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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.
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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. 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 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.
8. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
9. The elimination of petty politics from all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.
10. Adequate water supply for fire protection.
11. And all other projects which help to make the Back Mountain section a better place to live in.

Each Mother's Day reams and reams of paper are covered with poetic tributes to women who have gone into the Valley of the Shadow to bring their children into the world.

MOTHER'S DAY

By their suffering and worries, by their supreme courage and by their sacrifices the Mothers' of the world have earned the right to all the gratitude and kindness their children can express.

How much greater that tribute would become, however, if it were to be the inspiration for a general and active interest in making the way easier for the Mothers' of tomorrow—the girls of today to whom the Mothers' will pass their heritage.

More women die in child birth each year in the United States than in almost any other country in the world. This record stands despite the financial greatness and scientific eminence of this country.

Organized groups are now seeking to have schools of surgery stress more the necessity for expertly trained obstetric specialists. Great strides have been made. Let Mother's Day see the birth of a greater support and enthusiasm for this movement.

In his pamphlet analyzing current economic conditions, Stuart Chase, eminent economist and analyst, draws an interesting contrast between "business" and "industry" as the terms are applied to the commercial enterprises of the country.

BUSINESS AND INDUSTRY

Chase says "business" is interested primarily in profitable enterprise. "Industry," on the other hand, is interested in the engineering aspect of an economic enterprise.

Industry demands a balanced load in plant operation, the steady market, a low-priced-large volume ideal. It insists upon research, expert management and quantitative analysis.

As the world leaves behind its economic tragedies this year it is right that the vast difference between speculative business and sound industry be recognized and remembered constantly in the construction of a new and staunch commercial structure.

When personalities and "unwritten laws" are used as the basis of decision in criminal cases dangerous precedents are established and logical thinking is likely to be destroyed by something akin to mob rule.

JUSTICE HAMPERED

In the Massie case in Honolulu officials could not help but be effected by the sympathy displayed in behalf of the defendants. The public considered the personalities and positions of the prisoners before the real significance of their alleged crime against society.

Similarly, in the Lindbergh kidnapping case, hero worship displaced logical thinking. The parties who kidnapped Mr. and Mrs. Lindbergh's baby committed a crime against society firstly and a crime against the Lindberghs secondly. Society has provided, perhaps not adequately, but definitely, the punishment.

There is danger in letting the heart rule the head in such cases. Precedents are established frequently which damage the cause of justice when strict measures are needed.

-Dallas-

Mrs. Georgia Patterson spent several days visiting relatives in Kingston, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ayre entertained the following people on Wednesday evening: Mr. and Mrs. John Yaple, Mr. and Mrs. James Ayre, Miss Dorothy Patterson and Mr. Machell Hildebrandt.

The Young Women's Missionary society met at Clara Shiber's home on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Ruth Dungee presided over the business session; Margaret LaBar had charge of a very lovely devotional meeting on the subject of Mothers' Day. She was assisted by Ruth Levin and several other members of the society.

Maud Baker gave a short leaflet on the subject of "Gangster or Citizen."

Dorothy Patterson read a synopsis of the last three chapters of the study book.

Hostesses were: Margaret Veitch, Emily Besecker, Gertrude Allen and Marguerite Frantz.

Music week has been observed in the Dallas borough schools each morning this week in the chapel exercises. The following program has been carried out:—Monday morning, Shaver Solo, Mrs. Allan Sanford of Shavertown; Wednesday morning, Essay on Boehl's life, Margaret Hill, high school senior; Thursday morning, Piano duet, Mrs. Crompton and Mrs. Reynolds Jr., of Trucksville.

On Friday evening the first six grades will give an operetta assisted by some older grade children, under the direction of Miss Ruth Palmer, supervisor of music.



