

More Than A Newspaper—A Dynamic Community Institution

THE DALLAS POST

ESTABLISHED 1889

A Liberal, Independent Newspaper Published Every Friday
Morning At The Dallas Post Plant, Lehman Avenue,
Dallas, Penna., By The Dallas Post, Inc.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Dallas, Pa.,
under Act of March 3, 1879.

HOWARD W. RISLEY.....General Manager
HAROLD J. PRICE.....Mechanical Superintendent

"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, dedi-
cated 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 com-
munity institution.

Subscription, \$2.00 per year, payable in advance. Subscribers
who send us changes of address are requested to include both new
and old addresses with the notice of change. Advertising rates
on request.

THE POST'S CIVIC PROGRAM

1. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and con-
necting 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.

DALLAS LOSES A FRIEND

With the death of Adam Kiefer this community loses one of its
most distinguished citizens. He was one who was always proud to say
his home was in Dallas.

Everywhere—in the stores, at the garage, on the golf course,
in the barbershop we hear expressions of sorrow; for in many ways and
to many people, Adam Kiefer had become a personal friend.

We think that if he could come back and read many of the trib-
utes that have been printed this week, he would choose to be re-
membered most for his capacity to make friends. We believe it would
please him to learn how many persons recall some word he spoke or
act he performed in the sublime function of friendship.

With all his material success—and Adam Kiefer was a successful
man—he did not lose the common touch. None of us felt uncomfort-
able in his presence. Fellow townsmen always enjoyed a visit to Old
Orchard whether for a neighbourly chat about local politics, school
affairs, the fire company or some other community enterprise. They
always greeted him with a familiar, "Hello Adam", whether they were
there at a Bean Supper, an important business conference or to cut
the grass. He made himself a part of his community and took no aloof
attitude toward its institutions or its citizens. The fire company has
lost a loyal supporter. He was a man who loved his family, his home
and his town.

His rise from humble beginnings to a position of wealth and in-
fluence in a great national commercial organization reads like a typical
American success story. But the attainment of that position did not
change him greatly, nor can it be said of him that he forgot any of his
old friends, acquaintances or family in achieving that success.

We here at The Post have lost a sincere friend and join with the
rest of this community in extending our sympathy to his family.

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

(Here is the editorial that won the Pulitzer award for the
outstanding editorial of the year for R. C. Gallvert of The
Portland, Ore., Oregonian. It appeared in the Oregonian,
Sunday, October 2, 1938.)

In this land of ours, this America, the man we choose as leader
dons at no time uniform or insignia to denote his constitutional position
as Commander in Chief of armed forces. No member of his
Cabinet, no civil subordinate, ever attires himself in garments sig-
nificant of military power.

In this land of ours, this America, the average citizen sees so
little of the army that he has not learned to distinguish between a
major and a lieutenant from his shoulder straps. When the Chief
Executive addresses his fellow countrymen they gather about him with-
in handclap distance. Goosestepping regiments are not paraded before
him. When he speaks to the civilian population it is not over rank
upon rank of helmeted heads.

In this land of ours, this America, there is no tramp of military
on devices of defense; military training he may take or leave at option.
him with display of mobile cannon or of facility for mass production
of aerial bombers.

In this land of ours, this America, there is no fortification along
the several thousand miles of the northern border. In the great fresh
water seas that partly separate it from another dominion no naval craft
lies the waters. Along its southern border there are no forts, no show
of martial strength.

In this land of ours, this America, no youth is conscripted to labor
on devices of defense; military training he may take or leave at option.
There is no armed force consistent with a policy of aggression. The
navy is built against no menace from the western hemisphere, but
wholly for defense against that which may threaten from Europe or
Asia.

In this land of ours, this America, one-third of the population
is foreign born, or native born of foreign or mixed parentage. Our
numerous "minorities" come from fourteen nations. The native born,
whatever his descent, has all political and other rights possessed by him
who traces his ancestry to the founding fathers. The foreign born of
races that are assimilable are admitted to all these privileges if they
want them. We have "minorities" but no minority problem.

In this land of ours, this America, the common citizen may criticize
without restraint the policies of his government or the aims of
the Chief Executive. He may vote as his judgment or his conscience
advises and not as a ruler dictates.

