

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

My creed is this:
Happiness is the only good.
The place to be happy is here.
The time to be happy is now.
The way to be happy is to help make others so.
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

To Them—Our Hearty Well-Wishes

Belatedly, but with no less sincerity, The Post joins in congratulations to two local persons and the aunt of another local resident who last week celebrated advanced birthdays.

Mrs. Barbara Kiefer, 91, Mrs. Emma Rozelle, 90, and John C. Wilson, 84, all have blessings far greater than any wishes we could extend to them. Nevertheless, we do extend such wishes, and assure these three grand persons that today their friends include many people whom they have never known.

Afraid Of Their Own Opinions

A discouraging thing about American politics is the timidity most politicians show about expressing their own opinions, lest they become involved in a controversy which might lose them some votes.

This is true locally now of officials who are alarmed at the loss of revenue which would result to four local towns if local option succeeds. Yet, despite their willingness to argue their points among friends and in confidence, those officials refuse to express their opinion publicly for fear of alienating the church vote.

Obviously, the politician is not as much concerned with advancing the causes he believes right as he is in holding the vote. The average official is perfectly willing to argue with the editor, but seldom courageous enough to put his opinions over his own name.

The Straw Votes

Although pre-election polls, such as that now being conducted by The Post in conjunction with 3,000 other weekly newspapers, hold great interest, it does not pay to accept them blindly without careful analysis.

The Post-Autocaster Poll, it must be remembered, is being taken in small towns. Landon has a decided lead, indicating that in the rural territories the Republican Party will have strong support. What must be remembered is that Roosevelt's strong support comes from metropolitan areas.

Similarly, in The Digest poll, the names are gathered largely from telephone directories. The amateur prognosticator weakens his predictions if he fails to consider that much of Roosevelt's support will come from WPA workers, many of whom have no telephones.

On the other hand there can be no argument against the fact that to date most straw votes have shown amazing strength for Mr. Landon.

"It Can't Happen Here"—Oh, No?

"It can't happen here"—but apparently it can out in Indiana.

All through this election campaign there have been startled cries of "dictatorship" from conservatives who are alarmed by the spread of communism and fascism abroad. It is significant that the most dictatorial action of the year comes from those conservatives, and is directed against the feared and hated Reds they attack.

The arrest of Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President at Terre Haute, Ind., last week is a nasty splotch on the national escutcheon. In Germany, in Italy, in Russia such a tyrannical act might have been excused. In a land presumably of liberty and free speech it is disgraceful.

The Post has no great sympathy for communism nor for its candidates but until we scrap the principles on which this country was founded a man must have the right to have his say. Once petty officials are granted the right to ignore the constitutional guarantees of political liberty we open the doors to un-American doctrines—and invite such terror as exists in Europe.

There should be a nation-wide protest over the Terra Haute incident. Any other course would indicate that we are interested only in upholding liberty and freedom for persons whose ideas we happen to approve.

The Nation's Leading Fascists

The few scattered votes being cast for Lemke in The Post's Pre-election Poll are encouraging for they indicate that in this section the fascist tendencies of Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend are not registering.

We believe both gentlemen are downright angry and somewhat sincere in what they preach, but we cannot indorse the methods they use to force their ideas upon an allegedly free people.

There is no movement in this country today closer to European fascism and nazism than those sponsored by Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend.

WASHINGTON LETTER

At the time this is written, the election is just five weeks in the future. The issues—such as they are—are drawn. The rattle of political machine-gun fire grows constantly louder.

The average citizens has neither the time nor the inclination to keep up with a presidential campaign in its hectic closing period. To do that, he would have to read a dozen speeches each week; peruse a score of columns authored by observers ranging all the way from GOP stalwart Mark Sullivan to New Dealer Jay Franklin, and keep up with hundreds of thousands of words of news-matter sent out by the big press associations.

In the week ending September 27, a number of highly dramatic and potentially important incidents occurred. Both the President and Governor Landon took to the radio to expound their views on various issues. And, on a lower political level, scores of party followers carried on for their chiefs.

Most dramatic event was William Randolph Hearst's attack on the President, in which he said that Mr. Roosevelt had the support of "enemies of the American system of government"—that is, the Communists. This was promptly denied by Earl Browder, official Communist presidential nominee.

Of more practical importance in the vital matter of vote-getting was the attention paid to the long-debated subject of farm crop insurance by both contenders. Mr. Roosevelt announced in a press conference that he had appointed a committee to formulate plans, said that "crop insurance and a system of storage reserves should operate so that surpluses of fat years could be carried over for use in lean years." A day or two later Governor Landon made public part of a yet-unspoken speech, in which he too endorsed insurance. Inasmuch as crop insurance is mentioned in neither party platform, unprejudiced commentators think that both candidates were out to get the jump on the other with something new and compelling—that a stalemate resulted.

