

The Dallas Post,

ESTABLISHED 1889

TELEPHONE DALLAS 300

A LIBERAL, INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
AT THE DALLAS POST PLANT
LEHMAN AVENUE, DALLAS, PA.
BY THE DALLAS POST INC.,

HOWARD RISLEY Managing Editor
HOWELL E. REES Advertising Manager
RUSSELL WEAVER Mechanical Superintendent
SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES—American Press Association, 225 West 45th Street, New York.

The Dallas Post is on sale at local news stands. Subscription price by mail \$2.00 payable in advance. Single copies five cents each. Entered as second-class matter at the Dallas Post-office. Members American Press Association; Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association; Circulation Audit Bureau; Wilkes-Barre-Wyoming Valley Chamber of Commerce.

Published by
THE DALLAS POST, INC.

THE DALLAS POST is a youthful weekly rural-suburban newspaper, owned, edited 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 Press.—From the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Subscription, \$2.00 Per Year (Payable in Advance)

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. Municipal lighting plant.
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. 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.
8. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
9. The elimination of petty politics from all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.
10. Adequate water supply for fire protection.

Why there is a "utilities question":

Ira Jewell Williams, noted Philadelphia attorney, wins his suit, forcing the State Senate Utilities Investigating Committee to discontinue operations.

The Public And The Utilities

Williams is counsel for James S. Benn, former Public Service Commissioner, one of the witnesses who refused to testify before the committee. Williams, in his own name, sued as a taxpayer to enjoin the committee from conducting hearings.

He pleaded that the committee was wrongfully created at a special session, called for another purpose. The Court allowed the plea.

But what a pitiful, three-for-a-nickel point this is, on which to block a pobe legal in every other way, and earnestly desired by the majority of the citizens of Pennsylvania. Is there any other taxpayer in the Commonwealth, besides Mr. Williams, who really believes that spending \$100,000 on the probe is a misuse of public funds?

There is a utilities issue precisely because of these tactics on the part of opponents of utility regulation.

And, if they only knew it, the more such tactics they use, the greater the public anger, the more far-reaching the successive changes in utilities law.

President-elect Roosevelt, Governor Lehman, of New York and Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, are co-operating with the Institute of Public Engineering in an inquiry into the distribution costs of electric light and power.

In other words, after years of propagandist and repressive effort by some of the great power interests, the American people have as their next President a power liberal, and have put power liberals into the Governors' chairs of the two leading industrial States.

Doesn't this show the more rapacious type of power interest what is happening? Isn't this enough to convince them that the more they try to kill this issue without permitting it to be fought through, the more alive the issue becomes?

The greatest danger to the power industry does not come from the liberals who demand fair, low rates, but from those interests in the industry which fight these very reasonable requests.

Williams' "victory" will force the Senate to start a new inquiry, with teeth in it. That is all he has accomplished.

If the power industry, and all connected with it, desire it to continue to exist as a private business, they will welcome thorough housecleaning and effective public regulation.

Fighting every investigation and regulatory statute, they fight the 123,000,000 people of the United States of America. In that battle they must lose. Fighting against public control is fighting for public ownership.

Taxpayers, tired of supporting city, State and Federal drones, will be interested in the latest news from Moscow.

Good Way To Handle Drones

Walter Duranty reports that Stalin may soon "fire" nearly a million of his henchmen, a third of the Communist party, as too ignorant and unfit for leadership.

Should he do so, Duranty points out, he will only be following the example of Lenin who, in 1921, expelled about half the party members.

Now Sovietism has many defects — bureaucratic inefficiency, inexperience, lack of flexibility—all too obvious in the slowing up of the Five-Year Plan.

But this habit of discharging public officials wholesale for shirking their jobs is one that our own political bosses might profitably imitate.

