

Editorials Letters To The Editor Comment Discussion

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.

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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 with the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.

EDITORIAL

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

Time is eternity;
 Pregnant with all eternity can give;
 Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
 Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
 A power thereal, only not adorned.
 YOUNG—Night thoughts

Curbing Violations At The Lake

Chief of Police Ira Stevenson's crusade against Sunday liquor law violators will find wide support among the summer residents at Harvey's Lake, as well as among those people who make their homes there all year 'round.

Northeastern Pennsylvania has no resort to compare with Harvey's Lake but in recent years the major advantages of the spot have been almost destroyed by influences that seem determined to make it a center for wild celebrations and tawdry entertainment.

The world must have its hot spots, we suppose. Any resort must expect to attract certain undesirable elements. But if those elements are given full rein they will, sooner or later, taint everything that has contact with them.

As long as Harvey's Lake remains a summer resort where families can find genuine entertainment and restfulness it will continue to attract the people who can contribute to its progress and development. But if it ever permits the road houses and the night clubs to dominate its summer season it must expect to lose the patronage of the folk who count.

The problem of controlling the pleasure-bent thousands who travel to the Lake during the summer season effects other communities in this section, too. Speed-maniacs who zip over local highways, endangering the lives of pedestrians and other motorists, deserve to be given an early example of what the rule will be this summer in Dallas and neighboring towns.

No one wants to see visitors to the Lake deprived of a good time but when having a good time means burning up roads and smashing common-sense laws it must be stopped.

* * *
 Heil, Hitler!

A Burgess from somewhere in the vicinity of Pittston recently made the front pages with his announcement that he intends to use a horse-whip in punishing juvenile offenders. A year or so ago another governing official, in Edwardsville, employed castor oil as a corrective measure. Heil, Hitler!

The right to wield a horse-whip or administer castor oil is a dangerous privilege, ordinarily granted through the authority of such forceful gentlemen as Benito Mussolini or Adolph Hitler. The evidence of such tactics in this presumably enlightened nation indicates that maybe "it can happen here".

Public Pay Roll Lists 3,000,000

Nearly one-tenth of all those gainfully employed in the United States are on pay rolls which come out of the pockets of the taxpayers.

More than \$4,000,000,000 a year goes for the salaries of Federal, local and State employes, a figure which represents approximately 38 per cent of the taxes collected.

That money, visible or invisible, comes out of the total earning power of the nation, with the more than 3,000,000 public employes directly on the pay roll of every man, woman and child in America whether or not he or she owns property or pays income tax or pays or does not pay direct taxes at all.

It is, therefore, to the immediate and personal interest of all that the pernicious system of political patronage—with its inherent extravagance and waste—be removed once and for all from the American scene.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Each passing week brings a little more order out of the political chaos, as the two great parties gird their loins, summon their cohorts, and prepare for their quadrennial battle.

Practically all preliminary interest is, naturally, centered on the Republican convention to be held next month in Cleveland. The Democratic convention is also to be held next month, in Philadelphia, but it takes no seer to guess what will happen there. The delegates will nominate Franklin Delano Roosevelt for the presidency, and it is almost inconceivable that more than one ballot will be required. Thereafter, they will settle down to work on a platform, and some interest will attach to that, inasmuch as Democrats inimical to the New Deal theories will be able to get in a few verbal licks at Administration activities of the past three-and-a-quarter years. However, it's pretty much of a cinch that the platform finally agreed upon will reflect White House wishes almost 100 per cent.

The Republican picture has changed a good deal of late. A few months ago some of the experts were freely forecasting that Governor Landon of Kansas would get the nomination, probably on the first ballot. Now the commentators aren't so sure that Mr. Landon will get it at all. Events within the party organization, along with results of various state primaries, have definitely harmed his chances.

