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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

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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.

POLITICIAN VERSUS STATESMEN

Men and women who seek office in this country can be divided into two general classifications, politicians and statesmen, with the former predominant. Since Tuesday, voters have known which candidates have survived for the November Election and it is not too early to apply the politician-statesman test to the nominees who will be pleading for our support during the next two months.

It will not be difficult to recognize the politician. The dictionary defines him as one who seeks to subvert the interests of a political party merely. As an afterthought it defines him as one skilled in political science. The politician can be identified most easily by his efforts to purchase the support of particular interests by specific pledges, or, if that is impracticable, by deception. He seeks to attain the special objects of particular interests and when he discovers what, rightly or wrongly, the people want, he promises it to them. At his worst, he deals in half-truths, lies, ambiguities, evasions, calculated silence, red herrings, unresponsiveness, slogans, catchwords, showmanship, bathos, hokum and buncombe. These are the tools of the politician.

Statesmanship is an impressive word, but it applies to the administration of the smallest municipal sub-division, as well as the President of a nation. It is rare, because it is a difficult art. Whereas the politician stirs up a following, the statesman leads it. The statesman converts his constituents from a child-like pursuit of what seems interesting to a realistic view of their interests. His job is more difficult than that of the politician, but when the statesman succeeds, he receives a kind of support for which the ordinary glib politician can never hope. The statesman deals habitually and successfully with real things.

The politician says, "I will give you what you want."

The statesman says, "What you think you want is this. What it is possible for you to get is that. What you really want, therefore, is the following."

The politician, sooner or later, either goes to jail, is tolerated cynically as a picturesque and amiable scoundrel or retires.

The statesman acquires an eminence impossible to the politician and a hold that is enduring, because he proposes nothing which turns out to be a fake.

We think there is little question concerning which of the two types you prefer to see in office.

VISION BUILT A HIGHWAY

It was in 1926 that the County Commissioners, who were then discussing plans to construct a concrete highway from the Courtdale line to Trucksville, first put forward the proposal to build a by-pass which would skirt Luzerne and eliminate the congestion which prevailed on the town's main street.

In 1931, two years after the fine Trucksville link had been laid, The Post suggested a conference to discuss a solution to Luzerne's traffic problem and Norman Johnstone, secretary of Wyoming Valley Motor Club, announced that he had "booked" 4,500 cars passing a point in Luzerne within one hour, a volume of traffic which warranted consideration. The County Commissioners agreed then to the necessity for some highway improvement in Luzerne but the costs of damages seemed prohibitive.

The campaign lapsed between 1931 and 1934 and then Wyoming Valley Motor Club revived it and a group of civic leaders from this section met with Senator A. J. Sordoni to study the plans and attempt to solve the problem which would face Luzerne merchants if the new boulevard were constructed. Through 1935 plans moved slowly ahead, spurred by Luzerne Council's offer of co-operation and in 1936 the County Controller, for the first time, appropriated money for estimated damage.

Again the movement died but it was resurrected by Greater Dallas Rotary Club in 1937 and a barrage of letters was forwarded to Harrisburg, urging action. Luzerne Civic Association came into the crusade and stood with the Dallas civic groups in efforts to have the new boulevard started. It was in that year that the merchants in Luzerne, who had feared for the effect of the by-pass upon their business, agreed to withdraw their opposition with the understanding that Bennett Street and Main Street also would be paved.

Then followed a period of involved legal complications and delays caused by the unusual situation surrounding the plans. Finally, the State Highway Department had agreed to pave Main and Bennett Streets, Wilkes-Barre Railway Corp. had accepted a price for damages to its right-of-way and Luzerne Borough Council had approved the plan to abandon street car service after construction of the new roads.

In September, 1938, the 2-year campaign came to realization when Yeo Construction Co. received the contract for construction.

When the highway is dedicated tomorrow, two thoughts should be in our minds. First, the Luzerne Boulevard is a monument to community planning. It is proof that we can achieve our civic ends when we work together. There were many times during the last 13 years when the by-pass plan seemed doomed, but loyal co-operation revived it, again and again, and the determination and vision of a group of spirited leaders finally has given the dream reality.

The second thought is that we cannot afford to rest on our laurels. Luzerne deserves an improved Main and Bennett Streets. We need other new highways here. If we attack our problems in the future with the same indomitable spirit displayed during the campaign for the Luzerne boulevard we shall, before long, have many of the other civic improvements we need.

I have seen men march to the wars, and then
I have watched their homeward tread,
And they brought back bodies of living men,
But their eyes were cold and dead.
So, Buddy, no matter what else the fame,
No matter what else the prize,
I want you to come back through the Flame
With the boy-look still in your eyes!

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Javie achie

SECOND THOUGHTS

One man, by fell intent and demonic desire, has sheared a quarter of a century from the prospect of civilization; and, try though your scrivener does to think of other things, all it means to him is that he cannot forget the countenance and confusion of Felix Wenger as last observed the day after America of the Stars and Stripes joined the allied forces of multiple banners.

