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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

The Dallas Post

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HOWARD W. RISLEY ..... General Manager
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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.—The rumor that Congress adjourned when the President went fishing might be called officially an inaccuracy, but unofficially just about true.

When Mr. Roosevelt returned, he learned that the most important thing that had happened during his absence was Representative McKeynolds' (Tenn.) capture of a 40 pound bass. It is also true that



the several foreign diplomats toasted the health of King George and that a few Congressmen tried to balance the budget in the third race at Picnic and failed miserably. The coronation, by the way, hardly caused a ripple of interest here—at least not in official circles.

Until the days of dictatorships, a government wanting to indicate to another its anger, recalled its ambassador. And this has been changed now. Diplomats remain but newspaper correspondents are recalled. Il Duce ordered his news-hawks home from London and banned British publications from sunny Italy.



Old timers and lobbyists may not believe this, but it actually happened. The House of Representatives has declined to pass a pension bill! The Congressional Record shows that the millennium arrived last week when the House refused to consider a bill appropriating \$5,000,000 a year extra for Spanish-American War veterans.

When Congressmen decline to vote pension bills for organized voters you may rest assured that the appropriators have taken seriously the President's warning that a budget must be balanced.

As the zero hour on the Supreme Court issue approaches, the Capitol is again whispering about the possibility of a Senate tie. In that event that sphinx of sphinxes, Jack Garner, will be in the delicate position of having to cast the deciding vote. The Vice-President, who has been a tower of strength to the White House on critical legislative occasions, has aroused the liveliest curiosity as to how he will perform in the ticklish emergency that may soon confront him.

Unofficial military observers back from battle torn Spain, report that no effective new weapons have been developed since the World War, but that tremendous strides have been made in improving the old ones, especially anti-aircraft weapons. They estimate that about 90 per cent of all airplanes brought down by both sides were shot down by anti-aircraft guns. The most effective planes are the light Russian bombers which carry four machine guns and are copies of American Army machines. The Italians and Germans actually engaged on the various fronts, are reported getting tired of the mess and have been seen to openly make an about face when confronted with the emergency of hand to hand encounter with Loyalties. It is apparent that a poll of foreign troops engaged in the Spanish stew would show an overwhelming majority in favor of returning to their own more or less peaceful homes.

WE WANT THE BY-PASS

If there is any hope for the construction of the Luzerne by-pass it lies in the discovery that a good many people get sore as soon as you suggest that the plans aren't moving along quite as smoothly as they might.

We have been ducking brickbats nimbly for the last two weeks, since we published a front-page story cahrging that the by-pass crusade had plunked smack against politics and public disinterest and fixing the odds 100-to-1 against any construction along the by-pass route this year.

Several of the men who have been working for the by-pass felt that our story deadened interest in the plan. They felt it struck a note too pessimistic.

On this paper we are not concerned with pessimism or optimism. We try to report the facts, and let the readers decide whether they justify joy or gloom. The facts happen to be that through no fault of the men who are working unselfishly for the by-pass it has struck a blank wall—and it will take ore than newspaper optimism to blast through that barrier. It will, in truth, take a pretty potent explosive.

For soe months we have been assuming our readers that we could see progress on the plans, that there was strong public support behind the leaders, that the by-pass seemed a certainty. When we uncovered a tiny ray of hope we blew it up to a three-column headline, afire with optimism, and we justified our exaggeration by the belief that we were helping a worthy project along. To have continued that course would have made us guilty of failure to keep our readers accurately informed.

Our readers pay for accurate news, not civic propaganda, and although we want a by-pass at Luzerne and will do anything in our power to get it we cannot pretend that we see much hope for its construction now unless there is a tremendous surge of public opinion in favor of it.

Our only reason for running that story was that we felt our readers had a right to a clear analysis of the situation. We still don't believe the by-pass is going to be paved this year. We're still anxious to do anything we can to bring the plans to success. There should be no question on that point. But we can't manufacture public interest in capsules and force it down our readers' throats.

There hasn't been much disagreement with the

You have only to pick up almost any English newspaper or magazine to see for yourself how little English admen know about the so-called art of advertising. And you've only to study the present pending case of Edward Windsor vs. (as the saying goes) His Majesty's British Government to learn how little Englishmen really know about the so-called art of public relations.

Before the coronation, we were told, the Duke of Windsor and the Pride of Baltimore would do their level best to keep off the front pages so that George VI, his queen and daughters might make the most of the show the Archbishop of Canterbury staged in Westminster Abbey.

Nevertheless, the Pride of Baltimore did manage, a few days before Britain's mighty parade of coronets and bandy legs tricked out in silk, to distract the public eye by permitting her dressmaker to make public a list of dresses she had ordered for her trousseau.

One of them, I think, will go down in history. Certainly it was selected with a canny, American eye for advertising. You probably remember the one I mean, the white dinner frock, with a red satin lobster stitched upon it.

I really feel sorry for all those girls who worked night and day for weeks on the queen's embroidered coronation train. Who will remember it? And who won't remember the Pride of Baltimore wearing a huge red lobster where a heart and a maternal bosom should be?

