

Editorials Letters To The Editor Comment Discussion

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 General Manager
HOWELL REES Managing Editor
The Dallas Post is on sale at the 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.

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).

Subscribers who send us changes of address are requested to include both new and old addresses when they submit their notice of change.

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

All political parties die at last of swallowing their own lies.

—John Arbuthnot, M. D.

Mr. Citizen Casts His Vote.

For six months Mr. Citizen has been listening to speeches, reading editorials, hearing arguments, perusing pamphlets, attending rallies, and consulting his conscience in preparation for next Tuesday.

By this time he is a little tired of the conflicting claims and the fierce epithets. He has probably decided how he will vote. Now all he wants to do is to exercise his sacred privilege and forget about politics until next Spring.

This will be an historic election. We cannot believe that the nation is in as great a danger from either Presidential candidate as some of the rival orators passionately insist. Both candidates have tried to invade the other's field but to the mass of voters this contest is basically between the conservatives, as symbolized by Governor Landon, and the liberals, as led by President Roosevelt.

So the election will, beside naming a President, reflect very accurately the political complexion of this country. Either we want the nation to be fundamentally as it was in the post-war era, or we want to experiment with new ideas which may strengthen democracy against the onslaught of fascism or communism.

If we select Landon, we testify that we want only minor improvements in our governmental machinery. If we pick Roosevelt, we must be prepared to gamble on experimental ideas. The choice is the individual voter's. The overwhelming force of the ballot next Tuesday will steer us toward the right or the left as the electorate dictates.

A Challenger For The Demon Rum.

There is a very good possibility that this country is headed again for national prohibition.

Next Tuesday the voters in Dallas Borough, Lake Township, Dallas Township and Kingston Township will decide whether the sale of licenses to sell hard liquor is to be permitted in their communities.

At the same time California and Massachusetts will be conducting state-wide polls on local option.

Last year the number of dry towns in the United States increased 149 per cent; the number of dry counties 94 per cent.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which has been the spear-head of the movement to bring about local option here, has a new program for raising \$1,000,000 within the next five years to re-establish national prohibition. Such campaigns as the one which will be decided here next Tuesday are merely the beginning of a drive which will make the pre-prohibition crusade look like a mere warm-up.

No voter in these four towns has any excuse for being uninformed on the issue. If there have been any arguments that have not been brought up in the letters which have been published in this newspaper we cannot imagine what they might be.

Not only the voters here, but dry crusaders and breweries in other sections will wait anxiously for the returns on next Tuesday's election. The returns may indicate whether America intends to try prohibition again.

In order that those returns be a fair basis for judgment it is imperative that every citizen register his opinion by voting.

The Community Welfare Federation.

Among the more encouraging signs of this world's gradual improvement are such organizations as the Community Welfare Federation, society's mechanism for bolstering the weak and strengthening the social structure.

The Federation, which will conduct its annual campaign for funds next month, has proved to be a very satisfactory improvement upon the old system of catch-as-catch-can charity, which encouraged every scattered social and civic agency to do the best it could alone to carry on its work.

True, no organization is perfect and even the affiliated agencies of the CWF make little errors occasionally, but in general the good they do is greater than can be measured. No petty criticism or vague misunderstanding is sufficient reason for anyone to pass up the opportunity to contribute generously once a year to the Welfare drive.

One of the most stirring things about these campaigns is the way men and women give of their own time, without any pay except the satisfaction of a job well done, to solicit funds for the Federation. Our hats have always been off to them. We salute them again as they prepare to launch a new campaign.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Politics holds just about all the headlines now. The great day, November 3, is just ahead, and the candidates are making their big drives, the editorial writers are wearing out typewriter ribbons, the poll makers are busy 24 hours a day, and the political analysts are growing haggard seeking to forecast the winner.

It has been many a year since political analysis was so difficult—or so hazardous. Reason for that is that this year a great number of what are termed "political incalculables" have arisen. Those incalculables may make past precedents worthless.

