

"Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of speech or of Press"—The Constitution of the United States.

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.

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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. A free library located in the Dallas Region.
4. Sanitary sewage disposal systems for local towns.
5. A centralized police force.
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.

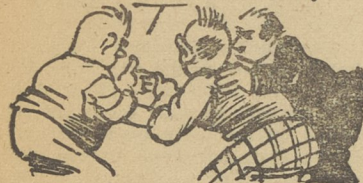
WASHINGTON PARADE

By RAY JOHNSON and WALTER PIERCE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—When a Capitol policeman stopped him at the steps to the Capitol with the "Sorry, only members of Congress are permitted to enter," the nervous little fellow threw out his chest and replied with dignity: "And who told you that I'm not a member of Congress?"

As the abashed policeman stepped aside the little faker strode through the door as if the Capitol was his rightful property! Only God and the State Department can tell what makes an American Ambassador! (Vincent Sheehan in Personal History).

WHAT IS DAVIS?



When Joe Davis, our new Ambassador to Russia, announced to the President and the world in general that he was shipping two thousand pints of preserved cream to darkest Russia, it didn't seem to this column a matter of diplomatic life or death.

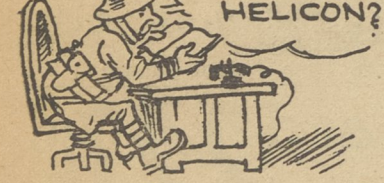
The intriguing thing about the whole affair is that statistics at hand show that the land of the Bolsheviks owns 42,300,000 cows or one for every four persons as compared to one for every five Americans in our own land—also that Mrs. Davis, the former Marjorie Post, owns a "few shares" of Post products stocks.

Did our esteemed diplomat simply mean to get a bit of free advertising for his wife's canned products?—Perish the thought!

Help Wanted—With military terseness, the United States Army reports the nation's second line of defense in danger; and all because of a helicon shortage.

The plight of our armed forces leaked out when the Army Information Service let it be known that a band in the Canal Zone had to have the said helicon plus a man who could play it. But the frantic Army Bureau informant neglected to report what sort of an instrument a helicon is. Questioning of expert horn-blowers around Washington brought no further information.

HELICON? HELICON?



In despair I turned to my old reliable Webster which informed me that a helicon is a deep toned brass wind instrument with a large circular tube that may be carried around the body while marching. Also that it is a mountain range in Greece. But you don't play that!

A good job waits the man who can play the helicon and wants to see Panama, but he must furnish his own helicon. According to reports going the rounds of New Deal inner circles Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, has become the President's closest adviser. Which may tend to verify the belief that the second Roosevelt administration will lean more toward conservatism than during its first term.

THIS WEEK'S TAXOGRAM

The governmental debt in the United States, which must ultimately be met by taxation, was, on January 1, \$418.08 for every man, woman and child in the United States—a total of nearly \$54,000,000, of which \$34,405,163,874.61 was Federal and the rest state and local.

That Centralized Police Plan

The smooth ease with which three amateur bandits escaped with thirty or forty dollars after robbing Fred Woolbert's service station at Trucksville last week illustrates why The Post has agitated for a centralized police department in this section.

Under the present arrangement the chief duties of the police are to guard intersections for school children and enforce traffic regulations. That they are handicapped frequently in the latter duty by the petty interference of officials is merely another argument against the present lack of system.

The policemen of this section are generally on call twenty-four hours a day, which means only that if anything happens in the night, when criminals work, the policeman is just where other law-abiding folk are... in bed. By the time he answers the phone, dresses, buckles on his armament, gets the car started and begins his chase any bandit deserving of the title can be safely out of the town in any one of a score of directions.

Criminals make it their business to know such things, and the present lack of organization exposes the citizens of this section to the danger of hold-ups and burglaries.

If, on the night of last week's robbery, the attendant at the station could have telephoned a central headquarters here, and that headquarters could have broadcast to a roving patrol car in this section and to those in Kingston and Wilkes-Barre the bandit car might have been nailed before it traveled three miles.

The attendant had the license number of the car, its description and a clear view of the men. He saw the car whiz down the concrete highway toward Luzerne. The capture depended from then on upon the ability of the police agencies to marshal their forces quickly enough to find the car in a small area before it succeeded in losing itself in a large area.

It is not the fault of the present policemen that they were unable to cope with the situation. Rather the responsibility lies with the municipalities themselves, who have been slow to realize that modern crime must be fought with modern police methods.

The Post suggests that the officials of one of the towns in this section assume the responsibility for inviting representatives of other local communities to a conference to discuss the possible costs of a more centralized police force.

About the most effective measure we've seen yet to reduce automobile accidents in this country is the present sit-down strike in the automobile industry.

