

"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. 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.—"Hasta la vista" and not "adios" said the black-bearded man as we bade him God-speed. Don Fernando De Los Rios, Ambassador of the Spanish Republic, gentle, intellectual and disciple in word and deed of vital democracy was homeward bound.

Senor de los Rios is, by profession, an educator. A former rector of the Madrid University, he lectured in many countries, including the United States, before being called upon to serve his country in the diplomatic field.

To loyalist Spain the fight for moral support is as important as the support of Germany and Italy to General Franco. Money and credit will decide the ultimate "victory" long after the fighting ceases.

John L. Lewis, we are told by one of his confidential friends, is now facing the problem of getting more sheep into the fold and at the same time keeping the goats out.



Class warfare comes to Yale in "The Jerome Davis Case" (American Federation of Teachers, 506 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 15c) This history of the events leading up to the proposed dismissal of Professor Davis from Yale contains all the elements of comedy and all the elements of tragedy.

Professor Austin Clark, a genial biologist attached to the Smithsonian Institute, is happier today than he has been in ten years. He may now wear the cross of a knight of the Order of Daneneborg, awarded him in 1927 by the King of Denmark for distinguished services to science.

The learned gentleman, an American citizen, couldn't accept a foreign decoration without the express permission of Congress.

Congress finally got around to it last week and granted the professor permission to receive the coveted cross.

Here's hoping this item escapes the eagle-eyed attention of Nazi representatives in Washington or we'll be for more "cussin" from Berlin.

Miss Marguerite Le Hand, confidential private secretary to President Roosevelt, recently accepted an honorary LL.D. from Rosary College at River Forest, Ill., and to make matters worse the degree was conferred upon her in the name of Cardinal Mandelien and in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Iowa's Democratic Senator Herring is convinced that the thing most likely to produce sudden adjournment of Congress — should the session threaten to project itself far into the summer — is a continued heat wave "When I was Governor of Iowa," said the Hawkeye statesman, "I looked out of my windows at the Capitol in Des Moines every morning regularly, and simply studied the condition of the lawn. As soon as I noticed that the grass was beginning to sear and turn yellow I knew I wouldn't have the Legislature on my hands very long!" A wise politico is Senator Herring and we accept his views.

Our ambassadors do not spend all their time practicing Yankee shirt-sleeve diplomacy. William E. Dood, at present in Berlin in the interest of Uncle Sam, has found the time to turn author. The first volume of a series from Dodd's hand is ironically entitled "Struggles for Democracy." It probably won't be translated into the German language over there. Old fashioned books just aren't any more...

WPA AND THE SIDEWALK

As might have been expected, our discussion of the length of time it has taken to construct the Dallas-Fernbrook sidewalk brought a number of answers, but to date none of them have explained to our satisfaction why it has taken since last October to build as much of the sidewalk as has been completed.

If we were directing the activities of the Works Progress Administration—and God forbid that we should ever be so cursed—instead of being so quick to resent fair criticism we should do something to convince the public that WPA can be efficient.

In contrast to PWA, which has made a fine record, WPA, for a number of troublesome reasons, has established a reputation for inefficiency, petty squabbles, careless direction and, in some cases, downright laziness. We cannot agree that the workers are entirely to blame for this. The spirit of carelessness comes from someone higher up, and it is there the problem must be solved.

Staunch Democrats may resent our criticism, but they cannot deny that WPA is a national target for humor. Such a condition destroys the value of the experiment and will, inevitably, be a major factor in moulding the sentiment that will handicap the Democrats in their efforts to justify their retention in the high places of the State and Nation.

LEWIS FLUBS AN OPPORTUNITY

John L. Lewis, who held in his hands the opportunity to establish a new industrial spirit based upon fundamental fairness to all, has flubbed his task.

Public opinion, which decides all things in the end, has turned against him, and rightly so, we think, because more than any one man Mr. Lewis has sponsored the acts which brought about the current mess.

Unless someone convinces Mr. Lewis that he must hand over the reins to some more far-sighted leader, the C. I. O. chief will destroy what support organized labor has and put the movement back many, many years.

er, the C. I. O. chief will destroy what support organized labor has and put the movement back many, many years.

For a long time public sympathy has been with the worker. The "soulless Corporation" hasn't had a chance, when the people as a whole were the judges. And as a result labor has made steady progress in improving the living standard of the workmen.

