

The Dallas Post, Inc.

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THE DALLAS POST, INC.

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)

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. Municipal lighting plant.
2. A free library located in the Dallas region.
3. Better and adequate street lighting in Trucksville, Shavertown, Fernbrook and Dallas.
4. Sanitary sewage disposal system for Dallas.
5. Closer co-operation between Dallas borough and surrounding townships.
6. Consolidated high schools and better co-operation between those that now exist.
7. 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.
8. The formation of a Back Mountain Club made up of business men and home owners interested in the development of a community consciousness in Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown and Fernbrook.
9. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
10. The elimination of petty politics and all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.
11. Adequate water supply for fire protection.
12. And all other projects which help to make the Back Mountain section a better place to live in.

The Post urges all subscribers to make every possible effort to pay their subscriptions promptly upon expiration.

PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

This is dictated by several considerations, chief of which is the evident fact that only through the continued loyal support of our readers can we continue to publish the type newspaper that we have given this section. Another fact, also self-evident, is that the payment of a few dollars will not hurt any subscriber, while the non-payment of many of these accounts will seriously affect our business. Therefore, we ask prompt payment of subscription accounts by our loyal subscribers.

Shortly before press time last week The Post received a communication from the two upper classes of Dallas Borough high school for publication in the "Letters to the Editor" column of that issue.

ON FREE SPEECH

The letter arrived too late for publication, and was therefore not included in the issue. The Post is anxious to publish all letters of public interest in the "Letters to the Editor" column, but assumes no responsibility for the contributions published. Therefore all letters must be signed when written by adults and must be devoted to subjects of public interest.

Since the letter contributed last week by the students had neither the written approval of the high school teachers nor the endorsement of the students' parents we are unable to publish it. The letter was concerned with matters of public interest and was written with all of the frankness of youth.

Since the writers were all minors, The Post would have had to assume full responsibility for the letter if published and this we refuse to do. If the students will have their letter approved by their teachers or their parents we will be glad to publish it. We are not attempting to throttle free speech, all we ask is that the responsibility be taken by those who contribute to the "Letters to the Editor" column. This is especially true of letters of a controversial nature.

The economic history of mankind may be divided into two periods—the period of paucity, and the period of plenty. Paucity permitted competition. Plenty compels cooperation.

FAT YEARS ARE LEAN

Suppose a man is drowning in shallow water. If he clutches at his rescuer's throat, it is not fatal, for the rescuer may stand up and drag the frightened man to safety. But if the desperate swimmer is in deep water he must help his rescuer or they will both drown.

When the world had too little in goods and the means of production, competition was perhaps inevitable. The means of social contact were few, for the making and using of things were local. Since there was no standardization in the production and consumption of goods, there was diversity in social habit, in political theory, and in the thought entertained as to the means of achieving national ambitions. The cement of commerce and of credit was thin and weak. Men had different philosophies, different gods, different conceptions of biological life itself. For each community to protect what it had and to get more of it was the natural dictate.

But now we are in a different dispensation. We have not too little, but too much. Our industrial collapses ensue not upon failures of crops, but upon overabundance. We are threatened not with the niggardliness of nature, but with the crushing weight of man's own industry. Nations are habituated to the exchange of goods, and are committed to the sharing of economic confidence. We are in deep water, with our arms interlocked.

Our present difficulty is that the theory of rivalry—economic, religious, political, cultural—survives perniciously into the new condition which requires mutual helpfulness. Paradoxically, paucity of knowledge and of wealth permitted of waste, while plethora necessitates conservation. We may or may not be too proud to fight, but we are certainly too strong to fight. The new magnitudes in wealth and in applied science amount to a difference in kind. Unless we agree to coordinate our efforts, we shall all be overwhelmed, for we are launched together in a common sea with fathoms beneath us and leagues about us.—International Disarmament Notes.

The most victorious war is a misfortune, not only for the conquered but for the conqueror as well.—General Von Moltke.

SECOND THOUGHTS

By Mediator

SOCIAL NOTE

If, as the alarmists predict, America's social structure collapses some day and is replaced by a system similar to Russia's current scheme, this scrivener, as a sworn misogynist who nevertheless cannot look upon a newly wedded pair without heaving a sentimental sigh, will pledge his support to the survival of those whimsical and poetic factors which are a part of our hymeneal ventures.

Our latest observation is that the much-feared Russian propoganda against marriage has had little effect generally on the solemnity and sincerity with which two normal Americans (excluding, naturally, motion picture actresses and racketeers) enter into matrimony.

