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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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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.

Everybody we meet is in favor of staying out of the war. As we get it, all Americans dislike Hitler and want to see him soundly beaten by a couple of other fellows.

No one knows just yet what Mussolini wants from Germany or England. Our advice is to beware of the Duce in his shining suit of blackmail.

It seems you can't trust anybody, these days. Now that Germany has achieved the return of the Polish Corridor, France is demanding the return of the corset.

There's an undertone of distrust in Berlin and Moscow over that Nazi-Soviet pact. In our opinion, both Hitler and Stalin were happier when they were as far apart as the Poles.

YOUR FIRE MARK, SIR?

In the old days in many communities no householder was entitled to protection from the town fire company unless he displayed prominently the little placque which was known as a "fire mark."

The "fire mark" was proof that the householder had paid the required insurance fee and so was permitted to call upon the firemen if his house began to burn.

If the firemen found no "fire mark" on a burning building, they packed up their equipment, turned about, and went home.

The only "fire marks" left in Dallas today are historic relics. When fire breaks out, the volunteers of Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company never hesitate to ask if the home is that of someone who contributes to the maintenance of the company. Contributors and non-contributors, alike, get prompt protection.

Hundreds of families in Dallas have never contributed a cent to the upkeep of the volunteer fire department, yet they enjoy all the advantages of those who have, time after time, dug into their pockets and helped to make protection possible. That situation is unfair to the firemen and unfair to the generous folk who contribute regularly.

Next week will be Fire Prevention Week and the firemen have seized that opportunity to arouse interest locally in their company. Next week will be a good time for those non-contributors to acquire an invisible "fire mark" which will be their sign that they don't want to ride along free, that they are good citizens, and that they are perfectly willing to pay their share of the maintenance of fire protection in Dallas.

LUZERNE 'BACK STREETS'

In most communities the so-called "back streets" are the ones which the town prefers to hide from visitors. In Luzerne the "back streets" are the most attractive part of the town, and the two main thoroughfares are the ones which are drab and unattractive.

It is unfortunate that visitors who seldom see any more than Luzerne's Bennett and Main Streets cannot detour occasionally to see how lovely some of the "back streets" are. Such an excursion about the side streets is especially enjoyable now, for newly-painted houses, newly-laid road surfaces and great trees austere in their autumn foliage present a sight so neat and attractive that Luzerne can well be proud of her residential streets.

It would be wrong, of course, to say that all of the two main streets is unattractive. They have their bright spots, too, but they are too few. Most of the length of Main and Bennett Streets can stand improvement.

Fortunately, there is a new incentive for brightening the two main arteries of traffic through town. The new pave on both thoroughfares will be completed before long and should be a stimulus to property owners to renovate and prepare their buildings for the business revival which is certain to follow in the wake of the highway improvement.

Luzerne side streets are setting the pace. We suggest that the people of Main and Bennett Streets follow the example of the "back streets" and complete the job of making the town attractive both for residents and visitors.

FIREWORKS AT THE COURTHOUSE

The sweeping dismissals at the court house recently violate all the rules of political strategy we ever studied.

Theoretically, of course, Commissioner Wadzinski is a Republican. He was appointed to the vacancy after he had sworn that he voted for the Republican candidate whose death made an appointment necessary. But Commissioner Wadzinski is the oddest Republican we ever saw. With Commissioner Riley, a confessed Democrat, Wadzinski has formed an alliance which has, at the last counting, swept 241 Republicans out of office and given their jobs to needy Democrats.

That is, of course, exactly what the Republicans did when first they entered the promised land of the commissioners' office. It is political "blitzkrieg" at its best or worst, depending upon the viewpoint. It is not sympathy for the fired or antagonism for the hired that stirs us. It is the sight of a Democratic party, with a good chance for victory, upsetting its own apple cart by rash policies which are arousing more disgust than loyalty.

OCTOBER

October turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one lingers;
Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

T. B. ALDRICH

javie aiche

POST-MORTEM

Quit yer kiddin'. The war didn't boost anthracite sales and you know it. The war didn't boost anything, not even the reputation of Neville Chamberlain, although, more pathetically than paradoxically, the Polish people would like to give the umbrella man a hoist.

Hard coal production went up by several million tons because it was the perfectly natural thing for it to do. Add to the incentive afforded by certain approach of cold weather, the lure of a reduced price, and what else would you expect? What, excepting that the coal-burning public would stock up to the limit of purse and pit?