Unusually aggressive was Governor Landon's speech on social security, in which he assailed administration methods, though he approves of such a plan in principle. He said the New Deal law was a "cruel hoax", that it endangered "the whole cause of social security", and pledged his party to the enactment of a "pay-as-you-go" old age pension system which would "provide for every American citizen over 65 the supplementary payment necessary to give a minimum income sufficient to protect him or her from want."

On the radio, the President continued his policy of making well-phrased, calm speeches, in which he criticizes his opponents only by inference. His big drive is yet to come—he apparently feels it is more or less a waste of motion to make major speeches as early as this, and will wait until mid-October.

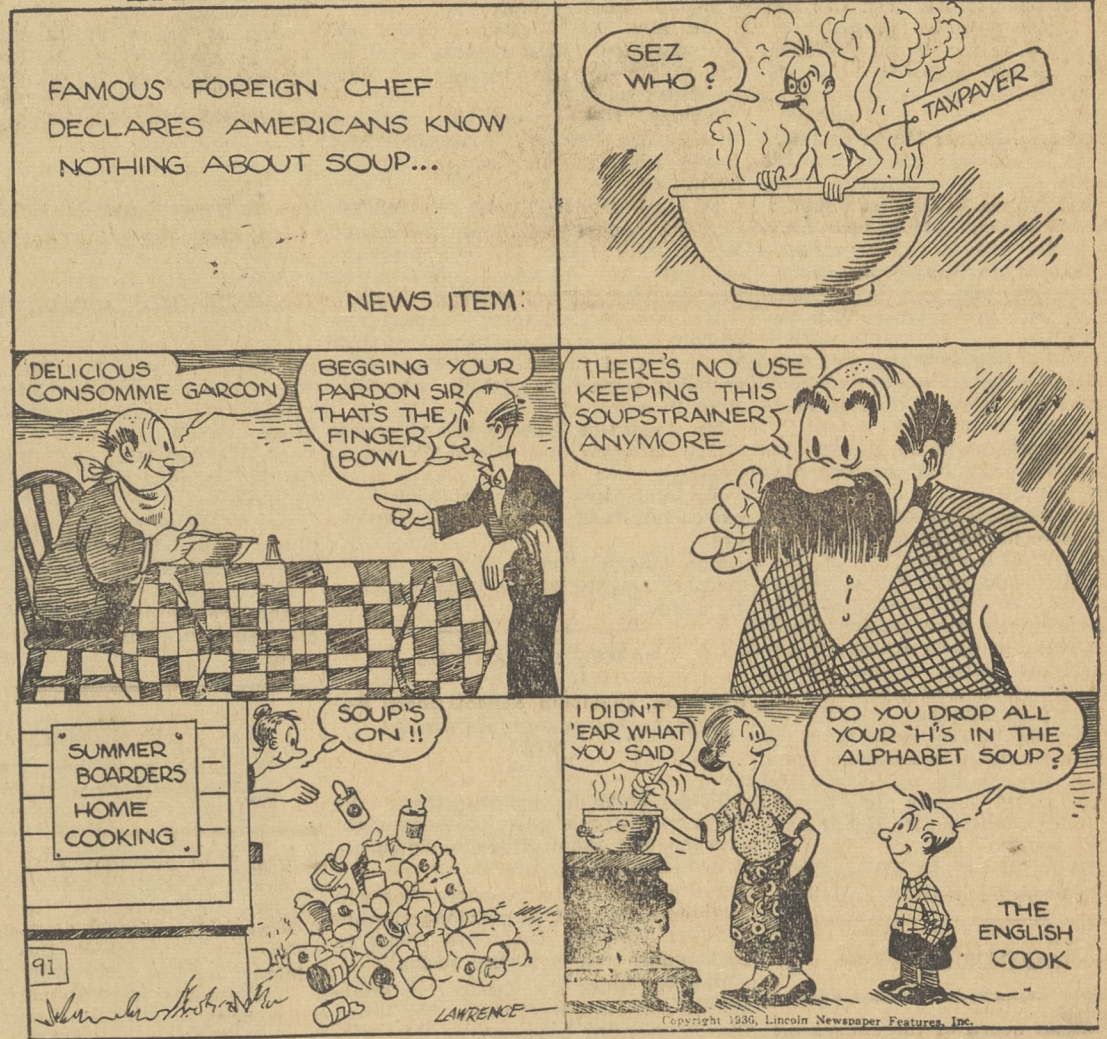
In the meantime, the endless speculation as to who will win continues. The Literary Digest poll, on the basis of early returns, gives Landon a big lead—most other polls give Roosevelt a small but seemingly safe margin. State primaries so far have shown little. Anti-New Deal Democrats have been badly beaten for the most part, as have the Townsendites. The Maine election is said by Republicans to make a GOP victory certain, while Democrats pooh-poo it. As a matter of fact, in the past when Democrats have carried election in Maine a Democratic president has always been elected. When Republicans have won by tremendous majorities, a Republican president has always been elected. But when the election was relatively close, as it was this year, the following national election has always been close as well. In that, the Maine results echo the views of most political experts—the next President will win his office by a very slim margin.