They may scoff at the sentimentalist and proclaim themselves as proponents of a new and less strict union but when the time grows near for the tying of the nuptial knot all artificiality is dropped and the betrothed act a great deal as did their grandmothers and grandfathers.

We have suspected for months but we could present no definite proof until last week when we were privileged to observe closely the mechanics of a wedding which, incidentally, marked the end of single blessedness for a man we had known since the days when he played marbles with your correspondent.

Despite the fact that the events surrounding the wedding were amazingly modern and bride and bridegroom, you epistolarian noted, displayed reactions that were hopelessly old-fashioned and naive, according to the fast and fancy ideas presented by popular present-day novelists, long-run plays and successful movie attractions.

My bride and groom were hopelessly in love. They were serious about everything, though they (and especially the flustered bridegroom) pretended to be frivolous—a hollow frivolity that failed pathetically and showed plainly he was thinking mainly of his good-wife-to-be. Just before the wedding they became humorously old-fashioned. They hurled things about frantically, forgot important items, yelled at their attendants and boasted loudly they were not a bit excited.

After the wedding they abandoned all plans and schedules and, with very old-fashioned enthusiasm, began bathing in their very evident happiness. Three hours behind schedule they left on their wedding trip while everyone shouted old-fashioned blessings and old-fashioned advice. Scoffing, sophisticated modernity had been routed completely.

We force these notes upon you as a proof of our theory that weddings are still made in Heaven. Our marriages, at least, have escaped artificiality and insincerity, and your columnist, for one, will agree with the character in the Tempest who remarked: "Look down, you Gods, And on this couple drop a blessed crown!"

TALE

One of the strangest stories we have heard concerns a physician who lives not far from here and who recently refused \$60,000 for a valuable serum which he discovered and which attracts to his dingy office patients from as far West as the Mississippi.

The amount to be paid him, our informant said, was ample, but the physician refused to sign the contract because the purchasers would not agree to sell the valuable serum for \$1.00 an injection or less.

A character himself, according to (Continued on Page 6)

The desecration of scenic vistas along state highways by ill-placed billboards and signs has often been debated and talked about during the past decade. Some states, including Pennsylvania, passed laws limiting the erection of billboards, but, like so much other legislation, the laws are not strictly enforced. It is now time that some legislation in the various states against the sign board menace should not only be enacted but also rigidly enforced.

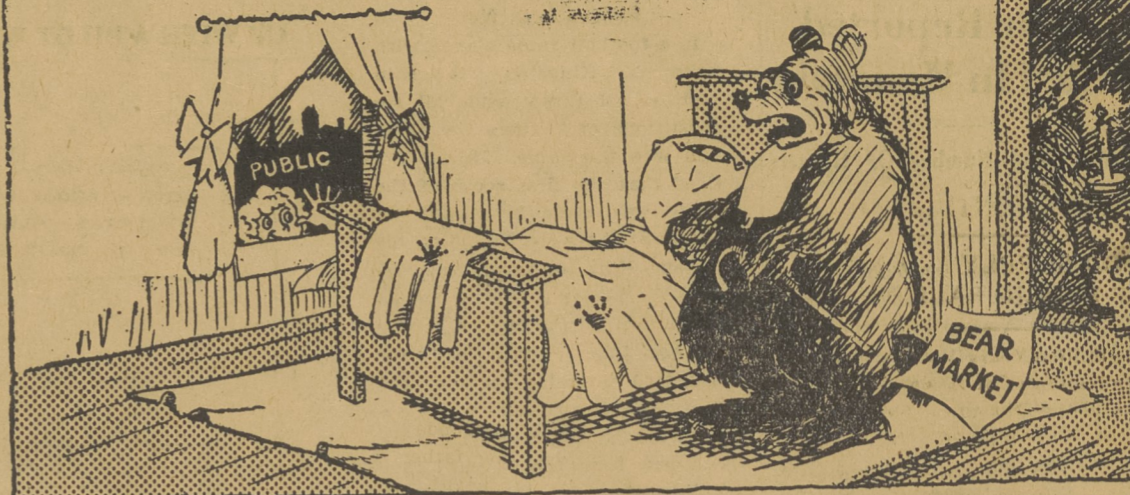
THE HIGHWAY PARASITES

Regardless of public indignation against the defacement of scenic roadways by billboards, the offense appears to be more widespread every year. Not only unsightly billboards, but crude roadside stands and gaudy gasoline stations are becoming more numerous. These, too, should be included in the legislation. We suggest that, not only should the number be limited, but a certain degree of conservation should be enforced in the colors and sizes of these highways parasites. At the present time it is not an uncommon sight to have a gorgeous view of some verdant valley completely spoiled, if not obliterated, by a large, unsightly sign, painted in as many colors as the rainbow, and depicting the unsurpassed elegance of some brand of laxative; or, perhaps, a red and blue service station peacefully basking in the sunlight beside some silvery brook.

