

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Gold Tipped Ciggies Put End To a Romance; Start a Career

By BILLY ROSE

Yesterday, at one of those cocktail parties where only pedigreed olives are used in the Martinis, I met a movie actress who used to dance in one of my chorus lines back in the '30's. She was sporting a square-cut that looked like the searchlight on the old Albany night boat.

"Glad you're doing so well," I said. "You've really gone places since the days when you made a fast forty a week."

"Have I changed much?" she asked, lighting a gold-tipped cigarette.

"Well, for one thing," I said, "you never used to smoke buck-a-pack ciggies."

"You mean these Sobranies?" said the actress. "Matter of fact, I started smoking them while I was working at your club. One of your customers I introduced me to."

"Boy friend?"

"Yes, if a man in his 50's can be called a boy. Remember Big Joel?"

"The oil fella?"

"That's the one," said the s-l-a-r.

"Know something? I probably would be married to him today if not for these Sobranies."

"Tell me about it," I prodded.

"WELL, IT'S not much of a story," said the actress. "One night Big Joel threw a party at the Central Park Casino for a bunch of his pals—Jimmy Walker, Billy Seeman, Jules Glanzer and that crowd. And it was quite a shindig—guinea hen under glass, buckets of champagne and gold-tipped Sobranies on every table. I was one of the girls invited—but what I didn't know until later was that Joel intended to surprise me and announce our engagement that night."

"Were you stuck on the big lug?"

"Not particularly," said the star, "but he was a nice enough fella and had made the announcement I don't doubt but that I would have gone along with it."

"What stopped him?"

"It was one of those things," said



Billy Rose

the actress. "A little after midnight, when I came back to my table after a dance, I found my pocketbook was missing. I started to look for it, but Big Joel told me to relax and handed me a hundred bucks. I thanked him but kept right on looking, and when he asked me why I was so worried about the pocketbook I told him there was three hundred dollars in it."

"I HAD HARDLY gotten the words out of my mouth when the woman who worked in the ladies' room came up and handed me my purse—said she had found it under the make-up table."

"Big Joel looked at me and grinned kind of funny. 'It ain't that I don't trust you, honey,' he said, 'but a man wants to be awfully sure about the lady he's going to make his wife. Forgive me, but—would you mind opening that bag and showing me the three hundred?'"

"Naturally I did no such thing. I picked up my bag, gave him one of those 'how-dare-you' looks and walked straight out of the room."

"In other words," I small-joked, "Big Joel caught you with your purse down."

"Nothing of the sort," said the movie star. "Matter of fact, I had been paid off that afternoon for a series of modeling jobs and had closer to four hundred than three in my bag."

"Then why didn't you open it?"

"How could I?" said the actress. "He'd have seen the ten packs of Sobranie Gold-Tips I had swiped off the tables."

YOU KNOW ME BY Al, Himself

Well, the Russian Christians certainly had a white Christmas. Last Sunday it snowed and snowed and snowed and the Russians may thank Mrs. Warren Dennis for that. It seems that July 25 is St. Jacob's Day and Mrs. Dennis says that she read in an article in the New York Times on prophesies for 1950 which said that for every cloud in the sky on St. Jacob's Day there would be a snowfall the following winter. So she marked the calendar for that day. Her husband scoffed at it, which husbands are apt to do. Her friends called on her during the spring and early summer of last year and noting the large mark circling July 25th asked why, and were told about the St. Jacob's Day prophesy. They left shaking their heads, and one or two murmured, "poor Warren," but lo! on July 25 Mrs. Warren Dennis looked into the sky and there was not one bit of blue, the whole heavens were one big cloud and if we haven't had just one big snow storm this winter we'd like to know what you call it.

We never heard of St. Jacob. Of course, we knew of Jacob in Genesis, one of the Hebrew patriarchs. He it was who saw the angels ascending and descending a ladder from earth to heaven; he was the one about which we had a fight with some kid outside of Sunday School one day because we claimed that ladders were not invented in Jacob's time.