In this land of ours, this America, our songs are dedicated to love
and romance, the blue of the night, sails in the sunset, and not to might
or martyrdom to political cause. Our national anthem has martial
rhythms; difficult air. But if you want to hear the organ roll give the
title its companion—"America . . . of thee I sing." In lighter patriot-
ism we are nationally cosmopolitan. Untidely we sing of Dixie or of
May, where the tall corn grows, of Springtime in the Rockies, or of
California, here I come.

In this land of ours, this America, there is not a bombproof shelter,
and a gas mask is a curiosity. It is not needed that we teach our
children where to run when deathawks darken the sky.

In this land of ours, this America, our troubles present or pro-
spective come from within—come from our own mistakes, and injure
none. Our pledge of peace toward our neighbors is stronger than
any promise or written treaty. We guarantee them by devoting our
resources, greater than the resources of any other nation, to upbuilding
the industries of peace. We strut no armed might that could be ours.
We cause no nation in our half of the world to fear us. None does
us fear, nor arm against us.

In this land of ours, this America, we have illuminated the true
road to permanent peace. But that is not the sole moral sought herein
to be drawn. Rather it is that the blessings of liberty and equality and
peace that have been herein recounted are possessed nowhere in same
measures in Europe or Asia and wane or disappear as one nears or
enters a land of dictatorship of whatever brand. This liberty, this
equality, this peace, are imbedded in the American form of government.
We shall ever retain them if foreign isms that would dig them out and
destroy them are barred from our shores. If you cherish this liberty,
this equality, this peace that is peace material and peace spiritual—then
defend with all your might the American ideal of government.

LAUGHS FROM THE DAY'S NEWS!

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women—Voltaire
By EDITH BLEZ

At present in our usually peace-
ful household we are being dis-
turbed by a sudden love for poetry!
All over the place we hear
snatches of "The Raven" and now
and then we must listen to "The
Ancient Mariner" in its entirety!

We are learning Edgar Allen
Poe all over again and much as
we dislike it we are being sub-
jected to lines of very sad verse at
breakfast, dinner and supper.
Evidently our fair daughter thinks
she reads poetry unusually well
and she is forever practicing on
us. She thinks we are a very nice
audience. We don't know ex-
actly how long we are going to
stay nice! We have plenty of
things to occupy our spare
moments but it seems as if all
our leisure time is interrupted
these days with outbursts of Poe,
Keats, and Shelly! We can only
hope this nice spring weather will
encourage more tennis and less
poetry but if we know our daugh-
ter the poetry stage will run its
usual course. Our daughter's
stages are never short. They are
like colds. They take about six
weeks really to get somewhere!

We thought the new lady in
our house had passed the stage
when she was apt to talk out loud
in public gatherings. But evidently
we have over-rated her, because
Sunday morning in church, she in-
sisted, in a very loud whisper, that
the Rector had made a very seri-
ous blunder. He had used a word
incorrectly, and we were supposed
to agree and take part in a dis-
cussion which really had no right-
ful place in church. When we
tried to shush our fair daughter
she looked at us in utter amazement!

She had forgotten she was in
church and she couldn't under-
stand why we wouldn't answer a
simple question! It didn't seem to
dawn on her that the Rector was
preaching and I was quite inter-
ested in what he was saying, and
his choice of words was not my
particular worry! I suppose the
rules of English grammar must be
put into practice by young minds
but why must they pick out church
to find fault. That same morning
I happened to look at the floor and
our fair daughter had her shoes
off. She used to do such things
when she didn't know any better
but why should a fourteen-year-
old take off her shoes in church!

The new young lady in our
house is going to her first real
dance! You can imagine what
that means to us. First of all we
must go through the ordeal of
selecting her first long dress. Sure-

ly you remember what happened
to us at Easter time and we feel
sure this will be much worse. We
feel sure it won't matter what
shade it is or what it is made of
the length will be the important
thing.

The dress will have to be of
sturdy material because we are
afraid our new young lady hasn't
reached the age when she can take
mincing steps, and we doubt very
much if she is going to enjoy the
hindrance of a long skirt. We
feel sure she thinks she will glide
over the floor just as gracefully as
the stars in the movies do. But
we don't think so because our fair
daughter is still young enough to
put her feet in the wrong places,
and walking gracefully is not one
of her accomplishments!

She hasn't reached the stage
where she is really sure of herself
and if we know our daughter as
well as we think we do, she will
be in a rage before the dance
is half over! A long dress will
hinder her usual freedom and she
will be wishing the dress were at
home and she could really dance
without all the ruffles around her
feet. But we won't know about it
because our fair daughter never
admits defeat!

