

# The Dallas Post

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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. THE POST is truly "more than a newspaper, it is a community institution."

Congress shall make no law \* \* abridging the freedom of speech, or of Press.—From the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Subscription, \$2.00 Per Year (Payable in Advance).

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### 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. Construction of more sidewalks for the protection of pedestrians in Kingston township and Dallas.
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. Adequate water supply for fire protection.
8. 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.
9. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.

### A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK . . .

When an old gentleman waggles his head and says: "Ah, so I thought, when I was your age," it is not thought an answer at all, if the young man retorts: "My venerable sire, so I shall most probably think when I am yours." And yet the one is as good as the other.

R. L. STEVENSON—Crabbed Age And Youth

There are several things to be said before the highly successful Trade Expansion Contest can be considered as history.

In the first place, the seven merchants who co-operated in the community venture are deeply grateful to the contestants who worked so hard and to their legion of friends who supported them—to everyone who joined in the good-natured excitement and helped to make the campaign a success.

Only the business men and the campaign officials appreciate how hard the contestants worked. They knew, when they entered the campaign, that concentrated effort was necessary and they worked hard and faithfully. Each of the seven firms which made the campaign possible is grateful to them.

We are confident that no contest ever was conducted along more fair or impartial lines. Unfortunately, only five contestants could win prizes. The community can be proud of the other contestants for the sportsmanship they displayed and we can only hope that they will be among the winners if ever a similar campaign is conducted here again.

In the intense rivalry of the campaign it was natural that contestants should be super-sensitive regarding the activities of other contestants. It is our sincere hope that the contestants, now that the contest is over, will forget any excited conflicts which occurred among themselves and that any bitterness aroused by heated competition will disappear.

We doubt if there ever was a better, more efficient, more intelligent group of contestants.

Perhaps some explanation of the reasons which necessitate the Red Cross Appeal next week can help the people of Dallas and its vicinity to appreciate the need for the present appeal.

Some years ago Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Red Cross, which serves this section, became a member of the Federation, with the understanding that by doing so the work of the chapter would not be curtailed. A membership allotment of 10,000 was agreed upon. For two years this membership was paid by the Federation. Then it was cut 1,000 because of strike conditions. A year later it was cut again to 8,000 and National Headquarters, informed of the serious condition here, refunded 2,000 membership fees to the local chapter—making the actual memberships 6,000.

Since then the Federation has continued to keep the membership allotment at that number. For several years the National Red Cross and the local chapter officials have conferred often with Federation officials, urging that the original 10,000 membership allotment be restored. The Federation was unable to grant the request.

Finally it was agreed by the Federation and the Chapter that the Red Cross would sponsor its own Roll Call for memberships and have no allotment from the Federation for this purpose. By mutual agreement this has been done and May 12-20 has been set as the best date that would not interfere with the Federation campaign.

The American Red Cross depends on the annual Roll Call largely for support of its national program in disaster and other activities. Fifty cents per member is sent to National Red Cross for this week. In five years of economic depression and partial recovery Red Cross has given direct relief to one of every five persons in the United States.

These were your own fellow citizens—victims of unemployment, drought, tornado, flood, earthquake, and other causes of distress. In giving food, clothing, housing, nursing, medical care, and helping them to a self-sustaining livelihood, the Red Cross spent \$18,835,525 and distributed in addition, wheat and cotton products, valued in excess of seventy million dollars.

The 6,000 membership allotment which in the past has been sent in for the local chapter does not properly represent the number of people interested in the program and work of the National Red Cross. Next week there will be an opportunity to enroll all who want to be identified with its work.

From the cloakrooms at Washington and the Republican sectional meeting at New York, this week, comes the whisper that Henry P. Fletcher, Chairman of the National Republican committee, would be the Republican nominee for president in 1936, if coaxed.

