

# The Dallas Post,

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**HOWARD RISLEY** Managing Editor  
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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. Construction of more sidewalks for the protection of pedestrians in Kingeston township and Dallas.
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. Adequate water supply for fire protection.
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 from all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.

Perhaps this editorial is immodest.

Perhaps we should leave the crusading to the big newspaper and be satisfied to report the meetings and the every day doings in our territory.

Perhaps we should, but we're not going to.

We are not being misled concerning our own importance. We know we have not the prestige nor the circulation nor the money of the Wyoming Valley newspapers. We know, better than our readers, where our weak points lie. And we know also that we have the ability and the opportunity to publish a newspaper which, besides being the best weekly in Northeastern Pennsylvania, can play a vitally important part in the development of this section.

We can, that is, if this section is at all desirous of developing.

O. Henry, the short story artist, had a small newspaper once, called, believe it or not, "The Plunkville Patriot". He wrote this editorial "It is a rather sad commentary on the enterprise of our citizens that we state that the combined assistance that we have received in our efforts to boom this town amounted to \$3.84. Two dollars of this amount was contributed by our mayor on our agreeing not to print the portrait of him we had made by our special artist. The balance is the result of two weeks' hard canvassing for the ads, and the price of our support for the late Populist candidate for Congress."

Facetiously, O. Henry was criticising the disloyalty of his readers. A newspaper can struggle along with a little advertising and a few subscriptions, but it cannot do without loyalty.

We can't solicit advertising or subscriptions here. All we can ask is that you appreciate the handicaps under which we work, be tolerant of our harmless shortcomings, and give thought to the things we say.

You can do this best by reading the series of articles which will follow the one which appears on Page 1 of this issue discussing the sewage problem. During the next few months, The Post will print a number of articles based on the community program which appears each week at the head of the editorial columns. We believe a careful study of these articles and a loyalty to the causes they support will result in material benefits to the communities in this section.

And, if they seem humble at times besides the more boisterous voices of bigger newspapers, please remember that in a football game a touchdown counts six points whether it's made by a player weighing 250 pounds or one weighing 105 pounds. It's the touchdown, not the size, that counts.

More than four million men and women had been restored to regular gainful employment before the country was admonished to beware of state socialism and informed that industry prefers "the more orderly process of voluntary presentation of codes." There is truth in this latter assertion. The great steel industry's code, which became effective in August for a 3-month trial period, was not accepted by the industry with alacrity. But the recent resolutions of the American Iron and Steel Institute, the code authority for steel, had a genuine ring of sincerity in declaring the code eminently satisfactory and requesting its extension. Agreement on the many codes submitted for the soft coal industry was a stupendous task. Yet that long suffering trade has never enjoyed such a period of peace and progress. The same experience and present condition applies to lumber and other industries operating under codes, whose approval by the President was delayed until the members of the industry were indeed "orderly" and the public interest was thoroughly protected.

### THE LITTLE STAR THAT LISTS ITS WAY

By BEATRICE M. RISLEY

There are many stories about stars—large stars, bright stars, stars that guide sailors across seas, but this star was not so great or important as these. He was just a very little star, and he lost his way. It all happened a long time ago. Wise men were saying that the world was soon to receive a wondrous gift, and everywhere people were looking forward to the event. Poor men, as they went about their daily work, talked about it, and rich men at their over-flowing tables planned to count out their largest gold pieces to buy it. Even the trees straightened their bare branches in a flurry of expectation.

Out in the great blue of space, the Master Star of the Sky called all the other stars together. "On this night," he said, "a gift of happiness is to come into the world, and every star must shine his brightest, so that men may know the moment of its arrival."

"How shall we know when to shine our brightest?" asked the Little Star. "When the angels touch their harps of gold; when the cherubim sing their sweetest songs—that is the moment to shine," replied the Master Star.

"And will men see us?"

"Yes, indeed. We must start early, so we can be far up in the middle of the sky."

There was a bustle of excitement as preparations began. Some brought out their white lights to use and trimmed them carefully. Other large stars decided on golden rays, and still others chose the brighter colors tinted with green and red and blue. "We must look very beautiful," they said, "because men must know that a great event has happened."

However, as is frequently the case, they were thinking more about their importance than the mission they were to perform. The North Star strutted as if he owned the whole sky. "Of course, every one will look at me," he said. "They always do."