To win at Cleveland, Mr. Landon must pick up a lot more delegates than can be seen now. He is not popular with some party leaders in the great Eastern industrial states—New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, etc. These leaders mostly belong to the Hoover wing of the party, and it is well-known that the only living ex-President looks with little favor on the Kansan. Normally, Mr. Landon would go into the convention with practically solid western and middlewestern sentiment behind him. But a great figure in Western politics, Senator Borah of Idaho, is also a candidate for the nomination and is definitely out to "stop Landon." And Mr. Landon's refusal to allow his name to be put up in various state primaries has weakened his position. It is not at all impossible that Hoover, Borah and Knox will cement their forces, if necessary, to prevent Mr. Landon's nomination.

Indication of what is to come is found in the selection of the keynoter and chairman of the coming Republican convention. Chairman will be old-guard Congressman Snell of New York, a representative of the most conservative wing of the party. Mr. Snell's congressional record shows that he has opposed practically every New Deal measure.

Keynoter will be Senator Steiwer of Oregon, a middle-of-the-road man, usually called a "mild progressive". Senator Steiwer has been outspoken in criticism of many New Deal policies—but his Congressional record shows he voted for many of them, including the NRA and the AAA. He was a leader in the fight for payment of the bonus, is popular with the veterans. It is believed that Republican leaders selected him to show that the party is not 100 per cent conservative, and welcomes moderate liberalism in legislation.

Upspot of all this is the fast gaining belief that the stage is all set for nomination of a reasonably dark horse, with the outstanding candidates killing each other off by their opposed strength. And today, two men are prominently mentioned for the dark horse position. One of them is keynoter Steiwer, whom many believe would make a first-class compromise candidate. The other is Senator Vandenberg. It is known that Mr. Vandenberg would like the nomination, though he has not gone actively in search of it, as have Landon, Borah and Knox. Instead, he has been ably attacking the New Deal in the Senate. It is forecast that Mr. Hoover would willingly throw his weight behind Vandenberg, and that Senator Borah would also if he found it impossible to win the nomination for himself.

As for the chance of the Republican candidate, whoever he is, being elected, opinions differ profoundly. Recent polls indicate that the Roosevelt strength is gaining again, but that it is far short of its 1932 potency. And the President has made a very strong primary showing. However, Republicans figure that with an appealing candidate to do their talking for them, much can happen between June and November.

THE AUTOMATIC REVIVER



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 sentiment or criticism expressed here, nor can it vouch for the accuracy of any sentiment. It recognizes only that in this country people have, within reason, the right to express themselves.

Dear Editor:

I guess the trouble between the two factions of the school board will finally be decided now, with them both in courts. At last the people of Dallas will have a chance to see how a neutral judge looks at this borough's school district.

Personally, I have been against the present board but I am willing to

abide by whatever decision there is on the two suits now being talked about. If the present board wins, I am willing to start all over and let them run the district's affairs without interference from me, anyway. I'm beginning to think myself that we've never given any board a fair chance.

—(Name withheld)

Dear Editor:

I should like to commend Chief Stevenson of Harvey's Lake through your paper in behalf of other residents of the Lake. His warning to "crack down" on law violators meets with the approval of everybody but the violators, and if they are only discouraged enough to stay away from the Lake we will all be pleased. Now how about slot machines?

Alderson

The Kaleidoscope

This department of The Post seems truly to fill a variety of purposes. This week it calls attention to an unusual piece of writing which has local interest because it describes a spot near Harvey's Lake. The following sketch might easily pass as something from the pen of a professional writer. Instead, it is the work of Christine Pulverman and appeared recently in The Opinator, the weekly literary and news magazine of Wyoming Seminary.

The Post acknowledges its respect for Miss Pulverman's ability in reprinting the lively bit of writing below. It can be mentioned, in passing, that much of the credit for the high literary standards maintained in The Opinator goes to Professor Charles L. March, who serves as a particularly understanding and capable faculty adviser.

Miss Pulverman's sketch "Briercrest" follows. Do you recognize the spot?