KING OF THE JUNGLE

A Paramount Picture

Based on the novel "THE LION'S WAY"

By C. T. STONEHAM

COPYRIGHT 1931 BY CHARLES THURLEY STONEHAM



Synopsis

Kaspa, a four year old white boy, is found in the heart of the jungle by Kali, a powerful lioness who has just been bereft of her cubs and the little man-child is raised by her in the midst of the lion family. The family consists of Kali's mate, the leader of the pack, her two young cubs Ruka and Dogo, another male lion, Nguva and Mua, his mate, who is trapped and killed by natives. Paka dies of old age and the family is left without a leader. One day, while the lions are enjoying their kill, a strange male lion, Bulu, black-maned, young and powerful, drives Nguva and the two cubs away, chases Kaspa up a tree, and takes his place at the kill. Kali, obedient to the law that governed her kind, accepts Bulu as the new leader of the pack.

He found the old lion lying in a donga about a mile away. It being the tail-end of the rains, the donga had water in it, and Nguva had drunk there. The old fellow was badly mauled and had lost a great deal of blood. Kaspa sat own by him and conveyed to him his sympathy. Nguva did not reply. He was feeling sore and savage; his pride had been hurt even more than his body.

Kaspa understood that he would lie up near the water for at least three days to recover somewhat from his injuries. After that he intended to live solitary. He had not had a mate since Mua's death, and he did not want one. Doubtless there was plenty of meat to be had by a single lion, and certainly when a kill had been made it would last longer. He did not ask Kaspa to share his fortunes, by which the boy knew that he had no desire to be reminded of his ignominious dismissal from the pack. It seemed probable that Nguva would turn into a dangerous old misogynist, who would become a cattle or mankiller and eventually end his life in a battle against spears or bullets, as such beasts always do.

CHAPTER 4

It seemed to Kali that they could not do better than obey Bulu and wax fat under his dominance. Ruka and Dogo would fall into line, of course. The habit of subservience to an older lion was implanted in them. They were not old and experienced enough to take independent action. Nguva must fend for himself. He had challenged Bulu's leadership and had lacked the determination to gain his point. Kali obeyed the instinct of her kind. But Kaspa was not so amenable.

He understood that while Bulu ruled the lion pack there was no place in it for him, and the idea of joining with strangers or living a solitary life was frightening.

He resented the intrusion of the big lion into their circle, and, unlike the young lions, had no wish to let that resentment cool. He had all the pertinacity and determination of man. As long as he lived Bulu would be his enemy and he would direct all his energies to overcome him.

He watched the dawn break over the dark line of trees, and in silence suffered his companions to depart to seek their daytime lair. When they had vanished in the glade and the waiting hyenas had gathered to the remains of the kill, he slipped down the tree and took the trail of Nguva.

When night came he took leave of Nguva and headed away up-river. He had determined to seek the high veld where Paka had been fond of hunting when the dry season was firmly established. It was nearly a hundred miles to the cave in the donga, but he accomplished it in two nights. He killed a dik-dik (a small forest antelope) on the way, and when at last the high, open country was about him he felt quite cheerful and contented.

Things were different from what he had expected. The Bomogo had not yet left the district, and the plains were covered with these cattle and the little mud-bull villages in which both men and cattle lived.

(Continued next week)

WILL IT COME TO THIS?



An Exchange

The following editorial commenting on the formation of a borough in Kingston township is taken from the columns of the Sunday Independent of January 8.

Have A Care — Shavertown

Citizens of Shavertown, populous sector of Kingston township, who have been yearning for some time to take on the airs of borough government, will have to prove to Judge Benjamin R. Jones that they have good and sufficient reasons to tear themselves loose from the venerable township of Kingston and place upon the shoulders of property owners the added expense of a new form of government.

Instead of appointing a commission to take testimony the jurist will hear the case himself, for which he is to be congratulated. Nine times out of ten the desire for a new government is inspired by an itch for office on the part of the citizens aiding or abetting the movement. The judge will be much better able to analyze the situation than any commission.

Boroughs are not as easily created in these days of unbalanced budgets and oppressive taxation as in the period when taxpayers' association were unknown. There are thirty or forty more municipalities in Luzerne county now than there is any excuse for. Many of them are of the peanut variety and it's difficult to understand how any well informed court countenanced their creation.