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

You do not read anything
any more about money unless
it is up around 100 million.

The latest I been reading
about is this 400 million
which Mr. Wallace is asking
for. He wants it, he says, to
make prosperity for the farm-
ers. Most anybody would be
half-way prosperous with
400 million.

I just got a letter from
an old Illinois Sucker friend
of mine down there on the
fringe of Egypt, above Mat-
toon, where they know corn
and oats and farms, etc. And
this duck, he says, "Jo, they
got me up a stump."

The boys down in Wash.
bought his corn and put a
padlock on his crib, and there
it is.

There is getting to be so
much bookkeeping on the
farm, he thinks maybe he will
sell his corn-planter and
plows, and take a course in
accounting—and work in the
shade.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA

WASHINGTON SNAPSHOTS

By JAMES PRESTON

Unbalanced budgets are no
longer a novelty around Wash-
ington. Yet there was a novel story
out of the Capital recently about
two family budgets that were not
on an even keel.

What made it a novel story was
that the Monopoly Investigating
Committee, interesting itself in
balances and budgets, called two
housewives all the way to Wash-
ington to explain the discomforts
of unbalanced budgets.

And all the time there were
many harried officials at the
Treasury Department, only a mile
away, who would have made ex-
cellent witnesses on the subject.

All is confusion—A prominent
Washington correspondent, weary
of trying to keep up with the
changing picture of policies, poli-
tics and purposes, recently began
his weekly roundup of the Wash-
ington scene thus:

"If you feel confused over what
Washington policies really are,
you may be consoled by the fact
that Washington policies really are
confused."

The debate over amending the
National Labor Relations Act falls
into that category of confusion.
Only one thing seems certain—
that Congress wants to amend the
Act and the Administration does
not want it amended.

But Congress is confused be-
cause there seems to be some doubt
about the best way of amending
the Act. The Congress knows that
the public wants the Act changed
and it knows the Act must be
changed before there can be real
industrial peace of mind and re-
covery. How is the question.

The confusion of the Adminis-
tration comes, apparently, because
there is doubt among its planners
as to the best way of heading off
any amendment of the Act.

Any farmer who is trying to eat
his cake and have it, too, by ac-
cepting "Plow under" payments
from the Government and growing
his crops just the same, had better
take good notice.

The Agricultural Adjustment
Administration has just decided
to spend another half million dol-
lars checking up on any such go-
ing on.

About 200,000 more square
miles of farm land is soon to be
photographed by the Government
from the air. That is how the
check up is made.

VIEW FROM A SOAP-BOX

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

When I was a very small boy,
I was given my first lessons in
finance. My father assured me
that I would receive fifty cents a
week, providing I was a good boy,
and really earned it. Then he
pointed out that my weekly ex-
penses, for candy, movies, marbles
and so on, should not exceed my
weekly income or else I'd get into
shameful condition known as debt.
He further pointed out to me the
miserly pleasures of seeing a sav-
ings account book's figures steadily
mount toward the hundred dollars
my boyish imagination held to be
untold wealth.

Since I was a moderately good
boy, the allowance kept on com-
ing in, and since my dreams were
always greater than my immediate
necessities, the figures in my bank
book rose steadily, but not too
swiftly toward my goal. Putting
money in the bank I found to be
a somewhat slow and painful pro-
cess, pleasurable only in that when
I realized my supply of all-day
suckers was not as great as that
of a spendthrift classmates, I
could gloat in secret on the hun-
dreds of all-day suckers I could
buy with my banked money if I
wanted to be foolish. I liked
thinking of myself as a cautious
and provident ant, of my class-
mate as a foolish grasshopper.

Then, at least, I was on the side
of the angels, the angels of Scot-
land, New England and Palestine.

It was a pity that I did not
know my father's account books
were not kept in the same way
that I kept mine. Then I might
have known that my allowance
might one day be cut, might one
day just not be forthcoming at all.
I might have been prepared for
the sad news that banks can fail,
that savings can be wiped out in
a variety of tricky ways my youth-
ful innocence would not have con-
ceived possible in a world presu-
mably dedicated to the high prin-
ciples our statesmen publicly voiced,
and still voice, at the drop of a hat
or ballot.

