

"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
HOWELL E. REES Managing Editor

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.—At the Department of Labor, of all places, there seems to be a sign out....'No Help Wanted'. The First Assistant Secretaryship is still vacant. The second has been vacant for two years. It is safe to predict that one of them, at least, will remain so until the CIO AFL debate quiets down.

Here at the hub of government and politics an observer becomes acutely aware of the change of interests of the American people in the last decade. The big questions of yesterday, the tariff made famous by Mr. Dooley, for instance have been forgotten.

The sales tax is more vital to the average voter than the national debt. A penny increase in the price of cigarettes or gasoline arouses definite resentment. An increase of a billion dollars in the public debt is just a figure in the papers.

There was a time, too, not so long ago, when a sign of nerves in Wall Street made the foundations of the White House tremble, the Capitol dome to crack and the Washington Monument to sway like a cornstalk in a big wind.

Today Wall Street is putting on one of its finest fits of shivers. What makes the brokers angry is not the lack of explanation for it but the fact that the man in the street is paying almost no attention.

Perhaps the man in the street is right for most of the stocks are sound and at a fair price. Dividends are good. Steel profits for the first half of 1937 were 165 per cent over the same period in 1936.

The policy of China seems to have steadied—in China's favor. Japan, not noted for shining diplomacy, seems indifferent to the fact that we, together with the British Empire, buy far more than half of her exports.

And this correspondent sympathizes with the Congressman from Illinois who presents the label 'do-nothing congress' because we remember that the session of 1777 approved the erection of a monument to General Hugh Mercer, but the monument wasn't built until 1902—a hundred and twenty five years later.

APPLES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

From now on the apple—one of America's principal fruit crops—will be much in the public eye. The biggest and best crop in years is flooding into the American market to be sold to you at bargain prices.

Reason for the sudden prominence of the apple is a grower-consumer benefit campaign carried on by the organized chain stores throughout the country. This is the most ambitious campaign of the many chains have undertaken in the last two years on behalf of producers and consumers.

It is the object of the chain stores to sell more apples than ever sold before, at prices that will return the producer a reasonable profit, and at the same time give the consumer big value for his money. How can this be done? The answer lies in mass distribution. The chains are buying by the carload, selling fast, eliminating every possible distribution and overhead cost, and passing the savings on to the buyer.

It will be an exceptional housewife who can refrain from buying apples during the next few months, and especially during the holiday season when the campaign will be intensified.

EDITORIALS

THE FARMER AND THE GOLD BRICK

The time-worn story of the city slicker and the gold-brick might well be revived in view of John L. Lewis's bid for farmer support and his stated ambitions to organize the farm folks under a union.

To be sure, it would greatly enhance the CIO's powers if the American farmer could be rallied to support that minority of the labor ranks that marches under the Lewis banner—but it doesn't seem logical that the farmer wants labor dictating prices, especially when the farmer, along with the other industries, must pay those prices.

Then, too, can you picture the farmer and his farm hands dropping the hoe by the clock and putting over until the morning the milking duties just

because the union dictates the hours a man may work? Time and nature do not recognize unionism, and until Mr. Lewis can enroll them in his fold, it is not likely that crops will wait to be harvested and the cow hold her milk until another time.

La GUARDIA IN 1940?

Biggest political job in the U. S. is the Presidency. Second biggest, many think, is Mayor of New York. That is why a New York mayoralty contest is an event of national significance and interest.

The recent election proved two things—one, New York voters still like the New Deal—both Democratic candidate Mahoney and Republican candidate La Guardia supported its principles. Second Tammany is very much on the skids—it threw its whole weight behind Senator Copeland, who ran in both primaries, and he was badly beaten in each.

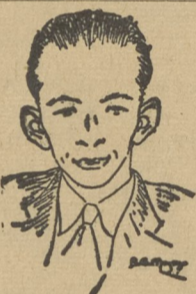
The Democratic machine is Mahoney's biggest asset. LaGuardia has no machine—but he is a colorful, vote-getting personality, has made a remarkable record for efficiency and honesty as Mayor, and has practically all the New York newspaper support.

There is a movement, started by William Allen White, to boom LaGuardia for the Republican presidential nomination in 1940. White calls him "Another Lincoln."

BROADWAY LIMITED

By W. A. S.

