

## SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

Complaints finally found a focal point at Shaeffer's. To the economists of the luncheon table, those young and old men gathered from all of Luzerne County to toil at the various and devious tasks of government, Shaeffer's on at least one day of the week is as the Tally-Ho is to Dallas practically all the time—friendly. The day of the week that has special allure is Thursday, because that is the time for the special luncheon of fried or stewed chicken with what approximates home-made soup and noodles; and as far back as I can recall the Thursday noon-day repast was served for a quarter.

Joe O'Mara of Exeter thought there was a mistake in the check the waiter laid down beside his plate. For, instead of a quarter, it called for a due of thirty-five cents. Al Dennis of Wyoming picked up his for comparison and it was the same. Of equal amounts were the bills given Paul Murray of Pittston and Dave Williams of West Wyoming and, of course, your commentator fared no better.

"How come?" O'Mara directed the question at the cashier. "What happened to the twenty-five cent lunch?" he continued. The cashier was not the least nonplussed. He had a question of his own to ask: "What's happening to everything?" And by way of volunteering an answer he suggested that "anybody that's married ought to know what's happening to the price of food." And, boy, how it is happening!

But, that isn't all that is happening. The price of war is the most of the catastrophic story, what with taxes eating into the wage and salary, dividends coming down by compound fractions with even the best of stocks, and Defense industries so concentrated that populations are moving—to the great disadvantage of real estate in this sector of Pennsylvania, with its increasingly long list of tenantless dwellings.

I think the boys are still mourning the passing of Shaeffer's quarter chicken lunch, and it served for several days of conversation and exchanges of experience with the grocer, the butcher and baker. Then along came magazine "Life" with its camp commentaries from griping and grouching draft and National Guard men, with fifty per cent quoted as willing-to-be-deserters and an additional forty per cent certain that they are the prize suckers of the world.

That changed the subject until President Roosevelt's good friend, Dr. Henry Noble McCracken, president himself of Vassar College, plumped for the America First Committee of Charles Lindbergh and Senator Wheeler, exhorting the efontony of his chief executive, and yours, in engaging a treaty for which he had no authority with Winston Churchill, who had all the authority the British Empire could bestow.

You had to look around for Eleanor's column of "My Day" to get the retail slant on the meeting off the rocky coast of Maine, and if you did that you found her celebrating the fact that Franklin Junior and Elliott were on hand, too, for the royal engagement, with the Duke and Duchess of Kent coming later. Yeah, boy! What the man on the off-side table wanted to know was this: "When are we going to hold the coronation?"

Chester Brozema, I suppose, made the most apt summation of the sym-

### THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Before the old Roman Empire blew up back yonder around 2000 years ago, things were something like they are now, here. Taxes were sky-high—divorce was easy as shootin' fish—pleasure came first—spending for swords and chariots soared—religion was half-hearted.

I been gassin' about it with Henry Ford—he is my neighbor. He says, "Jo, instead of standing around with your mouth open taking in all the new theories coming over the radio or reading 2-column columns by hysterical reporters, you better sharpen a coupla pencils and start writing your U. S. A. senators and U. S. A. congressmen. Tell 'em where to start pruning expenses. Tell 'em to sweep out the Govt. psychologists and economic experimenters. Tell 'em to send home their son-in-law and all their other relatives. Anyway, send home all who are getting 2 thousand or upwards, per year. That would just about empty half the buildings. Tell 'em to sell the surplus furniture, including the 500 thousand swivel chairs. That might help start the ball rolling," he says.

Henry is not so handsome, but brother, he sure is no green pea.

