

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

I have just seen the movie version of Abe Lincoln in Illinois and if you haven't seen it you are in for a rare treat. I saw Raymond Massey do the same play in the stage but I was not as impressed as I was with the moving picture version. It was the same play, the same words were there, the same sequence of events, and the same man acting the leading part but something happened to Raymond Massey on the screen. His individuality as Raymond Massey, a distinguished and honored actor of the stage, completely disappeared and before the eyes of the small audience in the theatre where I saw the picture, Abraham Lincoln came to life and not for a single moment did one member of that audience doubt that Honest Abe lived and breathed. As we sat in the darkened theatre, even though most of us have been raised on stories of Lincoln, and I wouldn't doubt if more has been written about him than any other man in our history, we seemed to meet Lincoln for the first time when he came to New Salem on a flat boat filled with pigs.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

If I was starting out to fool somebody and trying to put over a quick deal, like maybe selling a horse with the heaves or something, I would steer clear of old Yankeeland. And the reason I am thinking of the Yanks is on account of this Mr. Tobey. Those old boys with the whang in the voice, there between the Penobscot and the Connecticut, they don't buy wooden nutmegs, they sell 'em.

And this new idea of asking everybody 83 questions, and looking down our gullet, and under the house when they are taking the census and just supposed to count us, has riled up Mr. Tobey.

His forefathers dodged tomahawks down around Plymouth Rock, so a few palefaces circling him now, there on the Potomac, don't curdle his blood. Cal Coolidge would be proud of him.

Peekin' around in bath-rooms to see who washes his feet or neck, and how about behind our ears and we prove it, is a bit nosy. Mr. Tobey say so.

With 95 per cent of all the bathtubs in the world in the U. S., that old boy could be our next President.

HARRISBURG WHIRLIGIG

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.

The picture goes on and we learn about the man Lincoln. We see him as a father, and as the husband of the woman who gave him three sons but very little comfort or peace. He understood her and was tolerant with her, and he submitted humbly to her nagging ways. Only once did he really cross her and that was on the night he was running for the Presidency and the votes were being counted and everything was in a state of feverish excitement. She was sick of his indifference, and his general attitude. She didn't understand that her husband was to have added worries and responsibilities if the people decided he was to be President. She thought only of herself and her small warped soul cried out in despair. Lincoln turned to her, after his friends had left the room, and told her it was excusable for her to worry and fuss in the privacy of their own home but he would not have her make a fool of him in public. She looked at him in utter amazement and told him it was the first time he had ever taken such a tone with her. She went home, on the eve of her husband's triumph, home to sit and weep because she felt sorry for herself and still could not realize what a great and simple soul she had married.

Application has been made to the Federal Works Projects Administration by Governor Arthur H. James for an emergency appropriation of \$2,000,000 for use in the borough of Shenandoah and the surrounding region, to avert the danger to life, property or health and to facilitate the resumption of normal community activities which have been disrupted by the recent surface subsidence caused by mining operations under the borough.

In the first two and one-half months of 1940, the State Highway Department awarded contracts calling for the improvement of 59.22 miles of highway at a cost of \$4,259,926.

THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is open to everyone. Letters should be plainly written and signed.

Editor:

I wonder just what Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Valley looked like on All Fools' Day. Wyoming Valley needs a flood of dollars, not water.

I suppose I should need one of the planes we are now building to get to Dallas if I decided to go home and keep my feet dry.

The census enumerator asked me "Where do you live?" I said "I am like a chain store—all over."

Chesapeake Bay is well confined, but the Wyoming Valley flood seems endless.

Yours,
Tom Kinney.
Baltimore, Md.

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.

WELCOME, STRANGER!



WASHINGTON SNAPSHOTS

By James Preston

Down along the Tidal Basin, and the new shrine dedicated to the memory of Thomas Jefferson, the cherry blossoms will soon be in bloom. Thousands of Americans from every section of this broad land will make the pilgrimage to Washington at this time of the year, anxious to see the city that symbolizes government in the greatest representative democracy ever designed by free men. These average citizens will stay for a few days, see the sights, and return to their homes with many cherished memories.

It is always an inspiring sight for this observer to see the thousands of men and women who come to Washington at this season not merely because it is a city that has been beautifully designed, but also because the spirits of Washington and Lincoln and Jefferson and unnumbered other great men seem still alive here. In Totalitaria, no one thinks of the capital city as anything but a big collection of wood and stone buildings, the place where the Dictator lives and rules.

