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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.

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More Than A Newspaper, A Community Institution

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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 police protection.
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 the chefs and city fathers of New Orleans heard that President Roosevelt was planning a stop-over in their city, on the way to his fishing trip, a far-away look crept into their eyes—the same look that comes into the eyes of a composer or poet when he feels the portents of a masterpiece ready to be born.



drank (and not what came out of the well, either) those delectable tid-bits only New Orleans knows how to prepare, or mix. And did the gentlemen enjoy doing it? Just listen.

When William Howard Taft was President-elect in 1907, he was guest of honor at a dinner given at the old Grunewald Hotel. The chef, having studied the famous Taft contour, produced an eighteen-course dinner that is still talked about when gourmets get together.

When Calvin Coolidge was President, there came a steady stream of stories on the personal culinary likings of the Vermont Yankee in the White House. They were pictured as running solely to pancakes, sausages and other homely foods.

One Sazarac Cocktail—bayou oysters a la Rockefeller — a fine Chablis (vintage 1921)—Pompano — Pommés Soufflé — Bordeaux (vintage 1916)—Eggs a la Coolidge, filled with pate de fois gras—snails Bordelaise — Partridge — Chateau Campdeville (vintage 1916) — hearts of artichokes — cheese soufflé — Veuve Cliquot (vintage 1911)—and a cup of coffee! After packing away these few "tid-bits" Mr. Coolidge autographed the menu with a steady hand!



New Orleans chefs would have created new and even more wonderful dishes for F. D. R. had he chosen to spend more than three hours in their city. The President is hailed there as the savior of fine cooking, for his Administration's repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

French chefs claim that great cooking died during prohibition, (but apparently not in New Orleans). Repeal brought it back in style—for fine-wines and fine food go hand in hand (we're merely quoting the chefs).

Did the President miss a bet? We'll say he did!

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

THE CAUSES OF TEACHERS

Any school district which chooses to tangle horns with the new Teacher Tenure Bill may expect a good fight on its hands.

First, it will have the opposition of the teachers who are benefitted by the bill and who, having gained their political independence, will preserve it vigorously.

There will be, too, the public, which grew tired long ago of the petty "horse-trading" which characterizes the activities of many school boards, and has, in the past, kept teachers in suspense every time their contracts expired, lest they fall prey to some director's political whim.

And, most important of all, there will be the Earle Administration, which will fight the ditch in behalf of a bill which was the climax of its present legislative session and which will stand probably as one of the most constructive pieces of legislation produced during the present Governor's term.

It seems scarcely possible that the directors of Kingston Township School Board can expect to justify legally their move to dismiss Supervising Principal James Martin. As this is written no formal charges have been brought against Mr. Martin and the only explanation for his dismissal has been a rather vague excuse concerning economy.

This section has had a liberal education in petty school politics and so it is understandable why the motives of the Kingston Township board should be questioned. The "economy" explanation does not hold water. It is ridiculous to suppose that the township school district can be conducted without a supervising principal. If there are definite charges against Mr. Martin now is the time to make them, and in the way provided by the Tenure Law.

If our sources of information are correct—and we have no reason to doubt them yet—we must believe that the situation in Kingston Township is the result of one man's ambitions to run the district, plus a smooth bit of political swapping as we have seen in some time.

Mr Martin's record and qualifications speak for themselves but this is a matter bigger than Mr. Martin or the Kingston Township School Board.

For five years school directors, sometimes obviously unfitted for their jobs, have had the power to fire and hire teachers without any regard to

Of late there's been a tendency among our radio spielers to point a finger of shame across the water, and to accuse Britannia of being niggardly by not keeping her former star salesman on her payroll.

Apparently the radio newscasters believe Uncle Sammy's nephews and nieces think England played a dirty on the former Edward VIII by denying him, as Duke of Windsor, a nice fat slice of British taxpayers' money. Or perhaps they think we Americans feel that Edward's passion for Mrs. Simpson was not a good and sufficient reason for firing him out as chairman of the board of a firm that might well be called the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Possibly they think a nation fed on the pap that comes from Hollywood is thrilled by the Graustark dramas. Edward and Wally have been giving us during the last six months. If they do, then they underestimate the intelligence of the average American radio audience. For not all the arts of Hollywood can disguise the fact that Edward has bags beneath his eyes, and that his forty-odd inamorata will soon need to have her face lifted and her hair touched up, if she is to maintain any resemblance to the carefully posed photographs our newspapers are occasionally permitted to publish.

Not even Hollywood script artists could do much to pretty up the facts of Wally's, or, for that matter, Edward's, past. Since Will Hays' white-wings cleaned up the movies, it has been difficult for film dramatists to write scenarios for any of the Broadway stage ladies who derive their fame from playing roles depicting ladies of what has been loosely defined as "easy virtue", a slack phrase designed to cover a multitude of sins, and often a multitude of men.

qualifications, fairness, experience or public opinion.