But this Jacob couldn't be a saint, first, because of his record and second, if we remember our Bible, all the saints were in the new testament—so who is this St. Jacob that brought us all the snow this winter?

We looked him up. All we could find in the libraries at Dallas and Wilkes-Barre was that he governed the church of Toul for a few years in the 8th century. There was nothing in our text books connected with him about snow or the twenty-fifth of July. Probably the New York Times writer gathered his information from the libraries of Washington or New York. At any rate, we are glad to know that if there are clouds in the sky on that day just as many snow storms will occur the following winter.

Before this the only way we had of forecasting winter weather was in the last eight weeks by the ground hog's shadow on February 2nd. This information was too late for us. You see, we want to spend our winters in Florida or California, after we retire in five more years, and there was always an argument in our house whether to leave the lake before or after Christmas. We finally agreed to decide by the severity of the winter. If we waited until February 2nd to find out, we might as well stay at the lake all winter. Along comes Mrs. Dennis, and now we can predict the winter in July. Our hats are off to St. Jacob.

Many persons at the lake can predict the weather, not as well as St. Jacob, but good enough for us. When we lived in New York City we could tell a day or two in advance. An east wind, meant rain within twenty-four hours, but up here the wind may come from the east for days and no rain. We learned to interpret other signs, but they mean nothing here, so we depend on old timers to tell us. Harry Allen, the elder, knows when it is going to rain in a day or two. Squire Davis and the Jacksons are others. Some of the farmers can tell long before the buds appear whether we will have a large fruit crop. Now, if we contemplate taking a holiday trip in 1951 we are going to ask Mrs. Dennis what the saints say.

Well, let's hope next July 25 will be without a cloud in the sky—if it is, does anyone know where we can sell a nice set of tire chains?—only used one winter.

THE DALLAS POST "More than a newspaper, a community institution"

ESTABLISHED 1889

Member Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association

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Single copies, at a rate of 6c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas—Italy Ho Grille, Bowman's Restaurant; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville—Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Idetown—Caves Store; Huntsville—Barnes Store; Alderson—Deater's 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 week for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held 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.

Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 60c per column inch. Classified rates 3c per word. Minimum charge 50c. All charged ads 15c additional.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of affairs, parties, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

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

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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 From the Issue of January 10, 1941

Dallas Postoffice, serving a rapidly growing community, may be eligible for second class rating, thus placing all clerks under civil service and paving the way for door-to-door delivery in the village. Postmaster Polack states that the Dallas Postoffice has just handled the biggest year's volume of mail in its history.

Cement was poured this week for the bridge over the Trucksville-Dallas section of the new highway at Overbrook avenue.

A \$35,000 WPA street drainage project for Dallas was approved by the Borough Council Monday night. Work which will include stone curbs and box culverts on Spring, Norton, Lehman, Center Hill and Franklin streets will start at once.

Many contributions have been made to the fund for new uniforms for Dallas Borough High School Band.

Plans for Dallas-Harveys Lake three-lane highway have been drawn and are ready to go to the bidders. Construction, scheduled for this summer, may be postponed if threats of war make construction of defense highways imperative.

Fred Kiefer outwits with a short-short about Flasher the Ferret.

Fred Welsh has the most elaborate and best organized "putz" in the Back Mountain. For fifteen years he has been collecting miniatures for the Christmas tree display, enough to fill two rooms. He will let the tree stand until February 1, to give everybody a chance to see it.

Harvey's Lake Mrs. Joseph Rauch will entertain the members of the Executive Board of the Harveys Lake Women's Club on Tuesday evening, January 16 at 8 o'clock.

William Cromley and sons have returned to Newark, N. J., after spending ten days with Mrs. Kate Shultz.

Elijah Cromley is visiting relatives in Danville.

Mrs. Stanley Kapson has returned to her mother's home from Nesbitt Hospital, with her infant son David George, who was born January 1. Mother and baby are doing nicely.

Bradley Rauch is ill at his home with bronchitis.

In Memoriam In loving memory of Thomas Kingston who tragically departed this life December 23, 1947.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kingston and his sisters.