For example, the old party lines may not have been broken, but they certainly have been badly bent. Outside of the South which is still overwhelmingly Democratic, and New England which is strongly Republican, matters are chaotic in the extreme. It used to be that the Republican candidate, even in close elections, could count on the far western states, with almost absolute certainty. Today the Pacific Coast states, along with several bordering states, are generally conceded to Mr. Roosevelt by unprejudiced observers.

It also used to be that Democratic candidates—dismissing campaigns, such as those of 1920 and 1924, in which the Republicans had the election cinched even before the nominations—could count on carrying some of the big seaboard industrial states. Today most polls show Roosevelt trailing in such states, and some think that he has a better chance to carry Pennsylvania, which has not cast its electoral vote for a Democrat in generations, than New York or New Jersey.

Both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Landon are seeking to appeal to voters in all camps are trying to make their campaigns as non-partisan as possible so far as old-time party divisions are concerned. That is also true of the platforms—the old Democratic plea for states' rights, etc., has been pretty well dropped, and the Republicans, who once stood for more centralized government, are now standing for less centralized government.

One of the biggest "incalculables" is, how many voters have shifted their party allegiance in the last few years? In 1932, a number of leading Republicans deserted Hoover and came out for Roosevelt—and Hoover took one of the worst beatings in history. In 1936, a number of leading Democrats have deserted Roosevelt and come out for Landon—and everyone is speculating as to how many followers they can turn against the New Deal.

Most aggressive Democratic anti-New Dealer is Al Smith—it is felt in some quarters that his speeches denouncing the Administration may shift a vast number of votes. Ex-Senator Reed is another Democrat whose speeches opposing Roosevelt are more bitter even than those of the Republicans. A considerable list of other Jeffersonian Democrats who are following suit could be made.

On the other hand, not all of the conservative Democrats have left the New Deal. Senator Glass, who is as big a figure as we have in national politics, today, has announced that he will support Roosevelt, even though he is opposed to most Administration policies. Reasons: He feels that if Roosevelt is reelected, Democratic Senators will reassert their independence, will not have to uncritically obey White House orders, because the President cannot run again. Another Jeffersonian Democrat who will speak for the President is Secretary of State Hull, a cabinet member who constantly has grown in prestige ever since his appointment.

However, it is beyond argument that the defection of old-time Democrats from New Deal ranks is worrying the heads of the party. So is the defection of old-time Democratic newspapers, such as the Baltimore Sun and the St. Louis Post Dispatch. And so is the defection of prominent publicists who were for Mr. Roosevelt in 1932 and are for Mr. Landon now, of whom Walter Lippman is the most prominent.

All the polls, though most of them show Roosevelt still leading, show that many voters who were for him in 1932 are against him now. That is natural—in that year, the Republican ranks were the thinnest in recent history. But the polls show also that there are some voters who voted for Hoover in 1932 who will vote for Roosevelt this year.

So this vastly important "incalculable" is the biggest topic of thought now. It is so important that Frank Kent has written that it is all there is to the campaign—that if there are enough anti-New Deal Democrats who will switch to Landon he will win; if there are not, Mr. Roosevelt's re-election is a certainty.

LAUGHS FROM THE DAY'S NEWS!



Rives Matthews



Mr. Matthews, in His Inimitable Style, Discusses Music On The Farm, His Grandfather, And King Edward's Mrs. Simpson.

Those and-size fare-collecting gadgets Fifth Avenue busmen thrust at your dimes, the ones that so rudely grab your politely offered coin right out of your hand, were invented, and are now manufactured in Chicago and Providence, by a man named Rooke.

