

The Dallas Post

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An independent paper, of the people, devoted to the great farming section of Luzerne and other counties.

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THE DALLAS POST

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EDITORIAL COLUMN

Devoted to the Current Topics of the Day

MOTHER'S DAY

Whether mother is far or near, do not forget her on this important occasion. A few kind words, a little, inexpensive gift, mean more to mother than the grandest eloquence and the most elaborate entertainments mean to anyone else.

Many a mother separated by distance from her children, pinning for them, is made glad on this day by affectionate messages and thoughtful gifts. Others, fortunate enough to have their children about them, beam with delight at their manifestations of love on this day.

Of course every day should be Mother's Day—never for a moment should her kindness and self-sacrifice be forgotten. Too often, however, mothers are taken for granted, though experience has shown to mankind that the love of a mother is the only really unselfish love that one is liable to meet in a lifetime.

Those whose mothers have gone realize what a precious boon has passed from their lives. They, too, may observe Mother's Day. If your mother has passed on, put a flower at her resting-place . . . surely she will know!

A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT

It was a great French liberal, Voltaire, who first said, "Though I may disagree heartily with what you say I will defend with my life your right to say it." The founders of the American nation owed much to this philosophy and to the political philosophy of the French school of thought. When the Constitution was framed the American leaders saw to it that there should always be free speech and a free press in the United States. They had seen too much of the evils of repression exercised by the British Crown.

Since the Eighteenth century and the establishment of Democratic government, free speech and a free press have gone hand in hand with liberty-loving, enlightened nations. It is one of America's greatest traditions. Like many other advantages of a democratic form of government it is seldom appreciated and frequently abused, until today there are very few truly great liberal newspapers in America. Outstanding, however, are The St. Louis Post Dispatch and the papers of the Scripps-Howard chain.

Too often the newspaper forgets its mission as a public institution and focuses its attention upon the receipts of the advertising department. Principals are frequently sacrificed to "good business," and papers cater to the whims of powerful factions and influential advertisers who increase the paper's revenues. On the other hand, free speech is frequently abused by the scandal sheets, which catering to the morbid, smutty side of the reader's imagination, profit with the largest circulations of any papers in the nation.

Frequently the editor who attempts to follow a straight course, keeping his prejudices out of the news and editorial columns of his paper, goes down to defeat. He may have high ideals but the majority defeats him. He may stand for the cleanest kind of politics; he can try to keep an open mind; those who should defend him cause his downfall. Such was the case when gunmen, hired by police officers, deliberately murdered Don Mellett, fearless editor of the Canton Daily News, who by signed articles in his paper had pointed out corruption in the police department of his home city.

For a number of weeks The Dallas Post has been carrying the words of Voltaire underneath the heading of its Contributors Column. It has printed here the opinions of its readers unaltered by editorial pencil. Often the communications have been entirely contrary to the editorial beliefs of the paper, but the articles have gone through unaltered. Who is to judge whether or not such articles are to be run? Certainly not the man who has a strong conviction on the subject at hand. Minorities are frequently right.

The editor of The Post assumes that the reader is intelligent, that he can judge for himself; that he wants to know both sides of an argument before drawing conclusions. The editor who sets himself up as a judge of what goes in the Contributors Column or what stays out takes a lot for granted. In everyday life there are a great many things which we all must decide for ourselves. Things which could be better handled and decided by someone else—BUT MOST OF US LIKE TO THINK FOR OURSELVES even if we are sometimes wrong. The severest criticism of The Post and its editorial policies, if received, will be run unaltered in the Contributors Column. All that is necessary is that it be written in good faith. And the Contributors Column will exist as long as The Dallas Post remains under the present editor. There are some ideals we intend to keep—this is one of them.

"Though I may disagree heartily with what you say I will defend with my life your right to say it."

WHO'S WHO IN L. T. H. S.

Lois G. Sorber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sorber was born in Rutgers in the year 1909.

Lois' school career began at the Rock school where she mastered the first seven grades. Laketon was chosen as her next Alma Mater and here she has attended faithfully, successfully overcoming all the obstacles common to early school training.

Varied school activities have attracted Lois. She is a member of the Athletic Association and the Debating Club, secretary of her class and takes a prominent part in all class functions.

Lois has been endowed with a charming personality which has won her countless friends. No one can help but agree that our secretary has a very promising future.

