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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 Dynamic Community Institution

THE DALLAS POST

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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.

WE'RE FOR THE SITTING JUDGES

Since his appointment as Judge of the Common Pleas Court, this newspaper has been impressed with the calibre of Judge Michael F. McDonald. His bearing has been judicial, his decisions scholarly and fair. He has sublimated politics to their proper place and has devoted his energies toward doing a good job on the bench he serves.

It must have won the admiration of all fair-minded men who watched the way he handled the recent highway investigation cases, without show of political favor although pressure must have been heavy to have him act otherwise.

In many smaller things we have had glimpses of the character of the man. It was gratifying to us all to observe his genuine interest as he recently advised two young couples who had come before him to be married. "This is not the duty of a judge," he said. "Here we handle disputes, criminals and the sordid conflicts of life. A judge is no fit person to perform the sacred duties of the church. I advise you to go to your respective churches to have this ceremony performed." We like the mellow maturity of that advice. It was unstudied, unplanned and showed the human side of a man.

By his training, by his experience and by his age, Judge McDonald is fitted to perform the duties of the position he holds and to bring honor and distinction to the bench of Luzerne County. He has a wholesome interest in politics, but he seeks neither party leadership nor political advancement. He will not make the bench a stepping stone toward attainment of political power.

We, as a newspaper, have always felt that judges should be above political consideration as far as humanly possible. We have no respect or regard for men who use that position to build up political machines. It must be that the founding fathers of this State felt the same way when they made the election of Judges in Pennsylvania non-partisan.

Had the political leaders of both parties in Luzerne County been more concerned with good government than with party power they could have made it possible for Judge W. A. Valentine and Judge Michael F. McDonald to be re-elected without opposition. They chose otherwise and they chose poorly.

We, and thousands of others in this county are fed up with keeping politicians in power whose only interests are to further their own ambitions through prating about party loyalty. We have little regard for those who put party above men—and the only persons who have anything to gain by so doing are those who expect party support to further their ambitions for a job. It makes no difference to any of us whether the County Commissioners' office is manned with Democrats or Republicans. It does make a difference whether such offices are manned by capable efficient men or by job holders.

We believe that the people, if they will but look, will see that a real man is still a real man regardless of party affiliation and that he will react in the manly way when put in a position of confidence and trust.

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE

It is welcome news that Dallas Water Company is now in a position to furnish this community with an abundant supply of fresh, pure water. There will be no more washless Mondays or bathless Saturday nights for a long time to come, and then only in emergencies, such as a broken main or some other maintenance problem.

So copious is the flow from the new well that three other pumps and wells operated by the company have been put on the reserve list. Water storage tanks overflow for the first time in history during the summer months. All of this is like a dream. Only a few months ago experts were telling us that it would be years before Dallas could have the water it needed to meet the requirements of expanding population. Only a few months ago the community was considering schemes for water supply improvements that would involve years of effort at expenditure of large sums of money—schemes that appeared impossible to realize for many years to come. No wonder a nightmare has been turned into a pleasant reality—not just a pleasant dream.

Best of all our supply of water is now sufficient to meet the needs of the community for fire protection. This announcement is a surprise to us all. With the exception of the Heights section, where some further improvements in pipe lines will have to be made, fire hydrants can now be installed in every section of the borough, from Goss Manor in Dallas Township to Lehman Avenue in Dallas Borough, and from the Brooklyn section to the Machell farm on Machell Avenue. Now that we have the water it is up to the citizens to say whether they want hydrants installed.

The period of tall talk is over. The time for action begins. We have got the adequate supply of water to meet our needs. It is up to the community to decide whether we will use it to meet the emergency of fire.

THE TROUBLE WITH TRUTH

(An Editorial from the Rotarian Magazine)

"If I had a son, I'd swear to do one thing: I'd tell him the truth." That opinion is from J. Edgar Hoover, famed chief of the G-men, whose experience with boys-gone-wrong gives it special point. Probably few parents will disagree, yet many are concerned with the problem of how to tell the truth to a child.

But no matter how diplomatically and tactfully information is presented to the youngster, it is true that, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once asserted, "truth is tough." George Eliot put it even more dramatically, saying that it "has rough flavors if we bite it through." Consequently the father or mother who decides to tell the youngster the truth chooses a troublesome—not a dainty—job. There may be a specific time and place for some things, but truth recognizes no stop signs, no "do not disturb" placards.

A youngster may break out in a rash of curiosity at any moment. His quest for knowledge is not confined to the privacy of some domestic laboratory, and it is seldom impersonal. Parson Jones' mannerisms and Aunt Lydia's hats may start inquiries shocking to conventional parents, yet prompted by the most scientific attitude.

But here's the trouble with truth: Long ago it served all diplomatic relations with white lies and terminological inexactitudes, with prejudices and propagandas. Unfortunately few adults have followed this policy; consequently, as vigilant custodians of truth, they fall short when a child wants to know why some children must live in slums, why some children must go hungry, why some children must be targets for bombs.