"Huh," replied Pointer, one of the Big Dipper Brothers, "you think you're so smart. Just because men on ships watch you, you have an idea you're everything! Why some people don't even know you!" And that was perfectly true. The North Star was very like some folks we knew—he thought that since he had a permanent position, he was a prominent person. Indeed, his pride might have suffered, had he known that strangers, meeting him for the first time, were disappointed not to find him large and brilliant. In fact, they very often considered him monotonous, and preferred for amusement, Shooting Star, or his cousin, Comet.

But the North Star did not know this, and he continued to polish his rays and make cutting remarks. "If it weren't for me," he said, "there would be no use for the rest of you. If I did not stand up and direct the star traffic around the sky pole, you wouldn't know how to travel!" And he admired himself in the mirror while he parted his five points.

"Oh, is that so?" growled Bill Orion. The other stars held their breath for Bill could wield a strong ray, if he wanted to. He walked up to the North Star and said, "I suppose you think we couldn't even shine without you."

"Well, you might be able to shine all right," replied the North Star airily, "but you might bump into each other, and that would make a fine sight, wouldn't it?"

No one knows what would have happened then, if Stella, of the Little Dipper sisters, had not interfered. "Here," she called, "you boys stop arguing and help with the little stars. There are still fifty-two who hadn't had their points combed out, or their rays polished yet."

So the quarrel was forgotten. The big stars who were ready for the trip each took in hand the little stars, hurrying them through to a finish. And they were—as lovely a sight as you ever saw, like a band of fairies hovering over a flower bed, or the firefly lights of a city from the hilltop. The eight from Planet Center, carried red lanterns and looked very grand in spite of the fact that they were not so bright as the others. The constellation families grouped themselves together as they were accustomed when they went out. The rest took their places according to size. The smallest star shone like a new dollar, tiny though he was, and carried his light carefully so as not to drop it as he skipped along. Old Man Moon stayed behind; he had such a large light, and it was such heavy work to carry it the long distance across the sky, that he was allowed a few nights regularly to rest.

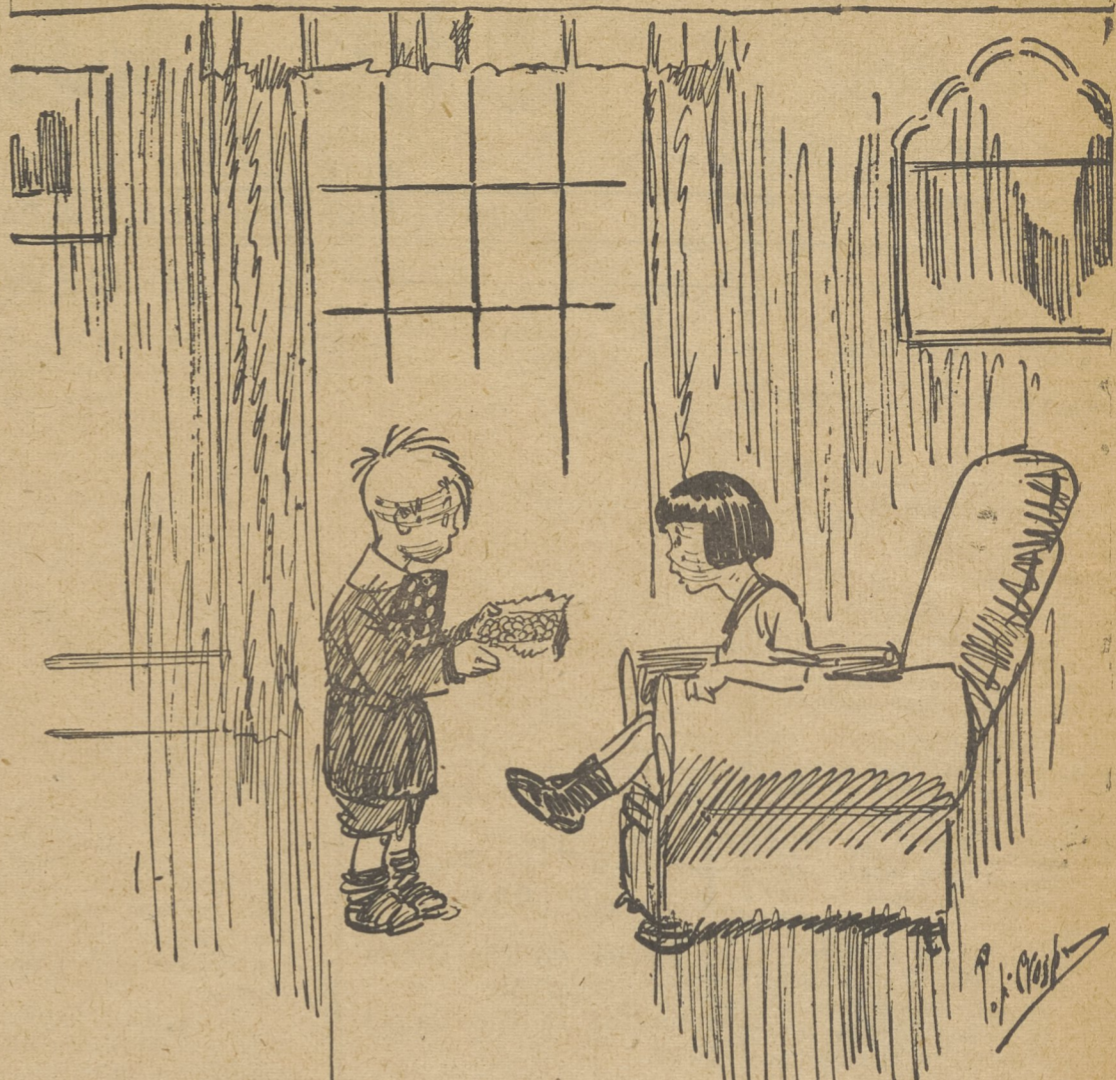
The starry troop set off on their mission, a handsome procession. Each was especially proud of himself and tried to out-shine the others. They were very busy feeling important—so busy, in fact, that no one noticed the Little Star. He was trudging along behind, holding tightly to his rays, and not being near enough for conversation, he was enjoying the scenery below. He could see that men had gone to bed; most of the lights were out in the windows. Here and there along the roadside of the country, were lonely travelers.

