

# The Dallas Post,

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TELEPHONE DALLAS 300

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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 Kingston 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.

### THE PROBLEM IS THE COMMUNITY'S

The folly of superficial tax reductions in communities such as Dallas was proved this week when Dallas Borough School board defaulted in the payment of \$2400 worth of its bonds.

There is no question that a critical financial situation has faced the school board—and the community ever since the new building was erected and a four-year high school course established here.

Most citizens and especially parents have seen the wisdom of having good schools in Dallas. They have wanted their own children to have the same educational opportunities and advantages that children in other communities have. But they have not been willing to shoulder the financial burden which such an educational policy is bound to put upon a small community.

The matter of school finance is not a problem for the school board alone to solve, nor one where the responsibility for its ultimate solution can be shifted to any group other than the community itself.

No recent school boards are to blame for the financial crisis which the schools face. The blame goes further back to those "old time" citizens who refused to face facts and work for consolidated economical schools. Even today it would be impossible to furnish any kind of proper educational opportunities for Dallas youth without the magnificent generosity with which the State annually pays sixty percent of the educational costs in Dallas.

If the financial crisis cannot be laid at the door of the school board, neither can it be shifted to the delinquent taxpayer, although the situation would be greatly eased if all taxes were paid to date. And unfortunately, like the poor, the delinquent taxpayer is always with us.

If the present high type schools are to be maintained in Dallas, parents and taxpayers as well must realize that they will have to be paid for out of taxes. Those taxes have got to be sufficient to cover school costs and relieve the school board of the constant headaches of attempting to maintain good schools with no money. The present board and none of the past boards has wasted public moneys in foolish expenditures. They could not, even had they wanted to, for there was no money available.

It is time that parents who are interested in the educational welfare of their children, attend school board meetings and give their support to the men they have elected to manage school affairs; to give that support both in voice and in action so that there will be no more foolish gestures of unwarranted tax reductions. Too long Dallas school boards have turned an attentive ear to those childless and self centered individuals whose only interest is lower taxes and personal advantage. Too long has the tail wagged the dog. Too long have those who are large of mouth and small of mind let their mighty voices echo on school problems which required straight thinking.

It is time for the parents, our most substantial citizens, to realize that there is no economy in poor schools and low taxes.

### BARGAIN HOMES

If present plans to stimulate construction mature, a typical home in Dallas that would have cost \$9,500 in 1929 will cost less than \$7,000 in 1934, according to the American Builder. Financing charges will be 18 to 25 per cent less. Real estate costs will be lower, by as much as 50 per cent in some cases. And more efficient equipment and better planning will also produce substantial dividends for the home-builder.

During depression construction has stood still—but architects and designers haven't. The five-room home of today has the same efficiency as the six-room home of a few years back, due to better arrangement. New methods have been evolved, new ideas created. That means that the home builder gets a better break than he ever got before.

There isn't a local business that wouldn't benefit from stimulated domestic construction. Insurance, steel, electric, railroad, lumber, paint, cement—every time a home is built money is released that goes into their coffers and thence to the pockets of workers.

It is reliably estimated that a potential \$1,500,000,000 of capital exists that could, under favorable circumstances, be turned into the channels of home construction. If that is done, unemployment and hard times generally will take a serious set-back.

### SOMEBODY BLUNDERED

Study of the statistics reveals that a majority of the 756,500 automobile accidents in the United States in 1933 occurred on straight, dry roads in clear weather, and involved cars in good condition driven by persons with a year or more of experience. Over 75 per cent of these drivers were persons of mature age—from 25 to 64. The majority of the 30,000 deaths and 850,000 injuries must be attributed to blunders.

A recent analysis by the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters shows what the blunders were. There are eight in all.

1. Drove too fast for conditions—this accounted for approximately three-fourths of all mishaps in 1933 assigned to driving blunders.
2. Failed to slow down at intersections.
3. Failed to keep to the right.
4. Tried to pass another car going in the same direction when view was obstructed.
5. Failed to slow down on approaching pedestrians.
6. Passed on the right of a preceding vehicle.
7. Ignored important traffic control devices.
8. Parked at dangerous spots.

If drivers will obey the eight common sense rules suggested by these violations, the annual accident record can be reduced to a negligible figure.

## New Yorkese

By Frank Munsch

A Pact.

