

# The Dallas Post,

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THE DALLAS POST is a youthful weekly rural-suburban newspaper, owned 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. 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.
10. The elimination of petty politics from all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.

# WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE

by  
**Edwin Balmer**  
and  
**Philip Wylie**

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### THE NARRATIVE

CHAPTER I.—David Ransdell, approaching New York on the liner Europa, receives a succession of radiograms offering him \$1,000, finally \$20,000, for an exclusive newspaper interview divulging the mission that brings him from South Africa. Ransdell, noted aviator, has been secretly commissioned at Capetown by Lord Rhondin and Professor Bronson, the astronomer, to fly across the Mediterranean to the fast liner, with a large traveling case containing photographic plates. His instructions are to deliver them to Dr. Cole Hendron, in New York. Tony Drake calls at the Hendrons' apartment. Ransdell arrives and Eve Hendron, with whom Tony is deeply in love, introduces Tony to Ransdell.

CHAPTER II.—New York newspapers publish a statement made by Hendron and Bronson in which they claim to have discovered two planets, which must have broken away from another star or sun and traveled through interstellar space for an incalculable time until they came to a region of the heavens which brought them at last under the attraction of the sun. The statement ends: "Their previous course, consequently, has been modified by the sun, and as a result, they are now approaching us." The result of the inevitable collision must be the end of the earth. The approaching bodies are referred to as Bronson Alpha and Bronson Beta, the latter being the smaller—about the size of the earth.

CHAPTER III.—"It's going to be doomsday, isn't it?" Tony Drake asks Eve. "No, Tony—more than doomsday. Dawn after doomsday," she tells him. She explains that the first time the Bronson Bodies approach the earth they will not hit it, but the second time, one, Bronson Beta, will pass, and the other will hit the earth and demolish it. To devise means of transferring to Bronson Beta, so much like the earth, is what is occupying the minds of the members of the League of the Last Days.

CHAPTER IV.—Hendron tells Tony he is to be a member of the selected crew of the projected Space Ship which Hendron plans to build, with the idea of landing on Bronson Beta, and the scientist advises him to gain a knowledge of agriculture and proficiency in manual arts and elementary mechanics. Tony rounds up suitable men and women to build the ship at a cantonment Hendron established in northern Michigan.

CHAPTER V.—Hendron has not been able to find a metal or an alloy which will withstand the heat and pressure of atomic energy to be used in propelling the Space Ship. The night before Hendron and his immediate party are to fly to Michigan the tides rush through the streets of New York.

CHAPTER VI.—The tides sweep back to the Appalachians on the east and to the mountains on the Pacific side, and quakes change the entire surface of the earth. The Washington government moves as many millions as possible to the great Mississippi valley. The Hendron settlement survives unprecedented earthquakes.

### CHAPTER VII

Tony realized that his position as vice to Hendron in command of the cantonment did not leave him free for adventure, yet it was almost with shame that he assisted in the take-off of the big plane two days later. Eve

emerged from the crowd at the edge of the landing field and walked to Ransdell; and Tony saw the light in her eyes which comes to a woman watching a man embark on high adventure. Tony walked around to the other side of the plane and stayed there until Eve had said good-by to the pilot.

Many of the more prominent members of the colony were shaking hands with Vanderbilt and Elliot James. Vanderbilt's farewells were debonair and light. "We'll send you postcards picturing latest developments," Elliot James was receiving last-minute advice from the scientists, who had burdened him with questions, the answers of which they wished him to discover by observation. Ransdell came around the fuselage of the plane, Eve behind him.

He cast one look at the sky, and one at the available half of the landing field.

"Let's go," he said.  
The plane made a long bumpy run across the field, rose slowly, circled once over the heads of the waving throng, and gradually disappeared toward the south.

Eve signaled Tony. "Aren't they fine, those three men? Going off into nowhere like that. I like Dave Ransdell."

"No one could help liking him," Tony agreed.

"He's so interested in everything, and yet so aloof," went on Eve, still watching. "In spite of all he's been through with us, he's still absolutely terrified of me."

"I can understand that," said Tony grimly.

"But you've never been that way about me."

"I didn't show it that way; no. But I know—and you know—what it means."

"Yes, I know," Eve replied simply. The sun, which had been shielded by a cloud, suddenly shone on them, and both glanced toward it. Off there to the side of the sun, and hidden by its glare, moved the Bronson Bodies on their paths which would cause them to circle the sun and return—

one to pass close to the earth and the other to shatter the world—in little more than seven months more.