This scrivener is weary of very many things, but weariest of all in the adopted attitude of "Oh Yeah" toward those editors who perennially, periodically and optimistically read and write into production reports from the mines the promise of prosperity at last fulfilled. Prosperity for hard coal? Shucks, feller, there aint no sech animal.

What really happened when coal prices were let down in advance of falling foliage, when the operators, too, decided to turn over a new leaf, was recorded in your court house files. Machine mining went to town. One operator of the devices that displace man-power bought \$40,000 worth of excavators; one small company put in \$10,000 worth of mechanical loaders; one contractor took over \$26,000 worth of dumpers and another invested to the tune of \$30,000.

And then, to make the thing final, the operators put the prices back where they like to have them. Coal in the routine sense will continue to be mined; after a while a lot of it will clutter up the railroad sidings; the people of the domain of Old King Coal will once again accustom themselves to part-time operation of the collieries and all-time lack of diversified industry to replace a dying trade.

Why do editors do what they so long have persisted in doing? Why do they interpret every rise in coal production as the certainty of returned stability for the tottering wreck of a passing monopoly? They suppose that the people believe all that they hear and nothing at all of what they feel? How they feel you can find out by listening in on the long line of job applicants at your county temple, or anywhere else that holds out promise of a payroll.

They feel that 40,000 jobs that once were the margin of anthracite security are the present drab markers of lost hope and a lot of lost cause. You can't blame them, either, because for every gain of production at a turn of a season there is proof in purchase that iron and steel powered by oil and gas are clutching at the bowels of earth and rending from it the black diamonds that once shone for all but now mean wealth only for the suppliers of manual labor.

Your chambers of commerce, your industrial ambassadors, your good-will tourists, all join the mistaken propaganda of recovery.

A dress factory is corraled from a neighboring state, equipped with imported machinery; it makes up a payroll from \$8-a-week girl help and finds itself kudoe to the quintessence of quality as a grand new factor in rehabilitation of the region.

Meanwhile, several possibilities that might be made into accomplishments aren't even attacked. There could be a project to fill the tunnels remaining from coal veins drained by industrial blood-letting.

Fred M. Kiefer

GIMME A MATCH

We sat a-wondering the other day; a-wondering about our old neighbor Wardan Kunkle and whether he is already totally acclimated to the sun, sand and palms of Spanish Florida.

For, very soon now, whilst we wrap ourselves in great-coats, swath our Adams-apples in mufflers and face the test of cutting winds and icy temperatures, our erstwhile Machell Avenue friend will stroll, unburdened by heavy coverings, along warm and pleasant boulevards, breathing the fragrance of the Bougainville and the perfume of the flame vine; seeing only their crimson splash and orange glow with the great cobalt-blue of the ocean beyond him, and feeling the benevolent, whispering winds of the Caribbean in his face.

We would like to believe, though, that Wardan must occasionally feel a twinge of nostalgia sweeping along his veins. He must even now be imagining what he so often viewed, the glory of our Pennsylvania autumn.

Can anyone who has lived through the bright and silent days of late September—that soothing and colorful peace between the joy of summer and the rage of winter—ever completely erase from his mind's eye the beauty and the spirit of a bountiful harvest time?

Wardan will think back, too, as he lazes through the comfortable but monotonously sunny days, of how fine and how cozy he used to feel with in his home as he thrilled to the falling of the first, soft snowflakes; the heady zip of the winter morning; the blast of the black night's wind. Often must he picture the dazzling whiteness of blanketed fields and the strange, solemn silhouette of the leafless, lifeless trees.

Will he recall how the dead, flat iron of February meshes with the rising cry of the wild March as she struggles in the birth-pangs of bringing soft and lovely April to the world?

Wardan's robins and his blue-birds and his orioles will leave him then—will leave his sun-hot land—and hurry to greet the moist, green freshness of the new-born spring. With gladsome songs trembling in their tiny hearts they'll hasten on their northern flight lest the whiteness of the dog-wood fade; lest the golden butter of the forsythia melt and the rainbow of the crocus pass away.

Yes, a few months hence "Trader" can reach above his head and pull down a sweet and juicy orange, but we'll wager that right now he'd like to sink his teeth into a frost-chilled, tree-plucked, red and rosy apple.

But with this, Wardan, our heartiest and best wishes go forward and although you are seemingly far away you may still thank God that you are yet within America. For, as Theodore Roosevelt said, "In this country we either all go up together, or together we will all come down."