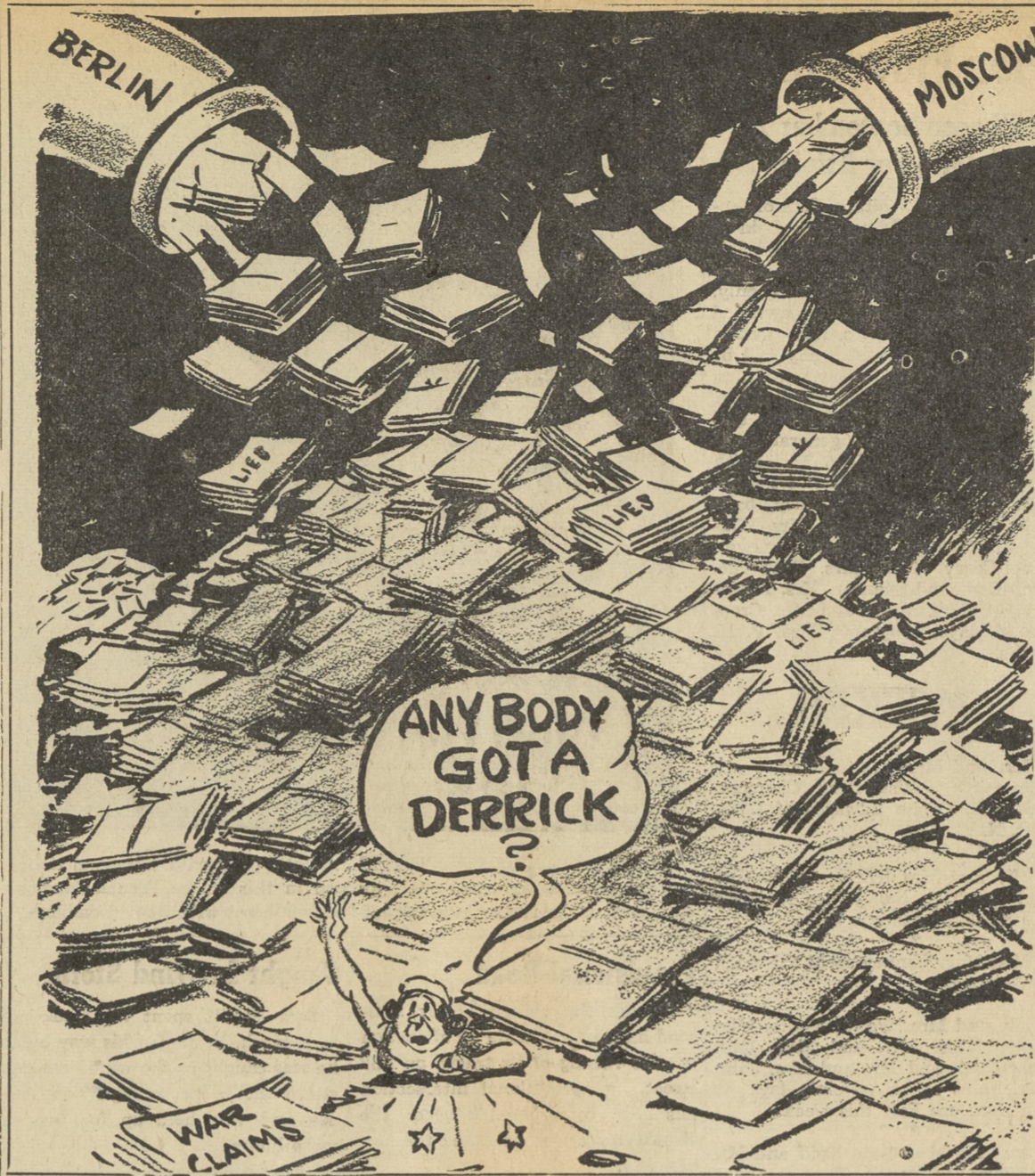
Yours with the low down,  
JOE SERRA.

posium. In fact, he closed it. What Chester said was: "Listen! Prices may be going up and we all may be going up with them, to hell knows where. But the fellow in the White House has the inside track. He ought to know what he's doing. I have two brothers already in service and they're not griping. If they were I wouldn't speak to them."