No one told me about depres-
sions and booms, deflation and in-
flation, gold standards and devalu-
ation, all those other devices our
bankers, business men and politi-
cians can use to make greenbacks
appear more or less than they seem.
I was a very burnt child, but of
jumping from one frying pan into
another. And the more I tried to
learn about money, and that al-
leged science of money they call
economics, the more I came to
realize that most so-called or self-
styled economists lead lives of
quiet exasperation.

Just talk to an economist some
time. His arguments have all the
agility of spit on a hot stove and
when he's said all, and been done

by his own beliefs, you're right
back where you started.

If I were a boy again, I'd in-
sist on keeping the same sort of
books my father kept. I'd borrow
against the future (even as he did)
and if he pointed out that an evil
day of reckoning might come, I'd
have an answer for that. I'd point
out that as I grew older and
stronger, I'd be able to earn more
money, because I'd be more valu-
able, or, conversely, as I grew
bigger, I'd be a bigger source of
potential trouble, and thus defini-
tely worth an increased allowance
to be kept "good."

My father might point out that
as I grew older, so would he, and
that he would one day cease to
be worth as much to society as he
is in his prime. I could then counter
that society would be playing a
pretty scurvy trick on him if after
years of pulling loads uphill, it
turned him out in anything but
the lushest of pastures green.

Besides, I would say, a nation
is not like a man. It need not
grow old, wither and die, at least
not in our lifetime, nor in the
lifetime of many generations to
come. A nation as great as ours
can, and should be, a self-replen-
ishing organism, armored against
attack from outside like a crab,
and crab-like, able to grow claws
when new claws are needed.

But, some will say, history
clearly shows that nations are like
men. They crawl, they run and
leap, they stumble, dodder and
fall. To that the statesman's only
answer is that a statesman should
study history before he comes to
power, but that he should forget
most of it once he's there. If the
remembrance of things past isn't
to be a liability to him, he should
bear only this in mind: that history
does show our Cassandras
have been wrong more times than
they've been right—and in the
long run not at all.

Even if the end of the world
were at hand, isn't it better to
eat, drink and be merry thinking
that tomorrow is another day,
rather than the day on which we
are to die? I can imagine no greater
day of hell on earth than the
day before Judgement Day, should
some enterprising reporter scoop
the theologians and flash the news
of the world's end to the ungodly
twenty-four hours in advance.

When I meet people worrying
about grandchildren, as yet un-
born, I can't help wondering
whether they are being honest with
themselves. Or must I, as the
years roll on, wait until I am a
grandfather to believe that a love
of one's grandchildren is the great-
est love of all, greater than love
of one's own precious self? Stick
around a while, and I'll let you
know

TOWN MEETING

EDITOR:

I am faced with a serious prob-
lem. When Boys Town was
selected as the basis for a motion
picture, I was gratified. How-
ever, Spencer Tracy, in the role of
Father Flanagan, must have caused
most of the people to think that
I am a "superman."

Now—the picture has been
shown, and the story has been
told throughout the country. Ap-
parently those who saw it came
away with a profound impression
that our work is most worthy and
should be continued. They have
assumed that all our problems have
been solved—that thousands, yes,
tens of thousands of people who
saw the picture are sending con-
tributions of Boys Town. People
who would otherwise be glad to
contribute, (including many for-
mer contributors), have not done
so because they are sure so many
other people are sending so much
money that theirs is really not
needed.

Our situation is further com-
plicated because the publicity of
the picture has increased the num-
ber of applications for admission
to Boys Town many fold.

During the past 22 years
thousands of otherwise destitute,
homeless boys have been provided
with a home, given an education,
taught a useful trade, and have
been reared in their own religious
beliefs. Our boys elect their own
city officials, and are trained in
the true democracy of constitu-
tional government—in American-
ism—as against dictatorships and
all of the other insidious "isms"
we hear so much about. When
they leave Boys Town they take
their places as honorable, self-
sustaining citizens.

It is my ambition to set up our
system on a sound, business-like
basis. If I can do this, I will be
able to give all of my attention to
the boys, without worrying about
the doubtful results of spasmodic
appeals for funds such as I have
had to depend upon in the past.
As you know, we receive no as-
sistance from any church, city,
state or community chest.

Any remittance should be made
payable to "Father Flanagan's
Boy's Home." Assuring you again
of my sincere appreciation for
your contribution, I am,

Respectfully yours
Father Flanagan.