In the end it would save a large share of the Greater West Side from dropping to at least partial demolition. There could be rejection of a vast bulk of cheap substitutions that emptied many an American factory and are now exhausting the patience of those who try to use them.

And, what a boon all the way around if Wyoming Valley could come out of the pall of smoke formed of the burning of soft coal. Why isn't it recognized for what it is—a pall of doom?

FRONT PORCH CAMPAIGN



Edith Blez

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

Do you ever lie in bed in the morning, and while you are trying to get awake, wonder what all the other people in your village think about when they are getting out of bed in the morning? Do you ever lie in bed and wonder what is going on in all the houses which seem so quiet and undisturbed so early in the morning? We live so securely behind our own four walls, many times we completely forget there are other people living behind their four walls.

For instance, do you ever think what might be happening in the house down the street where there is a flock of children? Is there wild excitement in the morning. Is there a mad scramble to get dressed and out to school? Who gets up first? Mother or father? Is father the kind who is disgreeable in the morning. Does mother have to keep the children quiet so father can have a few extra minutes, or is mother the kind who likes to sleep in the morning? Do the older children help with the small ones, and is there a pitched battle somewhere in the house because one of the girls has on a pair of stockings which don't belong to her? Does the mother heave a sigh of relief when they are all on their way, and does she sit down with the morning paper and enjoy a second cup of coffee so she can catch her breath and find courage enough to proceed with her daily chores?

I wonder what happens in the house where the newly-married couple live? Does the new bride worry about what she is going to give her husband for breakfast, after the terrible meal he suffered through last night? Does the new husband have courage not to complain about his wife's cooking, or does he forget himself in the morning and tell his brand new wife that she can't make coffee? Does he suggest that she learn how to make coffee? If he does, you can imagine the expression on the face of the poor little bride. For the very first time, her husband has dared to speak severely to her and she rushes to her room to weep!

Her husband—because he is young—and new at this business of being the head of a household, is confused too, and he loses his temper and rushes out of the house, and forgets to kiss his wife goodbye! Can't you picture what will happen when he gets home again?

Then there is the house where the elderly people live. They don't have to get up in the morning. Their days of rushing around are over. What do they think about in the morning. I'll wager, they get up good and early, and while papa reads his paper, mama cooks a good breakfast, and when it is ready they sit down together and discuss the news, and what they heard over the radio last night, and, perhaps, they wonder if it will rain and they hope some of the children will write or come to see them.

Then farther down the street perhaps a frantic mother is trying to get a high school girl out of bed. She calls and calls, and finally gets a feeble reply. The girl is possibly awake but she is busy trying to decide what to wear. Her mother keeps on calling but the girl can't hear because she is a million miles away, trying to remember just what it was one of the boys said to her yesterday. She answers her mother when she gets good and ready. She is too busy thinking to be bothered about what time it is. Time was made for slaves anyhow.

Then a square away lives the middle-aged couple, whose children have all married and moved away. They used to complain about all the noise and confusion in the house but now the place is like a morgue. They don't have very much to say to each other in the morning because they both keep thinking of those gay young people who have gone somewhere else to live. The house is haunted by ghosts of laughing youngsters. It is filled with ghosts of young people, who were always in and out of the house. Young people who were always asking questions and young people who were always in the bathroom at the wrong time. Now the place is too quiet—

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

I read a little of just about everything that comes along—except maybe some of the Best Sellers, which if you was to read a dozen, the best you could expect, it would be to pick up, maybe, a new cuss-word.

But I run across a piece in the paper about a duck down East, a banker who talks right out in meetin'.

Bankers have been in the dog-house. But if I was to give a horse-back opinion on what is wrong with 'em, I would say they are too bashful, or tongue-tied, or something. They don't talk back when a Burglar and horse-thief. So lots of folks half-way figure maybe they are somebody to avoid.

But this gent figures it is time to stop listening to the whipoorwills and get our old reliable 5-dollar gold piece back.

Sounds kinda sensible—so I reckon we will do nothing about it.

Your, with the low down,
JO SERRA.

TOWN MEETING

Editor:
I want to express my deepest appreciation for the kind co-operation you have given me in the past years. Be assured that I shall always remember with pleasure my associations with you and yours. In leaving, may I wish the best for The Post.

Sincerely,
Bob Sutton.

they don't like it, and they can't do a thing about it. They face each other across the breakfast table and wonder if it will always be like this!

FREEDOM

The columnists and contributors on this page are allowed great latitude in expressing their own opinions, even when their opinions are at variance with those of The Post.