

"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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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.—Or the "Deserted Village", although a lone Congressman was seen on Pennsylvania Avenue and there are still a few correspondents trying to make sense of what has been happening here in the 229 days since our seventy-fifth aggregation of lawmakers met on January fifth.

They passed some laws. It is discovered, the Wagner Housing Act, for instance, but it was so distorted by sectional wrangling that the senator may not recognize it. A million and a half dollar work relief bill got through and so did the feeble ghost of a measure to aid tenant farmers.

The president fired a parting salvo telling what he thought and Congress has gone home to find out what the people think and meanwhile the columnists and radio commentators are telling everybody what they ought to think.

With the battle of Washington over for the moment the foreign squabbles are bringing the neutrality question to the front. The observers of far eastern affairs do not hesitate to say that if we don't sell shells to China now we will be firing them out of our guns sooner than we think.

The European landscape is still shimmering in the war heat, especially since "Pirate" submarines and planes have taken to annoying the French and British shipping in the Mediterranean.

Gazing out at the now peaceful Potomac this correspondent thinks the palm for "viewing with alarm" goes to the elderly and conservative senator who, hearing in the closing days of the session of the appointment of the wife of the governor of Georgia to the senate, scurried about giving thanks that the Supreme Court vacancy had been filled before the idea of appointing wives had had a chance to seep through the White House doors.

FIBBER MCGEE SAYS:



The human mind is just like a radio station. They send and receive, but most of 'em haven't any sponsors.

MR. GIBSON'S VIEWPOINT

The line between imperialism and foreign trade is a very faint one, and we think Frank Murray Gibson, who has been spending the summer at Idetown and who is bound now for Tokyo, Japan, presented a helpful viewpoint in an interview in last week's Post.

There has been a growing tendency recently to insist that our countrymen who choose to linger in Shanghai or Ethiopia or Madrid are only foolhardy and that they selfishly involve United States in somebody else's war.

Mr. Gibson raises an interesting question. He argues that the men and women who sail from America to foreign ports, such as Shanghai, are, in the majority, on business errands.

Why, then, when, in the line of duty, such business men and their families are exposed to danger, should we refuse to risk enough to protect them? It seems that Mr. Gibson's point is well-taken.

Similarly, Mr. Gibson does a great deal to justify alien administration of such spots as the International City in Shanghai, which, although it is a part of China, is governed without any interference or authority from the Chinese.

The International Settlement, Mr. Gibson explains, was nothing more than a swamp, when China agreed to turn it over to England.

In 1843 an acre of land on Shanghai's Bund could have been purchased for as little as \$68. In 1862 it was worth \$117,000. By 1927 it sold for \$476,000, and in 1935 it cost \$1,428,000.

Shanghai is the fifth largest city in the world, but it is first in the big heart of Alexander Woolcott. It was that sybarite of scribes who once pointed out that while most Americans hoped their reward for exemplary lives would be a paradise not unlike Paris, it was his prayer that Shanghai would be his reward when it came time for him to die.

Judging by the cables, Mr. Woolcott can have his record, plus an opportunity to die, simply by waddling off to the International Settlement alongside the Whangpoo as fast as boat and plane can carry his genial bulk.

Shanghai is another headache, and a big one, for poor old England. Her stake on the Bund is by far the biggest. And it's an ironic fact that the biggest stake in Shanghai belongs (at least two years ago it did) to a smart young financier named Sir Victor Sassoon, an English Jew, whose great grandfather left Bagdad to make a fortune in India.

The irony lies less in the fact that the navy of a young man who numbers among his many titles that of Defender of the Faith may have to defend the property of a Jew, but that His Majesty's Navy may be called upon to protect the huge investments of a tax-dodger.

EDITORIALS

pen to the International Settlement if China's graft-corrupted system were given a foothold.

Mr. Gibson's opinions give us a glimpse of a viewpoint to which most of us have little access. They present an old problem in a light somewhat different from that to which we stay-at-homers have been accustomed.

It is a fair viewpoint, even to those of us who despise imperialism, and it is worth considering in our efforts to avoid war without sacrificing principle.

FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

How fierce the visage of youth, how timid the coy young miss as the generation which will be running things three decades from now joins the straggly line headed for the school house.

The first day of school! Let no adult who ever slung a bookstrap across his shoulder or quaked before the new teacher underestimate the importance of that day of days.

Here comes legendary Little Willie, his face a shining pink, his clothes starched and stiff, walking bravely away to the educational wars, while Mother stands, moist-eyed, the strangely silent house behind her. Willie's growing up.

One million—two million—three million—five million—15 million—25 million boys and girls, in Dallas and Shavertown and Harvey's Lake and all the other cities and villages in the United States, marching off this month to their public school.

One and two-year veterans, proudly initiating beginners into the mysteries of going to school; the school bully, starting early to establish his position; the new girl, shyly watching her classmates-to-be chalking the first hop-scotch squares of the year; awkward grammar school kids, taking plenty of time; smart high school girls, reporting on the summer's adventures; lazy-looking high school boys, dragging their heels and effecting a sophomoric air.

Over them the finger of fate hovers, here marking a coming president, here stamping a future public enemy, there branding the girl who is to give the world a cure for cancer. With them lie the hopes and fears for tomorrow.

They are the army of youth, called back from their leisure, to partake again of education.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

Recent activities of John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization have developed some queer incidents. At one point a group of girls of the Menonite sect, who were prevented by their religion from joining a union, were told that as long as they paid their dues they need not belong to the union.