Must Go on Record

By the copyright act of 1842, a copy of "every volume, pamphlet, sheet of letterpress, sheet of music, map, chart, or plan separately published" in the United Kingdom must be deposited with the British Museum and, if demand is made, copies must also be presented to the Bodleian library and the libraries of Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin.

Evil Passing for Good

Evil is easy, and its forms are infinite; good is almost unique. But a certain kind of evil is as difficult to find as what is called good; and often on this account this particular kind of evil gets passed off as good. There is needed an extraordinary greatness of soul to attain to it as well as to good.—Pascal.

The WEEK'S DOINGS

The pay of 2,000 employees of the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company at Sayre was ordered held up on Thursday last.

A down-state woman wired the First National Bank at that place not to honor the pay of the 2,000 railroaders employed there, because "I've bought the railroad."

Bank officials checked the telegram and found that the woman who sent it is demented.

A powerful submarine light to be used for the discovery and recovery of the bodies of drowned persons was received this week by Luzerne County detectives. The light will be kept at the office of the county detectives to be used in all cases of water fatalities. The mechanism resembles a periscope with electric lamps and hooks attached to one end. It can be successfully used in depths up to sixty-two feet.

Milton J. Cross, famed radio announcer of Station WJZ, failed to show up Tuesday night when he was supposed to speak in Hazleton High School auditorium. Twelve hundred residents of Hazleton and vicinity waited late and waited in vain. Disappointed, disturbed, the arrangement committee telephoned WJZ in New York City. Mr. Cross, sorry, said that he had been sitting in his home when he should have been lecturing and that he had actually forgotten all about his engagement in Hazleton. Anxious to make amends, he sent a special message to Hazleton admirers on Wednesday night during WJZ's "Old Man Sunshine Hours." Monday night he will speak in the Hazleton High School with no charge, in order to atone for forgetting a date. Recently Mr. Cross remembered a date and delighted a Montrose audience.

Little Jack Little, famous radio artist of WLW made a decided hit before packed houses early this week during his appearance at Poli's Theatre in Wilkes-Barre.

Prof. O. H. Bakeless, for thirty years a member of the faculty of Bloomsburg Teachers' College, will retire at the end of the term in June. Known and loved by thousands of students and former students throughout Pennsylvania, he has been affectionately called the grand old man of Bloomsburg. Prof. Bakeless first became a teacher at Bloomsburg in 1890. In 1893 he left the school to become head of the old Carlisle Indian school. In 1902 he returned to Bloomsburg and has been teaching there ever since.

When Mrs. George Berry, who resides near the west branch of Meshoppen Creek, between Vose and Craig Hill heard her chickens making a fuss shortly after noon on Sunday, she went out of doors to see what caused the commotion. What was her surprise to see a big balloon sailing along just above the tree tops.

A man in the balloon, seeing Mrs. Berry, called out to know what State and county that was. Mrs. Berry gave him the information and he thanked her and sailed away. He was traveling in a northeasterly direction.

The aeronaut was, without doubt, one of the entrants in the national elimination balloon race which was held to decide who should represent the United States in the international race to be held later. Twelve balloons left Pittsburgh on Saturday. Nine were down in different parts of Pennsylvania and New York on Sunday and three were still in the air or unreported Monday morning.

Tunkhannock New Age.

OF FEARS AROUND THE CORNER

Orchestras and Orchestras
The past week Dallas branched out in the jazz music line, the old Dallas Orchestra disbanding with Frank Tropea, of the Dallas Hardware Company, and Ross Lewin, of Fernbrook, each organizing their own orchestras. We assume they will be called the Dallas Orchestra and Fernbrook Orchestra, respectfully.

The Dallas boys practised last Monday night at Higgin's College Inn and very fine comments were heard on their playing.

The Fernbrook boys played at Higgin's Tuesday night. A goodly crowd heard them. Good natured rivalry is now shown between the boys and the various community organizations planning dances in the future can have their choice of either one of the two groups.

Help the Base Ball Team
The local boys of the Dallas base ball team are sending out letters asking for small contributions to be used for defraying the expenses of the team this year.

Due to the action of the Dallas Township school directors in denying the local team the use of the high school grounds, it is necessary for the Dallas team to play its schedule away from home.