Today in Washington, though, on turning from contemplation of these pleasant spring visitors, it is hard to keep from remembering also the thousands of other visitors who have come here in recent years. Most of them came, supposedly, to stay for just a little while. But very few of them have ever gone away.

This second class of "visitors" comprises the huge army of government employees who have made their appearance to carry out the duties and activities undertaken by government in recent years. The majority of them first appeared, probably, under the impression that their work was to be of a temporary nature. The activities in question were commonly described at the time of their inception as "emergency measures." They were, to repeat another phrase often in use here a few years back, "a product of the depression." It was intimated that, once business and farming and other fields of endeavor began to stage a recovery and the national income showed a real gain, the need for these activities would greatly diminish.

But after an extended period that has seen the number of capital employees continue to skyrocket, the truth of an old adage is again becoming apparent. The adage we have in mind runs to this effect: Bureaucratic powers of government, no matter under what plea they are obtained, are seldom—and very reluctantly—relinquished.

It's Funny About Hearts

By Ruth Stewart Shenley

Hearts don't break;
Glass breaks—frail stuff.
Hearts take hard knocks, hearts bend,
Hearts stretch; hearts are tough.
Hearts don't die;
Flowers die—like song.
Hearts thrive on love, pain, dreams;
Hearts live—eons long.

Hearts are queer.
They're deep, high, wide;
Everyday stuff, hearts. Why, look—
Mine holds heaven inside.

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Howard W. Risley..... Manager
Howell E. Rees..... Editor
Harold J. Price..... Mech. Supt.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Items from the columns of The Post ten years ago this week.

From The Post of April 11, 1930:
After undergoing training for several weeks at Paris Island, S. C., Russell D. Honeywell of Dallas received his first regular assignment in the Marine Corps when he became a member of the Tenth Artillery Regiment at Quantico, V., this week.

"Big Time", a moving picture in which Lee Tracy, a former Shaver-town boy and the son of Mrs. W. L. Tracy, is the star, will be shown Tuesday and Wednesday at the Himmler. In commenting on the picture, Mrs. Tracy says her son's voice sounds just as natural as though he were speaking to her.

Negotiations have been started by William LaBar, manager of the Dallas Sunday baseball team, for the entrance of Dallas in the Wyoming Baseball League.

Ross, Dallas Township forward, was high scorer in the Bi-County League this year, accumulating 75 points.

While this is the month of April and Spring is supposed to be here the snow squalls Monday and Tuesday made it look more like Winter. In this section we can't count on good weather until at least May 1.

It is interesting to note that during the entire year of 1929 no person was drowned in Harvey's Lake.

"Red" Schwartz celebrated his ninth wedding anniversary last Friday. Due to the fact that "Red" is always chirping of this and that, he bought Mrs. Schwartz a canary, so she could sit and listen to the bird instead of "Red".

Rev. Harry Henry has been offered a prohibition agent's position with the government, but he has decided to remain here and has been appointed for another year.

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FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

Our town came very close to losing its most valuable antique last Thursday in the chimney fire at the Teackle Mansion. I found it interesting to watch the crowd's reaction at this particular fire. The younger spectators went to see something burn, and shouted loudly as the smoke curled out from under the dry, weather-beaten eaves. The older people were more reserved and quiet than at any fire where I had ever seen them. They all looked as if it were their own building that was on fire. And in reality I guess it is their building. Without the Mansion our town wouldn't be quite the same.

The firemen were most careful in putting out the fire. It was the first time that I ever saw firemen wipe their feet before entering a building. Their description of the wall and of the hand-fashioned laths held in place with hand made nails, which they had to partially destroy, reminded me of something I'd read about old houses.

Back about a hundred years ago, when the first people began to migrate to the West, nails were the most expensive part of a house. For a long time pioneers who couldn't sell their houses would burn them and retrieve the nails to build their future homes with after being re-tempered. The burning of houses got to be so frequent that the government stepped in and put a stop to it. They gave every departing settler a keg of nails. The size of the keg was, of course, determined by the size and amount of wood in the house. A house like the Teackle Mansion would not bring a very big keg because it was almost all brick and brick was very cheap, as it was merely ballast in sail boats cast off when the boat got its cargo.

But I know that our town would much rather have the Teackle Mansion as it now stands than fifty kegs of bent, charred nails, and I imagine that old Mr. Meshack Millbourne doffed his entailed hat to the local firemen for their work in keeping it so.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

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SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

When, as reported last week, at a temporary terminal of the safari by which John Jay Butch McDevitt gained suzerainty in a one-day entitlement to the role of millionaire; when, with bland composure and admirable sang froid, he refused to accept a gift motorcar and thousands of dollars of other inducements for advertising purposes, New York was relieved. Particularly relieved were the newspapers; because, if McDevitt's name had appeared in one item of commercial solicitation of the public the editors would have become the supreme suckers of their generation.

