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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 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. A consolidated high school eventually, and better co-operation between those that now exist.
6. Complete elimination of politics from local school affairs.
7. Construction of more sidewalks.

### NO TIME FOR SLACKERS

It is difficult to understand the lethargy of the average dairy farmer. He admits his dissatisfaction with the price he receives for his milk; he is, most of the time, completely bewildered by the complex price schedules by which he is paid, and he complains that he cannot show a profit but he scarcely lifts a finger to help the handful of leaders who are trying to present his case to the public.

Since last spring the dairyman in this section has had a hard-hitting organization which has, with limited finances and meagre co-operation, done an amazing job of winning concessions from the State Milk Control Board. For the first time, milk producers here have a good opportunity to unite solidly behind conscientious leaders who are ready to lead the attack upon a long-standing problem. These leaders (Cliff Space of Dallas is one of them) have already spent more time and money than they can afford in pushing the dairymen's cause. They deserve a better support from the men for whom they have been fighting.

One way a dairyman could prove that he is willing to carry his share of the battle would be for him to turn up at the meeting to be held by the Milk Producers' Association at Scranton next Wednesday. What he will learn there will be well worth the trip.

### CHEERFUL NEWS

Well, it looks as if a merry Christmas indeed is in store for retail and wholesale merchants, and their customers, too.

There's a handsome bulge in consumer pocketbooks resulting from the sharp upward course business has followed of late. At least 1,600,000 persons have gone back to work in non-agricultural industries since May. Though normally industry begins to slack off seasonally around November, it didn't happen this year. In fact, employment gained slightly during the month. Also, for 11,000,000 or so investors in stocks of American corporations, better business means bigger dividends; probably more in 1939 than last year. And this is the week when Christmas Clubs begin to lay on the line the \$350,000,000 saved by some 7,000,000 depositors during 1939.

These are some of the factors which indicate that retail sales of holiday merchandise will be the best in 10 years.

### NO LAST FRONTIER

"Our last frontier is gone," sigh the historians who read the history of America as the pushing forward of the frontier from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That offered to ambition and enterprise a field of unlimited opportunity. And now that we have achieved the conquest of the continent, what are we to do? Are we to lament with Alexander that there are no more wars to conquer? The westward march of our frontier meant new lands to make fruitful, to plant with wheat and corn or to drive out the buffalo and replace them with domestic cattle. The historians are right—that frontier is no more.

Yet there are other frontiers which are beyond their calculation. These frontiers are not geographical. They are not measured in miles; they are the frontiers of knowledge and of invention. The frontiers of the new sciences which year after year are being advanced from the realm of pure theory and high speculation into actualities. Our old frontier had a definite line. That limit was reached. But the frontiers of the mind of man have no limits and no measure.

Our great-grandfathers saw steam revolutionize the world. We in our day have seen the marvels of the automobile and the airplane. Have our people come to their Pacific when we can say surely that progress is stopped? Not at all. Our genius for invention means new frontiers for us to push forward, great, new, and as yet undreamed of worlds to conquer. We are not a static people. We never have been content to sit down and be satisfied that all has been done that man can do. The great thing in our history has been our inability to stay put. We have always been pushing forward to new and larger fields of endeavor. There is and can be for Americans no last frontier.

### A SIGNIFICANT AWARD

The Nobel Prize situation this year attracted an unusual amount of attention because there was no peace prize awarded. That, of course, was only natural, since war was blazing all around the prize-giving country.

Interest in the peace prize story, however, unfortunately distracted attention from the other prizes. One of these pointed a very interesting moral.

The award in question went to Professor Gerhard Domagk for his discovery of a cure for pneumonia, meningitis, and a number of other of man's most "difficult" diseases. And there was one particularly interesting fact about the situation which was more or less lost in the shuffle. It was the fact that the award was made to a man who conducted his researches not with the aid of some university or hospital, but with the aid of industry.

### WINTER

His breath like silver arrows pierced the air,  
The naked earth crouched shuddering at his feet,  
His finger on all flowing waters sweet  
Forbidding law—motion nor sound was there;  
Nature was frozen dead,—and still and slow,  
A winding sheet fell o'er her body fair,  
Flaky and soft, from his wide wings of snow.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

### javie aiche

## SECOND THOUGHTS

Headaches have been translated almost completely out of their meaning of physical pain. If you accept Alexander Woolcott's dictum that the only cure for a hangover is suffering, or if you prefer Westbrook Pegler's more tragic pronouncement that the only cure is death, that's the end of the physical side of the problem. Your radio will offer other palliatives, but don't believe it.

Your correspondent knows a gentleman who recently subscribed to belief in the remedial administration of so mild a thing as aspirin, then spent all of a night in subconscious wandering through mazes of dreams in technicolor. But pity for him is secondary to sympathy for the man or group of men who must undergo the ordeal of budget-balancing in Luzerne County. There's a headache for you.

