

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Well Made Plans Of Many Men Go Wrong—Without Murder

By BILLY ROSE

If you've nothing better to do for the next three minutes, let's play a game called "Answer Yes or No."

Question: If a doctor were accused of allowing a mean old man to die who only had a week to live anyhow, and you were on the jury, would you find him guilty of murder?

A dopey question, you say, because it leaves you no choice? Well, let me brief you on the events leading up to the crime and then put the question to you again.

The mean old man—let's call him Andrew Horton—was a millionaire of the almost extinct rough-em-up Jay Gould school, and among the people he delighted in pushing around was his son, Andrew, Jr. To round out the picture, it must be admitted that the youngster pretty much rated this treatment: He was a weak-chinned and weak-willed society kid who in his teens had developed a cordial dislike for two things—(a) work, and (b) his father who insisted on it.



Billy Rose

A few months after the boy's 21st birthday, the old man came down with a heart attack that all but did him in, and the specialist who was called in informed the son that his pop didn't figure to live more than a week or so.

THAT NIGHT, to celebrate his coming of fortune, the young man went out and tied on quite a package, and on the way home drove his car through a plate-glass window on Madison avenue. He was arrested and promptly bailed out, but the story hit all the front pages. When his father saw the papers the next morning, he almost had another stroke, and it didn't help when the boy faced up to him and blurted out that in a short time he'd be doing as he darn well pleased.

When his son left, the millionaire sent for his lawyer. "I'm going to teach that kid of mine a lesson," he told him. "Fix up a new will where he doesn't get a

penny and bring it back this afternoon. The doctor can witness my signature."

"What beneficiary do you want to name?" asked the lawyer. "Make it out to one of those outfits for medical research," said the old man.

THAT AFTERNOON the will was executed in the presence of the doctor. "That's a fine gesture," the physician told his patient when the lawyer had gone. "That amount of money will finance a lot of important work."

"Only idiots leave money to institutions instead of their own kin," said the old millionaire. "I didn't bother telling that fool lawyer, but the will you witnessed is only intended to throw a scare into my son. Tomorrow or the next day when he comes to his senses, I'm going to tear it up and reinstate the old will."

Late that night the patient had another attack, and when the doctor examined him he knew it was touch and go—given the proper medication, the old skinflint might be kept alive long enough to reinstate the original will; a slightly different dose, however, and he didn't figure to survive the night.

Well, as I get the story, he died a few hours later and his millions were used to set up one of the important research centers in the East. As for the son, he turned out to be as big a bum without money as with.

Now to get back to my original question: With the facts before you, would you find the doctor guilty or not guilty of murder?

DRAMATIC

By Mary C. Gilbert

Recently a manuscript was returned to a writer, because "the story is improbable, too dramatic and unreal." This story was true, and I shall tell it to you.

The September day had been hot and sultry and Teresa Harmon, checking charts in maternity, was thinking how happy she would be to leave at eight.

She had accumulated time off and was going home to Fairdale, this Friday night, on the local that meant she could see and visit with hometown friends returning after a day's shopping in the city.

She was to see her sister married in the morning. She smiled whimsically recalling young Cecilia's statement "You can be a maternity nurse if you want to, and devote your life to other women's babies—I intend to have and take care of my own—no synthetic motherhood for me!" What a child she was, and how dear to all who knew her.

The telephone buzzed—and she reached for and mechanically answered "Maternity, Miss Harmon."

The gruff voice of Dr. Jones spoke—"I'm sending Mrs. Jensen in, she will need a transfusion and we have to give her a spinal anesthesia, please attend her personally, Miss Harmon. I'll be over in twenty minutes."

For a moment all exuberance and pleasant anticipation left Teresa Harmon, for she knew that she could not possibly make the train that would take her home that night. She thought "synthetic motherhood has its disadvantages too, but perhaps by being here and knowing my work I can ease motherhood for Mrs. Jensen, anyway that is what I must do, whether I want to or not."