A few years back I became resigned to the fact that, despite the title vested in me by the Township of Mt. Bethel and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, I was not the sole resident of the little four room cottage called Sans Souci. It so happened that whereas the spirit is willing, circumstances forbid my living here twelve months out of the year and for quite a few years the local field mice have exercised a sort of squatters' right of domain during my absence in the winter months. Times being as they were, such an arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to me, provided however that they departed at the time therein agreed upon, in our mutual understanding. After all as long as I could not be there myself, why assume a dog in the manger attitude and shatter the tradition of a hospitality so dear to the hearts of the congenial Munsch. It's Mutiny.

However, last year, evidently emboldened by my generous concessions, they refused to vacate even when I tactfully reminded them that their lease had expired by announcing my arrival with a few thunderous raps on the ceiling with a broomstick. My next move was to issue a more formal notice by setting a few of Princess Mdivani's mouse traps, baited with a very tempting morsel of Roquefort. Allowing the usual space of time to elapse in between my service of notice to vacate, and their filing of their reply, I busied myself with a bit of spring cleaning and dusting when to my utter chagrin, embarrassment and rage I discovered that Minnie Mouse had settled into the bed of the guest room to await the arrival of Sir Stork, and believe me, she had not waited in vain.

It is perhaps true that Minnie knew absolutely nothing of the teachings of Margaret Sanger and perhaps it is true too that despite the hard times, her man figured that he could still provide for another six months, but such a deliberate abuse of my hospitality proved to be the final straw. I am not cruel and revengeful by nature but there are some crimes against society which automatically call for capital punishment and never was justice dispensed with such celerity. After all making a maternity ward out of a gentleman's boudoir is hardly an act of decorum, coming even from a mouse. Mop Up.

After cracking down on this family I next proceeded against their kind-folks and those who had passed up my sumptuous spread of Roquefort, certainly went in a big way for my tid-bits of croutons fried in Crisco and topped with a generous sprinkling of arsenious acid.

All's Well. This year, whether the furry varnits remembered my wrath of the previous season or whether I arrived after they had received and answered the call of the out doors, I do not know but I do know that they were decidedly conspicuous by their absence and this is one of the things that prompted my opening remark that this would probably be a peaceful and soothing sojourn.

Broadway and Hollywood Number.

Into the life of every scribe, (so he calls himself a scribe arreddy) comes the urge, sooner or later, to do a piece on the gay boulevards of New York and Hollywood, and so with an apologetic bow to Ed, Sullivan, Walter Winchell, Paul Yawitz et al, here it comes. At least you can't say that I didn't warn you.

Flash!—Exclusive—via Postal-Union.

"Baby Le Roy and Shirley Temple (Little Miss Marker) have reached the point of exultation. Little Miss Temple when confronted with the predicted rumors made the following statement: "I am a great admirer of Baby Le Roy and I think he is an actor who will carve a niche in the Hall of Fame. Possibly he is of Pulitzer Prize calibre but please do not confuse our occasional visits to the Brown Derby with indications of love. Baby Le Roy has been a friend of the family for years and to link his name with mine romantically is too, too ridiculous. Besides, Maxie Baer has the first claim on my heart." Hollywood, California.

The cinema Capitol will be stunned when through this column exclusively it learns that Lupe Velez has not purchased a new bracelet in at least two weeks.

Les Tracy, while standing on a balcony in the public square exposed himself to severe criticism by emitting three lusty cheers for Mexico and the Mexican police. Things I Never Knew Till Now. (and I'm still not sure.)