Towards the close of the last session of Congress a bill was introduced limiting billboards. Unfortunately the proposed bill was automatically killed when Congress adjourned without taking any action on it. It is hoped that the bill will be re-proposed in the coming session and that some favorable action will be taken upon it.

GOLDILOCKS AND THE BEARS

1928



1931



LETTERS.... TO THE...EDITOR

Wants Better Name

3509 Burke Ave.,
 Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sir:—

The Post is a whiff from home although there are more unfamiliar names than familiar names.

I want to make a suggestion. Find a better sounding name for your country than terming it "The Back Country." It always grates on me and my husband teases me saying—"you had better write and tell them about it" so now I am telling you. That is a beautiful country and that name is misleading.

Find a new name, make a feature of it in your paper. The new name the country and towns it comprises, until people become familiar with it and call it that.

Now I have done my part and so I am not going to worry anymore about it.

Yours truly,
 Mrs. E. M. Allen.

Thirteen Years After

Dear Editor:—

It becomes increasingly difficult in the face of such a Legion of armed and brilliant critics to think aloud. This is, however, just that;—a thought and not a theory. When one harbors a theory one allows room for conviction; and fact clamors for admission. But seasoned with logic this becomes a dainty piece to chew upon in spite of the truth that the tempo of history is hard to judge correctly. We must view the future, that tetra colored indefiniteness, with eyes that have seen the past, for in no other way can we attempt to visualize the abstract, whether it be history, theology or whatnot. Since prophecy is guess work it is wise to refrain from prophecy.

Ancient Rome once held sway over

all the races of the time. Caesar and Frederic, combining the highest degree of Generalship and Statesmanship, conquered the world of their day and in 1812 that other, and only other, blend of great General and great Statesman alone ruled one-half of Europe. With the passing of Napoleon's dictatorship the glory of France faded until this present day when Nations are more firmly rooted with distributed might. Spain's proud Armada ruled the Seas while England has had her fluctua-

tions in the market of rulership.

The Great War, as we have come to term it, re-made the map of Europe. Four Empires died to make way, by their disintegration, for the birth of a dozen new nations. America returned from that conflict a new and great world power; placed there at the outcome by the violent eruption alone and not by design whereby other nations had fought for centuries for their hour in the sun.

Germany and France will require (Continued on Page 6)

HOBBIES of the STARS by Elizabeth Stephenson



Paramount Photo

CHARLES ROGERS

YOU have only to look around you in Charles Rogers' home to discover his favorite hobby. There will be a trombone on a table, a banjo in a chair, gleaming saxophones—big, little and middle-sized—scattered about. For music is such an absorbing hobby with Charles—"Buddy" no longer please—that he spends the vast majority of his leisure time with one or another of the twelve musical instruments which he can play.

At home, he has a music room which contains, in addition to a fabulous collection of horns and stringed instruments, his newest and dearest plaything. It is an electric reproducing piano especially made for him which plays in any key, if you simply turn a switch to "A" or "C" or "B Flat." It provides an ideal accompaniment for his tireless rehearsing. The Rogers family is accustomed to hearing popular tunes emerge from this room in new and snappy arrangements at any hour of the twenty-four which Charles happens to have free.

Nor does his love for music stop there. He is studying voice with a Mexican trainer of opera stars and while his aspirations do not

extend to the field of opera for himself he loves to hear opera and never fails to attend when he is in New York or elsewhere during the opera season. It may be hard to picture the irrepressible Buddy sitting spellbound at a performance of Siegfried—but this young man who is taking his career more seriously these days than ever before and working hard to build up a following in mature and difficult roles, has many serious interests.

However, one of his hobbies is in character with the juvenile "Buddy" whom women adore. He likes girls and he's not a bit aloof about it. Being a bachelor and, as you may have noticed, not hard on the eye, he is very well thought of by the pretty young stars who live in Hollywood. He isn't the "heartbreaker" type, but dates up movie stars just as he did University of Kansas co-eds a few years ago. Summer co-eds a few years ago. Summer in white flannels, a mandolin under one arm and a box of candy under the other, bound for a Hollywood veranda. He's very thoughtful. If June Collier likes chocolate creams and Mary Brian prefers toffee, Charles always remembers.