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NOTE:

Have you ever heard the whispering of Satan urging you to commit some deed at which your conscience rebelled? Have you succumbed to this urging? Have you ever thought about the solace you would receive in sharing your confidence with another human being? The consolation you would derive by this confidence is far reaching and would perhaps be the means of destroying the satanic influences which have fastened themselves upon you. Perhaps a childish prank has influenced your whole life. It is the desire of this column to help those so afflicted to gain an equilibrium and mental freedom which will help them to establish their self-respect and restore them to the rank and file of law abiding citizens.

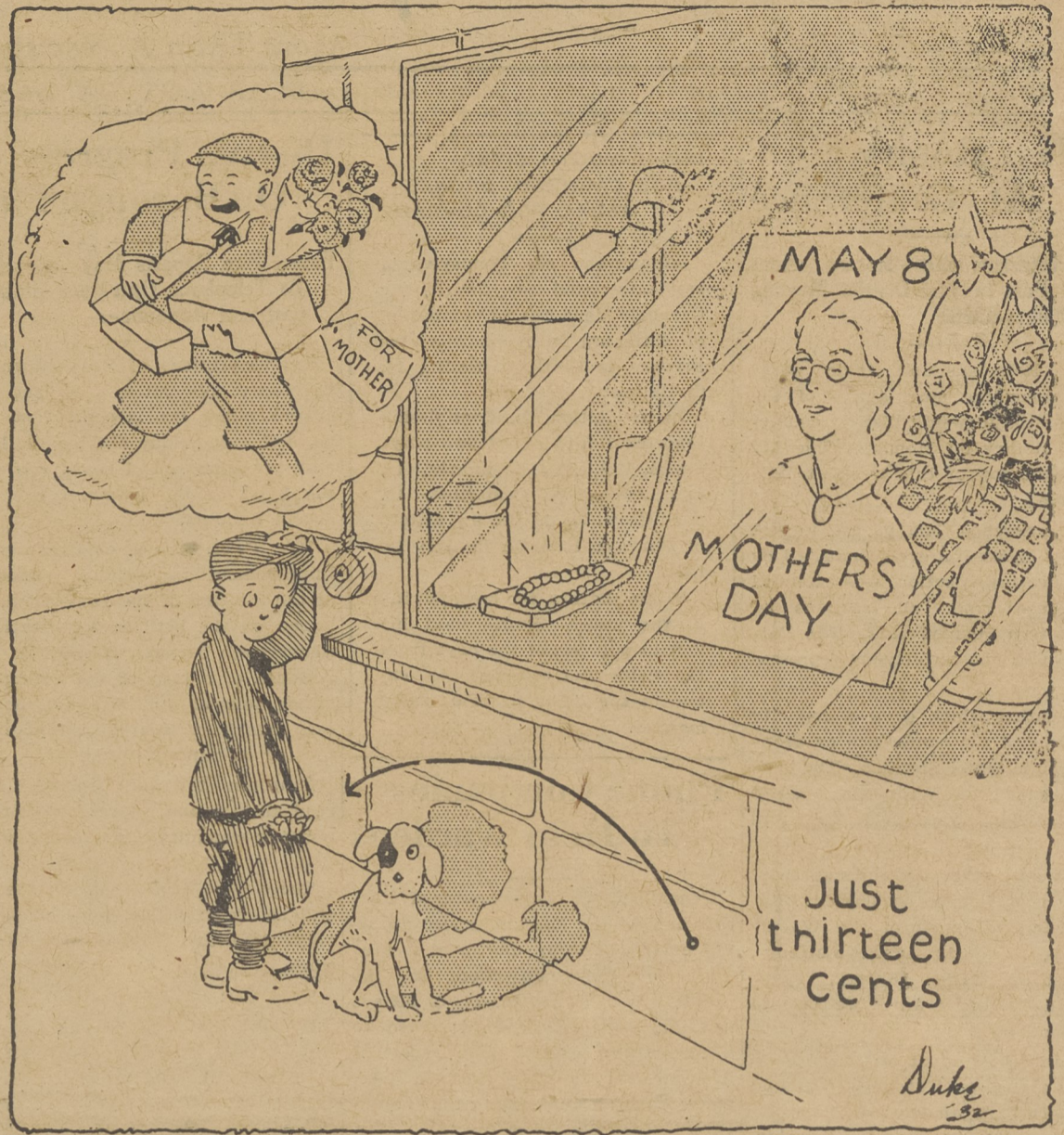
By:
Virginia deLeon.