BRIERCREST

To strangers Briercrest is an insignificant little hill that they have to drive around to get to Harvey's Lake. It is, if they ever even notice it, a dilapidated white sign post on the edge of a typical country lane. It is, if they have ever even heard it, a name of no importance because it does not bother them or force itself upon them. It is, to those who know Briercrest, those who love it, one of the most enchanting spots in all the world, with its green grass, its trees, the moss, the ferns, the vines, the briars, the rocks, the flowers, the ponds, the berries, the frogs, the birds, the insects, the rabbits, the butterflies, and last and perhaps least, the little score of mortals who have dared to invade it with their civilization.

It was invaded almost thirty years ago by the people living at the end of the road, and, although the original cottage has given way to a slightly more modern one, and the grass has been cut around the house, the place is still much the same as it has always been. It is a place where friends feel free to come and make themselves comfortable without invitation, where

entertainment is unnecessary, but where friendly conversation is necessary between a man and his friends, when everything is dark on the great front porch except the faces of the speakers, dimly lighted by the glowing ashes from pipes and cigarettes. It is a place where, after a hot day in town, or after a day full of such delightful things as roaming through the woods, climbing a favorite tree to read a favorite book, and pulling weeds from the rambling garden, one can sit in a rocking chair with one's feet on the porch bannister and watch evening approach.

And as it gets darker, fireflies can be seen darting about wherever they please, using their lights when necessary, while in direct contrast to them a narrow stream of lights in a chain-gang formation trudges along an invisible highway seeking entertainment and relaxation. The fireflies and the stars appear seemingly at random, giving an impression of peace and friendliness, while the stream of headlights, somewhat duller and more monotonous than its airy neighbors, pushes along with almost audible noise; audible, perhaps, because one knows that mortals, the only inhabitants of this world who have never learned the meaning of self-control, are annoying each other and themselves with their blowing and their honking. But above all this, the moon rises, slowly and majestically through the branches of the trees, touching equally the ash and the maple, the twin sentinels of Briercrest, who have dwelt for many years with their trunks twenty feet apart, but with their upper branches intertwining. And one feels that if one could rise with the moon and look down on the earth with her from that long distance, one could see the pretty, small things disappear, the larger, more important things merge together in a common bond—perhaps so God sees, looking down.

Then when it has become chilly (even in August the evenings at Briercrest are cold) and the mosquitoes have had their fill, one can go into the house and start a roaring fire in the

six-foot fireplace made of rocks from Briercrest mountain, perhaps burning the huge trunk of a tree that one had found dead that afternoon and cut down and dragged from the forest. Thus, settling down with this roaring splendor, a good book, and the privilege of reading the most interesting parts of it aloud to an appreciative audience before retiring to a screened-in porch and the conversation of the whip-poor-will, bob-white, kate-did, and screech owl, one finds peace, and, more than that, something that cannot be defined, but so real that even the mention of Briercrest will bring a wonderful thrill of expectation to the mind and make the heart beat faster.

—Christine Pulverman

From the national and regional committees appointed last year to commemorate four hundred years of the first printing of the English Bible came a report stating that many hundreds of communities had held anniversary programs sponsored locally. Tens of thousands of churches observed the commemoration through addresses, exhibits of historic Bibles, appropriate exercises in church schools and in young people's societies. The anniversary was recognized in colleges and universities, by women's organizations, service clubs and by other groups not directly related to the churches. Pamphlets, leaflets, a pageant drama, special articles, news items, editorials, and a national broadcast were among the channels through which the commemoration reached the people of America.

Numerous fresh efforts to spread the Scriptures among the people of the United States were reported. In a city in upstate New York a veteran colporteur visited 8,062 families or individuals, finding about one-fifth without Bibles. In many centers the 400th anniversary commemoration stirred pastors and ministerial associations to survey the needs of their communities. One minister canvassed every home in a large parish and finding one-tenth of them without the Scriptures supplied them.