

# The Dallas Post,

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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.
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.

This year, one the day when the American people give thought to those who gave their lives for the preservation of the nation, it is especially appropriate to remember the patriots who died during the Revolution while battling with General Washington for the independence of the American people.

## MEMORIAL DAY AND WASHINGTON'S SOLDIERS

In no way could Memorial Day be better observed than in thus devoting it to Washington's honor, during this year when we celebrate the 200th anniversary of his birth, and nothing would be more in Washington's own spirit than this tribute to those loyal Americans who gave their lives to the cause for which he fought.

This rite is all the more necessary, because of the curious historical fact that no accurate record was ever made, either during the Revolution, or after it, of the patriots who died in action, in their country's struggle for Independence. Washington's hurriedly gathered and untrained army had no facilities for the "paper work" that has become an elaborate feature of modern military science.

For example, no count of American dead has come down to us from even so important an engagement as the action at Princeton, which enabled Washington to clear the British out of New Jersey. The best authority on the subject contents himself with reporting he British loss as more than one hundred, and the American loss "much less."

One historic fact does sharply stand out, however, as to patriot losses in battle. That is, when Washington himself reports them, they are accurate enough, and their smallness indicates with what economy of men he accomplished his epoch-making results. For example, he himself records that in the siege of Yorktown, the action that decided the Revolution, there were but twenty-three of his officers and men killed. At King's Mountain, another pivotal engagement, the British loss was severe, but again the patriots lost but few. The battle of Trenton, to fight which Washington made his famous crossing of the Delaware, and which saved the patriot cause from going on the rocks of public apathy, was bought at the cheapest price of all. Two patriot soldiers were killed, and three officers wounded — one of these was Lieutenant James Monroe, afterwards President of the United States.

Military experts say Washington had a force of 39,500 but he never had these gathered together at any time one time, owing to lapses and overlappings of enlistments, and at critical times his forces sank to 3,000. The most accurate count possible today, covering the number of patriots actually shot and killed in battle, fixes their number at 4,044.

Again the Revolutionary army could make no effort to mark the burial places of the dead, as in the modern military practice, and the sacred places where these heroes lie will never be known. Almost the only known graves of Revolutionary soldiers are those who survived the war and were buried in private burial grounds.

Nothing remains, therefore, of those who gave their lives in the making of the United States except the memory of their heroism. It is the greater reason why on Memorial Day, in this year of tribute to George Washington, the United States should give a thought to these self-giving men who died that their country might live.

Mental lapses are a far more important cause of automobile accidents than is commonly believed. While the reports of accidents may give physical causes, such as reckless driving, wrong side of the road, cutting in, etc., those may only be symptoms of a disturbed mental state, asserts Dr. H. J. Stack of the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, who says:

"Extreme hurry or worry causing intense preoccupation, fatigue, elation, or excitement, or slowed down reaction as a result of the indulgence in alcohol or other narcotics may be behind an accident. Many of these mental conditions are within our control." He suggests the following precautions as preventatives:

1. Take a short rest or let someone else drive the car when you have been driving for a long period at night.
2. Be especially alert when hurrying to work so that you can keep your mind on your driving.
3. The best place for the confirmed back-seat driver is at home.
4. Don't day dream driving a car or crossing the street.
5. Control your temper. If the traffic officers calls you down, probably you deserve it.
6. If you have a superiority complex, forget it when you get behind the steering wheel.
7. Don't become a speed maniac. This mental disorder is serious and contagious. A serious accident seems to be the only cure for its victims.



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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 ever 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.

My Dear Miss deLeon:  
I am a young man and am holding a position as cashier in Bank. I support my widowed mother and a small brother of twelve. Last week my brother got into some real trouble and it has taken every cent I have saved to get him out of the difficulty. Mother knows nothing about it, as she has heart trouble. What I would appreciate is your advice about my brother. He is supposed to be attending grade school, but half the time, I find, he has been absent from his classes.

I shall appreciate any suggestion which you may offer, that will help me in my most difficult position.

H. W. W.

Dear H. W. W.:

I'm afraid you will be offended when I state that in trying to be a father and a big brother in one, you may possibly have been partial to the big brother role. Locate your Boy Scout Master and explain your position to him. Urge your brother to become interested in this splendid organization. Try to lead your brother through his formative years, and do not adopt the role of "Boss." Take your brother fishing and show him the thrill and wholesomeness of the great outdoors. Plan for your mutual futures and let him share certain constructive responsibilities in your future building. Check upon his associates and see that he is profitably employed while not in school.