Dear Miss deLeon:

For thirty-five years I have conducted my business of mechanical engineering in this city. My wife has helped me at the office and we have tried to pull through these hard times as best we could. Work has been scarce. We became in arrears in our rent at home and at the office. In fact it was difficult to find the necessities to live to hold body and soul together. Last week we returned to our apartment to find every thing we possessed in the world gone. Only our clothes scattered about remained to remind us of a

(Continued on Page 4.)

WHEN WE WISH WE HAD A MILLION



"YOUNG AMERICA"

Produced as a Fox Picture

SPENCER TRACY

with

DORIS KENYON

A Frank Borzage Production

Copyright, 1932 Fox Film Corporation

Chapter I

ARTHUR SIMPSON had the reputation of being the worst boy in town. At least this was the manner in which Officer Weems introduced young Mr. Simpson to Judge Blake, presiding over the juvenile court.

Mrs. Doray, wife of the town's druggist, looked at this nominee for top honors with much interest. When the program committee of the Women's Club assigned her to prepare a paper on the town's juvenile court, she had sought out Judge Blake. He invited her to sit on the bench with him during one of the sessions in order that she could become directly acquainted with the work of his court.

Her interest in the juvenile delinquents increased with each case that was brought up. By the time young Simpson came up before Judge Blake she was cognizant of the sympathetic manner in which the court dealt with the young offenders.

"We find that most juvenile delinquents come from broken homes," explained the judge to Mrs. Doray as he eyed the subject of the latest case, young Mr. Simpson.

"You mean divorced people," asked Mrs. Doray.

"Yes, divorces, separations, or many times where one parent is dead and the other has to make a living so that the child is deprived of a normal home life. Now take this boy before me," he said nodding at Arthur and glancing at a paper on his desk. "Here's an orphan who lives with a poor family. He hasn't gotten into any trouble yet, but he may be headed for it."

Arthur squirmed uneasily before Judge Blake's gaze. "Well, Art," began Blake, "it looks as though you're in trouble. Why were you arrested?"

"He took a car belonging to Mrs. Ramsey for a joy ride," ventured Weems.

"How about it, Arthur? Is that right," asked Blake.

"No, sir."

"But you took the car, didn't you," continued Blake.

"No, sir," repeated the boy. "I just moved it from in front of a fire plug."

"The car was found four blocks away, Your Honor," interrupted the officer.

"Seems to me you moved that car quite a distance," said Blake.

"Well, it's hard to find a place to park these days," explained Arthur.

Judge Blake and Mrs. Doray exchanged smiles. Turning to the boy, Blake remarked, "Art, the law says it's a crime to drive a car that doesn't belong to you. Did you know that?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, remember it the next time you see a car parked by a fire plug. Now you get out of here and don't ever let me see you in this court again, because if I do, you'll be sorry. Case dismissed. The court is adjourned for one hour."

As the order for adjournment was given, the witnesses, court attachés and spectators began moving about.

"Well, Mrs. Doray, what do you think of it," asked Judge Blake.

"I'm very, very much interested," she replied.

"There they go," he continued, nodding in the direction of a few of the boys who were leaving the room.

"Young America. Boys from every walk of life. Young America at the crossroads. One road leads to crime and prison, and the other to respectability and usefulness. All we can do is

try to set their feet in the right road."

The next day, young Mr. Simpson, rejoicing at his recent emancipation from legal entanglements, sat at the wheel of a disreputable touring car as it wended its way through that portion of the city known as "Shantytown."

The car rattled and squeaked its way down the street, finally coming to a stop before a small, dirty shack. In the yard was a freckled-faced bespectacled youngster.