Recently lightning struck the power lines of a large utility and forced an industrial customer to shut down his plant for several hours. As this customer's plant was a big one, and his payroll large, he figured out how much the shutdown cost him, and deducted the amount from his bill at the end of the month. Whereupon the utility sent him a haughty note, citing its "Act of God" clause. The industrialist, who knew his Scriptures, retorted with passage after passage from the Good Book proving that lightning was no act of God, but had been held throughout the ages to be an act of the devil. So now that utility's new contracts read: "... not responsible ... in case of an act of God and/or the devil."

Another utility yarn concerns two men who struck up an acquaintance in a Manhattan bar. One of them confessed to being an official of the Edison Company, that vast utility which has no rivals in the Empire State. The other man said: "It's a pleasure to meet a competitor." Before the Edison man could raise an eye-brow, the other man explained: "I run a candle factory out on Long Island."

The McNeill Milling Company of Fayetteville, N. C., doesn't seem to be worrying much about what will happen if Roosevelt is re-elected, or if Mr. Landon is permitted to plant sunflowers on the White House lawn. Its ad reads: "Mill was here before the town was: 1764—Mill will be here when the town ain't."

Paris has again voted Mrs. Harrison Williams, a blue-grass girl, the title of World's Best Dressed Woman. Atlantic City would like to look her over in a bathing suit. Meanwhile, Gypsy Rose Lee remains my choice for the title of World's Best Undressed Woman. Can't you girls meet each other half way?

That Forgotten Man President Roosevelt used to talk about doesn't even live in the country any more. I give you Mr. Ernest Aldrich Simpson of the Guards' Club, London.

Dear to the hearts of scenario writers are such lines as "From a Baltimore boarding house to Buckingham Palace." Hollywood certainly owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Simpson and King Edward for giving this variation of the old Cinderella plot a little modern reality. Why, only a few months ago I saw a movie that wasn't based on "Poor little dishwasher makes good in Big City." It looked as though the celluloid maestros were

actually going to give us a few films based on real life. Now, of course, the film industry will abandon all that and give us such Graustark realities as "From Spencer to Simpson to Windsor."

If made Queen Wallis of England, the former wife of Lt. Spencer, U. S. N. and of Ernest Simpson, ship broker, will not be expected to attend performances of H. M. S. Pinafore because of that ballad which concludes with that derisive line: "... now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee." Victoria Regina never liked it, either.

My favorite story about pre-Roosevelt depression days is the one about my father and Uncle Andy. My father is a traveling salesman. On one of his trips, he stopped off at Pittsburgh, where my sister has friends she wanted him to look up. They asked him to dinner.

At dinner, the chief topic of conversation was the Depression. All of its phases were discussed at length, and each one was finally settled by the hostess who prefaced all her remarks with: "Now Uncle Andy says ..."

My father had his own ideas about how to cure the depression, and this "Uncle Andy" stuff got under his skin. "Huh," he thought, "This Uncle Andy is a wise guy, a know-it-all." But he said: "If your Uncle Andy would get himself a printing press,

and run off a lot of nice new dollar bills, he wouldn't have to worry at all." My father thought he'd get a laugh on that. He always had before.

To his surprise, no one was amused. Some of the guests were actually shocked. The hostess' salad fork clattered on her plate. She gagged: "Why, that's inflation. We can't have that." Fortunately someone saved the situation by bringing up the weather, a subject which carried them peacefully away from the dining room into a large living room at one end of which was a fire-place. And there, above the fire-place, hung the portrait of a man who had been Secretary of the Treasury under Coolidge and Hoover. The next time my father saw my sister, he said: "Why in the name of heaven didn't you tell me your friend was a niece of Andrew Mellon?"

It is all very well for senators and congressmen to talk about the dangers of the next war, and the scientific engines of destruction which have been prepared against that fatal coner have to fight. To my mind, Sen-fict. These rostrum ranters will nevator Vandenberg's recent attempt to use phonograph records of Roosevelt's 1932 campaign speeches will do more to bring home to our politicians the dangers of the scientific age in which we live than any inspection of the munition makers' laboratories.