"Speaking of Coronado," writes one of the most interesting correspondents I have in California, "I suppose you have heard the tale of a dinner party there several weeks ago when Mrs. Simpson's first husband and some of her old acquaintances were discussing what were then only rumors. They put their heads and their financial resources together, and decided to have a telephone chat with the lady in London. They got a good and quick connection, and the late husband said, 'What's all this I hear about you?' To which she replied, 'According to the current tale, 'Watch my smoke, Big Boy! I'm going places!'"

"Of course, all those people are having a big time over her, because the reputation she left behind was that of a ruthless climber, who kicked down her ladders with precise regularity, so naturally she was not popular in Coronado.

"I can not take the present situation quite so calmly as most people do," observes my sharp-witted friend, "because I feel too definitely the importance to civilization of Great Britain's holding its dominant position, and I see Mrs. Simpson as a real menace to its stability. In other words, this is only the first chapter, as I see it.

"How long is the abdicated king going to be contented in his relative obscurity? And, for that matter, how long is she going to be contented as the wife of the first gentleman of Great Britain? She is evidently a flame of ambition, one of the kind that keeps on reaching out for more. When he gets restless, and she has to find him a new toy, and when the prestige of her new position begins to fade, then what?

"Let King George and his advisers look out. The first misstep he, or they, make, she will be ready to pounce on, and turn to her own advantage. She will be intriguing, like and old-time Roman Empress (or Byzantine or Chinese, for that matter) to get her man back on the throne. And, in the upset state of world affairs, an adroit, manoeuvring woman like that can accomplish just as much as she

EDITORIALS

Abolition of Fee System

Of the various measures proposed by taxpayers organizations to reduce state and local expenses the most warmly argued is the plan to abolish the fee system in the collection of taxes and to centralize those duties in the hands of salaried county treasurers; except in cities.

Under that plan tax collectors' offices, as we know them in this section, would be abolished and county treasurers would be authorized to designate banks as deputy collectors or, in political subdivisions where the services of banks might not be available, deputies or clerks would be required to sit two days prior to the time when penalties would become effective.

Pennsylvania is one of less than a dozen states, of which New England comprises the largest group, that still clings to the old method of collection of taxes on the fee basis.

The Pennsylvania Economy League, which advocates a change to the unit system, estimates the abolition of the present system would bring about a saving of \$1,700,000 in the State. Whereas the cost of tax collection, outside of cities, is at present 2.6 per cent, it can be reduced to .98 per cent under the unit system, they say.

There are 2,700 local tax collectors paid by fees now, some receiving as high as \$25,000 a year for very little work. They are organized and, of course, will use every effort to save their perquisites.

In some towns in which the administration of the fee system is highly efficient, fears have been expressed that the proposed law may be detrimental to them. Careful study of this phase of the situation has failed to yield conviction that the objections from those units are wholly correct and, on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number, the proponents of the Forum's bill are in the stronger position.

Samuel Bulford, 90

Our editorial congratulations are due Samuel Bulford, who became ninety years of age last week.

Mr. Bulford is typical of the generation which developed Dallas and its neighborhood from a back woods lumbering area into a pleasant, busy, progressive section. He holds the respect of every resident of this region because he represents all those qualities of character, leadership and vision which marked local pioneers.

It is fine to know that most of his children have chosen to live in this territory and inherit their father's numerous virtues.

The Dairymen's League

A local organization which breaks into the news too infrequently is the Dairymen's League, a self-sustaining co-operative organization which deserves the attention of people who are interested in the current talk of co-operatives.

There are, in agriculture, two distinct kinds of co-operatives.

One group is based on proven business principles, follows business methods, and is entirely self-sustaining.

The other group seeks to exist through "doles" of one kind or another. It continually seeks subsidies and special favors from government.

Needless to say, co-operatives belonging to the first group have been the successful and progressive ones. They are found in almost every agricultural field. The Dairymen's League provides an excellent example of a businesslike co-operative.

Why Be A Sucker?

Now, as never before, with boom predicted, it is essential that the small investor and the public fully appreciate dangers of blind speculation. Lessons of the late twenties must not be forgotten. An orgy of speculation and artificial prosperity is inevitably followed by a period of deflation and severe depression. Everyone suffers, particularly the average individual with limited resources.

It is easy to blame Wall Street and the stock exchange, which simply serves as a market place for the people's securities. Without such centers, the wheels of industry would soon be motionless for lack of trading places for securities.

Depressions cannot be legislated out of existence. The public as a whole and individually must heed the lessons of the past if severe future depressions are to be avoided. True, certain fact-finding and regulatory legislation has been of great benefit to the investing public. But as President Gay of the New York Stock Exchange recently pointed out, there are no laws to prevent buyers from speculating on a hit or miss basis, if they wish to, in the face of expert warnings against it.

