

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.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

But silence never shows itself to so great an advantage as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them.

ADDISON—The Tatler

Opportunities In A Changing Scene

There is no need for any complicated economic chart to prove to the Average Man that business is better. United States is around the corner and the upswing is in progress. It is as irresistible as the downward trend was six years ago. It is as evident here in Dallas as it is in other average towns throughout the nation.

The story in last week's Post on building activities in this section was typical of the spontaneous upturn. This very issue of The Post, four pages larger than usual because of the unusual demand for advertising space, is another indication of local improvement. Everywhere, an observer can find fresh evidence that people have money to spend again.

It may not be a boom. True, analysts have promised a new prosperity this year, but analysts have been wrong before. Rather, we suspect it is the slow, natural reaction to six years of economic scarcity. It is a return to normalcy, and it carries with it great, new opportunities for those who are alert and awake to the changing scene.

Farm Prices Go Up

No one wants to capitalize on the misfortunes of others but the Lord sent the drought so He probably can excuse any profit Eastern farmers make as a result of higher prices.

Usually the small-crop farmer hereabouts plays second fiddle to the vast farms in the Middle West. The nation's granary between the Mississippi and the Rockies fixes the prices and the local farmers have to tail along.

This year, with drought spreading a tragic wake across the big farm States, Eastern farmers, for the first time in many years, find a great demand for their comparatively small crops.

Americans Like To Play

The swarms of automobiles which have been jamming local roads since the most recent heat wave made the cities almost unbearable is another evidence of the typical American's love for recreation—and the opportunities we miss in failing to capitalize upon that growing need.

Public bathing beaches, swimming pools, tennis courts, golf courses, playing fields of all kind have multiplied until now few communities are so small, poor or dull-minded that they do not provide opportunities for sport. The section surrounding Dallas, endowed with many natural advantages, has fallen behind in bidding for the homes and loyalty of the people who are playing as they never played before.

Today, to attract new residents or summer vacationists, a community must have parks and playgrounds, as once it had to have roads, lights and water supply. People are learning to enjoy today what they formerly left until tomorrow. The American is learning to live. He will live where he finds recreational opportunities for himself and his family.

WASHINGTON LETTER

On at least one point opponents of the Roosevelt Administration are in agreement with its principal strategist. When James H. Farley opened the campaign for the Democrats at Philadelphia he said that there was but one big issue at stake—the new Deal. Mr. Farley is unquestionably right—and he might have gone a step farther and said that the issue is President Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt is the New Deal—and his personality, his opinions and his record are infinitely more important in this campaign than is the Democratic platform or the speeches of the Chief's lieutenants.

Speeches at the convention—as at the Republican conclave a fortnight before—followed a definite pattern. The keynote address of Senator Barkley—termed by H. L. Mencken the longest keynote speech since the fall of the Roman Empire—was well delivered, carefully thought out, highly oratorical. Even as Republican Keynote Steiwer could find nothing but evil in Democrats and nothing but virtue in Republicans, Keynote Barkley found that the Administrations of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover were 100 per cent bad and that the Administration of Roosevelt was 100 per cent good. A similar attitude was expressed the next day when the Senate Majority Leader, Robinson of Arkansas, took over as permanent chairman and delivered an address praising Roosevelt to the skies and tearing down his detractors, including The Liberty League, Al Smith and ex-president Hoover.

Most important item in Mr. Roosevelt's speech was a clearing up of the much talked about question of whether, in view of the Supreme Court's abrogation of so many of his major legislative acts, he would go frankly on record in favor of a new amendment to the Constitution. He said, though he did not define precisely what kind of an amendment he wanted. And he said that he stood squarely by the platform.

It is inevitable that there will be much comparing of this platform with that adopted by the Republicans. Neither document can be honestly called great. Neither is unequivocal. Both leave plenty of room for evasion, and both prefer generalities to specific declarations of policy. Both are full of what acidulous commentators on the political scene call "weasel words."

Big cleavage in the two platforms occurs in the relief planks. The Republicans favor return of relief to the states—the Democrats defend and continue to favor the administration of relief by the central government, as has been done the last four years.

The Democratic platform also praises the Administration's farm program, says it has saved agriculture from ruin, promises a continuance of the policy of retiring sub-marginal land, encouraging co-operatives, and "soil conservation."

It pledges the Administration to "vigorously and fearlessly" enforce the anti-trust laws and to break monopoly wherever it exists. Most commentators regard this as a new phase of the New Deal, in that such a law as the NRA necessarily fostered monopoly, required the temporary abrogation of the anti-trust laws.

In few planks are there any great differences between the Republicans and Democratic platforms. The great difference is in the candidates—in their backgrounds, opinions, philosophies, and theories of what government should do and be. It is this difference that will determine the election.

SCRAPPY Savings

THE REDEEMING FEATURE OF A PAWNSHOP IS THE TICKET.

GARDENING

By H. G. M., Mt. Greenwood

Each little boy, each little girl
A gardener should be,
For vegetables raised at home
Should aid economy.

A space, a little land, a hoe—
These are the things you'll need
To see what miracles are worked
By planting of a seed.

Potatoes, peas, and cabbages
String beans, and spinach, too,
Taste better when you realize
That 'twas for you they grew.

'Tis pleasant, yes, to plant a seed
And know that rain and heat
Will some day turn it into a
Tomato or a beet.

So raise a garden, boys and girls,
Upon some little plot;
It MAY come up and give you food
And, also, it may NOT!