In this way alone, true manhood may unfold, and in receiving your small brother into your heart and leading instead of driving, will you truly reap the fruits of your endeavors.

V. deLeon.

## U. S. Might Have Been A Monarchy

### George Washington Refused Crown And Reprimanded Sponsors of "King Plan."

Few Americans know that our country today might be a monarchy but for an act of nobility performed by George Washington on May 22, 1782. The officers of the Revolutionary Army had implored Washington to assume royal power, place himself at their head, and rule the country as a king. On May 22, a century and a half ago, General Washington refused this invitation in patriotic terms so strong that the idea was dropped. This information comes from the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission.

We know that he refused the offer of kingship, but the circumstances surrounding that dramatic moment in our history, known chiefly to scholars, need be recalled to the everyday American, that he may form a still clearer conception of the nobility of Washington's character.

This incident, which constitutes one of the critical moments in the destiny of America, occurred while Washington and the Continental Army were encamped at Newburgh, on the Hudson. The surrender of Cornwallis had virtually ended the Revolution, but nominally hostilities were still in effect, and Washington was determined to hold the army together against any surprise renewal of the war. As usual his soldiers were poorly clothed and fed, and Congress was deeply in arrears in their pay. By then the war had dragged on for seven long years. The struggle had cost many of Washington's officers the loss of their personal fortunes, and the entire enlisted force faced a future of want on being released to civil life.

Discontent rose to dangerous intensity in all ranks. At length, Colonel Lewis Nicola, a respected character on friendly terms with the Commander in Chief, spoke for the officers as a

body when he addressed to Washington a veiled proposal that he take over the government of the country, with the army behind him, and rule it as a king.

The late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in his biography of Washington, states that on this occasion Washington was as truly tempted as Caesar, with an offer to make himself king or emperor. The stroke, moreover, would have been easy of accomplishment. The colonies were all beggared by the war. Their governments were slack and weak. The Revolutionary army was the one cohesive, national power in the land. To a man the soldiers worshipped Washington, and with their aid he could have taken over control of the nation. As near as that, at this stage of America's history, was the country to becoming a monarchy.

And yet it was a great distance away. To George Washington the temptation of kingship was no temptation at all. On the contrary he put it aside with far greater and more sincere indignation than did Caesar wave aside the laurel crown. In a letter whose every word should be implanted in the mind of every school child in America, he declined Nicola's offer and rebuked the man who made it. Writing on May 22, 1782, he said:

"Sir,—With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my persual. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity.

"I am at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my Country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your Country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature."

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## HIGH MOTOR TAXATION IS POLITICAL ISSUE IN AT LEAST TWO STATES

Growing resentment against the repeated raids on the pocketbooks of car owners has resulted in high motor taxes being made a political issue in several states.

In Ohio, David E. Ingalls, Assistant Secretary for Aeronautics, U. S. Navy, and a candidate for Governor of the state, has protested against a diversion of any of the monies collected from gasoline taxes to any other purpose than that of road building. He is also opposed to any increase in the state gasoline tax. Candidates for other offices in the state have also declared themselves to be opposed to additional motor taxes.

In Florida, J. Tom Watson, Tampa attorney, who is seeking the Democratic nomination for Governor, has announced a plan whereby the seven-cent gasoline tax can, and should be, reduced to four cents.

# THE REWARD OF VALOR



## "YOUNG AMERICA"

Produced as a Fox Picture

A Frank Borzage production

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### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

Art Simpson, an orphan, is paroled to the care of Mrs. Doray when his aunt refuses to accept responsibility for him after he has been arrested and placed on trial in juvenile court. The arrest came about from his entering a drug store with his pal, Nutty, to steal some medicine that the latter's grandmother, very ill, needed. One of the conditions of the parole is that he does not talk or mingle with Nutty. After a week in the Doray home, Nutty's grandmother comes to him one night after the Doray's had left the house for the evening, and tells him that Nutty is very ill and keeps calling for Art. Despite his promise to Mrs. Doray not to leave the house, Art goes with Mrs. Beamish, at the same time taking some of Mrs. Doray's money to get a doctor for his friend. Nutty dies, and Art, returning home heartbroken, hears the Dorays quarreling over his delinquency. Resolved not to jeopardize the domestic happiness of the pair, he enters the house, denounces them, and runs away.

### Chapter VI

DORAY's first act after Art's departure was to phone the police station and tell them to pick the boy up. Despite Art's conduct of the night before, Mrs. Doray worried no little over his welfare.

At breakfast the next morning, the doorbell rang. Opening the door, Mrs. Doray was greeted by the postman.