Now the worm has turned. As long as teachers are qualified, competent, trained and moral they have the right to vote for whom they please, but where they please, say what they please and otherwise enjoy the independence usually granted to citizens.

Mr. Martin merely happens to be the man who can establish once and for all that politics has no place in school affairs, and that a new day has dawned for teachers and for the public school system.

He can do that because he is in a strong position. He has a splendid record. He has public opinion with him. He is fighting a popular cause. Unless we are very wrong, he is fighting a cause that is assured of success.

To Mr. Martin we say, go to it!

ECONOMIC HIGHLIGHTS

Taxes may not be raised this year—but it will be almost a miracle if they are not. The unfavorable relation of Federal income to Federal outgo is continuing, the Federal debt is rising, and the budget is about as far out of balance as ever.

Thus the high hopes that were held for a balanced or nearly balanced budget, a few months ago, will not be fulfilled this fiscal year. Reason: Treasury forecasts of revenue proved to be excessively optimistic. The income tax fell well below expectations as a money producer. And the new corporation surplus tax was almost a complete dud—actual revenue from it was nowhere near predictions.

The President has ordered all department and bureau heads to appraise their activities, cut costs as far as possible. It is believed that substantial savings will result from this. But the Federal government is still spending money for relief purposes at depression levels — witness the President's request for a congressional appropriation of \$1,500,000,000 for this purpose. While the Administration is being advised by some of its principal figures, such as Federal Reserve Board Chairman Eccles, to retrench, it is being subjected to constant pressure from states and municipalities for more relief money. So far, this latter pressure has been the most effective by far.

If new taxes come, as a result of this continued

budgetary distortion, what form will they take? That is a very large subject, to which no guaranteed answer can be given. But the trend of Congressional and Administration thinking along this line can be indicated with fair accuracy, there being many past precedents available.

It is inevitable that one group will throw its weight behind a proposal to levy higher taxes on corporations and on upper-bracket individual incomes. It is very possible that this group will have its way to an extent—however, it is exceedingly doubtful if any attempt will be made to make up all the deficit by this means. The effect on industry would be too destructive—and, as all students know, expansion of industry is essential to New Deal aims and measures, and "incidentally" to provide jobs at good wages.

Another group will advocate "new taxes" of one kind or another. But new taxes are always a gamble so far as revenue is involved; furthermore, there are few things left to tax that are not heavily taxed already. So the chance of balancing the budget with "new taxes" may confidently be regarded as exceedingly remote.

A third group will advocate broadening of the tax base—i. e., reaching persons in the lower income groups who are not now touched by direct Federal taxation. The bulk of the nation's workers, for example, earn well under \$2,500 a year, which is the Federal exemption for a "head of a family." Here is a vast, untapped field for income tax exploitation. However, the political repercussions that would follow any major inroads into this field are potentially terrific — few Congressmen would like to vote "Aye" on a proposal that would hit their constituents so hard. Consequently, broadening of the tax base will be accomplished slowly, timidly, carefully, if at all.

Upshot: It is a reasonable guess to say that, if tax increases come, they will consist of a mixed program which will broaden the tax base slightly, somewhat increase taxes on industry and higher-bracket incomes and, perhaps, install, in effect, some new taxes.

It is, of course, possible to defer new taxes for some time to come, even though the deficits continue, by further increasing the national debt. But the accepted economists, even those within the Administration, are opposing this because they fear the inflationary effects that must inevitably result.



RIVES MATTHEWS

Divorce, and I think rightly so, is still not generally regarded as a good reference. To most of us, I believe it still implies failure on the part of those involved in facing the problems of life. It may mean a failure to make the best of things, or it may simply mean a failure at the very start by failing to pick the right partner.

As failures, divorced people deserve our pity, but when, as some of our playboys and heiresses do, they shuttle back and forth to Reno, then they are merely using our marriage license clerks and divorce judges as official gentlemen of the bed chamber, whose sole function is to see that the line forms as decorously as possible on the right. Divorce among the rich thus becomes legalized adultery. At fashionable Fifth Avenue weddings it is not uncommon to see listed as among those present eight or more parents of the young couple mouthing their nuptial vows, and there's a crying need for a sort of Who's Whose if you want to know your way around Newport and Palm Beach.

These people may be the backbone of the tabloids and scandal sheets, but, my friends, they're not the backbone of this nation by a long shot. And for this we should be thankful. Just imagine, if you can, what this country would be like if every Tom, Dick and Harry, every Mary, Sarah and Jane could go to Reno as easily as our so-called upper classes can. I guess we'd have to pass a law making cars the legal and inalienable possession of husbands, and trailers of

women. Then divorce would be just a simple matter of uncoupling car from trailer, and leaving the temporary widow in the grass on some through highway.

We'd become a migratory, shiftless, homeless people, not the safe, steady, responsible, homeloving, childbearing burghers we are now, more or less fixed in one place for the convenience of bill and tap collectors. Just think of it, if you can, and then say whether Hollywood wasn't on the side of the angels when the order went through that gay divorcees couldn't be used in scenarios unless in the end they had a twinge of hearts and flowers and returned to their first and only loves, skillets, and electric hearthstones!

