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The Dallas Post is a youthful, liberal, aggressive weekly, dedicated to the highest ideals of the journalistic tradition and concerned primarily with the development of the rich rural-suburban area about Dallas. It strives constantly to be more than a newspaper, a community institution.

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More Than A Newspaper—A Community Institution

The Dallas Post

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HOWARD W. RISLEY.....General Manager
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THE POST'S CIVIC PROGRAM

1. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting with the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
2. A greater development of community consciousness among residents of Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown, and Fernbrook.
3. Centralization of local fire protection.
4. Sanitary sewage systems for local towns.
5. A centralized police force.
6. A consolidated high school eventually, and better co-operation between those that now exist.
7. Complete elimination of politics from local school affairs.
8. Construction of more sidewalks.

The MAIL BAG

Editor:

Every third man that goes out of my store has a government check for some reason or other—WPA allotment, conservation, rehabilitation, etc. It is getting to be a joke even to those who receive the checks? What will be the end of it all?

According to Senator Byrd of Virginia, Federal expenditures (after deduction of the soldiers' bonus) for the fiscal year ending July 1, 1938, will be \$600,000,000 greater than the previous fiscal year. Moreover, annual Federal expenditures have doubled and nearly tripled in the last decade. They are currently in the neighborhood of eight million dollars.

I know that we must spend money to prevent unemployed people from starving, but don't any of our leaders know of a way to make such awful spending unnecessary? It is frightening to me?

E. H.

Editor:

Well, it was a wide open primary. So wide, in fact, that some of the gaps will never be closed.

George L.

Editor:

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wine and beers.

The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye.

The cow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is mostly done.

The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.

The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it croaks.

The modest, sober, dry-bone hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.

All lower animals are curst
Because they lack a liquor thirst.

All animals are strictly dry
They sinless live and swiftly die.

But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men,
Survive for three-score years and ten.

N. J.

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

I was skimming through the paper the other day and I saw where out there on the Coast, they had an election and those web-feet there, voted against going into partners with the Govt., in the power business.

So it looks like it is not just in Tennessee that the Govt. has its hands full. And if the folks out there in Oregon do not want the power I guess it is another dead horse.

You take an ordinary person and let him get into a jam, and the law will grab him till he straightens things out; and if the Govt. gets itself into a jack-pot, and runs into debt—head over heels—it should be the same.

And the geezers we elect to office, if they had to make up the loss on stuff they promote, but which does not pan out, we could breathe easier. And if these persons do not have the cash to make up the deficit, they could work it out, at so much per day.

Some kinds of business, they may not be so grand and rosy right now, but boy, the deficit business, it is booming.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.

BROKEN PROMISES — BROKEN SPRINGS

It would be fitting if the Luzerne by-pass were paved with broken promises, instead of concrete.

If all the promises which have been broken since the plan for the by-pass were conceived were gathered together they would fill Toby's Creek and remove the necessity for the bridge which is the latest reason for delay.

The history of the Luzerne by-pass, like the history of the Tunkhannock-Dallas highway, is littered with broken promises. Every time some politician is cornered he wiggles away by making another promise and then, after a decent interval, some new development is discovered to delay the project.

The officials who have dilly-dallied over the by-pass for so many years should have been embarrassed Saturday when the caravan of out-of-state guests, here to see our "fine roads and scenic wonders," had to pound and jounce and bump their way over the present highway into Luzerne. We can imagine what impressions those visitors got of the entrance to "fair Wyoming Valley."

For years, officials hid behind the skirts of Luzerne merchants but those gentlemen can no longer be blamed for delaying the by-pass. They are in complete agreement with the Back Mountain motorists. They recognize the need for the highway. They refuse to be the fall guys any more for the suave politicians.

There is no longer any organized opposition to the by-pass. We know of no sound reason why it should be delayed any longer. The officials who are putting other, less important road projects ahead of the by-pass are playing with fire. They can expect little support here when next they appeal to the voters.

TO THE LEFT, MISTER LA FOLLETTE

Governor LaFollette of Wisconsin, who has crystallized the talk of a third party in his new National Progressive movement, cannot look to the history of third parties in this country for much encouragement. In the defunct Locofocos, the Free Soilers, the North Americans, the Blue Light Federalists, and the Anti-Masons, all important movements in their time, Governor LaFollette will discern the usual fate of American third parties.

