

"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. It strives constantly to be more than a newspaper, a community institution.

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More Than A Newspaper—A Dynamic Community Institution

THE DALLAS POST

ESTABLISHED 1889

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

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.

DIAMONDS UNDER OUR DOORSILL

The unfortunate failure of Dutch Mountain Clay Products Company will be echoed in many, "I told you sos," among those who gave the company no financial and little moral support from the start.

Those who lost no money in the venture have a right to their secret satisfaction, but their glee leaves us cold to any appreciation of their business acumen. Many of those so favored didn't have any money to invest in the first place, having already lost it in high type investments in Wall Street. Others were too timid and if they had invested, their moral support would have been negligible. Sabotage from within is as deadly as defeat from outside sources.

No, we like the kind of pioneering instinct that leads a man to be enough of a community sport to invest in a local venture. Win, lose or draw we'll take our hat off to the man who has confidence enough in his neighbors and his own ability to venture a gamble in his own backyard. We don't think any of those who invested thought they were going to get rich overnight. The biggest investors knew that the chances of return for a number of years were slim, but all of them wanted an outlet in a common community endeavor—and they got it.

There was no resort to high-pressure slick promotion. It was only the enthusiasm of those who had already ventured their money, and were convinced of the abundance of supply of raw materials, excellent analysis and ready market for the finished product that sold the idea to others. There were no involved financial manipulations. There was no attempt to make profit from the sale of stock. This was a local business venture aimed at success in the production of bricks.

That it failed should bring no humiliation to anyone. Far less than if the same amount of money were lost in foreign oil-wells, Bolivian bonds or German marks.

Our only regret—we had no money to invest—is that the venture not have been carried on still closer home. Had these same gentlemen, inspired by the same enthusiasm, seen opportunity in a community hotel in Dallas, a great apartment house on one of our hills, or a group of modern unit stores on Lake Street, the community would still have been enriched by their investment.

Acres of diamonds in our own backyards are hard to see. Even as close as Lopez some would stumble over them. But the riches in Wall Street fascinate us all. It is unfortunate that those who invested on Dutch Mountain overlooked the diamonds still closer home. A community hotel, an apartment house, a group of unit stores, under better management, would contribute to the general business well for years to come.

It may be that a brilliant future lies ahead for Dutch Mountain Clay Products Company. And if it does we salute those who have had the courage to stick with it, and who believe that there are acres of diamonds right near home.

But we'll turn a back flipper on the day some fellow thinks he sees them right under our door sill.

FACT OR FICTION—IT'S UP TO YOU

The smart person soon learns that the effective way to get fair treatment from a newspaper is to co-operate with its reporters rather than take a condescending and suspicious attitude toward them.

We always regard with pity, people who withhold information about a wedding, a funeral or an accident. Little do they seem to realize that the withheld information has already spread by word of mouth by the time the reporter gets a whiff of it—and nine times out of ten incorrectly.

There is a sage saying in newspaper offices that goes something like this. If a man insists on having it in the newspaper—it's advertising; if he insists on keeping it out, it's news. And nothing is more challenging to an alert newspaperman than a story that is hard to get.

As a local newspaper we are not interested in copying verbatim information from city newspapers and must be expected to look for additional details. If these details are to be correct it behooves those who have the information to give it to us pleasantly and accurately and not make it necessary for us to get it from the neighbors.

For similar reasons we have no desire to be "scooped" by other papers and refuse to wait until stories have the sanction of appearance elsewhere before we touch them. If there is any reason for secrecy about the birth of a child, an accident, the members of a wedding party or the prices bid at auctions, we fail to see it.

We are always amused at the person who gives us no news of an approaching wedding, yet brings us a notice of a bake sale or shooting match for the following week.

So what? you say. Well, for two weeks now we have been accused of having incorrect information in stories appearing in our paper. In each instance the accusations were made by people who gave us the information indifferently and with decided lack of co-operation. And in each instance the only persons effected by the error were those very same people.