"I haven't a son, but if I had one and he needed to be coddled into defense of this land of ours—well, I wouldn't be writing letters to the papers about it. I'd simply shoot the pup!"

So far as I have been able to learn, Chester Brozema isn't a candidate for office. All he is, I may add, is a third-generation American. I, who am only second generation, feel like an immigrant every time I hear some one refer to Chester as a "foreigner."

### "Truth, Crushed to Earth, Shall Rise Again!"



### THE SAFETY VALVE - By Post Readers

As I Saw It

Editor The Post:

Four o'clock in the morning and I had just crawled back between the covers after closing the windows because of the rain. As I lay there awake, I could not help thinking what inconvenience and delay the farmers would be put to in their harvesting and what a messy day it would be for travelling. All the while flashes of lightning ran across the sky and eerie shadows played on the walls of our room. Gradually the storm was lessening in fury. Silence, then a terrifying crash followed by the low-throated rumble of thunder and I could almost sense a tree falling to the earth somewhere in the woods across the way. It was too early for dawn yet the room grew brighter—suddenly I heard the shouting of men mingled with the agonized cries of animals. Could it be fire?

Leaping out of bed and running to the window, I saw at once the source of the light and noises was a barn completely in flames. On went my clothes and boots while my "better half" also struggled rather sleepily into a costume a bit more fashionable than bed clothes. Grabbing my old service coat and an old fishing hat for protection from the driving rain, I left the house and ran up the road. "Are the animals safe, did you drive them out?" was my first question. The answer was just this: "We drove three out and untied the rest but we couldn't go back in a second time to get any more."

By this time bleary-eyed men were coming from every direction and immediately started to remove everything from the barn housing the machinery which stood so close to the burning building. First to be moved was a car whose front end was up in the air hanging like a lifeless creature for underneath it on the floor lay its motor in many parts waiting repair. Then the cutter, next the binder and finally, after many loads of articles usually on a farm, we dragged out the old sleigh.

"Will the other barn catch?" was the question on everyone's lips and as if in answer the flames reached out and licked at its side succeeding in starting a small patch of fire. Up with a ladder and then several buckets of water—success.

Now the only thing left to do was to stand by and protect the remaining buildings. This was our first chance to congregate and talk it over and as a chorus every man said: "Thank God for the rain, may it continue!"

Not until then had one of us realized that we were soaked to the skin but none minded the drenching for the rain was our ally and only hope to save the other buildings.

As there was nothing more to do, I came home, shed my clothes and eagerly drank the steaming coffee that was ready for me. "Are you going to bed?" asked my wife and I wearily replied, "I guess not, it's daylight and I don't believe I could sleep anyway."

I write the above article not as a literary contribution but merely as a protest to the newspaper report which read and I quote: "Early this morning, a barn in Sweet Valley owned by the Long family was struck by lightning and was completely destroyed. Three horses were led out and four more fled to the pasture leaving eight cows and five horses to perish. Nothing was saved and the loss is reported to be \$10,000."

J. L. M., Jr.

### "More than a newspaper, a community institution" THE DALLAS POST ESTABLISHED 1889

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Penna., by the Dallas Post, Inc.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions, \$2 a year, payable in advance.

Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas; Hislop's Restaurant, Tally-Ho Grille; Shaver-town, Evans' Drug Store; Huntsville, Frantz Fairlawn Store.

Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY

Associate Editors MYRA ZEISER RISLEY WARREN F. HICKS

Contributing Editors FRED M. KIEFER JOHN V. HEFFERNAN

Mechanical Superintendent HAROLD J. PRICE

Vote Lake Township Dry

Editor The Post:

We of the Youth's Temperance Council are throwing out this challenge to the voters of Lake township. You have in your power at this primary election the authority of whether your township shall legalize the sale of beer and liquor for another four years or take the way of nobleness and say that "Lake township shall be a leader in the Back Mountain Region in voting dry on both beer and liquor." We cannot yet realize the effect that such a splendid decision would have upon the youth of today, who are the leaders in the world of tomorrow.