Quite sometime later, over reports, Dr. Jones said, "Thank you for your quick and efficient work here. You are responsible for saving two lives tonight."

At that moment the hospital loudspeakers began to repeat, "All nurses, doctors, and internes not on active duty report at once to the receiving ward, Emergency!"

Dr. Jones started for the elevators at once, leaving Miss Harmon to finish the reports while the speaker droned on and on its message of disaster.

Shortly—"Miss Harmon, turn over Maternity to Miss Boyce and report at once to the receiving ward."

Dr. Jones met her in the hall and spoke quickly, "You live in Fairdale, don't you?" "Yes," "Know many people there and in towns and villages between here and there?" "Yes, Dr. Jones." Dr. Jones put a steady hand on her arm as he ordered "You will be required to identify the injured being brought in, as nearly as you can, for that train you so often take when you go home, was halted a mile out of the city on signal, and rammied by a heavy freight."

Through that long night, Teresa Harmon stood by and identified her friends and neighbors as they were brought in.

Only at the last, when she looked upon the dead face of the young woman who was to have sung at her sister's wedding, did she give way to emotion.

Then it was, that she turned to Dr. Jones and said "There, but for the grace of God and Mrs. Jensen's baby, go!"

Yes, this story is dramatic even as life is dramatic, more so than any fiction ever written. And if it is improbable and unreal—well, so is life.

THE DALLAS POST

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper

Publishers' Association

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$2.50 a year; \$1.50 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 5c 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; Huntville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Dastars' 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.

We will not be responsible for the return of unacknowledged manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will we be responsible for this material for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 50c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch.

Classified rates 3c per word. Minimum charge 60c.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue. In no case will such items be taken on Thursdays.

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, September 13, 1940

Henry W. Peterson will head the P.T.A. for Dallas Borough schools for the current year. Other officers are: T. A. Williamme, vice president; Mrs. Nelson Shaver, secretary; Joseph Jewell, treasurer.

Protesting parents who engineered a two-day strike on the part of their Dallas Township children because of a bus schedule which picked up Alderson-Kunkle children first in the morning and delivered them last at night, are calling off the strike pending investigation and correction by the school board.

Joseph MacVeigh, chairman of the zoning committee for Dallas Borough, reports that he hopes to have a tentative plan ready to submit to the October Council meeting, one which will divide the town into districts and fix certain regulations for buildings to the end that property owners may be protected in residential areas.

The Post goes on record as wanting: The election of Wendell Wilkie as president; local progress in training civilians in defense measures; installation of fire-plugs in Dallas; construction of a short route to Harveys Lake before 1942; centralization of police protection in the Dallas-Dallas Township area; more sidewalks.

Back Mountain will retain its old familiar name if ballots cast to find a new one for the area are an indication. "Back Mountain" is in the lead to date, with "Mountain Parkway" a poor second and "Ruralvania" in third place. "Bedford Hills", fourth, was suggested by Mrs. Herbert Smith because Dallas was once called Bedford.

Temperance Council Meets At Kingston

Luzerne County Youth Temperance Council enjoyed a covered party and dues paying rally at Dorranceon Methodist Church Monday.

Present were: Andrew Keller, Lloyd Smith, Elsie Jean Ide, Doris Spencer, Evelyn Keller, Ethel Ide, Shirley Broody, David Whitney, Stephen Krupinski, Burl Updyke, Shirley Britt, Carl Rood, Bill Williams, Mrs. Schroeder, Mrs. Sorber, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Elsworth, Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Samuels, Mrs. McKeenie, Mrs. Edward Keen, president of the Luzerne County W. C. T. U., Ronald Lamoreux and Morris Lamoreux.

Floyd Smith, David Whitney, Shirley Britt and Evelyn Keller were appointed as a deputation team. Next meeting will be held Monday, October 2 at 7:30 p. m. at the home of Evelyn Keller, Idetown.