SAFETY VALVE

QUESTIONS DESERVE ANSWER

Howard W. Risley
The Dallas Post
Dear Mr. Risley:

In reference to your editorial in the December 29th issue of The Dallas Post, you will find in the December 30th issue of the Wilkes Barre Record an item on Scranton Housing Authority for 1 1/2 million State Housing Project, cost of the site to be \$75,000.

The New Dealers passed legislation whereby "Authorities" can be set up.

I understand that these Authorities do not need the approval of home owners or the taxpaying public.

You have asked some pertinent questions relative to the Luzerne County Housing Authority and these questions should be answered for the benefit of the Taxpaying public.

Yours sincerely,
C. H. Matthews
Dallas, Pa., R. F. D. 1
January 2, 1951

SUGGESTIONS FOR JOINTURE

Dallas, Pa.,
January 9, 1951

To The Editor
The Dallas Post

The controversy between Kingston Township School Board and the Housing Authority, in which I am on the side of the School Board, brings to mind the important question of school finances.

At every investigation in the past it has been found that Dallas Borough was in a more favorable financial position per pupil than any of the surrounding districts, expecting Lake Township and this is probably still the case notwithstanding the wails of woe from the school directors and rumors being circulated. This is due to the circumstances of no transportation expense, and relatively high valuation of property for which we are paying in taxes.

If the school directors are going to effect a jointure in spite of these conditions I offer the following conditions which I believe are fair and I think the people of Dallas should insist that they be included in the contract.

To begin with, unless the law has been changed in the last few years, there is no such thing as a joint school district in Pennsylvania. I assume they mean "Joint School" which I will use for reference purposes. It would be operated by what I will call a "Joint School Board."

Jurisdiction of Districts and The Joint School Board

The participating districts shall retain their identity and the respective school boards shall perform all functions which may properly be performed by such boards excepting the actual operation of the schools. The districts shall enumerate and transport pupils, levy and collect taxes, prepare budgets, repair buildings, pay debts, and all other functions not herein assigned to the joint school board.

The relation of the Joint Board to the District Boards shall be the same as an outside party. The Joint Board shall keep records and accounts the same as a district board.

The income of the Joint Board shall be tuition from the participating districts as computed by law. To provide funds for the operation the first year each district shall make advance payments to the Joint Board based on its own experience the preceding year as follows:

(a) July 1 and monthly thereafter salaries of all employees on a twelve month basis excepting teachers with contracts starting payments September 1;

(b) September 1 and monthly thereafter one-sixth of the total expenses the preceding year for teachers' salaries. After six months actual requirements to be estimated and pro-rated between the districts in the proportion of pupils enrolled.

(c) September 1 and monthly thereafter prior expenses for the corresponding month for light, heat, gas, electricity, and telephone. Fuel in bins to be inventoried and the value credited against this payment.

(d) October 1 lump sum payment equal to prior years actual expense for textbooks, instructions supplies, janitor supplies, and any other items commonly chargeable to operating expenses.

(e) March 1 sufficient funds to cover the expenses of the Joint Board to June 30. At the end of the year refund to be made if either district has paid more than its tuition would require.

Note: I do not believe any responsible school official or anyone with school board experience will say that this school will save money. I am of the opinion it will cost far more than at present.

In general the district boards shall expend funds commonly chargeable as follows:

Accounts A, General control; E, Maintenance; F, Fixed Charges; G, Debt Service; H, Capital Outlay; B-12, Tuition.

The Joint Board shall expend funds chargeable to B Instruction; D, Operation of Plant. Expenses under Account C, Auxiliary Agencies (Continued on Page Six)

Barnyard Notes

NO ROOM IN HEAVEN FOR DOGS
(An answer to a letter asking for information)

To 12-year-old Tay MacArthur,
Who owns a beautiful German Shepherd:

I am sorry your Sunday School teacher told you "there is no room in heaven for dogs." I can understand that this statement has bothered you considerably.