And so we repeat, the smart person soon learns that the effective way to get fair treatment from a newspaper is to co-operate rather than take a condescending and suspicious attitude toward those who only want the facts.

PHEW! PHEW!

We may be wrong, but we venture to guess that all the concrete highways leading to Luzerne, that all the signboards erected along the new by-pass, that all the painting of buildings and all the making of new storefronts cannot conceal the filth of Toby's Creek.

We may be wrong, but we venture to guess that all the pretty girls who drive the by-pass, all the beer gardens that beckon, all the neon signs that flash, cannot detract attention from rubbish in Toby's Creek.

We may be wrong, but we venture to guess, that all the odors of gasoline, that all the speed of passing motorists, that all the closing of windows, that all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little spot . . . and that goes for Lifebuoy.

How in the name of sensitive nostrils any one can live along the shores of that creek without starting a crusade is more than this newspaper can understand.

THE AVALANCHE



Edith Blez

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

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

The people in this summer hotel are almost as fascinating as my fellow bus companions, or the people I meet on the city streets. Of course they are more or less the same type of people I meet every day but they are different because they are on vacation. They all seem like actors in a play which has no real beginning and no end!

I feel sure you would enjoy the leading lady. I am afraid she picked out the wrong hotel. She really belongs at Skytop or Buck-hill. But she seems to have gotten side-tracked, and is stopping with the common herd! I suspect she is long past middle-age, but she apparently wants to appear to be about forty. She is very good to look at; tall, beautifully arranged grey hair, a figure like a weeping willow tree, if you know what I mean. Her clothes are like something out of Harper's or Vogue. Her bracelets, and shoes, and bags are chosen with the utmost care and taste. I feel sure her makeup has been taught her by an expert but I don't like her smile. Her face seems so grey and her smile is like that of a lovely ghost! She doesn't seem quite real and she never yet approached the swimming pool. Her conversation, although worth listening to, is insincere and I have the feeling that she is trying very hard to be something she apparently is not!

I know you would enjoy the clowns! We call them the clowns because they do most of the entertaining. There are four of them, two married couples from the Bronx. They tell us they choose their vacations by running their finger through the advertisements in the newspapers and their finger stopped this year at this particular place, so here they are! Their conversation, while not exactly elevating, is a riot. They have no inhibitions whatsoever and some of the very nice ladies in the place, although they would like to laugh, won't permit themselves to laugh at such vulgar people! They play all the games around the place with great determination, but of course they refuse to obey the rules of any game. They make their own rules! Their tennis is worth watching. They spend all their time running around in circles and bumping into each other because they all seem to run after the ball at the same time. One morning at breakfast one of them came into the diningroom leading an imag-

inary dog and insisted that the waitress give the dog a place at the table!

You would love Harry, the handyman. He is by far the most interesting man on the place. He is a Swede, a young Swede who has lived in this neck of the woods all his life. He managed to get through high school and now he is the very important chore man at this very active mountain resort. He is really a very busy little man. He moves very slowly but he seems to cover plenty of ground in the course of each day. He loves to chat and he is very proud of the motor he has rigged up to pump water from the creek into the pool. He tells us it is a mere nothing but I can actually see his chest swell with pride as he demonstrates the power of his small invention. I wish you could see him when he takes a notion to doll up and play ping-pong in the evening. I feel sure the white flannels are left over from high school Commencement and the suspenders are really quite out of the ordinary. Harry is a rugged individualist and quite a ladies' man!

Then there is the young Adonis who has come here to catch up on his sleep and incidentally to give the girls a treat. He never seems to center his attention on any one girl. He amuses them all and makes it very evident that he must have plenty of rest and his daily sunbaths. He strolls around in what he calls his little blue shorts and when he isn't superintending shuffle board or tennis he is taking a sun bath. He is reading "Grapes of Wrath," not because he likes it, but because someone sent him the book and he feels that he must read it even though he finds it quite boring!