"It might help," he said to himself, "if I held my light so they could see." And he looked directly down upon them as he went by, brightening the steep cliffs and stony paths that they would not stumble. By that time the company of stars had proceeded far beyond the curve of the sky. "Oh, wait—wait for me!" called the Little Star. But he could not be heard, for the rush of their footsteps over the Milky Way made too much noise for them to hear so small a voice.

The way grew more difficult than ever now that he was alone. "Dear me," he sighed, "if only one of them would help me to carry my light, I could go faster. But I guess I will just have to manage by myself." He might, of course, have sat down and cried (such a temptation is easily yielded to by folks much larger) or he might have turned back toward home, but he did neither. Instead he held firmly to his light and swallowed back the tears. "I've got to shine," he said. "I've got to! Men will be looking for" (Continued on Page 7)

By PERCY CROSBY

When There's a Boy in the Family.



No, thank you! I only like pink almonds."

"These are pink almonds - only Willie sucked them white."

## The Theatre

Besides being the time of the year when people of Dallas and vicinity hie themselves off to New York City for a merry and metropolitan week-end, the Christmas season is particularly suited to a discussion of the theatre because of its close association with the drama. Our modern theatre (and its offshoots, the movies, the burlesque shows, the carnivals and the pageants) are direct descendants of the religious dramas which were the first form of play-acting.

The play came into existence as a method of explaining to the unlettered through the significance of ecclesiastical ritual that was recited in Latin. Masquerade and mummery during the holiday season have always been human instincts and from these enacted episodes of religious stories—the drama came.

It is a long trail from the crude but impressive dramas of the ninth century to the theatrical offerings on Broadway today. Perhaps the chief difference is that where the morality plays of long ago sought to educate, the plays of this era seek primarily to entertain.

After several dull seasons which were marked by very few bright spots, New York is experiencing a most pleasurable revival of good plays. In the hope that it may help those local persons who will be wanting to see a play and a good one, this column is suggesting for the readers of the Post a few plays which are receiving unanimous praise from the critics.

### Plays

**AH WILDERNESS!**—Eugene O'Neill George M. Cohan tops his bright career as the father of a boy who gets all mixed up over culture and the problems of adolescence (Theatre Guild).

**DOUBLE DOOR:** A tense, swell melodrama, slightly reminiscent of the Wendell sisters. A pretty exciting evening generally. (Shubert).