During a period when nearly all thought has been turned toward attaining complete economic security through Washington, it must not be forgotten that in the last analysis it is the initiative and common sense of the individual upon which the welfare of the nation finally depends.

Toby's Creek isn't a particularly lovely stream but we look at it with new respect after reading about the floods in the Middle West. At least it stays in its bed and isn't running around the streets at all hours of the night.

lately refrained from saying, (if necessary). 'He is a dissipated young nitwit. His face shows just that and nothing else. And I only wish the Duke of York were the heir. He is a decent, upright young man.'

And now here is the 'Prince of Wales' a discredited exile—and the Duke of York on the throne! And, as I always believed, the precious popularity turns out to be very little more than newspaper propaganda. How very calmly the British public took to boulevards-ement! A few expressions of hurt affection, and disappointed confidence, but so few! It was really pathetic!

"What has not come out yet, and what I am waiting for is the explanation of just why all the publicity at that particular moment. Nothing especially new had happened, nothing that was not well known to the initiated already. But all of a sudden, that concerted, consistent blast of publicity.

"My belief is that some enemy—which, I can not say—of the British Empire wanted to throw a monkey wrench into the Imperial wheels, and thought the best way to make the trouble was to drive a wedge between the King and his people, and very adroitly made use of the chance the King was foolishly giving to hit the British public in a tender spot—their reverence for the Royal Family. And it all worked out according to schedule, and undoubtedly helped to weaken the Imperial position in the eyes of the world. What further results may follow, who can tell?

"Or what use the intriguing power will make of what it has already accomplished. But what has happened, I say again, is only the first chapter. And just when the Empire most needs a united front, here is potential division right at the very top, in the Royal Family itself. It has all been very decently covered up—but what smoldering resentments are left behind, and what will they produce in the long run?

"It is undoubtedly the most dramatic event since the war, and its results may be just as great on the Empire itself."

BROADWAY LIMITED

By W. A. S.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—New Yorkers have been ridiculed for years as the people who know less about their town than anyone else... A second cousin who makes his home in Kunkakink... a little town, three miles from nowhere, took me in tow, when I suggested a Chinese meal in Chinatown... and actually showed me spots around Mott Street I never knew existed... If you want oriental food fit for epicures, keep away from the red-lacquered and gilded palaces... try one of the little places that look like most American beaneries, and which caters mostly to Chinese... You'll be pleasantly surprised!... I had my first taste of hen-yen-gay-ding-chicken, almonds, bamboo sprouts and water chestnuts... concocted as only Nanking chefs can... and a dish fit for the gods!



Back on Broadway I run in on the party being given in honor of Jack Waldron... Jerry Cooper, without being prepared, sings song after song... and brings down the house... Back to my desk which is loaded down with letters from Broadwayites sojourning in Miami... they all read alike... This is a great town!... swimming in the a. m.!... golf in the afternoon!... and the gaming tables after supper!... Good old Heywood Brown is fearful lest the World's Fair in 1939 be too high hat, and go blooey... It seems to Heywood that the coming affair needs another Sally Rand... M. Firmin Guego, the very efficient and obliging secretary of the French Chamber of Commerce in this country, tells me the Paris Worlds Fair which opens in May will be the best ever... Personally I believe Grover Whalen, the Fair chairman, could do worse than to send a delegation to study the



French Exposition next spring... Jim Cagney visits backstage at the Winter Garden... 'Yes, I once worked here,' says Jimmy, 'as a chorus boy'... Coming home early one morning... it was at 9 a. m. to be exact... I spy Mary Lewis, famous opera star, and George Brown, the athlete, walking briskly (and professionally) around the old reservoir in Central Park... The lovely Mary walks twice around—four miles—every morning!... Who wouldn't walk four miles to chat with beautiful Mary Lewis? Lucky Georget... The Broadway Parade.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

An ardent throng, we have waned long,
We have searched the centuries through,
In flaming pride, we have fought and died,
To keep its memory true.
We fight and die, but our hopes beat high,
In spite of the toil and tears,
For we catch the gleam of our vanished dream
Down the path of Untrod Years.

—Wilma Kate McFarland



RIVES MATTHEWS

ever could have in the good old bloody Medicean days, even if she does not have to use cold poison. I do not know whether you have followed the Muench case in St. Louis, and I know that Mitzi is now safely behind the bars. That, it seems to me, is the main difference between the two women: one is behind the bars and the other isn't. But if I were in

King George's cabinet, I'd keep a sharp eye on the one who isn't behind bars. "The diverting thing to me about the whole affair is to find the course of history dovetailing with my wishes. Ever since the Prince of Wales grew up, I have been very much bored with the extravagant popularity attributed to him. I have always said, (or po-

"GOING UP"