You could hear the sighs of approbation like the sigh of a moor wind. At some time before dawn the millionaire-for-a-day, his physician, his secretary, George W. Williams, and this scribe repaired to the Waldorf. And so to bed. The peace of tired bodies and stomachs as surfeit settled over the hostelry, but not for long.

A blast rang out. Another. And then another. Williams and your narrator rushed from an adjoining room to the boudoir of the bumptious chief guest of the day. There was no murder. All that had happened was explained by the presence of three press photographers, fondling their huge cameras and preparing fresh flashlight powders. There were no smokeless flash bulbs in those days. The room of McDevitt was smothered in acrid fumes.

John Jay himself lay back on three pillows—in his underwear. Beside him on a gold tray, in a sterling silver basket, was a bottle of ginger ale; in McDevitt's hand a tumbler clutched by silver brackets in gold hoops. Offside, the bathroom gave forth reports of repeated gurgling, finally explained when three waiters emerged with buckets of empty champagne bottles. Off came the underwear of the millionaire-for-a-day and into his champagne bath he went with the photographers popping away for the benefit of the press and a now avid public waiting on every new development.

Came then the most astounding call of all—from Hammerstein's, world's greatest purveyor of classic vaudeville. Pat Casey and his advisory board please come over to the Putnam building? John Jay agreed on the spot, after breakfast. It was a matter of using the one clean collar left in the traveling bag of the millionaire-for-a-day, the only clean collar and alone in the bag excepting for a toothbrush. On the way to the Putnam building, John stopped at a haberdashery, bought a collar replacement for the bag, gave the girl behind the counter five dollars and left her gaping and gasping for breath by refusing to accept any change.

Pat Casey wanted to see Butch alone. A half hour after he and John Jay had entered the sanctum sanctorum of Hammerstein's the same Mr. Casey returned to the advisory board. No longer was he the

suave theatrical agent, sure of his ground, getting what he wanted because he had the money to buy.

"My Gawd, gentlemen," he said, "this man has just refused a thousand dollars a week for two performances a day. All I want him to do is go out on Hammerstein's stage for twenty minutes, telling the stories he's been telling for nothing. Do it twice a day for the next three weeks here in New York and I'll give him forty-two weeks on the road. It's a future, gentlemen, and he's turning it down."

Here was the test by ordeal. But McDevitt met it.

"Mr. Casey," he said, "You simply don't understand. Let me remind you that spending is a high art and John McDevitt is the last man in the world who would vulgarize it with commercialism."

What next? The millionaire-for-a-day bethought himself of the appropriateness of college education. "I'd like to have it to say that I went through Yale." By taxicab then to the New York, New Haven & Hartford station. At the ticket window he asked for a private car for his party. Ah, railroads were prosperous and patronized back in early 1912. Such a thing as a private car couldn't be had, not under two days' advance notice; so, the party had to travel by coach.

And McDevitt went through Yale—in the door to the long main corridor at campus-center, and out the door at the other end. And right there stood Sylvester Z. Poli, thanks to word from John J. Calvin back in Wilkes-Barre. Poli, builder of the Penn Theatre, was one of the big five of vaudeville. He had just erected two new theatres in New Haven and Springfield and nothing would satisfy him other than that McDevitt should go over and give them at least the baptism of his presence before their final dedication and formal opening.

It was almost 9 o'clock at night, with only three hours of the millionaire's day left, when the party got back to New York. Of which, more next week in the final installment of these somewhat nostalgic nubbins of memory.



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POTATOES are heavy feeders on potash. A 400-bushel crop uses about 200 lbs. of this plant food. In addition to increasing yields, potash makes potato plants healthier and more resistant to diseases, drought, and light frosts. It improves the shape of potatoes and increases the starch content.

With manure and good legume sod turned under, the Pennsylvania Experiment Station recommends an application of 800-1,000 lbs. of a 4-8-8 fertilizer per acre or other analyses in the 1:2:2 ratio, such as 5-10-10 and 8-16-16, in amounts to supply 160-200 lbs. of plant food per acre. Without manure, the application should be 25% higher. Where there is a tendency to excessive vine growth and light set, a 1:3:3 ratio is suggested.

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