Heaven is a big place because heaven is God and God stretches from the sun to the moon, to the stars, and back to earth.

Heaven must be a big place to hold all the good people who have died in the many years since the world began. As angels have wings, heaven must give them plenty of space in which to spread these wings and fly from one shining cloud to another.

The millions and millions of folks who have owned dogs and gone on to their heavenly home, surely would feel lonely without their dogs. And as there is no loneliness in heaven, God has made provision for man's best friend to dwell therein. We are certain of this, for it was God who named the dog by spelling His own name backward.

Yes heaven is a big place, with lots of shady spots, long lanes banked with flowers, fountains bubbling up out of the earth, good little rabbits munching on golden carrots, and by their side good dogs, big and little, dozing in pure sunshine of celestial spaces.

It would be surprisingly strange, were there no dogs in heaven, for I believe that Christ had a little dog which followed Him back and forth from Nazareth to Judea, through the streets of Jerusalem, and cuddled trustingly in the boat when He crossed the stormy Sea of Galilee.

It seems to me I can see, on that tragic afternoon on Calvary, as Christ cried out "Why hast Thou Forsaken Me?" a little dog whining vainly at the foot of the cross to lick His bleeding hands. I believe that today this same little dog can be no other place than in heaven with Christ his master, lying contentedly at the foot of the throne of God.

I am sorry indeed that someone gave you the misinformation that "there is no room in heaven for dogs."—Will Judy, Editor of Dog World Magazine.

THE CALF-PATH
By Sam Walter Foss

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled
And I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
An then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swift feet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis;
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way.
And lost one hundred years a day,
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
They keep the path a sacred groove,
Along which all their lives they move;
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf.
Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.



Field and Stream

CREEL LIMITS
Regulations governing fishing in Pennsylvania during 1951 remain the same as during the 1950. An Act of the Pennsylvania Legislature (1949) prohibits fishing of all kinds in any waters of the state from midnight, March 14th to April 15th except in rivers, lakes and ponds not stocked with trout.

The possession limit however does not prevent the fisherman from having ten trout, six bass, etc., but does fix the limit at twenty-five of the combined species at any time. A pamphlet of the fish laws reflecting these regulations will accompany each license issued in 1951.

TURKEY FEEDING—SPORTSMEN'S PROJECT
There have been many heartening reports that sportsmen have fed wild turkeys this winter in areas where these birds need ear corn as supplemental food. In recent weeks, deep snow and crust have prevented their reaching natural sustenance. Some hardy outdoorsmen have "packed in" on snowshoes or skids; others used toboggans, jeeps and even tractors to reach turkey flocks.

Game Protectors welcome this assistance in the tremendous task of feeding the wide-spread turkey flock. They say that hunters who observed wild turkeys while seeking big game will perform a real service by reporting their location (Continued on Page Eight)

LOOK
For The Name

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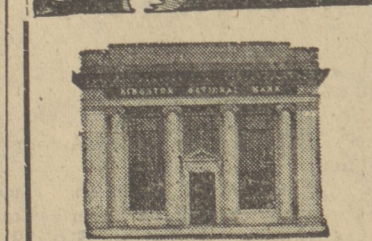
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Shavertown Lumber Co. Employees Are Dined

The employees and staff of Shavertown Lumber Company were guests at a dinner party given by the proprietors, Ralph Garrahan and George Ruckno at Irem Temple Country Club on Thursday night.

Cards and games were enjoyed. Group singing ended the evening's entertainment. Ruth Earl accompanied the singing, and Mrs. Stephen Johnson conducted the games.

Mrs. Ralph Garrahan and Mrs. George Ruckno each received a vase of yellow rosebuds from the employees.

Guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Garrahan, Dallas; Mr. and Mrs. George Ruckno, Forty Fort; Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Casterline, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Kitchen, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. James R. Bertram, Atlee Kocher, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Randall, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Price, Mr. and Mrs. John Southwell, John Southwell, Jr., Shavertown; Mr. and Mrs. Donald Casterline, Mr. and Mrs. Merton Riftenbery, Tunkhannock.