We, who are to lead your nation after you have passed, need and must have comrades who are pure, clean-cut men and women or else the destiny of our great nation is in peril. Will you not do your humble, yet highly responsible and decisive duty of stating that you are with us by pulling down the "No" levers on each question? You who are feeble and aged, we ask that you do one more patriotic deed for your community before you pass to the world beyond. Could you leave a better inheritance to your community at present than a firm and final "No" to the liquor business?

Children and young people of Lake township, you who have not yet acquired the civic privilege of voting, you may assist in this crusade by asking your parents, your older sister, or brother, or your neighbors to help vote your township dry. Show them that you are really interested in this battle.

Temperance workers and we who believe in the teachings of Christ, let us band ourselves together in this noble fight for the right. Let us pray much and believe that we shall conquer, then in victory give God all the glory to whom it rightfully belongs. If you wish to contribute financial aid, which is much needed in this cause, you may send it to me and feel sure that it will

be used in this cause.

Let us take a look at the facts compiled by W. G. Calderwood and published in a Book of Temperance Facts:

"The number of prisoners in federal institutions on June 30, 1935, (repeal) was 1,000 higher than the previous all time high."

"During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1935, the population of federal penal institutions increased from 12,201 to 15,417, said to be the largest increase of any year in the nation's history."

"The total cost of crime to the people of the United States has been frequently reported at 15 billion dollars per year by J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the F. B. I. Alcohol is responsible for a large proportion of this crime."

"Even in the cosmopolitan city of New York, records show that during wet 1912 to 1916, the average number of arrests for intoxication per year was 23,404 but in the same city during the dry years 1926 to 1930 the average arrests for drunkenness was 12,010—that means a decrease in New York City of 48.6 per cent in arrests for drunkenness comparing dry years with the wet."

Consider carefully these facts and the challenge to you who are the voters. Persuade your neighbor to vote dry too.

Albert J. Crispell.

### Ghastly Parade

Editor The Post:

Stating that the "disfigurement of our country" by billboards is one of the practices which makes people dislike the "Heartless Corporation," Lytle Hull, well-known columnist for small-town newspapers said in a recent column:

"All this stuff about 'Seeing America First' is the bunk—unless you do it from the air or 'across country.' If you use the roads, you occasionally get a fleeting vista between the sign boards, but don't take advantage of it because the next corner is probably hidden behind a lovely temptress juggling a package of Camerog cigarettes. The best system is to pull into one of the many parking spaces provided by the Squirms Shave Company and see your country on foot. This takes longer but is more restful and educational; besides which you will find a very beautiful and completely undiscovered landscape behind that never-ending and ghastly parade of papered lumber."

"What disciple of sadism first invented this horrible method of torture for his fellow countrymen? What spirit of evil could arouse in the human breast such passion for gain? What perverted economist ever dreamed that a hundred thousand miles of gasoline and soft drink exaggeration could be read and digested at 55 miles per hour?"

"The writer has just returned from a motor trip through South Carolina and North Carolina, Virginia and Pennsylvania. He can't tell you anything about the scenery because he couldn't see it, but he can tell you that the 'Battle of the Colas' is raging madly; that the hotels are having a big, but expensive roadside season; that every gasoline is better than every other gasoline and that most of our motor oils will do everything but knit sweaters. There are salad dressings which make your mouth water (until you taste them). There are pills which make old men young—and vice-versa, and there are iceboxes with skating rinks.

## THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

It seems to me each year I get around to writing a column about the dullness of keeping house and I do hope I am not boring you with this constant complaint against looking at the same four walls each day. I know I should be glad to have four walls to look at and I realize how grateful I should be for the things I do when so many people have no homes but it is useless to try to comfort a fortunate person with something she hasn't experienced. I have come to the conclusion that it is very silly to educate our girls too highly if they are to become wives and mothers!