Shavertown citizens who want a chief magistrate, councilmen and all the expensive departments and other political bric-a-brac that a borough government calls for have plenty of opposition to the achievement of their desires and must present a pretty strong case if they hope to have a jurist of the wisdom and experience of Judge Jones give them a favorable decree.

Students of the comparative costs of various kinds of local government can find much food for thought in comparing the budgets of the borough of Plymouth and the city of Pittston. There is a difference of less than 1800 in the population of the two places and yet Pittston taxpayers must dig down into their pockets for \$225,000 to give the upper end community a government that in efficiency cannot compare with the government Plymouth provides for \$120,000.

Cities mean more jobholders than boroughs and boroughs put townships far in the shade in the same respect. Shavertown taxpayers should stop, look and listen before making the plunge.

John A. Hildebrand, Dr. James C. Laing, Marvin Riley, Peter E. Williams, W. K. Goss, Ira D. Shaver, B. W. Brickel, John Welch, Wm. Whipp, Chester White, Perry Warden, George Warden, Sidney Warden, Spencer Warden, Theodore Stoeckel, Sr., Robert Wilson, Leonard Machell, Thomas Garrahan, Parkerson Perrege, Samuel Litts, C. B. Rarker, Alfred Cole, Harry Hatfield, John Bulford, Henry Randall, C. D. Gregory, Vincent Hoover, James Williamson, Mack Honeywell, Andrew Fagerstrom, Barney Honeywell, Perry Frantz, James Honeywell, Elias Shaver, Andrew Raub, Chas. C. Cooke, M. L. Yapple, Fred Franklin, Thomas Oakley, William Shaver, Frank Morris, Reese Isacss, John Garrahan, Joseph Atherholt, and numerous others whose names I do not recall at this time.

Many of the next two generations have also joined the silent majority, among them being: Asa Franklin, Dr. Henry M. Laing, Robert Laing, Theodore Stoeckel, Jr., Frank Stroud, Thomas Machell, George Machell, James Hildebrand, Frank P. Smith, William Monk, Foster Bulford, William Bulford, Stanley Shaver, Fred Tyrrell, Ed Shaver, Robert Whitebread, C. M. Honeywell, and quite a number of other male residents.

LETTERS to the Editor

Dear Sirs:—

While the controversy between the rail interests and truck owners holds the attention of the State, the following letter addressed to Governor Pinchot by R. D. Leonard, vice-president of the Atlantic Refining company, is illuminating.

Dear Governor Pinchot:

Your message to the Legislature has received state-wide newspaper publicity and undoubtedly has been read with suitable interest.

The newspapers quote you as stating in your message, on the subject of trucks, as follows:

"The automobile owners of Pennsylvania are virtually unanimous in demanding relief from the nuisance and the danger occasioned by the rapidly increasing size and number of trucks, and they are right about it."

You are further quoted as stating that these trucks represent 12.7% of the total vehicles registered and that the heavier vehicles, in excess of ten tons, represent 1% of the total vehicles registered. It is regrettable that the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania should agree that motor trucks are a nuisance and a danger because of their increasing size and number. It is believed that if you had a full appreciation for the service that these vehicles are rendering and the revenue that they are producing for the state, that you would have a different point of view.

If it be true, as you state, that all the cars registered in Pennsylvania, 12.7% are trucks, it is likewise true that the owners of these trucks are paying 42% of all gasoline tax money paid into the Revenue Department of the state and over 36% of the combined revenue from gasoline tax and license fees.

If it is also true, as stated by you, that trucks in excess of ten tons, represent 1% of the total vehicles registered, it is likewise true that the owners of these trucks pay 10-1/2% of all the gasoline tax money paid into the Revenue Department of the state, and 9-3/4% of the combined revenue from gasoline tax and license fees.

What actual evidence is there, that there is occasion to state that trucks are a nuisance, and is it not true, according to the State Department's own records, that the accidents occasioned by trucks or in which trucks are involved, are proportionately and considerably less than those occasioned by passenger cars?

Considering the relatively large proportion of the total revenue that comes to the state from motor vehicles and paid by commercial vehicles, or trucks, as stated above, it is evident that the owners of these vehicles are paying more than their equitable proportion for the use of the highways?