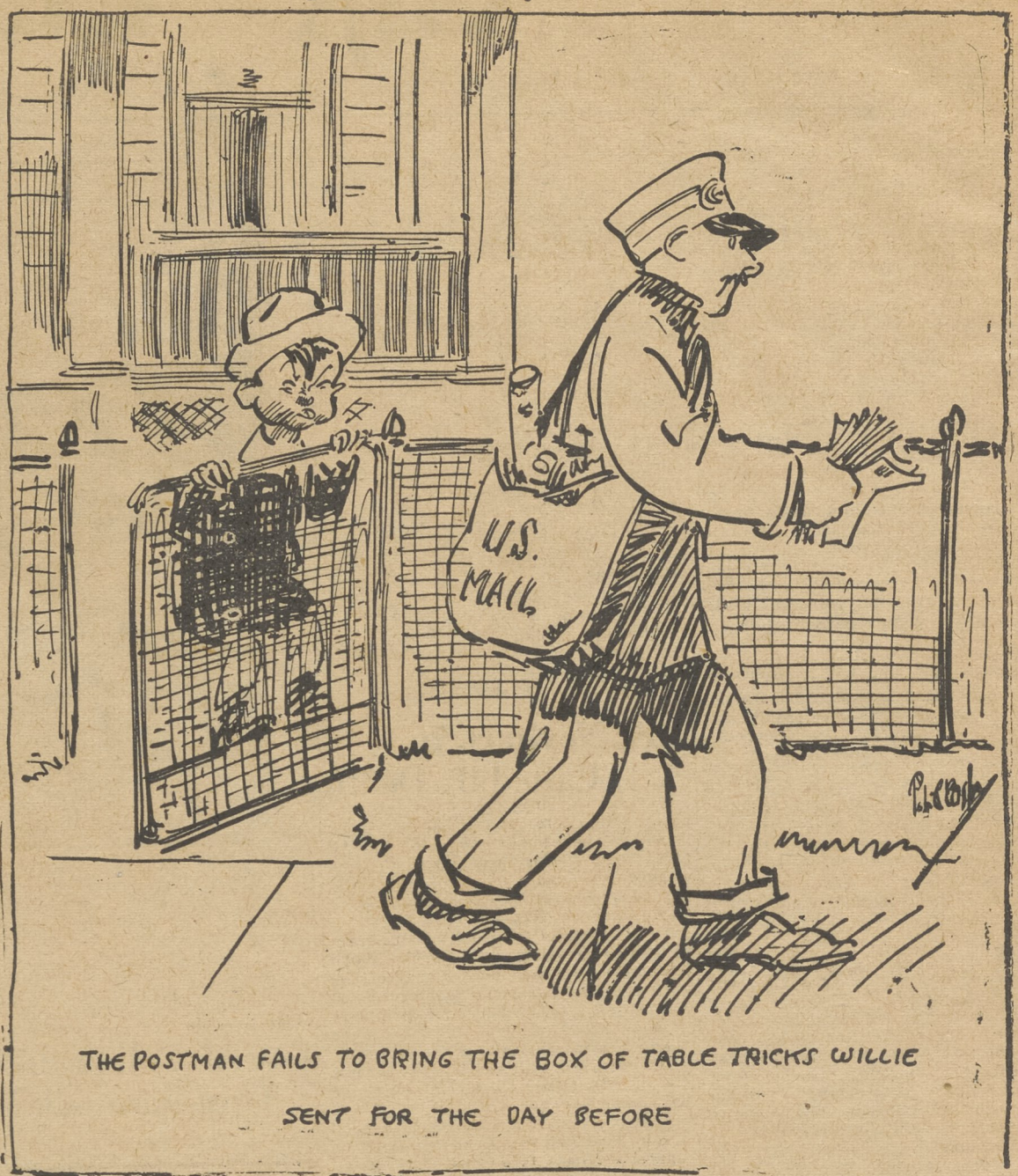
The name of the Vice-President of the United States is John Nance Garner—Even the greatest of the scientists in the United States are in a quandary. They are all baffled, and both Professors Albert Einstein of Princeton and Basil J. Skelly, of Fordham, admitted confidentially to your correspondent, that they too were stumped. It seems that a young student while conducting an experiment in physics, took a 22 caliber rifle and pointing it straight up in the air he pulled the trigger. A short time later the bullet on its return trip came down and struck the student squarely on the head killing him instantly. The scientists do not know whether to attribute his death to the du Pont de Nemours theory of explosives or to Newton's law of gravitation. In other words should they consider the student shot or hit by a falling bullet?

The Nudists of America have banned all makes of mayonnaise in their colonies because (this will positively slay you Graham) someone reported that mayonnaise was dressing. Ouch! Dots, Dashes and a Couple of Semi-Colons.

Mae West, who was a big bust in New York and had to go to Hollywood to attain stardom, wishes to emphatically deny through this column the unfounded rumor, that after completing her latest film "It Ain't No Sin," she is planning a matrimonial venture with Maxie Baer. So that for the alleged

## When There's a Boy In the Family.

By PERCY CROSBY



### -Alderson-

The second Annual Picnic of the Dallas District Epworth League has been planned. It will be held at Sordoni's Picnic Ground, Alderson, on July 10. A program of games etc, is to begin at 5 p. m. Supper will be served at 6:30, at which time a short business session and entertainment will be held. This will take the place of the summer Rally. A campfire service will close the evening. The Cabinet of the Alderson Epworth League is the committee in charge. Notices have been sent to all Leagues in the District, and their cooperation is expected. The committee has announced that children are not invited to this picnic. A large crowd of Epworth Leaguers is expected to attend.