On June 3rd, since Mr. Baldwin would not let it happen any sooner, the walls of the historical Chateau de Cande will hear a voice say: "Wake up, darling, this is our wedding day."

No transoceanic radio hook-up will carry that oft-used, well-worn phrase to the gaping ears of the world, but for many years, some fools will still wax sentimental over a gramophone record which is probably entitled by now: "The Woman I Love."

These are the people who like to believe in fairy stories, who desperately want to believe the fairy story the world's biggest fairy ever handed them when he told the world by radio that the lobster decorated bosom of the woman he loved was a more comfortable spot for his head to rest than beneath the bejewelled weight of a crown.

Whereupon all those who believe

EDITORIALS

causes we cited as being responsible for the delay on the plans. The Sunday Independent carried a lengthy article, defending the Democratic leaders, and charging that the blame must be shared by the County Commissioners, who have not appropriated money for damages. It was our impression that such an appropriation had been made several years ago. It may be true that the money was spent for something else. However, on the basis of the Independent's sound reasoning, it would be wise for the Rotarians to secure assurance from the County that the money will be forthcoming if the State indicates its readiness to pave the by-pass. That, at least, would make a good story.

We have said merely that we think there will be no by-pass this year. We hope we are wrong. We'll help the committee in any way to prove that we're wrong, because the dominant thought in all this hullabaloo is that we want the by-pass.

WAGES IN THE RETAIL FIELD

There has been criticism of wages paid workers by chain stores and limited price variety stores compared to wages paid by other types of retailers, such as department stores and specialty shops.

Answering such criticisms in a letter appearing in the publication, Retailing, Dr. Paul H. Nystrom, Professor of Marketing at the Columbia University, brings out some points in this controversy that are often overlooked or ignored.

Chain stores and variety stores require little skilled help. Merchandise carried varies little from year to year, being staple in character, and prices and policies are established and known to the buyer. What these stores do provide, in an unusual measure, is an excellent training ground for young people with high school education who are not prepared for selling jobs requiring skill or special knowledge. During their training, they are paid as well and perhaps better than they would be in any other field. And the record shows that a high proportion of them find this training the key that unlocks opportunities for them in department stores or specialty shops where experience is essential. Others go on to advancement within the chain and variety stores themselves.

Another point that tends to throw wage comparisons out of line is that chain store statistics in

most instances include only the wage paid to employees, excluding managers and assistant managers. Department store data, on the other hand, includes the wages of high salaried department heads, buyers and others, as well as clerks.

It is probably true that in some instances employees of all kinds of stores are underpaid. But it is not true, according to the best available data, that chain and variety stores pay less than other kinds of stores for the same kind of work. It is not fair to compare the wages paid a young, untrained beginner in a store where no advanced selling technique is necessary, and those paid a mature, experienced salesman in a shop where sophisticated sales methods are vital.

MORE JOBS FOR GIRL GRADS

Our edition dedicated to women was not quite complete without some recognition of the problems of those young ladies who will within a few days end their formal education and accept their full responsibilities in the world—the feminine portion of all the Classes of 1937.

For these girl graduates there is reason for optimism in the editorial which appeared in the last issue of "Miss Recordia", the monthly publication of our own College Misericordia. It reports brightly that a survey conducted recently in 215 schools proves that employment prospects for this year's graduates are the best in seven years.

The greatest opportunities, says Miss Recordia, will be in the fields of engineering, business administration, teaching and general business, while the vocations of law, journalism and investment banking, if statistics hold true, point out the rockiest roads to success.

The outstanding qualifications being sought are Scholarship, personality, campus activity and popularity, character, leadership and general ability. Bright young ladies may accept as a moral victory the fact that fifty-one and four tenths per cent of the prospective employers placed scholarship first on the list.

"The seniors who entered college in one of the darkest years of the late, lamented economic upheaval," says Miss Recordia, "have the satisfaction of beginning their careers with much rosier vistas spread before them". To which we add, Best of Luck!

coronation. I would even have gone so far as to permit a state wedding in England, with George and Mary and Elizabeth, and all their kin, beaming for photographers. I'd have shown the world a united royal family, and an England that held no grudge against the man who was made to appear having said pfui on crowns and gilded coaches.

I'd have staged it all with an eye to jerking a tear from the gallery. I'd have made England appear noble and forgiving, not sullen and annoyed, and spoiled child, as she appears now. I'd have given Wally a lobster set with the rubies of India, and a string of titles longer than her list of husbands. I'd smothered her with faint praise and almost as many yards of ribbon as are needed to keep Queen Mary within bounds. I'd have been generous and tolerant, and terribly, terribly polite to the Pride of Baltimore, so that no one could say I was a snob because she came from a boarding house originally. I might even have persuaded the present royal holder of the title of Governor of the Isle of Man to relinquish it so that I could give it to Wally.