### FLIRTING WITH FLETCHER

Rumor has it that the popular Pennsylvanian from his seat as national chairman believes that the G. O. P movement has better than an even chance next year and has quietly let it be known that he is at least receptive, when the question of a 1936 standard bearer arises. It is also said that powerful members of the Republican party look with favor on the Pennsylvanian's ambitions and that the "Fletcher For President" movement has gone considerably beyond the stage of political gossip. Mr. Fletcher is said to feel that he could carry the Pennsylvania Republican delegation on a "native son" plea and that even though his hopes for the presidential nomination were finally blasted, he would be in an ideal trading position, were another candidate to be the nod. It is said that one other possibility might interest Mr. Fletcher if a Republican victory next year is won. The mantle of United States ambassador to the Court of St. James is said to have a strong attraction for the present national chairman, who feels, as do his friends, that he is entitled to something substantial after his more or less thankless task of the past two years.

## WASHINGTON SNAPSHOTS

A Column of Gossip  
From the Nation's Capitol



EVERYWHERE OFFICIALS LOOK today the horizon is dark except in the business field. War clouds over Europe. Dust clouds over the Middle West. Political clouds over Congress and apparently gathering throughout the country. But blue skies trying to break through the six year old depression darkness.

Actually business has progressed further than many people believe. The Nation's No. 1 industry, motor car manufacturing, is setting a five-year high on production and despite this pace is barely able to keep abreast of consumer demand. Nearly 1,500,000 passenger cars and trucks have been turned out since January 1, and while the production will taper away some from now on, manufacturers believe they will produce close to a million more units than in 1934, with higher wages being paid and more employment.

Retail sales have maintained their volume surprisingly through the first months of the year. Steel production, after reaching the highest point in years, tapered off some but a new peak is expected during the present quarter. There again equal to and above 1929 wages are being paid with peak employment. Residential construction over the country is steadily advancing.

Banging Big Business does not seem to have permeated much into the farming section. A breakdown last week on an automobile trip, brought us into a Luzerne county home where the conversation ranged from here to there and everywhere. Although he didn't warm up greatly over the milk trust and was dead set agin' the stock exchanges, our host, strange to relate, did declare for the power companies and if we can get his language correctly, here's where the utilities get a break.

"I don't see what it's all about", said the farmer. "Some 'Perfesser' was talking over the radio about some electric light law up in Congress, he wanted passed. Maybe he's right, but it seems to me there's lots worse the matter than that. When most of Kansas and thereabouts is under from one or two feet of dust as the wheat starts through; when the Sheriff has most of the farms anyway and the banks want to know when you're going to move out on those the Sheriff hasn't got, it seems to me a heck of a time to worry about the light Bill. Before the pole line came through we didn't really know how bad we were off, with oil lamps in the morning and at night for the chores, and all the other things we do now by electric. Far as I can remember the juice has only been off once, in that twister that took away what was left of my windmill tower. Good thing for we don't need it any more. That time the power was off for nearly a day, because the line was down clear to the other side of town. Then some fellows came along in one of the biggest trucks I ever saw, all fixed up with ropes and blocks, and, believe me, those fellows knew what they were doing."

"They had another gang that brought poles and set a new pole in about the time it'd take me to set a fence post. I watched those fellows until they were quite a piece down the road. They didn't have time to talk much, but the foreman said some of them had been working all night, with a light thing there on the truck, and that the company had brought some of the linemen into this district from 300 miles away. It costs a lot of money for that kind of stunt, but I sure was glad to hear the old pump motor grinding away again."

"Henry's boy works for the light company. Don't make a whale of a lot of money, but at least he gets it regular. From the way those fellows fixed that line and the way the boy talks about the plant over at the dam, I didn't see much the matter with it. If the bank in town had had the gumption those fellows had, I wouldn't be wondering when I'm going to get the rest of my money back. Henry says his other boy—the one that went to work in the overall factory—has been laid off for months. Says his boss told him they were having a devil of a time with foreign competition or something and he didn't know when they would run again. The boy tried the light company but they said they were only taking care of their own people. He may end up there yet, the light company fellow told him that if the government would lay off them they could run some more pole lines and they had plans for extending down into the lower end of the county but that a fellow would be a darn fool to take on more men and start to run more lines with the Government on his neck. With farming shot to pieces and the factories closed, I must say it seems a fool thing for the Washington fellows to crack down on the only companies that have kept going, around here anyway. Their bills cost something every month, but believe me, I'm not going back to any windmill and kerosene lanterns."