New York, N. Y.—Calling all Broadwayfarers...come home...Legion gone...streetcars running...manhole covers back in place...Fifth Avenue out from under the paper by Christmas...last Legionnaire in uniform seen at door of Astor midnight last night...Seventeen people thought he was doorman and asked him to call taxis...so East Side—West Side—to find the news we've missed...the Cotton Club's Grand Opening with Cab-Calloway and a chorus that's tall—tan and terrific...Helen Morgan caroling 'My Bill' at El Dorado...Mitzi Green at Versailles warbling the lady was a tramp...tsch! tsch! and...sucker that we are—we just found out that those socialite dancing couples who strut at certain clubs get twenty-five per visit...International Casino opened at last...but after a year of ballyhoo the floor show wasn't ready...Ricaro Cortez and Missus at the Waldorf...and Charles...Don't Call Me Buddy...Rogers with Mary...America's Sweetheart...and if she isn't America's...she's still ours...well — one of ours...to Grand Central Station to hello Howard Sihler, the big question and answer man of the information booth...six million questions asked and answered...six of 'em foolish...but he was busy so we waved and said 'Hello Howard...whadda ya know?...Giant sign on Broadway...'Giant Beer 5c!...with little 'root' before the beer...Lady-in-the barrel in Hell Gate still unsolved...nice new murder of man with one ex-wife...one ex-fiancee...one active fiancee being nicely muffed by police...who had more trouble keeping the crowd from making faces at Mussolini's little boy last week than in handling the Legion parade...recent exodus of the stem two biggest columnists made one of the movie moguls brag...Hollywood is going the good Broadway Columnists go...and Gene Cheu, the cynic writer, quipped back...remembering that one of them had collapsed...You mean when they're half-dead!...from the Sunday want-ads...Young woman acrobat not afraid to go too high!...and Irish girl able to play bagpipes...Why do cloak and suiters want all models to be size fourteen...five feet nine...when the folks who buy the dresses are going to be five feet three...size eighteen...nightclub new and different...La Conga...Cuban from Rhumbas to Daquiris...and music that's strictly jungle tom-toms...Things you never knew...so what?...That in Queen Elizabeth's time the diamond a precious stone rated second to the Bezoar...they're just gall stones silly! Sign in the post office says Mr. Farley's men are looking for a Mr. Clairmont...you can tell him by his mole...an inch and a half by half an inch...of all places...on his tummy! tsch! tsch!...The big black buses that carry airplane passengers trying to look bored and brave on the way there...and as if they hadn't been airtick on the way back...But the street crowd never gives 'em a second glance any more...The broad Rue's latest riddle...heard the other night at the Hollywood...where the new show is super-super...which way do pigs' tails curl?...You're wrong!...Uncle Sam sent a man out to see...and found they're fifty-five.



RIVES MATTHEWS

kindly chromosomes, of philosophical mold, of far reaching vision," then I think it is time to call a halt and, before agreeing entirely with Dr. Hirsch, who leads up so admirably to this conclusion, to ask ourselves just what type of men we want to lead us to these happy utopias men like Dr. Hirsch must believe in if they are to account their work worth doing.

Do we want Hitlers and Mussolinis and Stalins, who, if reports can be credited, have done much to cut down statistical criminality in their respective countries? It is easy enough to agree that a man in the White House who could be admired by both parties and their adherents and whose word could be law—but good law, would be the type of man that would fit Dr. Hirsch's platonic dream. But he, as a scientist, although he knows such a man can be predicated, allows himself too much wishful thinking in believing there can ever come a time in this country when "Ballots are weighed instead of counted," a suggestion he makes in passing.

When such a day of weighed ballots dawns, Jefferson will be a derided myth, and the principles of Hamilton, to which this country is not yet officially committed, will come into their own at last without any need, as in the past, for the cloak of the Sage of Monticello to hide their true nature.

Theoretically, of course, a nation led by a man of genius is a fascinating idea. It always has been. If, in the argot of the day, we were lucky enough to be given a right guy (we wouldn't pick him), then, naturally, all would be right as rain—in theory. The only rub is that what's right for one is not always right for another. So it seems safer to agree with Jefferson, still safer to believe that our national well being depends upon being united in the belief that we all have the right to be divided on every other subject.

Today, more than ever, American patriotism calls less for flag waving and sword sharpening for the benefit of oars across the sea than it does for defending within our own borders the right of every man to have opinions in a world which is fast succumbing to the pap fed it by a few pawky potentates who have tricked peoples, who should be free today, into believing that jails are palaces, that iron bars are merely stockades against barbarians who must one day see the light and clamor, themselves for a nice, comfortable cell and a pretty suit with stripes running the wrong way.