For instance: Looking in upon John A. MacGuffie the other day was an experience that might be best depicted by one skilled in photomontage. Every time the president of the Luzerne County Commissioners lifted a paper from the file on his desk he was met by a new poser, a new problem, a headache whose cure is readily available in only that which MacGuffie like to avoid, a tax rise.

In your county set-up you have the spenders and the savers. What's to be done when in the last month of a budget year your judges decide to add \$500 to the pay of each court attendant? And what about the related certainty that for the next budget there will be demand that clerks assigned to the courts be placed on at least a pay par with the uniformed group whose most severe mental labor is in waking up to a ten o'clock roll call?

Your courts can upset a budget, if the judges are so inclined. They've already done so. A job created by the Bench, or many jobs so created, need only the magic words "by order of court," with a jurist signatory thereto, and the effect is the same as that produced in medieval times by a command from the throne.

On MacGuffie's desk lay a bill for \$2,400. It is more than two years old and it represents a contract entered between a publishing house and the late William Swan MacLean, when he served as president judge. There can be no question that the judges should have each a set of Vail's Law Digest; but, what about the further fact that the price per set is \$400? The county commissioners must ask bids on every expenditure of \$300 or more.

The Legislature of 1939 rejected proposals that the county business heads be given a salary of \$7,500. Imagine! Corporations dealing in a business with resources of four hundred million dollars would pay a secretary that much. The man at the head of a sales organization producing a profit of more than a quarter million dollars a year would get ten times the pay accorded from taxes for an equal result in only one department of your county structure, a department operated at an overhead cost of \$17,000.

Yet, in the Dallas district, the Sixth district, only a few more than seventy per cent of the enfranchised citizens thought enough about county economy to go to the polls and vote.

Well, life is funny or tragic, according to the way you live it. What amused this scrivener most one night this week was to listen to a conversation in the home of a very fortunate citizen. A dreamy-eyed young lady, a college graduate, was

### FIRST THINGS FIRST



Edith Blez

## THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

Somewhere several years ago, in a biography written by a young English poet, I came across a line or two which have stuck in my mind ever since. I can't remember the exact words but I do remember that the writer expressed the longing to be able to go back somewhere in the recesses of his mind, and walk up a very familiar garden path, open the door of his boyhood home, and find upon opening it some of the pleasant things he used to do when he was growing up.

I wonder if many of us do not feel the same way. When we begin getting to the age where life seems to be nothing but work and the business of earning a living, wouldn't we like to recapture some of the excitement, and some of the realness and sweetness of the things we never suspected were important when we were doing them. It is strange, too, what things we do remember when we think back. We never seem to remember the unpleasant things, we never seem to remember the big things, but it is the small unimportant happenings which pop up so unexpectedly. Sometimes it almost seems that they have been waiting patiently, somewhere in the dim background, to be lived again.

I wonder if any of you remember some of the things I remember? Can you think back to the grand feeling of waking up on Saturday morning and knowing it was a day to play and not a day to go to school and sit quietly for four or five hours. Saturdays were much better than any other day of the week. They even began differently. There was a strange excitement in the air. There was nothing to do but play unless, of course, someone in the house had other ideas. But even a few chores around the house didn't seem to make any real difference. Saturday

silent in the din of exchanged opinions on war. Others discounted Hitler, Stalin; a couple preached the merits of Socialism, but always there was war as the keynote.

And on the way home, the dreamy-eyed young lady turned to her escort and said:

"What war was it they were talking about? I didn't know there was any fighting going on."

was a gala day, a day which was always too short, a day filled with a sweet freedom which never seemed to come on any other day of the week.

I like to remember the first spring evenings along in the last part of April and the first of May when the days were growing longer and we were allowed to stay out a little longer in the evening. We tried to rush through supper and we couldn't understand why the big folks lingered so long. The gang gathered to play hide and seek or hop-scotch or sometimes it was jumping rope and jacks. Games always seemed so much better on the first spring evenings. We were not weighed down with heavy coats and the new warmth in the air brought visions of summer and swimming and picnics. We always hated to hear the door open and hear some one say, "Come on children, you have been playing long enough. It's time for bed."

Then there were the days before Christmas. Those days when Santa Claus was a reality and we spent long hard hours trying to cut a long list of things we wanted but knew we couldn't get. It was a lot of trouble to make the list short enough. Then we began counting the days, the minutes, then the seconds. Each night when we crawled into bed it seemed cruel to have to wait another day. Sometimes it snowed and when the storekeeper began stacking tall, fragrant trees outside the store windows it was almost too much. We felt sure we couldn't wait another minute. There were always strange packages coming to the house. Then the final night arrived and we couldn't get to bed fast enough. We closed our eyes but sleep refused to come. Somewhere outside we could hear people singing and downstairs there was a lot of moving around and whispering. Then somehow we fell asleep and in the first light of dawn, long before anyone else was awake, we crept downstairs to catch a glimpse of the tree as it gleamed in the dark. We took one good look and ran back to bed again. We had gotten what we wanted and now the bed was warm and we crawled under the covers satisfied to sleep until the rest of the household decided to wake up.