There is at least one calling that hasn't been depressed during the past few years. Not only has it held its own, but it has managed to go forward and put more and more good round rollers in the till. That calling is Tax Gathering.

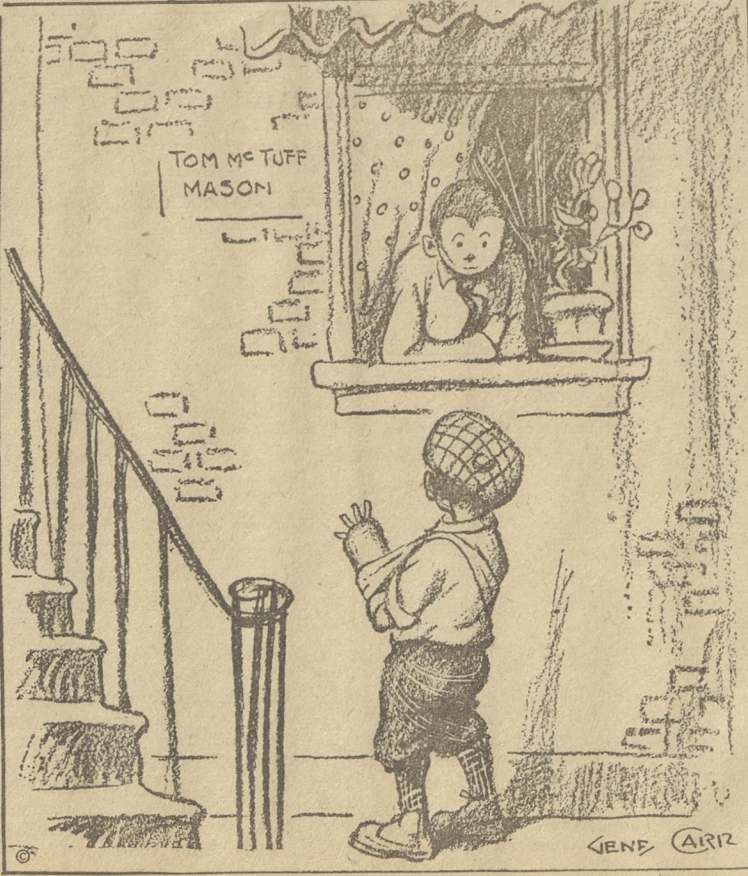
According to a recent editorial in the Los Angeles Examiner, officeholders of the country now receive about \$5,000,000,000 a year in tax-paid salaries—and the amount is steadily rising.

Public payrolls list over 3,250,000 people—and that list is constantly lengthening.

Last year over 90,000 new names were added to the Federal payroll alone—in addition to increased political employment in practically all of the 175,000 subordinate governments the country has to support.

Every citizen has to chip in to pay the bill the politicians create. The people pay it directly, through income, property and security taxes. They pay a larger amount indirectly, through taxes levied on everything they use—from a pack of cigarettes to the winter fuel. A recent estimate places the cost of government at over thirteen thousand million dollars a year—nearly one-third of the nation's income.

### JUST HUMANS BY GENE CARR



"Did a Union Man Do th' Plaster Work?"

### ABOUT TIME



## THE MAIL BAG

In this department, The Post presents letters from its readers on current problems—suggestions, criticisms, bouquets. The Post need not indorse any sentiments or criticisms expressed here, neither can it vouch for the accuracy of any statements made. It recognizes only that in this country people have, within reason, the right to express themselves.