Felix was German from the square Nordic head set on squat shoulders all the way down over beer-barrel torso to the clumsy feet in square-toed shoes. As German as he was, he was as much peaceful. Your correspondent had known him as a public relations man, keen in character analysis, devoted to his business, able upon commission to bridge with type and rhetoric any gap between the manufacturer who supplied and the consumer willing to demand.

Extras were being sold on the city streets. Down the business thoroughfares the building lines had become polychromatic with flag and bunting to signalize the state of war finally recognized by the United States under pressure of unfriendly acts by the minions of the Kaiser. Army and Navy had reared their recruiting signs and the promise no longer was one that predicated sightseeing around the world upon the act of joining up. For the first time since 1898 the call was for patriotism, even unto the ultimate limit of supreme sacrifice.

Knots of men had gathered about the city corners, knots that had formed out of the tangled skein of human emotions. And one little group was suddenly prodded by a sharp recollection of Felix Wenger. For years he had sat at a desk over which was hung a picture of Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor. Why not go around and see if the print still was there?

The proceeding was brief and brash. Into the office of Felix Wenger, with all the bravado of storm troopers raiding a kindergarten, the party strode. Felix turned to meet them and was confounded when no one offered to take his extended hand. The framed replica of the determined features of the Iron Chancellor was torn from the wall, stomped upon.

"Don't hang it up again," said the leader of the party. And that was all.

A quarter of a century has gone by and with it many a blush of your correspondent, in memory of that senseless proceeding. History has reclaimed its age-old prerogative of repetition. If you had gone into slumber in 1914 and waked in September of 1939, you would not be immediately conscious of the lapse of time. Ships with cargoes of innocent human beings are being sunk, the same hostile nations are threatening the collapse of civilization, America is once more striving toward a semblance of neutral peace.

Even the names in the news are largely the same—Roosevelt, Taft, Borah, Johnson. There is a man to hate; and what boots it that he is Corporal Hitler instead of Kaiser Bill. Searing mental reaction comes with the fact that those who back in the second decade of the Twentieth Century were anxious to fight are now wondering how they can with honor, save their sons from the holocaust.

But your correspondent has still the memory of Felix Wenger. He wonders if there is to be recurrence of the un-American assaults upon neighbors made suspect only by the accident of racial inheritance. Will it be remembered that the first Wyoming Valley man to give his life to the cause of the A. E. F. was of Germanic origin? Can it be possible that good Americans will be reviled by the curse of "Hun" though they possess nothing of the Attila complex?

Fred M. Kiefer

GIMME A MATCH

First, we wish to extend a hearty welcome to the long-awaited return of that excellent piece of writing you find on the front page Postscripts—and its Daddy—Howell Rees.

We've been studying the map of Europe. Not being privy to the strategic plans of the general staffs, we submit this as personal guess work. Follow us on your map:

The ocean grey-hounds of Britain drift impassively across the North Sea and close the western side of the English Channel. How complete this blockade of Germany will be, the future alone can determine. The Hitler government has submarines inside and outside of this floating barricade. Their total strength in U-Boats is, as nearly as can be stated, about 75 craft. But the German Navy cannot get out of the Baltic Sea without a clash with England's superior might, and the possibility of this happening is extremely doubtful, since it must be an attack by the German forces.

Should she choose, England can hardly enter the Baltic to bring on a sea-fight with Germany. Take a look at that narrow passage between Sweden and Denmark, just 45 miles wide, called the Kattegat. The Germans have it thoroughly mined. They control the Baltic, therefore they control the water-route to Poland.

On land the Siegfried Line, running from Switzerland to Luxembourg, definitely, for the time being at least, closes out France on Germany's West, while Italy's neutrality bars the Alpine passes in the South, through which the Allies contemplated, should Mussolini have joined Hitler, moving up to and through the Brenner Pass to fall on the enemy flank. Opposite the Siegfried and roughly parallel along the Rhine Valley stands the formidable French Maginot Line. Both of these supreme defenses are as impregnable as fortifications can possibly be.

Germany is perhaps a little better off than her opponents. If she conquers Poland, and that seems to be only a matter of weeks, if not days, her contact with her paper ally, Russia, is complete. She will then draw on the Soviet for grain and munitions. Thus, the question of starvation and lack of materials is considerably lessened.

Italy remains a great and dangerous enigma. Italy can choose one of three courses: (1) she can remain honestly neutral, serving Germany and the Allies impartially; (2) she can provide Germany with foodstuffs and war materials until such a time as Germany may get France in a bad spot and then jump in on Hitler's side. Most observers believe this will be her move; (3) she can bargain with England and France, and in any such dealing, a demand for a share in the Suez Canal would crop up as well as considerations on Tunisia and the island of Corsica with France and, perhaps, the fortified British possession of Malta. Italy is emphatically weak in the Mediterranean.

It appears at present that Germany can't get out and on the same premise, the Allies can't get in. If this condition remains actual, the second world conflict will be a war of extinction on non-combatants, the bombing and burning of cities behind the lines and the long wait for a breakdown of national moral.