It is true that injustices still exist in some industries and that the job of organized labor is not completed, but it is also true that the working men in this country has won concessions unknown in many other countries. Add to this the fact that we are already engaged in a number of delicate social experiments and you see the danger of thoughtless and selfish agitation which may throw the national machine out of gear with tragic results.

We are not functioning under a collectivist system. We are not a communist nation. The workers cannot expect to dictate the policies of the industries in which they work. Under our system—and, given a chance, it can still be a good system—Capital still has the right to do as it pleases with its money, and if it decides to take the money out of industry and put it somewhere safe from the hands of the C. I. O. radicals, the workers will lose everything they had.

Intensified, the struggle John L. Lewis has brought about can mean one of two things—an effort on the part of industry to establish concentrated capitalism, which is fascism, or an effort on the part of the workers to establish concentrated democracy, which is communism. There is no place in the present conflict for American democracy.

We cannot remain isolated from these things here in Dallas because they are big enough to echo through the entire country.

A ROOSEVELT ON STRIKES

Thirty-five years ago, when Wyoming Valley was passing through one of its most serious coal strikes, President Theodore Roosevelt, who took an

active part in bringing the labor war to an end, had this to say:

"The right to remain at work where others have ceased to work, or to engage anew in work which others have abandoned, is part of the personal liberty of a citizen that can never be surrendered."

"Approval of the object of a strike, or persuasion that its purpose is high and noble, cannot sanction an attempt to destroy the right of others to a different opinion in this respect, or to interfere with their conduct in choosing to work upon what terms and at what time and for whom it may please them to do so."

"This all seems too plain for argument. Common sense and common law alike denounce the conduct of those who interfere with this fundamental right of the citizen. The assertion of the right seems trite and commonplace, but that land is blessed where the maxims of liberty are commonplaces."

THE HEN HAS HER DAY

The Great American Hen comes to the rescue of consumers all over the country by doing her bit to supply eggs and poultry meat in the face of a shortage of beef, pork and lamb.

The widely advertised scarcity which threatens a meat famine in the United States due to farmers holding animals back for breeding is to be off-set, according to reports of the Institute of American Poultry Industries, by a big reserve of both poultry and eggs. The yield of laying hens is also exceptionally good this year. There is undoubtedly a scarcity of meats as a whole as reflected in high prices, but neither scarcity nor high prices exist as yet in eggs and poultry.

Consumers will welcome this news, because poultry meat has always occupied an enviable place on the American table. Some five million three hundred thousand farmers out of a total of six million raise poultry. Three million have eggs and poultry for market. Farmers rely on this side line as a regular year around cash income—helping oft times to keep their children in school.

BROADWAY LIMITED

By W. A. S.

New York, N. Y.—For those who have a yen for the piano the most exciting experience in local life is still Alex Templeton, the blind pianist...Jess Willard, man mountain and ex-heavy champ is going to join the ranks of pub beany owners...Jack Dempsey, Tony Canzoneri, Mickey Walker and Benny Leonard will now be his competitors...In front of Leon and Eddies on Swing Lane, two "about-town" boys are discussing means of getting home...argumentative voices ring through the night, "Aw, come on. You're too drunk to ride in the rumble seat. You just drive!"...a little further down the street a chorine starts across the street against the heavy after theatre traffic...a little old lady (you hum that part of it) who peedles wares outside the hot-spots grasps her by the arm "Please she begins, "I'm so tired. I don't want to see an accident..." The young "artist" obligingly keeps her from seeing an accident...Phil Baker tells me that present-day applicants for