"Hi, Nutty," was Art's greeting as he clambered out of the car.

"Hi, Art," replied the boy. "Where'd you get the car?"

"Well, it was parked by a fire plug and I didn't want the lady to get a ticket so I moved it," explained Art.

"More darn fire plugs in this town," said Nutty as the two boys exchanged an understanding grin.

A short while later Art stood on a corner of one of the town's busy intersections. His thoughts turned toward such subjects as fire plugs and police tickets as his eyes fell on a coupe close by a fire plug.

Suddenly he heard a violent screech of brakes. Turning he perceived a small pup standing in the middle of the street.

Confused, the pup started to run directly in the path of a big truck bearing down on him. Seeing his danger, Art dashed across the street. Just as the truck was about to crush the pup, Art ran in front of it, snatched up the dog, and leaped to safety.

On the opposite corner, in front of her husband's drugstore, Mrs. Doray put her hands in front of her eyes and shrieked to the high heavens as she saw the beginning of this little drama. It wasn't until Art dashed on the curb next to her that she dared look. When she saw her dog was safe she took it from the boy and hugged it.

"That was a very brave thing to do," she said to Art. "Why, you might have been hurt." She stared at the boy for a moment and suddenly recognized him as the boy she saw in the courtroom.

"You're Arthur Simpson, aren't you," she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

Her husband, perceiving the small crowd, came out of the store. "What's the matter, Edie," he asked Mrs. Doray.

"Why, this boy just saved Sandy from being run over by a truck."

"Much obliged," said Doray, giving Art a curt nod.

"Jack," said Mrs. Doray, "you need a boy here in the store. Why don't you give the job to Art? I'm sure he needs the work, and I have a particular reason for wanting to help him."

"Don't you know he's supposed to be the worst kid in town," protested Doray.

"I don't believe it," replied the woman.

"Well, he's no rose geranium," countered Doray.

"Please, Jack, for me," she pleaded.

"All right," said Doray grudgingly. "But you'll see that I know what I'm talking about."

"Want a job," he continued, turning to the boy.

"Yes, sir."

"Report here tomorrow right after school. Six bucks a week. Three-thirty at the latest."

"Yes, sir. Thanks very much, Mrs. Doray," said Art as he turned to go.

"I give him the job and he thanks you," said Doray, looking at his wife with slight displeasure.



Chapter II

WHEN Art approached Doray's Drug Store the next afternoon, he presented a disreputable sight. His clothes were torn and dirty, his face cut and bruised. To make things worse, he had been officially notified by the principal of the school that his status as a student was a thing of the past. This, coupled with the fact that he was an hour late for his new job, didn't serve to brighten his outlook.

The eventful day had started out bad for him early in the morning. On his way to school with Nutty, they noticed one of their classmates, Mabel Wells, walking ahead of them. She was a pretty girl of twelve.

From one of the street corners a larger boy, Bull Carron, stepped up to Mabel's side and stopped her.

"Hello, cutie," they heard him say. "Want me to carry your books?"

"No, I don't," replied the girl.

"Aw, come on. Don't be like that."

With these words Bull put one arm around her waist and tried to take her books.

Art and Nutty stopped and watched this scene.

"Who's that fresh guy," asked Art.

"That's Bull Carron," said Nutty.

"He just got transferred here from the South Side. I heard he licked every kid there."

"I don't care if he is tough," said Art as he started forward towards the pair. "He's not going to get fresh with Mabel. Come on."

Mabel was struggling with Bull, who was trying to take her books. As Art and Nutty came running up to them, Bull turned and let go of Mabel's books.

Art shouldered in between Bull and Mabel. She welcomed him with a thankful look.

"Hello, Mabel," said Art, at the same time staring at Bull. "Were you looking for me?"

"Yes, I was," she replied. "I wanted you to walk to school with me."

With this Art took her arm and the two of them started walking away. Bull started after them but Nutty grabbed his arm.