FIBBER MCGEE SAYS:



Uncle Sam is an awful poor trainer for fat John Bull, Molly. He's been trying to get a few pounds off him for years.

LAUGHS FROM THE DAY'S NEWS!



Rives Matthews



While Broun Moans, Matthews Analyzes The Psychology Of Wailing And The Comfort Of Addressing Stones That Do Not Hear.

Dear Sick Friend:

I suppose a time always comes when the human body is beyond doctoring, or at least beyond renovating, but I believe there must be plenty of time for doctoring what no scientist has ever managed to glimpse through a microscope.

For want of a better word, let's call it soul. And to avoid pulpit allegory, let's call the doctoring rationalizing or adjusting the inner feeling to the outer goads and pricks.

I am, myself, too much a creature of the senses, and still too young and healthy, to have too much faith in this particular panacea, but they tell me it works for people who are as deeply religious as you are, and so you will find in me an advocate of faith healing for those to whom faith is a reality.

No less a saviour of the flesh than Dr. Alexis Carrel professes a belief in some of the cures made at Lourdes, where he saw a cancerous growth disappear like a card in the hand of the late Howard Thurston.

We know, of course, that the card goes up Thurston's sleeve, or into his pocket. In any event, chemistry teaches us that nothing really vanishes, although it may change its substance. It may change from a solid to a gas or vice versa.

Yet the cancerous growth Dr. Carrel saw literally vanished beneath the astonished eyes of this scientist who grew up with modern chemistry and surgery. So once again, despite the scepticism of the senses, and that more acrid scepticism which is so often bred in laboratories, we must return to that old axiom which assures us, in our most desperate moments, that while there is life there is hope.

The only serious illness I ever had was when I was fourteen. I went to the school infirmary and reported what I thought a slight cold in the head. Late that night a distinguished surgeon arrived from Boston and went to work on the back of my head with a hammer and chisel. Of course I knew nothing about it, and it was only when I was convalescing that I learned the details of that marvelous mastoid operation which was first performed by a barber on King Louis of France.

The only suffering I can recall was when the dressings had to be changed. At first I tried to be what my nurse called "a little soldier". I gritted my teeth. I concentrated with all my depleted boyhood force on not letting out an agonized yelp. The pain was terrific, and it seemed to me that while there was life there was only pain.

Then, for some reason, a new and younger doctor was given the gruesome task of torturing my raw and still exposed brains (at least, that's what it seemed like to me.) He saw me gritting my teeth, my hands trying to hide the tears in my frightened eyes.

"Go ahead!" he advised, "Cry, yell,

Health Rhyme

Masticate each mouthful well,
Never overeat;
Always wear your rubbers in
Snow or rain or sleet
Guard your health from morn
to night—
O'er your diet fuss;
And you'll probably expire
Underneath a bus!

scream, kick. But try to keep your head reasonably still. The pain will be less if you stop gritting your teeth. This "little soldier" business is all the bunk. Of course it hurts, and it'll hurt a whole lot less if you give some of your body free rein and thus a little distraction from what I'm doing to your incision."

Maybe those weren't his exact words, but that was the gist of what he said. And I believe that doctor had the right psychological slant, if not the correct psychophysical one.

Have you ever mistaken your thumb for a nail head, and given it a good whack with a hammer? What do you do instinctively providing your wife isn't around or someone else before whom you wish to appear a civilized great big he-man? Don't you sputter a few lusty oaths and go into a wild fan-

dango Fred Astaire would take years to master?

Sure you do. And the reason seems to me to be very simple indeed. The oaths and terpsichorean frenzy provide a distraction from the throbbing agony in your thumb.

And so it must be with Wailing Walls and sick people who seem to delight in talking about their operations, symptoms and doctors. There are all potent and often efficacious distractions, and while to an Arab the Wailing Wall may appear only a public nuisance where Jews have caterwauled for centuries and to healthy people and young people the constant conversational preoccupation of sick or elderly people with matters medical may seem only a tiresome and fruitless expenditure of breath, we who are members of less oppressed races or who have suffered nothing more than a periodic submission to a dentist's drill should be willing to give these unfortunates the only medication that is within our power to administer. That is a tolerant sympathy and a readiness to be as patient as those poor stones in Palestine against which have been hurled the lamentations of the afflicted for centuries.

The stones, of themselves, can do nothing. They can only stand. They can't even listen, but those who go to the Wailing Wall don't know that, and those who come to us likewise don't know that we are not doctors, either of body or soul, but only fellow sufferers, each with our own inner and our own very particular kinds of Wailing Walls.

WHAT OF LIBERTY?