You further draw a comparison between the operation of the railroads and their incident expenses and the operation of trucks. The owners of trucks are the business concerns of the state. Ninety-five per cent of these trucks are used in ordinary delivery service of the owners, who, in the operation of their business, are subject to other forms of current taxes, including real estate, mercantile license tax, corporate tax, etc., in addition to which, for the use of the highways they are paying a gasoline tax and license fee.

It is a matter of public record that all railroads in the state of Pennsylvania, in every form of tax that they levy form of taxes. twelve million dollars (\$12,000,000). The owners of commercial vehicles, in addition to all other forms of taxes that they pay, in gasoline tax and license fees are paying to the state twenty-five million dollars (\$25,000,000), or twice as much in these two taxes as all the railroads pay in every form of taxes.

(Continued On Page 3.)

Dallas As I See It

By Harry Anderson

As one of the Post's former publishers, I have been asked by Editor Risley to say something to his army of readers. I hardly know where to begin or what to say, and what appears this week may be considered as sort of an introduction to a possibly more extended resume of some of the history of Dallas and vicinity during my residence here.

The beginning of a new year invariably invites retrospection. In our idle moments memory goes back over the old year and recalls its joys, its sorrows, and perchance, its lost opportunities. To many of us reminiscences reach back far beyond the preceding year. We think of the old home town of yesteryears — of its primitive business places, its dusty roads and its old-fashioned school and church. And we try to choke back the lumps in our throat and dry the moistened eyes as we pull aside the veil that screens us from the distant past to peer into the faces of those who have gone before — those we loved and honored, but whose memory to many of the present generation means little more than that they existed, a fact attested probably by no further knowledge than the inscriptions on the white headstones dotting the nearby cemeteries.

But, ah, friends, how much more that memory means to some of us. It is nearly half a century ago that I began to know Dallas well. And in the years that followed I formed acquaintances and friendships which I count among the dearest remembered of my life. If I were inclined to be poetical, I might say they meant the perfume of the hyacinth, the beauty of the rose and the grandeur and sturdiness of the hollyhock. But I was never poetical. In fact I have often been told that I was too matter of fact for my own good. But I think those who know me best, will give me credit for always appearing for just what I have always been, and for saying just what I meant in my own homely way.

It is just forty-two years ago since I walked into a little one-story, one-room structure alongside the old Odd Fellows Hall on Main street, Dallas, and hung up my coat and hat to become, editor, pressman, printer, devil

and reporter on the Dallas Post. The Odd Fellows Hall referred to is not the present building owned by that lodge. The old building, which had stood many years, took fire one night about thirty-five years ago and was burned to the ground.

I continued my work with the Post, which I bought outright in 1906, almost continuously for thirty-five years. And filling so many positions on the paper at the same time, it fell to my lot to write up not only the murders, the weddings, the social events and the general gossip of the surrounding country, but all obituaries as well. And this is the part of the work that used to get me. As time rolled on as I have stated, I made many acquaintances and some fast friendships. Every now and then one of these would say the final word. Keeping this up for thirty-five years in the little home town was no pleasant job, and believe it or not, the pages of copy paper were so blurred with tears on some occasions that I could scarcely read my own copy as I went to the case to put it into type.

But somehow as I sit down to thump the old typewriter in response to the invitation of the estimable boy who now guides the destinies of the Post, it seems rather like going back to my first love. Somehow I cannot get away from the attachment formed through the long years of association with the old paper. As stated before the work in the old days was trying and arduous. Diversion seemed absolutely necessary. And so we newspaper fellows used to take a day or two off occasionally. But it was always all right with the old paper. She was right there to welcome me back for the week's work, after I got rested up.

In future letters I may attempt to tell of some of the interesting experiences of Dallas and its people. For the present, however, I wish to recall the names of some of the town's honored dead, who are resting in the nearby cemeteries. I knew all of these gentlemen well, and when I first came to Dallas many of them, while well along in years, were active in their various pursuits:

John J. Ryman, W. P. Kirkendall, John T. Phillips, Wm. J. Honeywell, Captain Jacob Rice, Jefferson Riley,