Nations have refused to learn a lesson from 1914. But individuals, American individuals, can be different about the neighborly relationship that was senselessly abused in 1917. Give the German-American his right to enjoy that which he came here to get—freedom against the wiles of Wotan, equal responsibility to the same survival of sanity among the wards of Uncle Sam.

FAITH! IT'S WONDERFUL!



Edith Blez

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

In the midst of all the chaos, while the radios have been blaring forth war news, and the bold black headlines of the newspapers have been staring at me from every newsstand, I have been reading a most unusual book. It is not a great book and I do not think it will ever reach the best seller lists because it is a very simple journal of two young people who were willing to give their all to humanity. A young married couple, the mother and father of two growing girls, who were not afraid to face any difficulty no matter how insurmountable it seemed in the beginning.

The title of the book is "We Didn't Ask Utopia" and it was written by Dr. Harry Timbres and his wife, Rebecca. I haven't been able to find out very much about the Timbres before this adventure but they were Quakers who had evidently been interested in relief work before their marriage. They must have travelled far afield because they speak of having been to India and other far distant places. The book begins with the Doctor's letters to his wife. Letters written from the Soviet government to do malaria prevention work in a government hospital.

Dr. Timbres went through all sorts of red tape and long periods of endless waiting to secure a passport which would permit him to stay in Russia, for at least six months. It took him from June until August to convince the Soviet government that he was in earnest, and that he wished to bring his wife and two children to live under the Soviet regime. After months of what seemed like hopeless waiting the tireless young Doctor was able to write to his anxious wife the glad news that it was safe for her to begin her journey to Russia where they planned to live and work as Russians.

The second half of the book is Rebecca's daily journal. Her husband had warned her that it would be necessary for her to bring as many articles of clothing as she could conveniently pack, and small cooking utensils as well as small pieces of furniture as the most of such things was out of their reach in Russia. Can you imagine a woman having courage enough to bring such a journey? Rebecca's experiences in getting into Russia would have discouraged a less courageous woman but she took everything in its stride and the children were so eager to see their father and their new home nothing else mattered. The doctor had waited so long and under such trying circumstances to see his fam-

ily, when they did finally arrive and he saw them get off the train, it was like taking part in a dream he hoped might come true!

It was some time before they were able to get into the residence which had been promised them and in the meantime, they had to live in what was termed a guest home. It consisted of two rooms with no door but an archway between. Taking a bath was practically impossible. The village provided a public bath but the door was in full view of the door which opened into a public hall. The Timbres decided to pass up the public bath and take their baths with all the water a soup bowl could hold!

It was almost impossible to purchase the very simplest household utensils, so one morning before daylight the Timbres decided to journey to the nearest city to do some necessary shopping. They walked six miles through deep mud to the train and when they did reach the train, it was so crowded they had to stand all the way. Their shopping tour was cut short because the prices were so outrageous. Candy was three dollars a pound. Milk was forty to fifty cents a quart. Butter was almost two dollars a pound and eggs were from twelve to fifteen cents each. They managed to locate a baby's bath tub and they felt that their shopping tour was a great success because it was the only private bathtub in the entire neighborhood.

When the children learned that they had to go to the first grade in school, they were not so anxious to begin the school work. The Timbres were very anxious for the children to attend school under the Soviet regime because they felt that the children would learn the much needed lesson of equality. It took several weeks for the children to accustom themselves to the strange language and the still stranger faces, but it wasn't very long before they were taking part just as eagerly as they did at home.

As usual, when I get started telling you about a really good book, I never seem to have enough space to tell you all I should about it. But I do think you would enjoy "We Didn't Ask Utopia," not only because it tells a vivid and enlightening story of Soviet Russia but because it tells the story of the Timbres, a brave young couple who dared to face hardship in a strange country. They were anxious to further their work and they knew that the doctor would be happier and accomplish more if his family lived in the same community.

FULL SPEED AHEAD

Make up your mind that this season will be the best that you have ever had. Getting started may seem a little hard, but plunge right in and you will soon become used to the new routine and begin to like it.

I always hate to hear of a boy or girl who has good ability and might do excellent work if he would only put his mind on it. The old moral of the rabbit and the hare often holds true in real life. The person who sticks right to business and keeps on going, even though it be ever so slow, will often outstrip a more brilliant person in a race. The person to whom the work comes easy will be tempted to loiter and waste time because he mistakenly thinks that the other person will never catch up, anyway.

Whatever your status, snap out of careless habits and get busy. Surprise the folks who think they know how far you will go. If you can surprise yourself at the same time, that will be so much better. You never know what you can do until you have done it; and, furthermore, new power will develop tomorrow from the strength of today.

So long until next week.
—AUNT CAL

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

I been kinda brushin' up on gold. It don't look just on the up and up, the way they been doing this sleight-of-hand business there in Old Bazoo City.

By a simple twist of the wrist they make gold worth one thing today and maybe something else next week. And if a person was to sit up all night for a month—wracking his brain—he Couldn't think up anything that would upset confidence quicker than this kind of shenanigans.

If anybody should happen to read this piece that I am writing about gold, and if he knows what the idea is in burying all of it down there in Kentucky, I wish he would drop me a note. I am up a stump.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.