"If they are away only thirty days we're not to count them missing," Eve was saying—of the crew of the air plane, of course. "If they're not back in thirty—we're to forget them. Especially we're not to send anyone to search for them."

"Who said so?"  
"David. It's the last thing he said."

The thirty days raced by. Under the circumstances, time could not drag. Nine-tenths of the people at Hendron's campment spent their waking and sleeping hours under a death-sentence. No one could be sure of a place on the Space Ship. No one, in fact, was



Eve Walked to Ransdell; and Tony Saw the Light in Her Eyes Which Comes to a Woman Watching a Man Embark on High Adventure.

positive that the colossal rocket would be able to leave the earth.

Hendron spent most of his time in the rocket's vast hangar, the laboratories and the machine shop. Under the pressure of impending doom, the group laboring under him had "liberated" the amazing energy in the atom—under laboratory conditions. They had possessed, therefore, a potential power enormously in excess of that ever made available before. They could "break up" the atom at will, and set its almost endless energies to work; but what material could harness that energy and direct it into a driving force for the Space Ship?

Hendron and his group experimented for hour after desperate hour through their days, with one metal, another alloy and another after another. The Space Ship still lacked its engine.

Tony perceived an evidence of the increasing tension in Eve when they walked, late one afternoon, through the nearby woods.

She saw on the pine-needle carpet of the forest a white flower. She plucked it, looked at it, smelled it and carried it away. After they had proceeded silently for some distance, she said: "It's strange to think about matters like this flower. To think that there will never be any more flowers like this again in the universe—unless we take seeds with us! Did David ever tell you that, in his first conference at Capetown with Lord Rhondin and Professor Bronson, they were excited over realizing there would be no more lions?"

"No," said Tony, very quietly. "He never mentioned it to me."

"Tell me, Tony," she asked quickly, "you aren't jealous?"

"How, under the conditions laid down by your father," retorted Tony, "could anybody be 'jealous'? You're not going to be free to pick or choose your own husband—or mate—or whatever he'll be called, on Bronson Beta. And if we never get there, certainly I'll have nothing to be jealous about."

The strain was telling, too, on Tony. "He may not even return to us here," Eve reminded. "And we would never know what happened to the three of them."

"It would have to be a good deal, to stop them. Each one's a—n' resourceful in his own way; and Ransdell is sure a flyer," Tony granted ungrudgingly. "Yet if the plane cracked, they'd never get back. This certainly has become a mess of a world; and I suppose the best we can expect is some such state awaiting us," Tony smiled grimly, "if we get across to Bronson Beta."

"No. If we get across to Bronson Beta, we'll find far less damage there."

"Why?" Tony had not happened to be with the scientists when this had been discussed.  
"Because Bronson Beta seems certain to be a world a lot like this. It wasn't the passing of Bronson that tore us up so badly; it was the passing of the big one, Bronson Alpha.

Now, Bronson Beta has never been nearly so close to Bronson Alpha as we have been. Beta circles Alpha, but never gets within half a million miles of it. So if we ever step upon that world, we'll find it about as it has been."

"As it has been—for how many years?" Tony asked.

"The ages and epochs of travel through space. . . . You ought to talk more with Professor Bronson, Tony. He just lives there. He's so sure we'll get there! Exactly how, he doesn't bother about; he's passed that on to Father. He starts with the landing; what may we reasonably expect to find there, beyond water and air—and soil? Which of us, who make up the possible crew of the ship, will have most chances to survive under the probable conditions? What immediate supplies and implements—food and so on—must we have with us? What ultimate supplies—seeds and seedlings to furnish us with food later? What animals, what birds and insects and crustacea, should we take along?"

"You see, that world must be dead, Tony. It must have been dead, preserved in the frightful, complete cold of absolute zero for millions of years. . . . You'd be surprised at some of the assumptions Professor Bronson makes."

"He assumes, among other things, that we can find some edible food—some soft of grain, probably, which absolute zero would have preserved. He assumes that some vegetable life—the vegetation that springs from spores, which mere cold cannot destroy—will spring to life automatically."

"Tony, you must see his lists of most essential things to take with us. What animals, do you suppose, he's figured we must take with us to help us to survive?"

The three explorers had agreed on September 14 as the first possible day for their return; but so great was the longing to learn the state of the outside world that on the twelfth even those who felt no particular concern for the men who ventured in the air plane began to watch the sky.

No one went to bed that night until long after the usual hour. Tony was in charge of the landing arrangements. At three a. m. he was sitting on the edge of the field with Eve. They sat with straining eyes and ears. Doctor Dodson lay on a cot, ready in case the landing should result in accident.

At four, nothing had changed. It began to grow light. Eve stood up stiffly and stretched. "Maybe I'd better leave. I have some work laid out 'or morning.'"

But she had not walked more than ten steps when she halted.

"I thought I heard motors," she said.

Tony nodded, unwilling to break the stillness. A dog barked in the camp.

The first sun rays tipped the lowest clouds with gold.

Then the sound came unmistakably. For a full minute they heard the rise and fall of a churning motor—remote, soft, yet unmistakable.

"It's coming!" Eve said. She rushed to Tony and held his shoulder. Their eyes swept the heavens. Then they saw it simultaneously—a speck in the dawnning atmosphere.

The ship was not flying well. It lurched and staggered in its course. Tony rushed to the cot where Dodson slept. "They're coming," he said, shaking the doctor. "And they may need you."

The ship was nearer. Those who beheld it now appreciated not only the irregularity of its course, but the fact that it was flying slowly.

"They've only got two motors," somebody said.

The plane made a dizzy line toward them. It flew like a duck mortally wounded. There was no sign of the men in the cabin. The pilot did not wiggle his wings or circle. In a shambling slip he dropped toward the ground.

"She's going to crash!" some one yelled.

Tony, Dodson and Jack Taylor were already in a light truck. Fire apparatus and stretchers were in the space behind them. The truck's engine raged.

The plane touched the ground heavily, bounced, touched again, ran forward and slowed. It nosed over. The propeller on the forward engine bent.

Tony threw in the clutch of the car and shot to it. With the doctor and Jack at his heels, he flung open the cabin door and looked into the canted chamber.

Everything that the comfortable cabin had once contained was gone. Two men lay on the floor at the forward end—Vanderbilt and James. Ransdell was unconscious over the instrument panel. Vanderbilt looked up at Tony. His face was paper-white; his shirt was blood-soaked. And yet there showed momentarily in the fading light in his eyes a spark of unquenchable, deathless, reckless and almost diabolical glee. His voice was quite distinct. He said: "In the words of the immortal Lindbergh, 'Here we are.'" Then he fainted. James was unconscious.

The truck came back toward the through very slowly and carefully. In its bed Dodson looked up from his three charges. He announced briefly as way was made for them: "They've been through hell. They're shot, bruised, half-starved. But so far, I've found nothing surely fatal."

An hour later, with every member of the community who could leave his post assembled, Hendron stepped to the rostrum in the dining hall.

"All three will live," he said simply.

Cheering made it impossible for him to continue. He waited for silence. "James has a broken arm and concussion. Vanderbilt has been shot through the shoulder. Ransdell brought in the ship with a compound fracture of the left arm, and five machine-gun bullets in his right thigh. They undoubtedly have traveled for some time in that state. Ransdell's feat is one of distinguished heroism."

Again cheering broke tumultuously through the hall. Again Hendron stood quietly until it subsided. "This evening we will meet again. At that time I shall read to you from the diary which James kept during the past thirty days. I have skimmed some of its pages. It is a remarkable document. I must prepare you by saying, my friends, that those of our fellow human beings who have not perished have reverted to savagery, almost without notable exception."

When Hendron stepped from the platform, he went over to his daughter. He seemed excited. "Eve," he said, "I want you and Drake to come to the office right away."

Bronson and Dodson were already there when they arrived. A dozen other men joined them; and last to appear was Hendron himself. It was easy to perceive his excitement now. He commenced to speak immediately.

"My friends, the word I have to add to my announcement in the hall is of stupendous importance!

"When we took off Ransdell's clothes, we found belted to his body, and heavily wrapped, a note, a map, and a chunk of metal. You will remember, doubtless, that Ransdell was once a miner and a prospector. His main interest had always been diamonds. And his knowledge of geology and metallurgy is self-taught and of the practical sort."

Bronson, unable to control himself, burst into speech. "Good G—d, Hendron! He found it!"

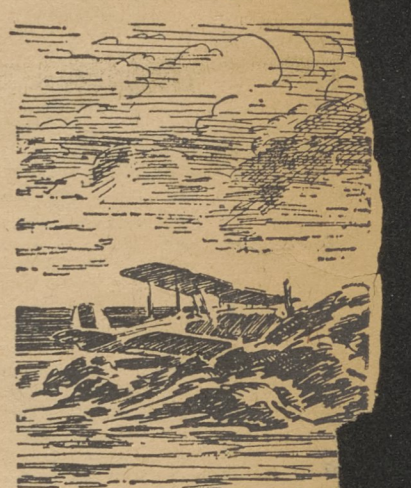
The scientist continued impassively. "The eruptions caused by the passage of the Bodies were of so intense a nature that they brought to earth not only modern rock, but cast quantities of the internal substance of the earth—which, as you know, is presumably of metal, as the earth's total density is slightly greater than that of iron. Ransdell noticed on the edge of such a flow a quantity of solid unmelting material. Realizing that the heat surrounding it had been enormous, he made a landing and secured specimens. He found the substance to be metal or natural alloy, hard but malleable. Remembering our dilemma here in the matter of lining for the power tubes for the Space Ship, he carefully carried back a sample—protecting it, in fact, with his life."

"My friends,"—Hendron's voice began to tremble—"for the past seven and five minutes this metal has withstood not only the heat of an atomic blast, but the immeasurably greater heat of Professor Kane's recently constructed atomic furnace. We are at the end of the quest!"

Suddenly, to the astonishment of the hearers, Hendron bowed his head and his arms and cried like a woman.

.....  
Hendron stood before an audience of nearly a thousand persons. He was a feverish audience. He bowed the applause.

"I speak to you tonight, my friends, in the first full flush of the knowledge that your sacrifices and sufferings have not been in vain. Ransdell has solved our last technical problem. We have assured ourselves by observation that life on the planet-to-be



"He Made a Landing and Secured Specimens. He Carefully Carried Back a Sample—Protecting it, in Fact, With His Life."

be possible; man shall live; we are the forefathers of his new history."

The wild applause proclaimed the hopes no one had dared to declare before.

"But tonight I do not wish to talk of the future. There is time enough for that. I wish to talk—or rather to read—of the present." He picked up from a small table the topmost of a number of ordinary note books. "I have here James' record of the journey that brought us salvation. I can not read you all of it. This is the first of the seven notebooks James filled."

He opened the book. He read: "August 16, Tonight Ransdell, Vanderbilt and I descended at six o'clock precisely on a small body of water which is a residue in a bed of Lake Michigan. We are lying at anchor about a mile from Chicago."

"Following south along what was once the coast of Lake Michigan we flew over scenes of desolation and destruction identical with those described after our first reconnaissance. The world has indeed been wrecked."

(Continued Next Week.)

Think! Invest safely—Help build your community—Rural Building & Loan Assoc.—Third series now open.

Although he represents a neighboring Congressional district, Congressman C. Elmer Dietrich is so well known throughout Luzerne County that he has frequently, since his great victory last Fall, been called "Luzerne County's second congressman".

The tremendous respect which people in this section have had for Mr. Dietrich for many years explains the angry indignation here against the International Reform Federation, which last week announced its plan to contest Mr. Dietrich's seat in Congress.

Late developments indicate that Mr. Dietrich need have no worry about any alleged information which the I. R. F. claims to have uncovered but his friends here are anxious to see the thing carried through so the motives for the attack can be disclosed.

Anyone who has had intimate association with Mr. Dietrich would swear that he could not be guilty of the high-sounding and profound charges which the I. R. F. intimated. It stands, however, that the charges have been made, publicly, and since they may be taken seriously by some, we hope Mr. Dietrich will not drop the matter until he has secured a public apology from the people who have made the charge.

In this case, instead of creating a sentiment against the Congressman, the charges have been a boomerang which has swung back to threaten the so-called reformers.

Defective brakes, one of the major mechanical hazards at which compulsory motor vehicle inspections are directed, claimed at least thirty-five lives in Pennsylvania last year.

The Department of Revenue's Division of Safety received reports of 1756 accidents caused by inefficient or poorly adjusted braking equipment. Of these, thirty-five were fatal accidents, 1036 resulted in non-fatal injuries and 685 caused property damage only.

Similarly, defective steering apparatus caused 552 accidents, of which eighteen were fatal and 328 resulted in non-fatal injuries.