The last third party drive that got anywhere at all was that of 1924, when the senior LaFollette ran for President and polled a total of 5,000,000 votes out of 30,000,000 cast. But the ticket received the electoral vote of only one state, Wisconsin. Before that Theodore Roosevelt led the "Bull Moose" revolt and despite his immense popularity and the fact that he had been President he succeeded only in taking enough of the Republican vote to elect Wilson and to leave Taft the worst beaten incumbent in American history.

The only chance for Governor LaFollette's party to replace one of the older parties appears in the gap between the liberals and the conservatives in both the Republican and Democratic parties. There are many thousands of voters today who cannot get what they want from the reactionary lead-

When tulips dip their withered pennons and buds swell on the rose bush, it's time to think of June and all the men and maids who'll troop before license clerks to signify their intentions to make it legal.

June is the halcyon time of the year for a wedding. Nature itself seems at its loveliest at what must always be a lovely time of the year in any man or woman's life, so one must beware the conspiracy in which nature and good friends and kin so happily join. If marriage could always be like the mouth of June, then it would, indeed, be an ideal state.

I, therefore, am glad that I married in December. Dame Nature then was no lovely creature and there were no smiles breaking out on her icy face. It was not easy, and no fun, to endure the below freezing temperature of that night, and I think there was something symbolic in the air. In June the symbols are all so pretty, so idealistic and so often unreal.

This June, because it is a happy month and because so many of us are creatures of habit, there will be many marriages. I wonder, as most of us wonder these days, how many of them will last, and as I give in to this common wonder I realize it is bad, and symptomatic of our time, that there should be any reason for any such qualms.

The plain facts are, as Mrs. Roosevelt recently pointed out, people these days recognize divorce as a common occurrence.

While my objections to divorce are not the same as those advanced by rank and file Roman Catholics, they are, nevertheless, just as strong. I feel that many a marriage to be performed next month would not be dissolved five months hence if contracting parties did not feel that they could escape the hardships to which marriage sometimes leads by trotting off to Reno at the first sign of trouble.

Sticking to anything always demands a certain amount of character. It takes a lot of guts for a prize fight-

EDITORIALS

ership of the Republican party or the Roosevelt leadership of the Democratic party. It is obvious, though, that Governor LaFollette's platform will not appeal as much to these middle-of-the-roaders as it will to the semi-radicals who are largely in accord with left wing views.

If Governor LaFollette fails to impress this bloc of independent voters they may form the nucleus of a new coalition between Republicans and orthodox Democrats for the purpose of defeating the New Deal and to elect, if not a Republican, a conservative Democrat. Even so strong a Republican spokesman as Mark Sullivan has given his approval to this course.

ELEVEN YEARS AGO

Tomorrow, the day scheduled for the tests of the model airplanes which have been built by local boys and girls as part of the local observance of Air Mail Week, will be the eleventh anniversary of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's historic flight across the Atlantic. It is fitting that the contest to interest boys and girls in aviation should mark such an occasion.

Lindbergh began his flight to glory on May 21, 1927. Aviation was only 23 years old then. Air mail and transport service were just getting started. Long trips across open water were high adventure.

Today, just 11 years later, the trans-oceanic airplanes are almost as criss-cross on the map as the regular steamer channels. The latest trail to have been blazed is that from San Francisco to Hong Kong, a distance of 8,747.5 miles, almost entirely over water. In 1938 the wings of Lindbergh's plane cast their shadows from Bangor, Maine, to Honolulu and from the Canal Zone to China.

RAILROADS BOOST PENNSYLVANIA

Pennsylvania ranked first in the benefits received from the expenditures of the railroads in 1937 for materials, supplies, fuel, new equipment and payrolls, it is revealed in a special study which has been completed by the Bureau of Railway Economics of the Association of American Railroads.

Railway purchases in Pennsylvania last year totaled \$210,377,043, the report shows. Of this sum, \$165,135,197 was spent for materials, supplies and fuel, while \$45,241,846 went for new equipment (not including that built in company shops). These purchases were made in 1,074 towns and cities located in all of the 67 counties of the state.

Wages paid to railway employes in Pennsylvania during 1937 amounted to \$220,686,852. \$1,133,361,468 for the more than 70,000 different items which they use. Materials, supplies and fuel cost \$966,383,000, and expenditures for all new equipment (except that constructed in railway shops) totaled \$166,978,468. More than 12,000 towns and cities located in 2,638 of the 3,072 counties of the United States derived direct benefits from this large volume of railroad buying.

In 1937, the country's rail carriers also distributed \$1,983,990,485 in wages to their employes, the report says.