### FOOTNOTES By EMMONS BLAKE

When I first described Bushnell, I called it a small town. That was because all the town's business was confined to three buildings. But I was wrong. Bushnell is really large. It stretches far beyond where we can see, which is considerable in Nebraska.

The wire that leads electricity to the world's biggest light is small; the spark that starts the fiercest fire is tiny. So it is with Bushnell. The town is just the heart of something bigger. The aircraft beacon with its ten-mile sweep just about covers Greater Bushnell. Farmers up to eighteen miles distant have plates over their auto licenses reading "Bushnell." A boy who lives six miles from the center of town was talking about how the beacon flashed into his window all night long; another from four miles the other way spoke up. "Seventeen seconds." They laughed and nodded. There was a community spirit in these boys' counting of the time lapse in flashes.

Last month during harvest, itinerant workers were baffled when they were told that there was work to be had in Bushnell, only to be directed on arrival, to farms four to fifteen miles distant. But that difference does not seem to register with the farmers. They sail blithely into directions for finding a neighbor, "Ten miles due west, until you come to Bogle's half section, then three to the right."

In some parts of the country, weddings and funerals are either private or invitational. Here, if they are not secret, weddings, like funerals, are public. A car seldom leaves Bushnell bound for a nearby town, only half loaded; the driver will wait until he has found others to go along. It is not necessary that they be friends, for if they aren't at the start of the trip, they will be at the finish. It was in this manner that I have come to know many of the people here.

Statistics workers must have their hands full when they try to tabulate anything from this district. The "town" in the last census was 252. But from the small town, almost that many men and boys have registered for the draft. Two hundred and some boys and girls are listed in the 4-H. And if one were to believe the figures he would find that every family must have three cars.

I no longer start when I hear one farmer ask another how the weather is at his end of Bushnell.

### 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

### SERIOUS BUSINESS

"Joking aside, it's a serious business this disfigurement of our country; and it is one of those practices which makes people dislike the 'Heartless Corporation.' It is difficult for a poor man who owns a farm or piece of land beside the highway to resist the cash which he may be offered for a sign location—and very often these signs are placed upon the property of others without their knowledge and consent, and it is costly to have it removed, sometimes requiring court action.

"It is very sad and sordid and makes one admire the government every time it creates a federal park and throws out the desecrators of our beautiful country."

Yours for zoning,  
R. A. H.

### "FORWARD!" BE OUR WATCHWORD!

— DEAN ALFORD —



Forward! Be our watchword  
Steps and voices joined;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind.  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head:  
Who shall dream of shrinking  
By our Captain led?

### Little Stories of GREAT HYMNS

Written as a Processional Hymn in 1871 for the Tenth Festival of the Canterbury Diocesan Choral Union, it is based on the passage in Exodus: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward"

These "Little Stories of Hymns" are presented to you by—

HOWARD H. WOOLBERT  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
DALLAS 400 • SHAVERTOWN, PA.

### OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

#### HISTORIC HERITAGE

WITHOUT THRIFT THE PURITANS WOULD HAVE PERISHED ON THAT STERN AND ROCKBOUND COAST.

BUT THESE HARDY WORKERS WITH THE BIBLICAL NAMES— NATHANIEL, NOAH, DANIEL, JOSHUA, GIDEON, ELI, ICHABOD— KNEW THEIR OLD TESTAMENT, PARTICULARLY JOSEPH'S STORY OF THE SEVEN GOOD AND SEVEN FAMINE YEARS.— AND WHAT HE DID ABOUT IT.

THIS MOTIVATING HERITAGE OF OURS HAS MADE AMERICA WHAT IT IS AND HAS RESULTED IN HISTORY'S GREATEST AGGREGATE OF INDIVIDUALS' THRIFT — 117½ BILLION IN LIFE INSURANCE OWNED BY 65 MILLION AMERICANS TODAY.