### THE LOW DOWN FROM Fred M. Kiefer

#### HICKORY GROVE

Doing something for the farmer is now the popular slogan. A better name for it would be "Doing the farmer."

Uplifts go in waves, but the finish is always the same — somebody gets elected to something.

I know a farmer over there back of Harvey's Lake and brother, he has ideas on the Govt. doing something for the farmer. He is a regular guy. Jo, he says, do you know what I'm going to do? And I says, no. Well, he says, maybe they will put me in jail, but I don't give a hoot; I'm fed up on supervision, I'm going ahead and just farm. You gotta have a slide rule and a calculus, and even then you can't tell what they want you to do or vice versa.

Everything is uplift and supervision. Showing a boy how to roll a hoop, that is the play ground Supervising Commissioner's job. Boy, we are a hot bunch.

Yours, with the low down,  
JO SERRA.

## GIMME A MATCH

There is a new industry growing up these days. It is reaching robust proportions, and it had its beginning as a plaything.

I am speaking of model rail-roading, and please don't confuse the toy train idea with scale modeling. For not only are the modelers grown men in many cases, but when going in for this hobby thoroughly, they either are when they start or they sooner or later become master mechanics.

Building miniatures to scale involves draughtsmanship, electrical and mechanical engineering, carpentry and landscape architecture. Over 100,000 American men and boys are enthusiastically reproducing exact scale models in the standard O, OO, and HO gauges of the giant locomotives on the high rails of today. They build their own genuine steel rail tracks and switches, towers, signals, cross-gates and semaphores and operate them by remote electrical control. They construct their own rolling stock, miniature factories, breakers, cities, villages, mountains, rivers, wheat fields and their tiny trees and shrubs with every item to the perfection of the scale they are working in.

With it all they have adopted the vernacular of the railroad, which is, strictly speaking, a foreign tongue to most of us. Following, I have endeavored to present an example of a highly improbable conversation (but using the natural terms) between a railroad official and the fireman of a wrecked train. Railroaders may find errors—most of you will probably agree that it doesn't even make sense.

"Good morning, Casey," says the Main Pin, "you're looking better. Feel like telling what happened on the run?"

"Well, Mr. Goodtie, I can tell you up to the time of the meet. We weeded the garden on time. The Big O got a flimsy and we got the high ball for the main iron, so we beat 'er on the back down the alley and carried the mail. I ain't the best ash-cat on the line but I sure was crackin' the black diamonds when of a sudden the hoghead lets out a yell and wings 'er. The callopie shudders as the pig wipes the clock an' I hear tell even the monkeys in the crumb box lost some teeth an' one of 'em hit the grit. Maybe the switch hog brownied or the snake bent the wrong rail. I don't know for sure an' the baby lifter says when we made the big hole he was blowin' smoke to a dead-head and all of a sudden the Zulus in the varnish began bouncing around. Anyhow the scissors bill on the red ball says as how the bakehead told him their hogger was wipin' jerk soup outa his eyes and don't see no red eye, if there is one, and besides he didn't get no washout. Then the tea kettle blew and me, when I come to, I'm covered with lump oil and that's all, Mr. Goodtie, I know about the damn cornfield."

### The Mail Bag

I was slightly amused and more than slightly annoyed the other evening when driving on a back street in Dallas to find the street almost blocked by the car of a councilman who lived directly opposite the town's Burgess. I suppose parking his car on the wrong side of the street is the privilege of a town father but as a taxpayer I'd like some privileges for my money.

These men put down laws for us to go by. It would seem to me that in this town, parking on two sides of the street could be eliminated to one side. If the law says two sides, two sides it must be but when a councilman has two neighbors who park their car correctly it would be to his credit and to the advancement of the town if he, also, would park his car behind or in front of theirs and free the road for the motorist coming up the hill, at least face it the correct way.

I hope that in the near future, when I again travel the road that I've paid for, I find it slightly more accessible.

—CRITIC.

TOMORROW  
He was going to be all that he wanted to be—

TOMORROW.  
No one should be kinder or braver than he—

TOMORROW.  
A friend who was troubled and weary, he knew—who'd be glad of a lift—and who needed it, too—on him, he would call and see what he could do—

TOMORROW.  
Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write—

TOMORROW.  
And thoughts of the folks he would fill with delight—

TOMORROW.  
It was too bad, indeed, he was busy today, and hadn't the minute to stop on his way. "More time I will have to give others," he'd say—

TOMORROW.  
The greatest of workers, this man would have been—

TOMORROW.  
The world would have known him had he ever seen—

TOMORROW.  
But, in fact, he passed on, and he faded from view, and all that he left here when living was through, was a mountain of things he intended to do—

TOMORROW.

### 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.