There is the usual group of young and attractive girls on their two weeks' vacation, trying to get a beautiful coat of tan and wearing their pretty outfits they bought for their vacation. It is very tragic that there is a scarcity of young men, but most of the young men are safely married and the single girls must content themselves with plenty of sunburn and the books they brought along to read. I find that most of the guests are reading "Grapes of Wrath." I refuse to ask if they are enjoying it because I know what the answer will be! I still think it is the great American novel!

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Every once in a while you will pick up a paper and somebody is poppin' off about women in business, and how successful they are, etc.

But stenographers and young women who know their onions, they quit the offices as soon as they get married. They quit before the so-called head of the house gets hep that he can loaf and play pool, while the little woman brings in the bacon.

But right down to brass tacks, most fellers, they would rather turn over their paycheck to some gal who knows something about the design and flavor of a mince pie versus a gal who can maybe manage a plumbing shop, or can put the shot, or do some man's job. Most fellers, they are kinda half-way fearful to tie up with these go-getters.

Men in women's jobs or in women's garb, they would be laughing stock.

Smart gals—they stay feminine.

Yours, with the low down, JO SERRA.

Fred M. Kiefer

GIMME A MATCH

Let's take a look at the slate. Judge W. A. Valentine: One of the fairest and most capable jurists who ever graced the Luzerne County Bench; is shining light of the ticket.

Judge John S. Fine: You tell us! John A. MacGuffie: Excellent record as commissioner; believes he's bigger than the party; third term; less highways—less taxes, of course.

Robert Lloyd, for County Commissioner: No one seems able to say a thing against him (and in politics, if there is the least possibility of doing so, it's done); not very prominent, at least to us folk back here. Come on out, Bob! one hundred dollars a year.

Leon Schwartz, for D. A.: With the exception of the "Bombing Case" not an impressive record in office; high-hat; honest; failure to prosecute highway scandals will hurt. (Slattery can beat him.)

Dallas C. Schobert, for Sheriff: Many years in the Sheriff's office. If he doesn't know how it works, now's the time to find out.

John B. Wallis, for County Treasurer: Honest, conscientious; will hew to the line; large business experience; a little past the prime. (Thomas is in the way.)

John Shivell, for Register of Wills: Powerful politician in his own park. (Morris still may break the tape.

Dr. Lewis S. Reese, for Coroner: Being a good doctor, he will make as good a coroner as the rest one.

Charles J. Bufalino, for Recorder of Deeds: Patsy Aquilina's choice. Well, Patsy's O. K.

Michael Adamschick, for Sur-

vveyor: We won't quibble over one hundred dollars a year. This, boys, is what all the noise has been about.

This is what has kept Republicans from Hazleton to Kunkle tearing the sheets and insulting their neighbors. We make bold enough to say there isn't a man in the county, excepting the slated ensemble, who agrees in toto on this selection. We are taking aspirin ourselves.

Certainly no one reading this has failed to note that in three instances we have very courageously hinted that the slated candidates may be beaten by independent Republicans. We do not say they will be, but they may be.

If Messrs. Slattery, Thomas and Morris pool their capabilities, their funds and their followings; synchronize their speeches and their travels and build up an independent movement of strength, they should go far.

At least one-quarter of the regular Republicans are at that disgusted stage where they will, either not go to the polls at all on primary day, or, if they do, vote only about one-half the ticket.

They resent the membership of the Governor's Advisory Committee; they resent the long, bickering period of standstill; they resent, above all else, the passing over of the men who did the heavy labor for the Party last year.

Maybe Frank, Bill and Joe are the fair-haired boys?

Whatever the case, a strong, mutual front on their part would pave the way towards convincing the electorate who are juicy-ripe for a move of this kind right now.

Go on boys, take a look at the slate.

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