YOU KNOW ME

BY

Al, Himself

What is life? No one knows. All we know is we are born, live a while and then die. Instinct teaches us to preserve life. Belief makes it easier for us to die.

One turns over a rock in the garden. Hundreds of ants scurry to their underground homes, each carrying an egg to safety. They know that those eggs represent the future destiny of the colony.

The queen bee leaves her hive for the first time. She flies to great heights followed by the drones. One drone lives in ecstasy for a moment and then falls to earth dead. This is so that the new hive shall have life.

A bear will run from man, but let her cub be in danger and she will attack even though the man has a rifle.

A wren will hatch her eggs and for weeks wear her body out gathering food for hungry months, but—

NO INSECT, BIRD OR LOWER ANIMAL WILL LOSE ITS LIFE THROUGH CARELESSNESS. Only man shortens his or other lives by disregarding the laws of physics.

No matter how often we have been warned, no matter what dreadful experience we have encountered, we still thoughtlessly go on killing each other.

We know that speeding fifty miles an hour in a car is a gamble that will win us nothing and may lose our lives, but still we do it.

We know that a train capable of traveling seventy miles an hour should have all the safety devices contrived by man, yet we still allow railroads to stick to the old fashioned light block system that has proven time and time again that it does not stop wrecks.

We know by the process of simple arithmetic that when flares are placed 1,000 yards behind a standing troop train that an oncoming train going thirty-five miles an hour can cover that distance in fifty-nine seconds.

In these days when even police cars can be equipped with wireless phones it would seem to us a simple matter to compel railroads to do likewise so that a halted train crew can telephone back to all trains on that track its position.

Yes, we know that the Spirit of St. Louis had a phone, but not primarily installed as a safety measure. It is mostly for use of business passengers. There was no phone on the troop train. Had there been the conductor could have telephoned back to the oncoming train the troop train's exact position in the signal block.

We intended to write something about Harveys Lake this week, but who can write when the entire valley is mourning its soldier dead? Boys died because of our carelessness. Oh, it's easy enough to shrug the blame off on the railroad. It's easy to ask why those responsible for the troop train didn't take further precautions than just place a few flares back a distance of a hundred yards, but no matter how we try to shift this blame it keeps coming back into our conscience that we are also at fault.

An investigation will be made, certainly. Representative Flood has so stated—but what then?

As for us, we are going to have a talk with Mr. Flood asking if it is not possible for him to introduce a law in Congress compelling safer devices for trains such as we mentioned above, and if it is, we are going to ask different organizations to push it.

Maybe one day, lives will not be snuffed out because of our lackadaisical attitude that present safety laws are sufficient.

Senior Woman's Club Plans Rummage Sale

Dallas Senior Woman's Club will hold a rummage sale October 26 and 27 at the Lare Building, Main street, Luzerne. Mrs. Harold Payne is chairman, Mrs. Francis Ambrose and Mrs. James Houston co-chairmen.



We "spring" to the occasion when your chair needs rebuilding. Let us give you an estimate for our expert re-webbing, re-covering job, today!

CENTRAL Upholstering Co. Rear of Gregory Barber Shop

Dallas, Fa. PHONE 551-R-8



Barnyard Notes



Fitting it seems to me at this hour is Rupert Brooke's finest poem "The Great Lover".

Through these fifty-one lines of exquisite verse he has captured the vitality of youth, ecstatic as the morning dip of a boy in a Back Mountain stream. The spring of these emotions is the natural body, but it sends pulsations far into the spirit.

... and so Rupert Brooke, himself a sensitive young soldier who died for England, in 1915 at twenty-eight, has written the words I think the men of the 109th would have liked.