THE LAMP IN THE WINDOW



Rives Matthews



Mr. Matthews Reflects Upon The Fame Of Miss Harding And Becomes Her 1201st Correspondent; About Precocious Infants In General.

I don't think I shall burden the postman, who has already trudged to the door of Miss Faith Hope Charity Harding with "1,200 letters from every State in the Union," so simply because at the age of four months the Trucksville demoiselle could gurgle "Hellowpamyeyekittymeowmeow." But if I did write her a fan letter, I think it would read as follows:

Dear Miss Harding, you can keep your photograph. You're just a pink infant to me. And it would be better for all concerned if you could remain so just a little longer. The mere fact that you can assail the ear drums of your elders with fairly significant sounds months before most infants attempt the perils of speech does not endear you to me. What a little nuisance you must be!

And what a pest and a plague you must soon become when, instead of harassing your now proud parents with "Hellowpamyeyekittymeowmeow," you precociously belabour your Daddy with such questions as "What's a monocarpellary legume dehiscent along its ventral suture?" You and I know there's one chance in a hundred the poor fellow will know it's a string bean.

And so, Miss Harding, give a thought to what you'll do to his ego. He's got just as much right to owning an ego as you have. As a dutiful daughter named Faith Hope Charity, you should certainly give this matter some thought in what free moments your vast fan mail permits you to give to the consideration of your private life.

Aye, there's the rub! What sort of a private life can you possibly have, now that the nation's press has revoked your right to the title of lady by violating that ancient rubric to gentility which holds that a lady's name should appear in the papers just three times: when she is born, when she is married, and when she dies? And now that you bask in the searing glare of publicity, how can you ever hope to sneak off into some quiet corner and give in to the luxury of ordinary monosyllables, or that even greater luxury of no words at all?

Of course you can retort that the rest of us, particularly those of us who are parents, are just jealous because nature did not endow us with those peculiar gifts of parenthood which brought about such variations from the norm as yourself and those other notable infants, the Dionnes and dear old Granny Shirley Temple who, base rumor hath it, is already losing her teeth and must wear false ones, poor old crone. Hollywood certainly takes it out of you, so beware, Miss Harding.

Remember, you have only fleeting youth to sell, a priceless commodity. So when the Shylocks who deal in freaks barter for your body, and, make no mistake about it, your soul, don't sell out for a mess of postage stamps. I'd advise a nice fat endowment policy, to mature in about eight years, when you're a withered old beldam rocking on a porch of the Old Folks' Home where Shirley Temple, Jane Withers and Baby LeRoy will be bragging, even as you will, about the number of U. S. letter carriers to whom they gave curvature of the spine.

If you have time, you might also devote a little of your attention to what you may be doing to your parents' social status. Of course you aren't old enough yet, I hope, to have children. So maybe you are not aware of the bothers which beset people who have friends who are devoting a major portion of their time to fulfilling what the preachers like to call their race duties. But I am.

For the past several years, now, one friend of mine after another has gone biological on me. (Try saying biological. It's easy for a girl like you to say.) Now I have no quarrel with biology, and I don't object to other people letting biology get the better of them. Still, I don't think I should ever get really excited by child-birth and write stanzas chanting the glories of pink bottoms and twiddling toes. I did not see banners of glory flapping in the wind when I counted forty-four items belonging to my young

nephew, John Rainey McGinley III, the other day, but I think my sister would claim she did.

But I do get terribly excited when friends of mine insist on telling me the very latest cute thing their babies said or did. They all think their babies are the cutest. And you can take it from me, their friends

who have shown more biological restraint than they, do their best to avoid them, or, if this is impossible, do their best to keep the conversation away from obstetrics and pediatrics.

You of course, Miss Harding, have already been hailed as Trucksville's cutest. Think of the local jealousies you have already aroused. And your fame is spreading like a prairie fire, withering the souls of countless mothers and fathers throughout the land who, before they heard of you, used to puff with pride at every gurgle and coo, and vainly held the hand that rocks a cradle might one day rock the world.

Alas! Alack! and Alas! 'Tis a bitter time for them, for now they know their daughters may never be First Ladies, may never measure up to the standards set by the present very loquacious one. They now know beyond the shadow of a doubt that if ever Mrs. Roosevelt has a successor who can exceed her all time record for verbiage, you Miss Harding, will be that successor. And so, I remain, yours for less Hellowpamyeyekittymeowmeow.

The WEEKLY CONSTITUTIONAL
By MAX BERNs

How may baseball be compared to our Constitution?

To provide for an orderly game, baseball rules are made and an umpire provided to see that the game is played according to the rules. The rules can be changed by the proper authorities, but not by the umpire or the players. And the umpire does not decide whether the pitching, hitting and fielding are good or bad. He simply decides whether a ball is foul or fair, whether a runner is safe or out. The rules, together with an umpire to interpret them, keep the game from being a "free-for-all."

In our government "we the people" make our Constitution the national rule book in which we state what our representatives—Congress and the President—may and may not do. We provide further that the Supreme Court shall be the chief umpire to see that our rules are obeyed. As in baseball, the rules—our Constitution—can be changed by the proper authority—namely, the people, but not by Congress, the



Executive or the Courts. And the Court does not make laws nor enforce them, nor decide whether they are good or bad. Like the baseball umpire the Supreme Court merely decides upon the rules as set down in our Constitution—in our rule book.

Without an established set of rules and without an umpire to see that these rules are obeyed, government, like baseball, would become a "free-for-all."
(Next Week: "People Control Congress")

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