THE PROD THAT HURT



Edith Blez

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

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

A PLEASANT VISITOR

(We had the pleasure last week of receiving Edith Blez's column from the writer in person. She drove over from the Poconos, where she is spending her vacation, to see us on a busy press day when we had little time to chat. Needless to say her time in Dallas was too short. Although she writes for a number of newspapers, it was her first visit to a newspaper office. Incidentally she also contributes to Rives Matthews' paper, the Somerset, (Md) News. Mr. Matthews' editorials, which we read weekly, contain the same fire that his column in The Post contained. Right now he is after the Public Utilities in the Free State of Maryland. What it will be next week we await with interest.—Editor)

This morning we walked for miles along a mountain road. All around us stretched miles of sunlit hills, some of them drenched in a blue haze, others standing out in the clear light like great sentinels of strength in a weak and weary world. We passed a house here and there along the road and after we had walked several miles, we felt the need of water and we stopped at quite a dilapidated place to ask for it. We had spotted a well on our way up the hill. As we approached the house we noticed a young-looking woman sitting out in front. She had a baby on her lap. We asked her if we could have a drink. She was very pleasant, and ran into the house to get a glass and a bucket to get water from the well. When she came down the path again there was seven children behind her—all hers—two boys and five girls.

Poor, ragged children, but they were beautifully clean and had bright eager faces. The mother was unusually amiable and very proudly told us the children's names and ages. I particularly noticed one very small girl almost immediately. She was about three and spoke very distinctly. Her small, chubby body was perfect. She smiled all the time and everything we asked her brothers and sisters she answered before they got around to it!

That small elfin creature was like a ray of sunshine. We couldn't

take our eyes off her. She told us her name was Shirley. She insisted that her full name was Shirley Temple. When we asked her if she had a Shirley Temple doll she insisted that next year Santa Claus was to bring her one! The oldest girl told us they had one doll and they took turns playing with it. I asked them how far they had to walk to school. They said it was about three miles and they didn't mind the walk at all because they had lots of fun along the road. They told me they went to Sunday School every Sunday. That was quite a long walk, but they liked it because they loved the Sunday School teacher. She gave them all her old shoes to play house with. As we left we told the children we would be back the same way and sometime soon we would bring them some candy. When we asked them what kind of candy they liked, all of them answered in one voice, "Shirley likes Hershey bars." Evidently, it wasn't only to us that Shirley seemed so important!

TOWN MEETING

HARMONY

Dallas, Pa.

Editor:

Harmony seems to be the watchword of the Republican Party of Luzerne County. Anything that is worth having, surely is worth fighting for. There is a big question mark as to the wisdom of telling Mr. and Mrs. Public that this is your slate, be regular and vote for the candidates of our selection. Maybe this has the smell of dictatorial power.

Surely the voting public still has the right of free speech and suffrage. The ever-seeing public eye always has and always will, under our Democratic form of government be able to weigh in the balance just and sound judgment of the ones seeking office, and at this time of great trials and tribulations will not be carried away by the hurrah and glamour of the ones who try to convince the public that their continuance in office is necessary for the well-being of both the present and coming generation.

If a man has such outstanding ability as he would lead us to believe, why not let him prove his qualifications in his professional or business life? You know well that the world is always waiting for a doer, but the opportunity for a hanger-on or a returner is, but a few days and full of trouble. A sound analysis of candidates and what they stand for will convince you unquestionably as to your duty to man. Let us have public servants in office, not dictators. You, Mr. and Mrs. Public Voter, are the managers of Luzerne County. Who are you going to hire?—C. L.

WHO PAYS THE TAXES

Editor, Dallas Post:

So much discussion is taking place regarding forced collection of taxes that I am tempted to offer the following facts and figures. It should be understood that this letter refers throughout only to school taxes and not total taxes.

The total expense of running

Fred M. Kiefer

GIMME A MATCH

Mark Twain once said, "When I was a boy of fourteen my father was so ignorant we could hardly bear to have him around the place. But when I had reached the age of twenty-one I was amazed at the amount of knowledge the old man had acquired in seven years."

We have been "in politics" but a short time and we freely admit that during the early part of that period we thought we were very wise. Now, we are truly amazed at how much knowledge some of the slated candidates have acquired in the last seven days.

The Middle District Republican Club of Dallas Township was host to eight of the Republican slate candidates and one independent an evening last week at Irem Temple Country Club. The workers present, more or less key men, from the surrounding countryside, sat patiently for three hours listening, intermittently, to the expounding of certain philosophies of government—broken by each speaker, you may be sure, to explain why he had been one of the chosen people. "Economy—to add strength to the ticket—past records—unusual ability—were their reasons. Never, you may likewise be sure, had they been added for any selfish motive. Always for the good of the Party, or for the benefit of the public. Never have we heard a candidate stand bravely forth and say, "I want the job because the salary represents more money than I have ever earned in my life before. I need that income."

