

More Than A Newspaper—A Dynamic Community Institution

THE DALLAS POST

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"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of Press"—The Constitution of the United States.

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.

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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 and police protection.
4. Sanitary sewage systems for local towns.
5. Better water service.
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 WAR OVER MILK PRICES

There are very few persons who are not touched to some extent by the current squabble between farmers and dealers over milk prices.

The farmers in this section complain that the new price schedule fixed by Pennsylvania's Milk Control Board forces dairymen to produce their product at a loss.

Obviously, the consumer is the final arbiter, and his or her intelligent interest is essential to any prompt and satisfactory conclusion to the dealer-farmer controversy.

Not only directly, through the price he pays for milk, but indirectly, through the mass purchasing power of the farmer, is the individual consumer effected by the price the farmer receives for his milk.

The consumer has little just complaint now about the price of milk. During the 1930 depression years retail prices of dairy products declined substantially more than the cost of rent, clothing, house furnishings and other major expenses making up the consumers' "Cost of Living."

To make another comparison: The price of milk in United States, on the basis of prevailing wage rates, is considerably less than in other countries.

Now consider the farmers' share of the money you pay for a quart of milk. When you pay for a pound of pork, the farmer receives 62 per cent of the amount.

The farmer deserves a better price for his milk and if the only way to get him a better price is by charging the consumer more, then we, as consumers, should be willing to pay a fair price, particularly since our accumulated pennies will swell the farmers' purchasing power and aid in economic recovery along all fronts.

The United States has one telephone to every seven persons. The four other leading nations average but one telephone to every 35 persons.

THIS NEEDS LIGHT, TOO!

This country was a long time developing enough courage to discuss social diseases frankly. For years, syphilis and similar scourges flourished because our silly modesty prevented us from acknowledging their presence.

Now there is another unpleasant subject to face—the growing prevalence of sex abnormalities. An article in last week's Post, reporting that an estimated 23,000 persons in Luzerne County alone would be effected by Senator Mundy's proposed bill for the control of sexually-abnormal persons, indicates how close to home the subject comes.

The thorough questioning of sexual perversers in this section since the murder of Margaret Martin has uncovered evidence of abnormal practices which are almost unbelievable to normal persons.

The Mundy Bill which is now being discussed at Harrisburg is a partial answer to the problem, but the real solution lies in an awakened realization of the cause and danger of sexual maladjustment.

It took 105 minutes' work for the average man to earn an electric light bulb in 1914. Today, it takes 12 minutes, and the bulbs are far better.

PROGRESS IN REVERSE

For a half-dozen years the recovery theory practiced in Washington has been based on an analogy between the national economy and a hand pump.

From the beginning of this experiment with the national economy, learned economists have warned that although priming might work on a hand pump, it could not be made to pump recovery out of the well.

And even the failure of the theory in these six years has not convinced (apparently) the experimenters that the analogy is a false one.

And what have been the rewards of the priming theory? It is not likely that anyone has bothered to count the gallons of water pumped by a primed hand pump, but the National Industrial Conference Board has published these figures after a study of the primed economy pump: For every \$3 poured into the pump, only \$2 has been returned.

During 1934-38, inclusive, this study finds, the administration has increased the national debt by \$14,000,000,000. Those billions have gone for pump priming. But instead of causing a vast increase in the national income which, according to these spend-our-way-out-of-debt advocates, should have resulted, the income was only \$9,000,000,000.

That is what a fisherman might call "catching a two-pound fish, using a three-pound fish for bait!"

BOUNDARY PROBLEMS

Washington is having plenty of trouble as a result of the turmoil in Europe, not the least of which worries is the \$20,000 mosaic floor of the new multi-million dollar Post Office Department Building.

When the floor was laid about 4 years ago, Austria, Albania and Czechoslovakia were countries in Europe. Today they are only memories of mapmakers.

Officials don't know whether it is best to tear up their \$20,000 ornament or let time and shuffling feet wear out the boundary lines—or wait on the possibility that before long there may be other alterations to make.



VIEW FROM A SOAP-BOX

Who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter—MILTON By RIVES MATTHEWS

If your name appears on the society pages of a big metropolitan daily, don't ever think it was because some Society Editor knew your grandmother was above eating peas with a knife, or that your great-grandfather haggled over cod fish, and thus became a Yankee aristocrat.