To The Editor:  
 Dallas, this peaceful little town nestled high on the hills, slumbers. The night is quiet, except for the gentle dripping of a May rainfall. Low over-hanging clouds drift peacefully over the housetops. Because of the inclemency of the weather many of the inhabitants here returned early to their beds. But for the ringmaster and his troupe this is no time to sleep. There is much to be done and just the type of night in which to work their subtle charms.  
 They meet in the directors' room of the school house, which is their hippodrome. At eight o'clock the show begins—the actors all are tense, but the ringmaster is calm, smiling anticipating the act.  
 He knows the show and is confident of the performance of his actors. Who is this ringmaster in our midst? We have heard of the one-man school board but never of the ringmaster! Perhaps you will think it Lazarus, for he is the President. But you are wrong—not he. Maybe Pittman, for he is the secretary—wrong again. Or Jack Roberts or Doc Swartz—both former presidents—and you are still wrong. Ah! We know it is Disque, you say, for it has been said of him that he has much to say. I'm sorry but you're all wrong. That is strange. They are our directors, you would think, and the proper ones to put on the show. Oh-yes, they are in it. They have their part—but not in that exalted position of ringmaster.

No true ringmaster could be found in such a humble village as Dallas. For such a show must have a more expansive influence than merely confined to a village—its fame must extend even to the court house.  
 Now we wonder who could be the ringmaster. But have you forgotten our solicitor. Ah! There is our ringmaster. The naughty Roscoe Smith. Our friendly, jovial ringmaster. He looks contentedly and knowingly at his troupe with utmost confidence in their behavior. A mere shrug of his shoulders, or the quiet lifting of his eyebrows, and they understand his every desire. But what of the troupe—What is its part to play. To begin we must have music and Disque has been found to be one of the best pipers in the land. Any time that Roscoe wants, Henry is sure to play. And such excellent music that some are wont to dance.  
 Are there dancers? Yes, there are some dancers, and what a pair of dancers. None more excellent could be found than Lazarus and Pittman.  
 When Henry pipes the dancers dance and Roscoe is well pleased. For the show is without fault, as they have reached a high state of perfection by many private rehearsals, for nothing dare mar the smoothness of the show.  
 But what is the time they play and dance—that pleases Roscoe. And what makes the dancers dance?  
 It doesn't matter if spirits are broken or the children sacrificed on the altar of inexperience—just as long as the show pleases Roscoe and his influence is felt by the powers that be in the county.  
 Well, what of the other directors. Have they no part in this extravaganza? Why, yes, they are spectators. Every show needs some spectators. Brilliance must be appreciated or else it may be lost locally and only admired in Wilkes-Barre.

Ladies and gentlemen—the greatest show on earth—even surpassing the great Barnum—do not fail to see our greatest local spectacle. To see our smooth, suave ringmaster—to hear the pippings of our artist piper and to follow the graceful movements of our dancers.

A DALLAS CITIZEN.

## A WOMAN'S WORLD



Well, it's May, month of Taurus, the bull-headed guy, baseball, flowers, spring cleaning, moving and merrie merrie. Pretty soon it will be June and we'll be scrambling for the bride's bouquet again.

Buy some cheese and you get a drinking glass; buy pickles and they come in a vase; get some honey and it's in a pitcher. Even vinegar throws in a flask. Soon a bride won't have to buy anything but food to set up housekeeping, if these mfrs. keep up. What you don't get that you can send box-tops for.

And while we're warming up tell us, does anyone have a recipe for mashed potato cake. Despite the fact that this isn't a cook's nook, a reader has asked us for one—a very nice reader, and if you have one we shall be delighted, grateful and happy to pass it along. We don't mean the kind you make out of Sunday's leftovers and fry in fat, but a regular kind of sweet cake they make with mashed potatoes inside it? (My, my, why can't they eat chocolate or sunshine.)

Several of the large women-employing industries showed gains in February as compared with January. The employment rolls jumped 8 per cent in textiles, slightly more than 1 per cent in candy and shoe manufacture, more than 3 per cent in clothing, over 4 per cent in paper boxes, and 5 per cent in book and job printing (which is where we come in).

An account of a wedding, published in an exchange, says the groom was "a young man of impeccable character." May the impeachment be a soft one.

Oh, it's chicken that "blooms in the spring, tra la"—if you know what is good! For the new local crop of our most popular barnyard creatures is coming into season, and chickens are fair, fat, and four months old!

FANNY FERN

*Watt-a-Man!*

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