At Hazleton, 1,137 of the 1,425 employees of a silk company, where a strike had been called, presented a petition to the mayor demanding the right to return to work with property protection. And the United Mine Workers' local chapter, having nothing to do with the silk industry but being the union of John L. Lewis, replied with a full-page ad. One paragraph read as follows:

"Any member of the United Mine Workers who has a wife, daughter, sister, brother or son, who is a signer of this petition should, and will pay strict attention to this statement, for on it depends his membership in the United Mine Workers of America. This organization will not permit any of its members to continue to hold memberships, who allows any member of his family to scab in an open shop, such as the Duplan Silk Mill.

This, we think, is strange stuff for America.

KINDNESS PAYS DIVIDENDS

Beware of easy ways to progress. During your lifetime you will see many false prophets, hear many offers of something-for-nothing. Maybe somewhere there is an undiscovered path to quick success. But whenever any such a way is offered you, ask yourself one simple question: "Whom will it harm?"

Remember that your security and your progress often depend on how well others succeed.

Through those long years behind us it was invariably the man who tried to profit by harming others who found himself losing what he had hoped to gain.—Contributed.

land has enough potential dynamite closer home than Shanghai. In the Mediterranean, there's Mussolini licking his chops over Ethiopia and Spain, and even closer is Hitler, all ready to make more treaties into scraps of wallpaper whenever the time seems ripe.

Poor old England has her hands full. As long as they are full, it seems to me the peace of most of the world is fairly well assured. Of course, if Germany and Italy would promise not to pull a fast one for a while, England could steam off to the East and give the Japs the beating they seem to deserve.

Possibly the key to the problem now lies in the pocket of Comrade Stalin, a sly Oriental himself, who may be waiting for his moment to send airplanes over from Vladivostok to Tokyo (three and a half hours flying time away) when the Japs have lost their first wind in China.

The Japs are always pointing out that they have more people than they can take care of on their pretty little islands, so perhaps the Russians may be able to help them limit their population. In view of the belligerent attitude of Nippon's militaristic rulers, maybe the time calls for a little disciplinary action from a first-class nation.

If a schoolboy bully is slapped often enough, he ceases to be a bully, and thus becomes a more desirable member of society. It seems to me the Japs need to be slapped down. When they are, there will be a lot of cheering from the sidelines. It will be funny to see the U. S. S. R. saving the world—for what this time?

There is a new picture magazine out now, called Pic. I'm waiting for one called Mustn't Pic.

Pending their return to England, the Windsors might call their home "Elba Room."

The other night at a theatrical party, Frances Farmer ("The Burnt Toast of Manhattan") wore shark-skin trousers and three gardenias. Grover Whalen had better look to his boutonnières.



RIVES MATTHEWS

Bund which now serve as "accidental targets for Japs and Chinese."

So far, the King's Navy has left things to the silk hat and striped trouser boys. The Japs, according to reports, are sore because they've been asked to pay for all the broken windows in Shanghai while the China-boys, on the other side of the conflict, haven't been asked to pony up for a thing.

To the fire and brimstone type of Then again, it may be that Eng-

NOW, ALL TOGETHER, PULL!



BROADWAY LIMITED

By W. A. S.

New York, N. Y.—Mr. Spangler Arlington Brugh, otherwise Hblywood's Robert Taylor, rode into the town this week and was promptly taken for another ride by the dailies that have had the stem in stitches....

They put him under the spotlight from the way he ate corn on the cob to how he grew hair on his chest, and the girls got in his teeth and in his hair and there were even a couple under his berth when the Berengaria, "Berry" of you're sophisticated, pulled out for Europe..... But it was all grand publicity, and he took it with a grin—although they do say he was in a fog having just become Mr. Barbara Stanwyck.....which he wouldn't admit..... The French Casino opened.....our eyes are still dazzled and our tongue is still twisted by the most splendiferous show the bored boulevard has seen in—well, so far this week..... But we got a shock when we went out to meet the girls and two of 'em were Bloomer Girls, b'gosh, straight out of the Gay Nineties..... Only the bloomers were star-spangled mosquito netting.....which it seems is what the well-dressed dancer wears in the desert—not the American, the Arabian—they are Aicha Laido and Maïda Ben Mo'honned—but "Ben" means "son" and it don't sound right to us..... Then we got a tip that Valerie Tuck, the Englisher, had been a stenog and had won a figure competition..... book-keeping we thought..... but it turned out that's English for beauty contest..... American figures show that Broadway producers took a licking last season..... but the public saw some grand shows and the producers are coming right back again because a hundred thousand Legionnaires are due here in September..... Jack Dempsey tells us he will move his place to Broadway..... And Katie Hepburn swears it won't be Howard Hughes—even if she did take him home to have dinner with the folks and to look at a million dollar yacht afterwards..... The political trick that ensures ex-Mayor Jimmy Walker a nice fat pension didn't rouse any resentment along the Whited Way even if Jimmy doesn't come around as often as he used to..... because he was a personality that makes him news—a dozen years after he first romped into the city hall..... And where do the Republicans send those bewildered old gents they run for mayor—after election?..... Anyway, the present race is a yawn ever since Herr Hitler's Nazis came out for Senator Copeland..... It makes the election sure—for anybody else.... And our favorite places just at present are the Tavern-on-the-Green in Central Park for cooling off during the day—and Jimmy Kelly's, down in Greenwich Village, for warming up at night..... The shows there always have a new wrinkle—but not in the costumes—because there just ain't enough to wrinkle.

Pretty Kitty Kelly Says:



(From the famous radio program "Pretty Kitty Kelly") Sure, an' himself has th' learnin' of centuries in his head! Will you listen, now, to his jokes?