radio roles display considerable enterprise...Instead of haunting the studios and writing long letters begging auditions, the clever ones now submit recordings of their voices and material...Baker has received fifteen discs from applicants, who aspire to serve as standins for "Bottle"...Don Voorhees had to part with his parrot this week—no, it wasn't because the bird got profane. But Polly was practically giving Maestro Voorhees' Scottie pups a nervous breakdown! The parrot learned to whistle for the dogs exactly the way Don does, and the poor Scotties were led a dog's life running all day long in answer to the phony summons...Healthiest crew of musicians are Carl Ravell's band men...Before becoming a singing maestro Ravell studied medicine with an eye to a career as a physician, and even today he makes good use of this training...At least every three months the maestro turns medico and gives his orchestra a going-over—and even insists on their taking regular exercise to keep in perfect trim...In one of the most exclusive clubs in New York there is a small inner circle whose members, all professional men, meet at dinners...At each meeting some subject is chosen for discussion...one evening recently the subject was "fear"...Albert Spalding, distinguished concert violinist, confessed that he had felt absolute terror at one time during the World War. He was a member of a machine gun crew...The fingers of another member had just been torn off and Spalding knew that it was his turn next to man the gun. He looked at his buddy's mutilated hands; then at his own—they were trembling...Suddenly, in the face of death, he laughed. He had realized that even if he lost his hands he could still listen to music...If he lost his life—it did not matter!...Doughboy Spalding took over the machine gun...As music lovers the world over know, (and are thankful for) nothing happened. Evelyn Nesbit, Harry K. Thaw's ex—is back on Broadway after a long absence from the hot spots caused by a prolonged illness...I'm back in my stride," explains the once beautiful Floradora girl who had been pursuing her hobby of esoteric philosophy a pastime that led the editor of a yellow sheet to send a reporter back for another interview... "Get another story. No one will believe Evelyn Nesbit cares about astrology, reincarnation or physical planes!"...Asked about Stanford White's murder, "I never hear from Mr. Thaw," she said, "Thank the Lord. He's in Italy just now and I hope he stays there forever"...The Broadway Parade.

RIVES MATTHEWS



lessly in "Fantasia Impromptu: The in a legal sense, dishonest and corrupt?"

The only solution possible for those who wish to see to it that the sources of knowledge are not polluted by a few powerful, rich men, is the university financed with the taxpayers' money. Unfortunately while there are now many of these, few of them have yet to command the prestige enjoyed by several of our privately endowed universities. As I see it, there are two reasons for this: (1) state legislatures handling taxpayers' money have been too niggardly; (2) since these universities have been established by the taxpayers, their committees on admissions have felt it necessary to apply that political myth "all men are born free and equal" to the intellectual potentialities of all students applying for admission. In short, their standards have not always been as high as they might have been, the stress has been rather on quantity than on quality.

Nevertheless, it seems to me, the future of the state university appears much brighter than the prospects in store for universities like Yale, whose beautiful buildings, dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge and truth, may finally serve as garrisons for youthful fascists. Let's hope that dark day may never come.

From current pamphlets it is easy to suppose there is no peace on earth, there is no escape from fighting men. And yet across all the brutal wars of history there has come down to us a game that has occupied the minds of peaceful and contemplative men for centuries. That game is the game of chess, in some respects the most refined warfare of all. Three thousand years before Christ, the facts that men were playing chess was recorded on a tablet in a pyramid at Gizeh.

Wars may come, and wars may go, but chess, apparently, goes on forever

and that is why pamphlets like "Curious Chess Facts" by Irving Cherney (Black Knight Press, 173 Clarkson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 75c) will always have an appeal for devotees of this game of games.

Of Mr. Cherney's 206 chess anecdotes, item number 186, taken from Lombroso's "The Man of Genius" would make an excellent plot for a short story writer with the talents of an Edgar Allen Poe: "In 1850 an old passion for chess awoke in Szechenyi (founder of the Magyar Academy) and took an insane character. It became necessary to pay a poor student to play with him for ten or twelve hours at a time. The unfortunate student went mad, but Szechenyi slowly became sane."

Item 148 states "a recent tournament in Russia had over 700,000 entries, 10,000 of these were women. Item 202: "The number of possible ways of playing the first ten moves on each side of a game of chess is 169, 518, 829, 100, 544, 00, 000, 000, 000, 000." I regret to say that Mr. Cherney neglects to state just who figured that one out.

Item 14: "Capablanca played 103 games simultaneously in Cleveland in 1922. While the total number of games has been exceeded, the percentage achieved by the Cuban Grandmaster has never been approached: he lost none, allowed one draw, won all the rest!"

Item 11: "A book published in Geman whose title is 'Advice to Spectator at Chess Tournaments' is completely blank with the exception of one page. On this page there are but two words 'Halt's Maul' ('Keep Your Mouth Shut!') I guess this goes for reviewers who indulge in too many quotes. But with a pamphlet like this one, the temptation is very great.

Benjamin De Casseres has ants in his mental pants and dares to go after the little devils quite shame-