These I have loved:

White plates and cups clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery fairy dust;
Wet roofs beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
Then the cool kindness of sheets, that soon
Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss
Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is shining
And free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
The good smell of old clothes; and other such—
The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
About dead leaves and last year's ferns

Dear names

And thousand others throng to me! Royal flames;
Sweet water's dimpled laugh from tap or spring;
Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing;
Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
Soon turned to peace; and the deep panting train;
Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;
And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;
Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy new;
And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—
All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,
Whatever passes not in the great hour,
Nor all my passion, all my prayers have power
To hold them with me through the gate of Death.
They'll turn deserter, turn with traitor breath,
Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust
And sacramented covenant to the dust.
—Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere I shall wake,
And give what's left of love again, and make
New friends, now strangers

But the best I've known,
Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown
About the winds of the world, and fades from brains
Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains,
O dear my loves, O faithless once again
This one last gift I give; that after men
Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,
Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say, "He loved".

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY—

Rapid Community Growth Brings New Problems

[From the Beaver Valley Times]

One of the most tremendous building booms in the history of Beaver County—both commercial and domestic—is under way today. In some areas bustling activity resembles a latter-day Tonapah.

It's a good sign, this construction boom. It is significant, in that it shows the country to be moving ahead.

But along with it comes a multiplicity of problems. The sad fact is—municipal government services and educational facilities in many cases are not keeping pace with rapidly expanding needs.

One of the most acute problems generated by the domestic building rush is the necessity for additional school accommodations for children.

Hopewell Township is significant in this respect. Although its population rapidly is becoming out-size, neither school nor municipal service facilities are broad enough to accommodate. Literally, Hopewell Township, and other communities in the county, are growing "too big for their britches."

Farsighted school administrators in this particular township have seen the necessity for additional facilities. But they are hampered by lack of local revenue sources with which to broaden services. And the state can't see its way clear to aid beyond a certain financial point.

Originally, it was planned to construct with state aid a 40-room consolidated high school in Hopewell, for Hopewell, Raccoon and Independence Townships. It was termed necessary that 40 rooms be built, to take up the current overflow and provide for future school populace potential.

The state, however, says it can't afford to help Hopewell build over 28 rooms.

That is an improvement (the district is considering half-day classes), but it may not be enough. The way the township is growing, the same problem may avail itself in another five or ten years.

Several hundred private dwellings have been constructed, or projected for construction, this very day.

That means new roads, maintenance problems, fire protection, sewage system construction and maintenance and other various and sundry municipal responsibilities.

Where the money is coming from, the Lord only knows. The new tax gains definitely are not enough to accommodate initial municipal outlay termed necessarily ideal.

The situation is somewhat the same as it was 50 years ago, when the Aliquippa district hastily was being slammed together with utterly no respect for future needs. Lack of planning created a terrific problem for this current generation to bear. Proper zoning regulations and other factors qualified for future needs would have avoided this.

It will take sound government and civic thinking to assure the county of a strong municipal future.

Call GAY For INSURANCE

- Farm Bureau Mutual Auto Ins. Co.
- Farm Bureau Mutual Fire Ins. Co.
- Farm Bureau Life Ins. Co.

CENTERMORELAND 62-R-12 or 62-R-3

ARTHUR GAY • ERNEST GAY
Home Office: Columbus, Ohio

Personal LOANS TO MEET—

- INCOME TAXES
- INSURANCE PREMIUMS
- EDUCATIONAL TUITION
- MEDICAL-DENTAL BILLS
- HOSPITAL-OPERATION CHARGES

Quick • Courteous • Confidential Service!

The WYOMING NATIONAL BANK OF WILKES-BARRE

MEMO

Open a Savings Account at the Kingston National Bank

A savings account, added to regularly, assures you of financial independence and freedom from worry over money matters.

The KINGSTON NATIONAL BANK AT KINGSTON CORNER, FOUNDED 1894

Member F. D. I. C.

LOOK

For The Name

REALTOR

when buying or selling real estate.

The principal interest of a realtor is to see that the transaction, large or small, is completed in an intelligent, ethical manner.

Your local realtor D. T. SCOTT JR.

Dallas 224-R-13

D. T. SCOTT and Sons REALTORS

10 East Jackson Street Wilkes-Barre, Pa.