**HER MASTER'S VOICE:** Roland Young from the movies, with Clare Kummer. Real comedy. Probably the pleasantest show in town. (Plymouth).

**KEEPER OF THE KEYS:** For Earl Derr Biggers' fans, Charlie Chan dropping epigrams and picking up clues as of yore.

**MEN IN WHITE:** A sincere and thorough, if somewhat gloomy exposition of what a tough time young doctors have in a hospital. (Broadhurst).

**THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS:** The bundling play. Delightful comedy of New England in 1776 when the engaged discussed their problems in bed. (Avon).

### Musical

**AS THOUSANDS CHEER:** Undoubtedly the most popular musical show in the city. Current events burlesqued, bright music, a capable cast. (Music Box).

**LET 'EM EAT CAKE:** The sequel to "Of Thee I Sing". One critic calls it "slightly anticlimactic," another says it is "the most intelligent musical insanity in town". Decide for yourself.

**ROBERTA:** Really lovely music, a good story but some pretty poor gags. A nice evening, though, with Lyda Roberti, Fay Templeton, and others (New Amsterdam).

**MURDER AT THE VANITIES:** The Most Beautiful Girls In The World; music and massacre by Earl Carroll. (Majestic).

**THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS:** A Theatre Guild version of Moliere's play. Some very charming moments. June Walker and Osgood Perkins. (Empire).

**LITTLE AMERICA AVIATION and EXPLORATION CLUB**  
 LITTLE AMERICA ANTARCTICA  
 With Byrd at the South Pole

by C.A. Abele, Jr. President  
 U.S.N.R.

At Sea and At Norfolk!



Capt. W. F. Verwich

At last I am called into the galley for hot coffee and sandwiches and told to get the ship ready for sea. I am dog tired but too excited to sleep. For an hour I stand at the rail watching the lights of New York recede in the distance. No more New York, no more bright lights, for two years—except perhaps the bright lights of the Aurora Borealis. At 3 a. m. we arrive off Cape Henry but I know nothing about it. I am in my bunk sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. At 6 a. m., with still many hours of sleep to make up, I am awakened. All hands are called to begin the life of the day. The tug with the pilot is alongside. We slip down the river at dawn and arrive at the Norfolk Navy Yard at 8 a. m.

The first passengers ashore are the two cows we are taking to Little America to supply us with fresh milk. They have a chance to get a little green pasturage for a few days, their last chance for a long time.

At 8:20 we start cleaning up the ship. It is Sunday but the work must be done. The Admiral is coming aboard at noon.

At 9:30 visitors start streaming aboard—in an hour we have several

hundred. The dogs, some in their cages and others chained all over the steel deck, seem to interest them more than anything else. And they should! They are the loudest things on board, and the smelliest.

Here comes our leader, Rear-Admiral Byrd. He looks wearied and ill. He gives instructions to his staff—Commodore H. J. Gjertsen, commander of the Expedition; Harold June, chief aviator; Captain Verleger, skipper of the Jacob Ruppert; Dr. G. O. Shirey, the Expedition's medical officer, who will set up a snow-covered hospital at Little America, and Lieutenant Commander George O. Noville, Admiral Byrd's aide, who is my immediate boss and instructor on this trip.

I get cleaned up for a short trip ashore—my first shore leave on the Expedition. Commodore Gjertsen tells me to return by 10 p. m. That is okay with me. I am still almost dead from lack of sleep, and I know I have terrific work to do from now on, working on our four airplanes, learning their details, helping to get them in perfect condition for future perilous flights, learning my job as fuel engineer for them and the rest of our amazing automotive equipment.

Our other ship, the famous 1700 ton Coast Guard ice breaker, the Bear of Oakland, which has served so illustriously in Alaskan waters since 1857, is in drydock here having some last minute repairs made. She is scheduled to leave a little ahead of us but is slower. Maybe I shall race her down to New Zealand and then to the ice barrier.

There is a big radio farewell party tonight with many distinguished speakers, Admiral Byrd saying farewell to his friends for two strange and hazardous years in the most desolate and dangerous spot on earth.

(People of high school age or over, desiring to join the Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, are invited to write to Arthur Abele, Jr., Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing stamped and self-addressed envelope. There is no charge for membership.)

## BOYS

You Can Belong To Captain Abele's Club FREE! Just send your name to The Post and receive your membership card. No Cost! No Catch! No Obligation! Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope!