

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET

Show Business Offers Tragedy, Heart Break for Stage-Struck

By BILLY ROSE

As everyone and his Aunt Esmerelda knows, there's no business like show business for the fortunate few who make the grade. But—in 1946, a stage-struck lass from Nebraska named Judy Peters moved into a boarding house off Times Square and began looking for work in the theatre. As per usual, she was average bright, round of face, figure and eye, and determined to make her mark on the 45th Street marquees.

A few months later, thanks to a stage manager who took a shine to her, she got her first part—a three-line role in a two-act play that lasted four performances. For a solid and sobering year after that, Judy made the rounds, eating the usual health salads and waiting on tables to pay for her furnished (after a fashion) room. It was heart- and arch-breaking work, but it finally paid off when the Big Chance came along—the second lead in a Shaw revival.



Billy Rose

THE DAY AFTER the play opened out of town, Judy wired her folks they wouldn't have to help her any more, and when George Jean Nathan singled her out for mention in his review the farm girl figured it was all over but the movie offers.

One swell notice, however, doth not a star make, and when the play closed after a run of three months, Judy had to go back to reading the casting notes in Actors' Cues. By this time her family, fed up with her show business shenanigans, had put her on notice that the only further money she could expect would be train fare back

to Nebraska. And so, to keep body and hopes alive, the would-be Helen Hayes went back to waiting on tables.

Last April, after three grim years of scratch-as-scratch-canning, Judy was handed the script of Keith Winters' old hit, "The Shining Hour," by the director of a summer stock company. He asked her to bone up on the part of Judy Linden—a typical farm girl whose accent was pure Midwest, and whose face and figure were more silo than sex.

THE AUDITION WENT off without hitch or hesitation, and Judy was in the heaven above seventh when the director complimented her on how well she read her lines. He told her he'd let her know definitely the following day, and she went back to her one-room-and-half-bath to wait.

The next night the landlady smelled gas, but by the time the police arrived Judy was dead. On the bed by her side was the script of "The Shining Hour" opened to the scene in Act Two where Judy Linden, the farm girl, takes her own life.

The cops, looking for a suicide motive, didn't have far to look. On the dresser was a note from the director: Sorry, honey. You read the part fine, but I'm afraid you're not the type."

Tourists See China Town

By Jim and Norma Hutchison

(Continued from Last Week)

Everyone who has ever visited San Francisco goes home raving about the hills and cable cars. I had always wondered if it was true—but believe it or not—it is.

The hills start about two blocks from Market street which is the main street of town. They climb up, and up, and up until they practically disappear from view. As one stands watching them, all of a sudden there is a loud clanging in your ears, and a tiny speck appears tipping over the top, swinging down the slope, and swaying to a stop at every street corner as the brake-man pulls with all his might on the lever in the back. As it comes closer you can see strange looking appendages sticking out from all sides and waving up and down, and you begin to wonder what the name is for a 16-legged "octopus".

Gradually the squirming extensions resolve into being arms, legs, and heads of people sitting, standing, swinging or hanging on a—no, it can't be—yes, it is a Cable Car! They look exactly like they've always been pictured—enclosed in the center part, and open on the ends. Seats run length-wise and those on the front face away from the center of the car so that people sit facing out. This wouldn't be so bad, but those who can't find seats just jump on the steps and hang on anyway—which accounts for all the waving arms and legs. At every corner, people dash to get on before it even stops, and those who want to get off have to holler above the clanging bell and the clattering brake, push against the stampeding feet, squirm through waving arms and projecting bundles, and finally emerge somehow in the middle of the street with a car bearing down on them about two feet away. The most fun of all is found in riding to the very end of the line where the car is put on a turntable and headed back the opposite direction. The conductor and the brake-man get out and push it around—but they never have to do it themselves, for all the passengers getting off or on just grab a handle and help turn it. It was very funny to watch—and more fun to participate.

The houses found in these streets that run up and down the hills like terraces, are built on twenty-five foot lots and most of the houses have garages on the first floor with living quarters overhead. This can't be compared to anything I have ever seen. They have practically no yards at all on these tiny lots, and each cellarless house is several feet above the one next door. Looking down from Twin Peaks I couldn't help thinking that the roof tops looked like steps in a giant's home. No screens on windows, because no flies in salt air. There are few gas stations in town because of the acute shortage of land, and this is also true of parking lots. Right across the street from our hotel, a man had figured out a rather unique way of solving the parking problem by building a garage four stories underground. At ground level, it was a lovely park.

Along the California coast there are over 20 missions, founded many years ago by adventurous Catholic priests and still kept up in the original manner as nearly as possible. The one at Santa Barbara is perhaps the best known, but for actual beauty and peaceful reverence, we preferred the Mission Deloras at San Francisco. The building was constructed of adobe and straw, painted white, the older parts of the tile roof having been molded over a man's leg. The original timbers were still bound with rawhide thongs. The walls were 4

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THE DALLAS POST

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Single copies, at a rate of 6¢ each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Tally-Ho Grill, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Cave's Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deaters' Store; Fernbrook—Reese's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

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Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY

Associate Editor MYRA ZEISER RISLEY

Contributing Editor MRS. T. M. B. HICKS

Sports Editor WILLIAM HART

ONLY YESTERDAY

From The Post of ten and twenty years ago this week.

Ten years ago in the Dallas Post

Items from August 30, 1940 issue Fred Kiefer, from a hunting trip to the Canadian Rockies, sends word to Henry M. Laing Fire Company that it should encourage formation of a drill team which could be used as a nucleus for home defense, on the order of home defense measures being taken in Canada.

109th is home from three weeks intensive training at Lisbon and Tobyhanna. It is expected that the National Guard will soon be mobilized to train conscripted recruits at Indiantown Gap.

Joe Elicker was on hand in Nassau to enjoy the excitement of the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. He has been in the Bahamas since January, assisting in preparations for the welcome. He is associated with the Development Board.

Milk prices will probably rise this fall. Present price is 12 cents per quart.

The 30,000 cubic yard cut below Dallas on the new highway is about one-third finished.

Dallas had ice in August this week, a thin film of ice on the highway during a thin rain, and a skim of ice on a pan of water reported from Shavertown. Unexpected frost ruined delicate flowers and vegetables.

Andrew Sordoni again heads the Daniel C. Roberts Fire Company. The Ladies Aid at Alderson gave its first flower show last Thursday with Mrs. David Morgan general chairman. Loren Keller won 25 ribbons, with a special award for a tall spray of Peardy gladiolus.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Eggleston have a six-pound son, Robert Himmler.

YOU KNOW ME

BY Al, Himself

The way we see it, President Truman paid General MacArthur a compliment when he asked the general to withdraw his statement on Formosa.

If we or Joe Doakes had written to the V.F.W. that it would be a good idea to send Americans into Formosa the President wouldn't have paid enough attention to it to stop cleaning his fishing equipment.

But when General MacArthur dictates a letter that is something else.

The general is well liked and respected by the American people. When he speaks, we listen. But who would do all of the fighting if we accepted his idea? Why, American kids alone of course. Our sons, our neighbors boys, the kids in the office working with us. That may be a good idea for the top brass, but it doesn't sit so well with us.

We have enough American boys, in Korea, France, Germany, Japan and numerous other places on this globe now. We think it's about time some other democratic nations take a hand in defending themselves against Communism. We wouldn't mind if a United Nations army seized Formosa, but just our kids alone, "no!"

We believe the administration in Washington agrees with General MacArthur that Formosa must not fall into Red hands. The President would not have ordered the Seventh United States fleet there if this were not so, but the administration's policy, as we see it, is to let the U. N. order us in. In that way we would get some help from other nations.

We believe that Russia would be delighted if America alone were the aggressor at Formosa or in any other part of the world. That is just what these Red babies are waiting for. How could our delegates in the United Nations defend such a position when they have argued for months that we are in Korea only to defend an aggression of Communists?

Some persons in this country advocate dropping an atomic bomb on Russia right now. We'll bet a dollar to a doughnut that they are not the ones who plan to do it. They remind us of the fight manager who tells his boxer "To go in and knock the other guy's block off, he can't hurt us!"

If Russia attacks us or any other country we are willing to see the boys in our family and our neighbors kids go back to war to repel Communism, but we see no reason why they should return to uniform as aggressors, even if the most respected man in the United States says so.

In our and Joe Doakes opinion, war with Russia will not be a picnic, so let's wait until they start something so we won't have to do all of the fighting alone.

Another thing, if we do have another war, we believe that all of us should be conscripted; capital and labor as well as the kids. We are 59 years old; we can't run up and down hills anymore, or carry a gun and pack on our back, but we can still print. We visited our kid in Fort Sill, Oklahoma, during World War II and went through the printing office, where fifty or more healthy kids were trying to set type for the government. They knew nothing about printing. They could have been fighting while a few of us old timers set the type.

We believe that ship yard workers, merchant mariners, ammunition workers, tool makers and the persons who own the factories and ship yards should all be conscripted, and believe me, when that war is over there never will be another one.

That's the way we feel about it, and although we are registered a Republican, we are on the side of that fellow down in Washington who is carrying a tremendous load, with snipers all around him, despite the fact that he was elected President of the United States by a majority of voters.

STATE POLICE SAY:

People aren't expendable, so cars must be dependable... their drivers, too. Remember, a car is no safer than its weakest part. That part may be the steering wheel... or the driver behind it.



Barnyard Notes

The Hindus have nothing on the staff of The Dallas Post. Somebody left a mammoth June Bug in a glass jar outside of the office door with the expectation that we might write an item about it. Mrs. Hicks, seeing the prisoner, gave him his freedom before we had a chance to look him over or write a word.

Visitors

We were pleased to show Col. Dorrance Reynolds, Mary Weir and Lettie Culver through the plant Monday night after the meeting of the Back Mountain Citizens' Committee for better schools. To our surprise we learned that the Colonel was once a printer himself in a small way. When he was a boy, he and a group of neighbors printed their own paper for neighborhood circulation.

The Colonel still remembers all the printer's lingo and asked where we kept the stick, galleys, quins and if we needed any fonts of type.

The Reynolds family have been loyal readers of The Post since long before we became its editor. The Colonel thinks it may have tallied a little under our management. He is especially fond of the issues back in 1910 and 1911 when The Post had some slick correspondents in Stull and Harveys Lake.

His daughter Mrs. Constance Reynolds Belin of Waverly has also been a subscriber for years and never pays her subscription without writing an encouraging note or comment upon some item of local interest. In the old days when the going was pretty rough the encouragement of the Reynolds family meant more than anybody who isn't a country editor can appreciate.

Lettie Culver is another who has had a close association with The Post for years. When we first came to Dallas the name that intrigued us most was that of Lettie Lee. If anybody knows a prettier name for a girl, we haven't heard it. And Lord—the named her own daughter, Karen. Just shows you the extent to which Lettie will go to do the unusual. I don't know a time when Lettie has been called on to do something worthwhile for her community that she hasn't been in the forefront of the action. Not all of the breaks have come her way; but only once have I seen her lose her spunk or that happy disposition that's worth a million bucks.

What we didn't know about the shop to tell the Colonel, Lettie did. She could appreciate our better equipment because she wrote items when we didn't have it.

Mary had a suggestion to offer. "Don't let The Post get too city-fied." I know just what Mary meant. She's another that loves the country in big double dips and thinks that the city has lost forever what rural America has had from the beginning—and what some of us are still trying to preserve. You could no more put Mary in a rural home on a fifty foot lot than you could keep a herd of buffaloes on Mac's parking lot. She's a woman of the open spaces who by her ability as a farm manager has overcome the prejudices, the old time farmers might have against an efficient city secretary taking hold of and building an outstanding dairy herd and farm. What goes for Lettie goes for Mary. Wherever there is community work to be done, you'll find them both.

From the Same Fountain Head

A few days ago while Myra and I were attending the McNeal sale, Mrs. Claude Cooke invited us to her home next door to see some of her antiques of old Dallas. Many of them have been in Claude's family for generations and that made them especially appealing. We were fascinated by some rare old books that were the property of the late Charles Cooke, his father, and that had also belonged to his grandfather and great grandfather. Some of them dated back to the early days of the nineteenth century and contained boldly written admonitions apparently from a father to his son on the proper treatment of a good book. We were thrilled when we read the words "Blairstown" or "Hope, N. J." under the signatures of the owners. We, too, have some old books containing those same addresses. They belonged to our grandfather, Freeman West, who as a boy in New Jersey attended those same schools, and was a close friend of John I. Blair, the railroad man who founded Blair Academy and whose stone mill in Blairstown, my grandfather for many years operated. It was interesting to learn after these many years that Claude and his family still retain their contacts with some of my relatives in Blairstown—whom I see much more seldom than they.

The prize antique, of the many that include, glassware, chairs, tables, beds, dressers and chests of drawers from the Cooke family and from the home of the late I. D. Shaver, Claude's maternal grandfather, was a beautiful jeweled Masonic emblem the like of which we had never seen. It belonged to a great-grandfather in a family of five generations of Masons. It is now the cherished possession of Betty, who of all the Cookes, is the one who loves old things the most, and who had it restored by Dwight Fisher at Clarks.

Patrylak Guest Speaker

John Patrylak, Governor of District 144, Lions International, was guest speaker at Harveys Lake Lions Club Wednesday night. Plans were completed for the Beauty Contest to be held September 3 and 4.

Pomona To Meet

Pomona Grange 44 will meet with Lehman Grange at Meeker Saturday, September 9, for an all-day session. Because of election of officers, the morning session will start promptly at 10 A.M.

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