of East Indian variety and strong enough to crush a horse. No one could decide how a python ever got in Lake Erie.