Dubbed socialites, these people are not exalted, primarily, because their weddings, luncheons, dinners, dances, debuts, arrivals and departures can have any considerable interest to thousands of subway-riding gum-chewers, to whom a dinner jacket is something they rent to be married and photographed in, and a wing collar is a "Board of Health Collar," required of hash-house workers.

For every paragraph of society news printed there is only one reason, and that is business.

Not by a long shot do newspapers as big as these live by news alone. They live because their advertisers want them to live. They live and sometimes flourish by the business they can drum up for advertisers, either directly through advertising, or, indirectly, by giving their advertisers tips on where business can be found.

When, for instance, you read in the Tribune's curiously-named column, "Personal Intelligence," that "Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So from Milton, Mass., are at the Madison" you can be sure that the Madison's manager is glad to have it known that the So-and-sos are stopping with him. You can rely upon it that he hopes more people from Milton, with bank-rolls to match the So-and-sos, will stop at his expensive hostelry.

No doubt, too, Mrs. Cushing is happy to have members of her bridge club back home know that George can afford the Madison, and doubtless George himself, who may be in New York to put over some deal down in Wall Street, doesn't mind at all to have it known he's putting up in such a swell dump. It makes him seem such a high-priced guy.

This little item should also prove useful to the telephone company. It is likely to keep Mrs. So-and-so's telephone ringing with calls from swank dress shops and theatre ticket brokers, to mention only a few businesses anxious to have her trade. Useful information it is likewise apt to be to Milton porch-climbers, who might like to lay their hands on the Cushings' flat silver while they are away.

Perhaps of all the items carried on a social page, the wedding announcement is potentially the most commercial and that is why so much space

is given to the weddings of people who may never, thereafter, see their names so close to a dollar-spangled Vanderbilt again.

For one thing, the presumption is that people who are about to get married are going to spend a lot of money. People who can afford five bucks to have their names carried in that convenient little address book containing the names of people who can afford five bucks to have their names included are generally the sort of people outfits like Tiffany and Cartier can expect to make some formal gestures in the way of engraving, since their friends can always be counted upon, after generations of finger-training, to detect almost instantly, whether "requests the honor of your presence" stands out from the paper sufficiently to indicate the expense of a copper plate.

Once your intentions to wed have been thus publicized, you should not be at all surprised if a coolness springs up between you and your postman. For under his back will be bowed down under mountains of direct mail advertising, all addressed to you, all designed to part you from your money. I know, because I got married, once, myself.

Tiffany, Cartier, Black, Starr & Frost made me feel like a regular tycoon with their offers to lend me their expert lapidaries to help me select a suitable diamond for my bride. A publisher offered to sell me a book which would tell me how to pre-determine the sex of the infant I would shortly beget. Florists clamored for the honor of making the bride's bouquet. Life insurance salesmen wrote me long letters about the serious responsibilities I was undertaking and begged for the opportunity of making it possible for my widow to take West Indies cruises after I had passed on, worn out by the struggle of keeping up with the premiums.

What I received in the way of direct mail advertising was nothing to what my mother-in-law got. Every dressmaker in New York wanted to whip up something out of white satin, lace and tulle, and so completely outfit my wife that I would never have to give a thought to buying her clothes, or she to current fashions. Caterers made wild claims for their several brands of patties. Awning companies, more florists, jewelers, department stores, all wanted to share our happiness with us to such an extent that if all of them had had their way, we should all have been impoverished, but, presumably, still happy.

Then, of course, such announcements are expected to bring on an avalanche of presents. Here again, the jewelers hope to profit most. That is why they have insisted for years it is good form to give a bride silver, in a pinch Spode, or some other imported china. Tiffany, I think, made the most out of our wedding. They did the announcements and our well-wishers into sending us china.

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman—VOLTAIRE By EDITH BLEZ

It might shock some of my readers to know that I dare to think our highly commercialized Mothers' Day is something to be sad about; and not a day to celebrate! The day which has been set aside to commemorate the Mothers of the world has always sickened me with its cheap sentiment.