Getting back to the campaign, two things are fairly obvious. The first is that these politicians must now be convinced that it would be a grand and lovely thing if a new county should be made out of Luzerne's lower end with Hazleton as the county seat. Moreover it should be taken care of before the primaries.

This sudden, alluring desire for separation, by men who would fight it tooth and nail at any other time, is easily understood. The Advisory Committee has ignored placing a Hazleton politician on their famous slate. Don't think for one moment they forgot the First District. Not at all. Apparently they believed they hadn't a man down there who could carry a nomination. So they get around the matter in this way, we are told. A release has been taken from at least one of the present candidates which promises in writing that if nominated (on his name, reputa-

tion and at his expense, of course) he will resign from the race and allow the committee to stick another, whose chances for that nomination was nil, in his place for the general election. The voters of Luzerne County wish to know who this man is. They take no great joy out of the thought of voting for a ghost.

The second item, as we find it, is that these gentlemen, almost unanimously to hear them talk, are certain that Leon Schwartz will bear the burden of holding the toughest sector on the battle front. Surely, to date, no independent Republican has shown greater aggressiveness in attack or has pounded the vulnerable spots of the line harder than has Frank Slattery, Jr. And from our point of observation General Schwartz, on the defensive throughout, is slowly losing ground.

What is true of Leon's scrap is likewise true in a few other spots. Morris is making gains, and we should say that Thomas gains, except for the rumor that Bill may capitulate before very long. This rumor is just that at the present time and is without definite authority from any source.

John S. Fine has nursed into unity and vigor the mobilization of a Frankenstein that bids fair to destroy the foundations of the Party in the not too distant future. We are speaking of our neighbors whom the Judge has proudly labeled the Newer Nationalities.

For the exigencies of the moment they were co-ordinated into the ranks of the Republican Party as a group that had breakfasted but rarely at the gray bowl, and because representatives of their races on the ballot would pull their legions into the G. O. P. lines. Momentarily from every house top their plaudits ring. But, we predict, that within a few years at most the Newer Nationalities, as an organization, will have grown so strong in office and so powerful dictatorially, that all and sundry not of it will be aligned against the Newer Nationalities in the battle for party supremacy and command of local government.

Upon mentioning this trend and its ultimate head to a local statesman he replied, "Oh, well, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it." His philosophy, like the Indian's seems to be—"Yesterday is ashes, tomorrow is wood. Today the flame burns brightest."

Dallas Borough schools last year was \$28,775.22. The average daily attendance was 317, making an expense of over \$90.00 per pupil in actual attendance.

Local taxation accounted for \$19,747.43 of the receipts, the balance being appropriation, tuition, and miscellaneous. On the basis of 317 pupils local taxation paid over \$62.00 per pupil.

Of nearly 1900 items in the tax duplicate only about 75 exceed \$62.00. In other words, on the straight basis of cost incurred, provided such taxpayers had one pupil each, only about 75 would balance even in paying school tax and each get value for his money.

Parents now complaining bitterly about \$10.00 per capita tax for husband and wife, unless at least \$52.00 is absorbed in their rent, are not paying the actual pro rata share of the expense of one pupil. Families with more than one pupil would have to have rent at the rate of \$62 per pupil per year additional, to balance out even.

Disregarding the wails of many landlords that rents cannot be collected at all, it is doubtful whether local rents are at a level which would return to owners taxes, insurance, interest, and other expenses, as well as repairs and water rent. In such cases clearly, the owner is paying most of the school taxes.

In looking over the tax duplicate, one is at once struck with the fact that very few of the really big taxpayers ever are mentioned or heard from at all. Assessment

is supposed to be by individual properties so that allowance must be made for those who are charged separately with more than one property, whose total school taxes would be large. It is a little difficult to sort out all such in 1900 items and be absolutely accurate so the following are all approximations.

About 30 taxpayers pay over \$90 each, the total cost of one pupil, and of these only three or four have any pupils in school.

Included in the above 30, about 75 taxpayers, including per capita taxes pay \$62 or over, the cost of one pupil paid by local taxation. Perhaps a dozen or fifteen out of these 75 have any pupils in school.

To all the above must be added the hundreds of owners of small vacant lots who reside elsewhere and cannot have any pupils in school here.

IF THERE IS ANY INJUSTICE IN LOCAL TAXATION IT FALLS ON THE PROPERTY OWNERS AND NOT ON THOSE AT PRESENT DELINQUENT IN PAYMENT OF PER CAPITA TAX.

Naming of names is always dangerous, not only from the standpoint of those named, but also of those omitted. However, I will risk a few.

The First National Bank of Dallas has been most of the time in recent years, the largest single taxpayer in town. It might also be said that most of the local bank directors, and the president, are

(Continued on Page 3)