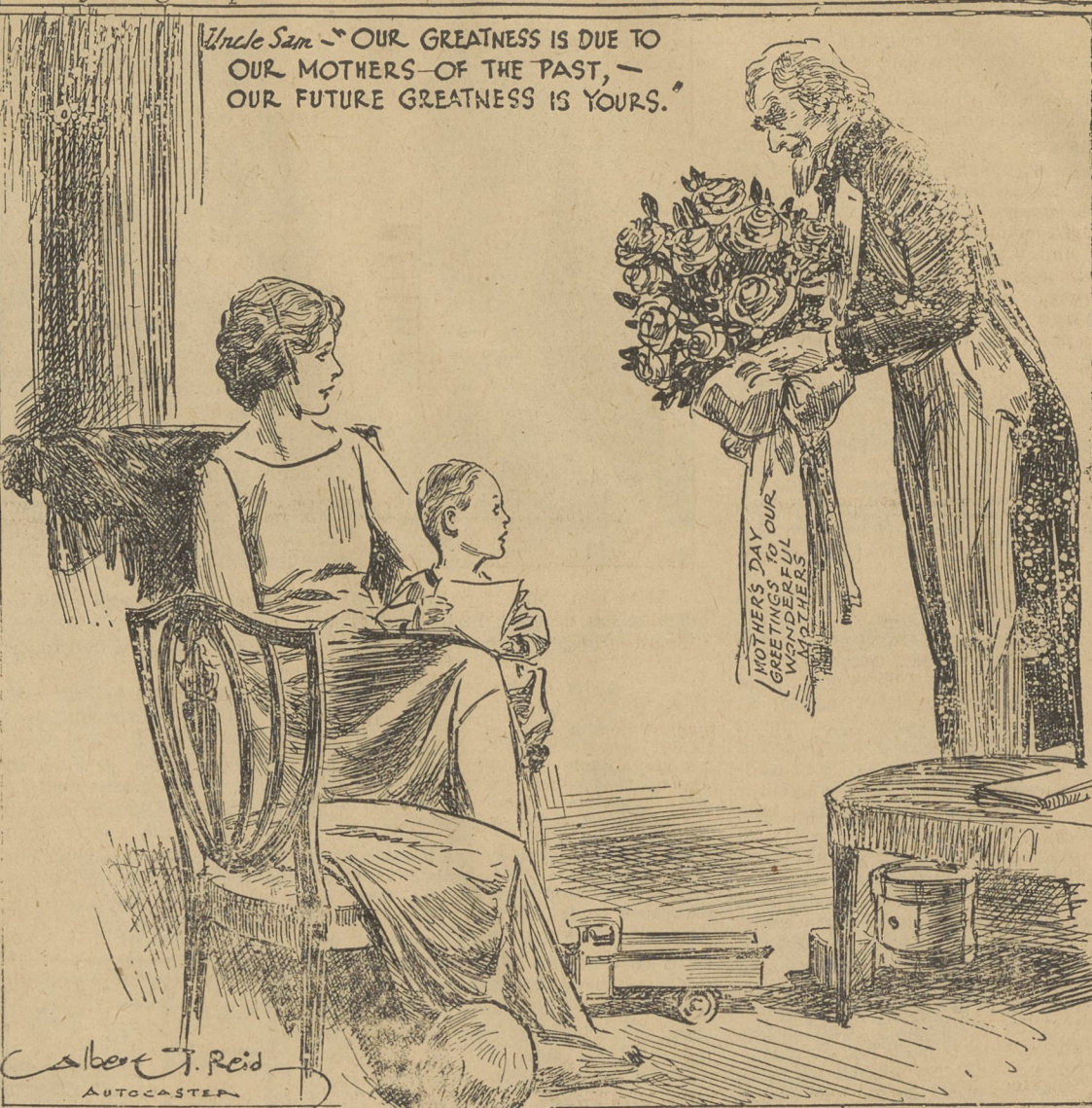
A dollar or so will go along way to keep base ball here and possibly in a short time a field will be secured where home games can be played.

Several Dances Planned
Within the next few weeks several dances will be held for the benefit of various community organizations.

School Directors Space and Machell are both in favor of allowing the use of the high school auditorium for these affairs if they are properly supervised and it is felt that the rest of the directors will also sanction the idea. The school board should be commended for its action. The high school auditorium is an ideal place for community gatherings. We are sure that the various organizations appreciate this action of the board.