Everywhere, long before the actual day of celebration, in the newspapers, in the magazines, on the street cars, in the bus, on the train, on billboards, on the radio we are met with: "Don't Forget Mother," "Remember Mother," "Buy Candy for Mother," "Buy for Mother"—just so you buy something! It goes on and on until we are sick to death of all the silly empty phrases!

I don't want any nation-wide celebration of my mother-hood. I don't want gifts to remind me that I am a Mother. I don't want a day set aside to celebrate the little I have done in my all too short career as a parent!

There are so many other rewards—rewards which are not measured by their potential value. There is more satisfaction and more reward in my daughter's smile and in the warmth of her hand in mine than I could find in a dozen Mothers' days. Certainly

it is a privilege to have children and it is a privilege many of us all unknowingly abuse. Isn't it enough if one's children grow into real men and women—individuals who look at life bravely—men and women who have faith in themselves. Isn't it enough to help develop children who can make their own decisions—children who will be able to take their place in the world—children who look at life and are not afraid of its obstacles.

Why must we have a day to celebrate motherhood? We can celebrate in our own hearts, and it isn't always a celebration we are so eager to share. It is something too close to our hearts. We watch our children grow from helpless babies into gangling awkward youngsters. We try so hard to grow with them. We try to be big enough to be good parents. We try to give them a heritage of which they can be proud. We try to give them homes where they can find peace and understanding. We try to the best of our ability to be friends to our children. We help them as best we can to profit by the mistakes we might have made.

Many times we do not succeed and our children become strangers to us. The gap widens as the years go on and if we fail there is nothing we can do about it. We do our best and if that isn't good enough then we must accept our defeat. I refuse to take part in a Mothers' Day which has been reduced to the level of dollars and cents. I'll do my own celebrating. I'll take my own gifts and rewards from my daughter's respect for me, from her thoughtfulness and her understanding, for her knowing that there are years between us but we are living in the same world! I'll secure my reward from my daughter's happiness rather than from all the inane sentiment of a commercial holiday which means absolutely nothing!

TOWN MEETING

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! World peace is being threatened, We are getting in a rut, Perhaps we are forgetting What other wars have brought!

All war departments are buzzing, Like a busy telephone exchange, As dictators keep us guessing, "What goes on within their brains?"

It won't be long till something breaks, The feeling is growing tense, It won't be too long, how long it takes For, we'd rather have suspense!

Like a checker game, all carefully planned, Dictators move with either hand, . . . Just a slip . . . on either side! . . . The game is lost . . . men have died!

—Jerry Sullivan

Dallas

To the Editor:

I was to the amateur bouts the other night at the armory and saw Tommy Dropchinski win his third successive bout. They say Tommy caught a bad cold in his chest Thursday and that slowed him up considerably, but to my estimation he has the makings of a good boy, especially since this Kid Earl has been handling him. Earl has sure got his job working fine. Paul Fiske is another fighter in town that is making good. Why doesn't Earl give him a little advice, too. They say this Earl boy was a good boy himself years ago and was never knocked out in three years of fighting and only knocked off his feet two times out of 100 fights. We are having some good sportsmanship as a result of the interest in boxing in this section. I hope it grows.

—A Fight Fan.

To the Editor:

I would like to know why the President is so worried about Europe. With so many people in the United

States ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed, I think he has enough to do to worry about our own people.

Why doesn't he have Congress pass the Townsend national recovery plan? It would benefit everybody. V. M. SIMON.

HOME COMING

Mother was bigger and she could see When Daddy was down by the poplar tree And that was the moment when, tender-eyed, She opened the door and propped it wide And started the baby on eager feet,— Daddy was coming up the street.

Daddy was weary and shabby too, But oh, the print of her little shoe And the welcoming of her tiny hands Made him monarch of richer lands The little game was their dear delight.

Night by night—till the one when Death Snatched her up on a laughing breath. A staggering car that rocked and reared Free of a lad's light hand that steered And crushed her lifeless before their eyes, So little, so eager, so sweet and wise.

Three souls cry out in the little town When darkness hovers and settles down, A man who plods from his day's work home Remembering how he used to come, A woman who listens with straining ears And fights the silence with bitter tears, And a lad with a haggard brow who sees

A baby's ghost in the poplar trees. —Anne Sutherland Brooks.