Aside from the fact that the belated romance of Edward and Wally seems almost as silly, and quite as pathetic, as the occasional marriages which take place among residents of Old Folks' Homes, it is contrary to public policy in this, and in most other, lands. Are we to hold up to our young daughters the life story of Wallis Simpson as an example? Are we to inculcate in them an admiration of those who play friends for the main chance, who use friends and husbands merely as stepping stones to greater wealth and fame?

Or are we to reassert some of our grandfathers' beliefs, and profess a still firm faith in the not-so-easy virtues? I think most of us still believe in and fervently desire as much con-

stancy and stability as is possible in this unconstant and unstable world. And so I think the radio spielers are yodelling up the wrong canyon when they try to enlist a little sympathy for Edward and Wally on this side of the water.

Poor Edward, they say, and how mean of England to cut him off without a shilling! Poor Edward, indeed. I happen to know he won't go hungry as long as he still gets his rent money on a dwelling he owns on the busiest corner in the world—Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, Manhattan. Or he could go into vaudeville, or hire out as a dinner guest for years along Park Avenue, the way some of his cousins do. There are plenty of jobs he could fill, so let's not worry any more about "Poor Edward."

And why is it mean of England to say six to appeals for an allowance for Edward? After all, part of the job of a King of England, the greater part it would seem, today, is in the field of genetics, or, in the polite language of court circles, it is his job to provide an heir and otherwise supplement his marital efforts with a batch of young substitutes who will compete with Shirley Temple's smile.

This most important function of an English king, Edward long refused to consider, and thus failed in his job, no matter how good a traveling salesman he made. When, last Fall, he finally announced a definite royal interest in biology, the Baldwins and biologists of England had only to give Mrs. Simpson one look.

Their off-the-record answer was: Professor Pitkin may be right. Life may begin at forty. But we British have a sure thing. Besides, we don't want an American woman, twice divorced. Why, what's to keep her, judging by past performances, from making goo-goo eyes at Hitler? After all, he's hard to get too.

BROADWAY LIMITED

By W. A. S.

New York, N. Y.—Spring in all its glory has finally come to the old town... sunshine, spring fever and all... ideal weather for day dreaming... as I sit in my little coop gazing out upon drab and faded Broadway facades, my thoughts turn back to a little old French steamer... the late "S.S. Asja"... gone to a well deserved rest in Davy Jones' locker... We were sailing down the Atlantic—Buach, Fifi and I... Cape Verdi... Funchal... Gibraltar...



how black the blue Mediterranean is—around the Bay of Lyons... Nice... Monte Carlo... Athens... Alexandria... the Holy Land... No, the Black Sea wasn't black at all... It's so hard to keep awake on a nice sunny spring day... Yes, the cow jumped over the moon!... Enough of that!... This after all is a column about Broadway, and the day is getting on... deadline soon... Irrelevantly, before I return to this—and that note about who's who and what's what, I wish to express the hope that if I (or you) ever circumnavigate this little old sphere again... I (or you) will stop for a week in Istanbul... and, at least a year... two or three... in Nice and Monte Carlo... and finally, that it will take sixteen sergeant de Ville to pull me away from my table in front of Le Dome... Now let's see... Elmo in the next cubby hole is whistling "Did you ever see a dream walking"... the fellow must be a clairvoyant... Well,



here goes: Burlesque... called by the theatrical profession "louse opera"... is on the decline... and all because the strip-tease was carried beyond decent limits... The corrosive influence of the burlesque has been so insidious... that even yellow sheets treat the tease subject casually... When Miss Eve Hershfield, whose brother is tops in the journalistic world, went to London for the Coronation, her first letters were filled with the descriptions of the pageant, the people and scenes en route... Harry, a busy man, read about four of these voluminous epistles and sent off this rather tart cable... "Never mind the descriptions. I get them in the papers. Just say how you are and what you want"... He got his reply within the hour. "Feeling fine. Cable five hundred"... Heloise Martin, the Drake College co-ed of transparent shower fame, is pulling them in at the Hollywood... and got her name in lights on the canopy... Kay Francis was introduced to absinthe for the first time at a swanky East Side night spot... she liked the taste as well as the glow that followed... Yet innocently thought it was a non-intoxicating swallow... It was only after several requests for the slow green libation at tea parties that her suspicions were aroused... raised eyebrows caused her to drop the stuff like the proverbial hot-cake... Deadline now... Copy boy! O.K. here it is... Yes, spring fever is here!... The Broadway Parade.

He who hesitates is bossed. Love the quest; marriage the conquest; divorce the inquest.

A lot of auto wrecks result from the driver hugging the wrong curve.

It used to be Father who gave the bride away. Now it's Walter Winchell.

The Lord Chief Justice of England recently said that the greater part of his judicial time was spent investigating collisions between propelled vehicles, each on its own side of the road, each sounding its horn, and each stationary.