RIVES MATTHEWS

er to stand up to a slugger who is bound to knock him out sometime after the tenth round, and I feel sure there have been many fighters who would gladly have thrown in the sponge if it were not for the fact that the cash customers would have jeered.

In the old days people who got divorces had to want them bad enough to be willing to put up with the jeer-

ing. But today we don't jeer and indulge in catcalls. We cheer—at least some people did—when a Wally Simpson discards one meal ticket for a better one. Few people in what is called society these days refuse to know a woman who changes her husbands as often as she changes her hat styles, providing, of course, her changes are always for the better financially.

It seems to me that if every young couple planning to marry next month would take a little time before they tie the fatal knot and would devote it to writing down for the record just how unhappy, unsatisfied and worthless they felt before they found each other, such a record, if preserved, would be worth reading in those times of stress which inevitably arise between married couples or partners in business or roommates.

And then, just before every anniversary, if they'd repeat the process and ask themselves just what they've gained as individuals—not as a couple—I think they'd realize how much better off they are as a result of marriage. I think too few of us count our blessings often enough and that too many of us are like some people I know who keep on changing their doctors and medicines in pursuit of an evanescent cure.

The trouble with so many marriages today is that we not only expect to abandon them as soon as they fail to please but that we also expect more from marriage than any marriage ever had to offer. I fear this last is due largely to the scribbles of poets who never married and to spinsters whose love life never progressed beyond the prom program stage. This type of matrimonial mythology has been considerably furthered in recent years by the patchouli-sweet moralists of Hollywood. If one could only realize that the happy ending does not occur when four lips meet like rubber gaskets in the fillums but only in retrospect, generally at the end of a phase of life, or at the end of life itself, then, it seems to me, there would be more happiness in this world, more happiness in marriage, and fewer of those disillusioned souls who took the easy way out.

The flowers of June are promises of fruit to be garnered. June promises so much that worm and sun and drought can kill. That's why I'm glad I married in December. I could look forward to Spring and Summer. I think marriages made in the spirit of December are best. Beware, you brides of June.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASER



CITY SYMPHONY

By Edna Blex

Oliver Blair is Philadelphia's best known funeral home. Years ago the original owner didn't believe in newspaper advertising. So that the people of Philadelphia might know something about his business. Mr. Blair converted part of his establishment into a large music hall and brought some of the best artists in the country to this city. Invitations were issued far and wide and Mr. Blair's music hall became one of Philadelphia's highlights. After the concerts, which hundreds attended, tours were made of the building. Today there are no concerts but there are other features of this famous place which are unique even today. For instance, many out of town people come to Philadelphia to bury their dead, and in the Blair establishment it is possible to rent an apartment where the family can live until after the funeral.

All the good plays seem to come to Philadelphia in the late Spring, after they have had successful runs on Broadway. This week we have had Ruth Gordon in "The Doll's House" and next week we are to enjoy "The Star Wagon" with Burgess Meredith and Lilian Gish. This is Maxwell Anderson's new play, which has been running in New York since September. Burgess Meredith, in my humble opinion, is the best actor on the stage today and, of course, Lilian Gish needs no advance publicity.

The Mayor of Philadelphia is forever getting new ideas. Sometimes they work, sometimes they don't. He thought it would be a fine idea to give the horses, which the mounted policemen use, two weeks vacation off the city streets. No one disputed His Honor and some of the horses were given a two week's vacation on a nearby farm. As an experiment they were taken to a local farm and permitted to graze in open pastures. Everything went alright the first day, the second day one of the horses pushed his nose too hard against a fence and the fence fell down. Evidently this was just what the horses were waiting for, for immediately, they all raced back to their stable, not very many miles away. They were not in favor of the Mayor's splendid idea or was it because the missed all the extra sugar and apples they get from their admirers?

The army encampment at the Camden airport has been creating quite a stir. We are accustomed to plenty of activity at this local airport, and T. W. A. planes are always very much in evidence, but when the field is crowded with army planes, as it has been for several weeks now, we are anxious to know what it is all about. The morning commuters see the army men busy in their camp and the roar of the planes is heard every day overhead but we haven't heard yet when the sham attack of the city is to be made. Funny how we all hate talk of war but let there be any army activity and we are as interested as any school child. We emphatically do not want war, but how we love the roll of drums and the sound of marching feet. Strange, isn't it?

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

Politics I conceive to be nothing more than the science of the ordered progress of society along the lines of greatest usefulness and convenience to itself.

WOODROW WILSON