"Don't get funny, you runt," said Bull as he turned on Nutty.

"You want to make something big out of it," challenged Nutty.

Bull looked Nutty over and laughed, much to the latter's annoyance.

"Well, well," cried Bull. "A tough guy. Battling Kid Four-Eyes." Bull suddenly snatched off Nutty's glasses and held them up.

"Now what can you see," cried Bull as Nutty struggled to take the glasses from the larger boy. "Four eyes, four eyes." Bull's chant was taken up by several other boys who formed a circle about them.

Hearing this noise, Art perceived Bull tormenting Nutty. He turned abruptly from Mabel and dashed away toward the group. Just as Nutty made another futile grab for the glasses, Art burst through the circle.

"Give Nutty back his glasses," he commanded.

Bull calmly turned around. "Oh yeah. Who says so?"

"If you don't give 'em back I'll show you who says so," said Art as he drew back his fist.

Bull promptly put on the glasses.

"Aah, you can't hit a man with glasses on," shouted Bull eager to torment this new victim. The other kids laughed at this bit of comedy but only for a second.

Art suddenly lowering his head, he butted Bull in the stomach. As the latter doubled up, Art took the glasses off and handed them to Nutty. Then Nutty took advantage of Bull's kick-over position to give him a smart kick. Bull straightened up and turned angrily to Nutty who grinned at him and tapped his glasses. Art stepped up to Bull and grabbed him by the coat lapels.

"Now I'm just going to tell you one thing," he warned Bull. "You know Nutty don't like to be kidded about his weak eyes so if you ever do it again, I'm going to knock the stuffin' out of you."

The two stood eye to eye for a second. Bull dropped back a step and put up his hands. Art dropped back and squared off for the ensuing battle. Just as hostilities were about to commence the sound of the bugle call from the school was heard. Bull dropped his hands.

"I'll wait for you after school," he threatened.

"Okay," said Art.

The resumption of hostilities, scheduled for after school, was given an earlier start than anticipated. As the lines of students marched into their respective class-rooms, and stood at attention besides the desks, Bull, standing in back of Nutty, gave him a vicious poke in the back as a final measure of retaliation for the combined assaults of Art and Nutty.

Art, standing in the adjacent row, saw this. His face lit up with anger as he saw Nutty go sprawling into the next boy. In one leap he jumped through the intervening desk, grabbed Bull's arm, whirled him around and knocked him down. The class room immediately was in an uproar. The teacher rushed in and pushed Art away from the prostrate Bull.

Suspended from school by the irate teacher who saw no justification for his conduct in the class room, Art was in the proper mind for combat as he circled around Bull, while a large crowd of boys formed a circle about them on the athletic field after classes.

After a few preliminary feints on the part of both combatants, the two finally came together midst the wild shouts of encouragement from the onlookers. Nutty, in the foreground, holding Art's coat quivered nervously as each blow was struck.

For a while Art held the upper hand in the fight until a wild swing by Bull caught him off-balance and upset him. Dazed, he slowly got up from the ground only to be floored by another hard blow. A third time he sprawled to the ground in a like manner. Seeing Art was hurt, the boys crowded in and stopped the fight. The crowd followed the victorious Bull, leaving Nutty alone to minister to the injured loser.

Accordingly, when Art entered the drug store shortly after the fight, Doray halted him at the entrance.

"Where you going," he said harshly.

"Why you told me to come to work after school today," replied Art, surprised at Doray's tone.

"Yes, I said after school and I meant three-thirty, not four o'clock," replied Doray. "You don't have to come to work here now. You're through before you start."

(To be continued)

BEAUTIFY SCHOOL GROUNDS

Members of the Parent-Teacher association, citizens and students in Dallas township are assisting in the work of beautifying the grounds about the township vocational school.

A row of sugar Maples has been planted along the highway in front of the building and foundation plantings laurel and rhododendron have been made. The school grounds have also been graded and seeded.