Everything Depends On Mother

By Albert T. Reid



Uncle Sam - OUR GREATNESS IS DUE TO OUR MOTHERS OF THE PAST, - OUR FUTURE GREATNESS IS YOURS.



OFFICE DOG

The Joy of Being An Editor
Getting out this paper is no picnic. If we print jokes people say we are silly; If we don't they say we are too serious. If we clip things from other papers we are too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't we are stuck on our own. If we stick close to the job all day, we ought to be out huntin' up news. If we go out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job in the office. If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate true genius; And if we do print them, the paper is filled with junk. If we make a change in the other fellow's writup, we are too critical. If we don't we are asleep, Now like as not some guy will say, We swiped this from some magazine or paper—WE DID. Thanks to Cincinnati, Ohio, and The Montrose Independent.

"Famous Men"
In many years of travel, throughout the wide, wide land I've met many a famous character, and shook them by the hand I had to travel to a little town, not so far by rail To get the info needed, to compose this little tale. Famous men, I call the tale, for of such I shall write And leave it to your tender thoughts, if my story is a blight. I motored into a quiet town, in order to get some gas. And noticed on a sign post, the name of the town DALLAS. I stopped into a hardware store, and just to pass the time attempt to rhyme. They told me of a famous man, who reposes in this town Who knows no sense of shirking, and upon no duty frown.

They told me of Napoleon, Mussolini, and the Russian Dowager But none of them are to be compared, with this Harold Wagner.

When your rich relations travel west, and upon life turn their backs You will find him there at the finish, to look out for the inheritance tax. In politics, you'll find him, too, just like Mr. Hoover, strict Of course not so prominent, just chairman of the Sixth District.

When visitors arrive at Dallas town, he'll act as host For he is also an official of The Dallas Post. If misery strikes, you are broke, and would avoid the consequence Just tell pop, he'll fix you up, with some life insurance.

Want some pleasure; like the scenery, a touring you would go That's easy, sir, just tell pop, he'll sell you an auto. If funds are low, just so and so, just borrow from your lodge And for \$50.00 down, he'll sell you a nice Dodge.

If money you have plenty, and for fine things you are set Tell him, it's real easy, a Packard you will get. If you are broke and hungry, or have a starving wife Tell your tale to Harold, and you'll lead a better life. He'll see you fed up plenty, with good wholesome grub For he is also President, of the famous Rotary Club.

Now, kind reader, do you agree with me, that this man of fame Should be famous for his ambition, and his famous name One thing more, he should have been, I see no reason why With a set of whiskers, he would not make a good Rabbi.

And as I go on through the town, to travel on my way I'd like to give a bit of advance, to Pop, for another day.

When taking the family out for a ride, to watch a cow chew her cud Don't be so darned good natured, and get stuck in the mud. J. H. L., Philadelphia.

CENTREMORELAND FOLK
WELCOME NEW PASTOR—
W. D. GAY EXPANDS STORE
The new M. E. minister, Rev. Munyon and wife are settled in the parsonage and last Tuesday evening the different charges, Demuns, Thurston, Dymond Hollow and Centremoreland gave him a rousing reception in the M. E. church parlors at this place. There were about two hundred present. Ice cream, cake and coffee were served and everyone seemed to enjoy the evening very much. Victor Keithline and Jason Harding have gone to Pittsburgh to work as linemen for one of A. J. Sordoni's telephone gangs. The cold wet weather has greatly retarded the growth of every thing in this vicinity. It is feared that the fruit crop will be a failure. It is with deep sorrow we record the death of Robert Harris on Tuesday of last week. Robbie, as he was always called, was about five years of age, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Lance Harris. He was a remarkably bright and lovable little fellow and will be greatly missed by the whole community. The funeral was held Thursday afternoon. Interment was at Mehoopany. Mrs. George Montross and son, Ernest, are both quite ill at this writing. Miss Gertrude Dickinson and friend of Bethlehem, spent the week-end with her parents in this place. The schools will close this week with an entertainment in the Grange Hall Thursday evening. W. D. Gay is building an addition on his store.

Good Sticky Paste
If you want to make home-made paste add about a teaspoonful of powdered alum to the flour and boiling water. The paste will have a much greater "sticking" quality and will last twice as well.