Making Wally Governor of the Isle of Man would be a gesture and a jest worthy of a mighty empire. The way things are going now, the world is liable to take the lady far too seriously. In London they should bear in mind that the most dangerous and most obvious things about a lobster are his claws. They may think a boiled lobster is harmless enough, but have you ever tried to crack one without giving your fingers a few nasty cuts?

Of course, England's stage-managers may have something up their sleeves. Maybe, at the last moment, a royal duke or so may be allowed to "assert his independence as a private individual" and thus may attend the wedding in defiance of Mr. Baldwin and his little gang. If George VI should fly over "Incognito" at the last minute, then, of course, his adoring subjects would be bound to admit that His Majesty has some spunk after all. They'd love it, and build countless legends around such a flight. At any rate it's an idea offered gratis as a sort of hands-across-the-sea gesture to help out the sadly muddled Englishmen whose job it is to handle the public relations of a somewhat outmoded state.

BROADWAY LIMITED

By

W. A. S.

New York, N. Y.—Variety is generally conceded to be the spice of life... On Broadway, it is practically a vital ingredient—if one's life is to attain a goodly span of years... Witness the number of chorines, small time actors and other professionals of the arts—filling jobs as waitresses, models, salesmen or even sandwich men



"Just until my agent gets me the part I want."... Ever notice how much Ford Maddox Ford resembles a Sealyham?... Abe Lyman, the orchestra leader confessed the other day... said he had been trying for weeks to pick the first, three numbers in that radio hit parade... and never even came close to it... His secretary, who can't even play a zither, has selected the top songs three times in a row... Being a reporter is not in a row... Two of the town's most prominent newshounds were recently caught in a gambling raid... Quick as lightning the boys slipped their police cards in their hat bands... whipped out paper and pencil... and got away with the bluff... George Jean Nathan has written a play, "The Avon Flows" which is to be produced shortly... Wonder how this most acrid of critics, will take raps at his own brain child!... Twenty years ago today, General "Papa" Joffre was parading up Fifth Avenue... a never to be forgotten scene with shouts, tears and the rippling flame of many flags... Your reporter, a young man then, got himself hoarse shouting "Vive la France"... and would have fallen out a window atop the famous old Cafe St. Gall hadn't Harry Sladon, the proprietor, got a vice-like grip around his adam's apple... Motorists beware: Huntington West Virginia cop named "Shorty" is doing much to keep visitors away from that otherwise pleasant city... "Shorty" will swear you were doing 50 just because he doesn't like the shape of your nose... C of C better take notice!... Last year's menace was "Keep the reds out of the White House"... and now it's "Who will play Scarlett O'Hara on the screen?"



... Stop worrying!... the player was chosen long ago, but it's been a great build-up—and oost nothing to put over... Bill Robinson is returning to Broadway for a vacation... the great old hooper may while his time away doing a dance or two at the Cotton Club... The young man who sells illustrated programs in the lobby of the Winter Garden, where Beatrice Lillie and Bert Lahr co-star in "The Show is On," is thinking of writing a book or giving lectures on how to tell New Yorkers from out-of-towners... He knows, because thousands of each file past him every week and some of them can't help talking... It seems that the New Yorkers regard these "Dukes" (Broadway for program hawkers) as handy butts for wisecracks and sometimes as suckers for trickery, whereas the people from Scranton, Syracuse and "Middle town" consider them friendly counsels... The local folks, for example, ask him how much he makes "Of the racket"... A frequent remark is, "No sale, I can't read"... And sometimes there are gems of wit (?) such as "You the head-waiter here?"... Out-of-towners, on the other hand, ask simple, touching questions: "Will my ticket stub get me into the night club upstairs?" or "Does Bert Lahr wear a mask?" or "Is there just a show here, or do you serve food?" Beyond these queries about the show, there are many about the town: "Tell me a good hotel, brother," "Do the subways run all night?"... Thus the Winter Garden "Duke" gets to know his fellow men... And he likes it... "Sometimes," he says, "I'm more interested in answering the questions than I am in selling. But I suppose no New Yorker is going to believe that. There's the whole difference." The Broadway Parade.



RIVES MATTHEWS

in fairies promptly were thrilled to the core, even though it was some effort for them to adjust themselves to an ivory-towered princess whose locks were not golden, and whose bedroom, to judge by her record, had no locks at all. Professor Pitkin, of course, was thrilled, and so were his publishers. "Life Begins At Forty" was again on the lips of the nation, and Dale Carnegie doubtless searched through his files to see whether or not the Pride of Baltimore had ever taken his course in "How To Win Friends And Influence People."

Inasmuch as most people prefer fairy stories to the sad realities of a

weak and colorless king and the bitter facts of an adamantine Tory government, it seems to me the publicity boys in London gave Mr. Baldwin a bum steer several months ago and that, as a result, they've helped build up a little fantasy in the minds of the public that will be hard to destroy, and that may, one day, prove extremely dangerous.

Had I been England's king-maker, I would have arranged for a decree absolute within three months, as was possible. I'd have gotten Eddy and Wally spliced right off, and provided with a few cases of Scotch in some villa on the Riviera weeks before the

After All He Just PAYS The Gasoline Tax!