"Good morning, Mrs. Doray," he said. "Too bad about that little Nutty Beamish, wasn't it?"

"Why, what about him?" she asked. "Ain't you heard," he replied. "I thought sure Art would tell you. He was right there with the boy when he died."

"Died? Nutty Beamish dead?"

"Yep, last night. Pneumonia," said the postman as he departed.

Doray heard this conversation. When his wife returned to the breakfast room, he avoided her gaze in embarrassment. He felt very uncomfortable as he saw tears come to her eyes.

"How ashamed we should be," she said. "Oh, when I think of it. The poor boy. He'd just left his pal who died, and you and I — oh — That's why he took the money. To give it to Mrs. Beamish, and now I know why he acted the way he did when he came home. He must have heard us quarreling about him. He knew he stood between us, and he wanted to make me think he was unworthy."

That night, about ten-thirty, Art slowly walked towards Doray's drug store. As he approached the store he noticed a night light burning within. At the curb outside stood two cars, one of them which he recognized as Doray's.

As he drew up to the store, he gave a quick look around and then stepped up and looked in the front door. What he saw going on inside froze him with fear. Doray, besides the cash register, stood with his hands up, his back to the two men. One of them covered him with a gun. The other was busy rifling the cash drawer and emptying the contents into a satchel. The man with the guns, at a signal from his companion, suddenly turned one of them about in his hands and struck Doray a hard blow across the back of his head. As Doray's body slumped to the floor, the two men turned about quickly and ran for the front door.

Art, scared to death, seemed rooted to the spot in fear. As the door opened and the two men came out, Art started to run. One of the men, seeing him, grabbed him by the arm.

"Hey, wait a minute," he asked. "How long you been here?"

Art gulped nervously. "Just a couple of minutes."

The two men looked at one another. Here was a witness who might identify

them. They exchanged a grim nod.

"Come on kid, we're going for a ride," commanded the one holding the boy.

"Please, mister," cried Art. "I don't want to go."

"Sure you do. We'll drop you off." With this, the two men dragged him to the car. Art was hurled into the front seat with the driver. The other man quickly jumped into the back seat and the car started off.

As the car picked up speed it passed Officer Weems, who was walking his beat. He turned and looked at the speeding car, then continued on his way. When he reached the drug store he noticed the door was open. Walking in, he looked around and called. There was no answer. Weems continued on his way up to the counter and nearly stumbled over Doray's prostrate body. He quickly dragged the man around to the counter and in a few seconds succeeded in reviving him. Doray told him of the holdup and the slugging.

"I bet them was the two fellows I just saw goin' away from here in a car," ventured Weems.

"My car's outside," cried Doray. "Come on, Weems, we'll see if we can get them."

A few minutes later Doray and Weems, traveling at break-neck speed, spotted the bandit car. The crook in the back seat of the latter car, continually peering around to see if they were being pursued, noticed the lights of the car following them and traveling at the same speed they were going.

"Looks like someone's after us," he cried to his companion as he watched the lights of the pursuing car gradually draw nearer.

"It's that druggist we slugged, and he's got a copper with him," he again shouted as the car crept up on them.

"There's only one thing to do then," cried the driver, looking at Art. "Can you drive, kid?"

"Sure," replied the boy.

"Then grab hold of the wheel and slide over," commanded the driver. Art did as he was told while the man climbed back over the front seat and joined his companion. The two men drew automatics from their pockets. Art, looking into the rear vision mirror, saw the men take careful aim. Art, looking desperately to the left and right, noticed a high bank about fifty yards ahead on the left side of the road. There was only one thing he could do, and he did it. Yanking the wheel as hard as he could, the car went off the road and piled into the bank, overturning.

Weems and Doray spotted the two unconscious bandits lying besides the wrecked car and quickly put the handcuffs on them. As Doray maneuvered Weems's flashlight about the wreck he saw Art, lying unconscious on the ground. He instantly recognized him as he lifted the boy up.

Art feebly opened his eyes. Seeing Doray, he whispered: "They were going to shoot you. They made me drive. So I wrecked the car." He then lapsed back into unconsciousness.

In the dining room of the Doray house the next night, Art occupied the chair of honor. At the table also sat Mr. and Mrs. Doray and Mrs. Beamish. Doray, holding a newspaper, was reading aloud.

"As the aftermath of the heroic deed," he read, "Mr. Doray announces that he is planning to adopt Art Simpson." With this he slipped the paper down and beamed proudly at Art.

(THE END)

Post Serial will be shown at Kingston theatre on Monday and Tuesday, June 6 and 7.