## Poets' Corner

### "THE TEMPTER"

To look, at him, one would not know  
That his intentions were wicked and low.  
He's always neat and spic and span  
And looks like any other man.

But soon a wise remark he'll make,  
And shortly know 'twas a mistake.  
For where there's one that might become his prey,  
There are plenty others who would resent his way.

His tongue is oily and likes to wag  
And how this tempter likes to brag.  
And tell how women think him grand,  
And rush to him at his command.

That I may never yield I pray,  
But walk the straight and narrow path away,  
And hold my head erect and say,  
The tempter I did not obey.

—Mrs. John A. Girvan

### "THE OTHER FELLER"

By E. E. Oney.

It seems so mighty queer ta' me  
In such a little town,  
That all the people like ta' do  
Is run a feller down;  
And when they get 'im down so low  
He can't see his way out  
It just supplies another line  
For gossips ta' talk about.

It's just when a feller needs a friend  
That people turn 'im down—  
And when he needs a kindly word  
There ain't a friend around.  
"A friend in need's a friend indeed"  
Or so the poets say;  
The trouble is the folks 'round here  
Don't seem ta' feel that way.

Why can't you be a little kind  
And lend a helpin' hand?  
Help 'im out of his rut in life  
That before ya he can stand—  
With shoulders squared and head erect  
To fight this world and win,  
And overcome the name he has  
And the place ya' put 'im in.

writer on that morning rag who claimed a scooperoo.

And so in closing I'll tell you that Baby Le Roy has switched from Shirley Temple to Garbo, Garbo has switched from Mamoulian to Jimmy Durante, Durante has switched from Janet Gaynor (let joy be unconfined) to Polly Moran Polly has switched to Ed. Wynn and Ed. Wynn has switched his 'orse, so 'elp me.

**LITTLE AMERICA**  
AVIATION and EXPLORATION  
CLUB  
LITTLE AMERICA ANTARCTICA  
With Byrd at the South Pole  
by C.A. Abele, Jr. President  
U.S.N.A.



LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA, June 26 (via Mackay Radio)—I have just come down from the astronomical tower after observing my trillionth meteor. May be it was my squillionth! Anyhow, it is pitch dark and I'm cold and tired, but I must get this story off to you on time.

I am now a regular member of what we call the "Meteor Party," helping Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, of Mt. Pleasant, Ia., chief of our scientific group and second in command here while Admiral Byrd is off in his hut 123 miles away; James M. Sterrett, of Beaver Falls, Pa.; Ralph W. Smith, aviator, of Fredericktown, O.; and Earle B. Perkins, of New Brunswick, N. J. Every night now for several weeks we have sat in the observation tower, about which I told you in a previous story, observing an area about 12 miles in diameter and to an atmospheric depth of about 100 miles. In Dr. Moulton's book, "An Introduction to Astronomy," which I am studying, he calculates that, if it were humanly possible, we could observe at any given time from ten to twenty million meteors daily. In other words, that number of meteors are in motion and headed toward the earth every day within the canopy of atmosphere with which the world is surrounded. Luckily only comparatively tiny pieces of a few of them ever reach the earth, being burned by the friction caused by their rush through our atmosphere. Twenty million full sized meteors hitting the earth all at once! Well, we shouldn't last long!

Dr. Poulter's calculations, however, differ from those of Dr. Moulton. Dr. Poulter says there are at least thirty million meteors flying around in space every day and that

in the meteor showers of June 6 and 7 we were seeing about three times that number. And we believed him! This is a careful calculation based on a two month's observation by five observers. In all probability this is due to the great depth of the atmospheric canopy in these latitudes, also to the complete freedom from dust, smoke and vapor down here at the bottom of the world. These observations will be continued until the winter night ends in August and we should have some very interesting new data and theories which should be of great value to all astronomers.

Schools and colleges are closing up where you are but 809 entire classes have enrolled in our club. If you're interested in what we're doing, off at the lower end of the world, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me at our American headquarters and a blue membership card and big working map of all Antarctica will be sent you, all without cost or obligation. Simply address Arthur Abele, Jr., president, Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.