I think Dr. Hirsch, in concluding his otherwise very interesting and persuasive work, was guilty of a little delinquency himself by turning truant to play that popular game of childhood called "If I Were King." Even an adolescent Alexander of Yugoslavia must have learned by now it's not much of a game. Who's going to play it with you?

A scientist who can write well is news.

A scientist who is conscious of the world outside his laboratory is doubly news. Dr. Nathaniel D. M. Nirsch, a former director of the Wayne County Clinic for Juvenile Crime and now State Director of the United Public Health Survey of New Jersey, not only writes well about "Dynamic Causes of Juvenile Crime" (Sci-Art Publishers, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.) as a reporter, but also as an editor whose conclusions deserve front page space.

"As our surveys various miracles in the world today, one clearly recognizes the close interfunctionings of those world-wide manifestations with crime. We must realize, then," says Dr. Nirsch, "that the causes, treatment, and the prevention of the latter are largely bound up with the former. Beyond the individual delinquent, and his parents and their daily environment, lies an abnormal community spirit, a troubled national outlook, and an apprehensive world.

"The economic collapse is only the most patent disaster of the day, not the most vital or far-reaching. Less immediate, but deeper and more trenchant, are the decay and religion, art, faith, hope, and beauty, and the world-wide irrational sweep of hypernationalism. Beside this lethal movement, industrial depression and crime are secondary problems.

"Crime is tending more and more to involve whole sectors of a population, to embrace classes and nations, to become, in other words less of a problem of maladjusted individuals and more a problem of class and national crimes. Assassinations are condoned by large sectors of the population; the semi-defied leader of a nation invites the assassination of the head of another nation; thus the boundary between killing and murder disappears and mass murder becomes a major element of patriotism. War's morality is essentially the same as the criminal's psychology and viewpoint. Crime is not only becoming general, but it is deemed natural and normal, it is rewarded and applauded.

"To combat juvenile crime, while the criminal's code is flaunted from the palace, the court, and the camp, Herculean measures are imperative. They are dependent for their origin, development and execution on genius. Without the advent of a number of men of great genius, the decline of the West will gallop into the devastation of the east, and the problem of juvenile delinquency and adult crime will be swallowed up in the disappearance of all moral values.

Pending the arrival of men of genius to give us new faith, new courage, new objectives and a new set of morals, Dr. Hirsch suggests some good can be accomplished by changing our schools to fit the needs of between one third and one half of the children sent to them. These children "cannot profit intellectually or emotionally, by an academic education after the fifth grade," but they do show vocational abilities and inter-

ests, so "agricultural and mechanical training would develop their self-respect and their sense of well-being, as well as keep them and prepare them for useful life work."

Dr. Hirsch also says a good word for re-ruralization and the trend on the part of large industries to decentralize. Another point that Dr. Hirsch makes is one with which I have heartily agreed for a long time. "A drastic change in our whole attitude toward the child" is necessary. "Today he is our ethical base, from which all values, attitudes and conduct flow. A quasi-deification of youth pervades the land, and is unquestionably one of the principal causes of our adult immaturity in literature, in art and in ethical and social outlook. It is widely accented that youth is the period of enjoyment, and that parents must sacrifice themselves in order that unlimited pleasure be their offspring's heritage. It results, too, in parents and society surrendering natural and adult interests for juvenile substitutes. It is true that the basic elements for emotional and intellectual maturity are native endowments and cannot be environmentally built to order, to be thwarted and forced to retrogress."

Then Dr. Hirsch quotes Rev. Helton's admirable article, "Sold Out To The Future," which appeared in Harper's in July, 1932; "If part of the enormous sums annually wasted in the adoration were retained for the cultural life of the mature, and the extension of their leisure, children would have a better world to grow up into, more motive for self-improvement and less need to be prepared for the mad pace led by a future-chasing society. In its sublime confidence that the child is father to the man, our world forgets that the man is father to the child."

Today the father who gets down on the floor to play games with his child is ennobled on magazine covers. But the barefoot boy scrambling along a furrow behind his father's plow is no longer a proper subject for a Millet's brush. He will more likely merit the attention of the Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Very apropos to this subject were the observations Miss Margaret Mead made in "Coming of Age in Samoa," a book which is still good and instructive reading nine years after it was published. Says Miss Mead: "Samoan children do not learn to work through learning to play, as the children of many primitive peoples do. Nor are they permitted a

CRAPPY Sayings

SOME CLINGING VINES ARE POISON IVY.

Smilin' Charlie Says

It's hard t' find a poor hard workin' man these days!