

"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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A LIBERAL, INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT THE DALLAS POST PLANT, LEHMAN AVENUE, DALLAS, PA., BY THE DALLAS POST, INC.

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., October 28—(Special to the Post)—What the coming special session of Congress is expected to do is no mystery.

Farm legislation, a new name for the AAA idea, and wages and hours legislation, a new name for the NRA idea, are the outstanding considerations.

Governmental reorganization, measures to check monopoly (a new name for anti-trust laws) and regional planning (Federal Bodies Water Power Production) are secondary.

What Congress actually will do not even members can foretell.

Only a short time ago the Legislators dusted off their pants and went home to what they obviously considered a well-earned rest for work well done. They are coming back after having had ample opportunity for getting instructions from the folks back home and for digesting the results of the November elections.

Certainly 1937 will go down in history as a year when Congress put in an astonishing amount of time at the Capitol, if not at work. It may even foreshadow the time when legislators work fifty weeks in the year, just like the people who pay the bills.

The question of neutrality and entanglement in foreign wars is bound to crop up. However, seasoned observers are almost unanimous in declaring that any general European war is highly improbable. They maintain that Germany and Italy can accomplish all their objectives even to the restoration of certain German colonies if they keep up a bold front and make overt attacks.

England, it is pointed out, has never, in modern times, engaged in a major war without first making sure of sufficient allies to bear the brunt of the fighting. Now, with Hindu India demanding independence, with her Moslem possessions aroused by her pro-Jew, anti-Arab policy in Palestine and with the Dominions no longer at her beck and call, Great Britain is reduced to that status of being "too proud to fight" which she found so contemptible in us twenty years ago.

The Supreme Court refusal to review the Securities and Exchange Commission's acts as a blow to Wall Street, coming as it did on the heels of the widely publicized speech of Winthrop W. Aldrich, chairman of the Chase National Bank, in which he blamed the stock market break on the SEC.

However, at least one portion amused rather than dismayed official Washington. It was his statement that "liquidation of estates... might easily bring in less than enough cash to pay the taxes, not to speak of the fact that nothing whatever would be left for the heirs."

Presumably Mr. Aldrich believes that all estates consist almost entirely of Wall Street stocks, whereas the average American dies with only two shares of stock in his possession, and one of them is already worthless.

VOTE THE MAN, NOT THE PARTY

Dallas and its vicinity are in a Republican section. It will probably be a Republican section, with Republican officials, after next Tuesday, not because the Democratic candidates aspiring in local communities are not worthy of office, but because tradition is strong. It takes no expert prophet to predict that outcome.

It is more difficult to make a prediction on the county results. On the basis of figures the outlook for the Republican candidates is less optimistic than it has been in many, many years. The latest registration figures show a majority of about 14,000 for the Republican party in Luzerne County, but they also show that while the G. O. P. has been losing 27,000 votes, the Democrats have been gaining 12,000.

That trend is dangerous for the county Republican candidates. It is a trend that we in this rock-ribbed Republican sector may have overlooked. It is a trend which, in our opinion, is very likely to sweep a number of the Democratic county candidates to victory next Tuesday.

This paper has criticized the Luzerne County Republican Committee frequently. We cannot refrain now from reminding Republican leaders that many of the skeletons we rattled are now coming out to haunt the party at a time when unity is a prime necessity.

If we have any advice to voters before next Tuesday's election it is this: Vote the man, not the party. Party politics is carried to ridiculous extremes in this county. When it demands that a voter cast his ballot for some mutton-head, just because that questionable character of the community is on the party band-wagon, it goes too far.

To this newspaper, it does not matter how you vote. Our friends are numbered on both sides, there are no great issues at stake, and our staff includes both Democrats and Republicans, with a generous sprinkling of Socialists. We recognize the merits of men on both sides of the political fence. We recognize a few fellows who don't deserve the offices they seek.

Last Saturday over in Paterson, N. J., I helped my cousin from Ireland get married. While the occasion was as festive as weddings always are, I could not escape the feeling that I was assisting at a wake. Beneath my usher's finery one part of me was burying another part of me. I was, in effect, presiding at my own wake.

Twelve long years ago I left behind me eighteen years of troubled childhood, boyhood and youth and sailed for Europe. I had just been kicked out of Princeton, and my parents were in the process of divorcing each other. I felt very lonely. As a boy I had always wanted a brother, but instead, I was given two sisters, younger sisters who were nice little girls you couldn't kick in the stomach or ring doorbells with, and do anything that wasn't ladylike.

In Ireland I found a wonderful, motherly cousin, a fatherly cousin who was ready to play tennis and snooker with all the boys and girls who gathered at his house, and a cousin just two years older than I who slipped nicely into the role of the brother I had always wanted.

I came to spend a week-end, and stayed a summer. And the last time I ever really shed tears was when I boarded the steamer for Glasgow in the Fall. It was very un-Anglo-Saxon of me, and very embarrassing all around, I'm afraid, but at the time we all ascribed it to a deadly potion known in those parts as "wee doch-andorris."

When what was to be just a week-end in Ireland was about over, and I indicated that I'd better be getting on Cousin Bertha said she wouldn't hear of my going, and Maurice quickly interposed and said he was counting on me to be his partner in a tennis tournament the following week at Down Patrick, that entries for both of us had been made, and that I simply couldn't think of letting him down. So it went, week after week. Something was always planned ahead that included me; tennis parties galore, a visit to the Giants Causeway, a week at Ballycastle, a trip to see the glass at Waterford, a days' boating on the Lagan, a subscription dance at Bangor, and parties beyond counting in the houses of their friends.

There was only one fly in all this

EDITORIALS

We shall try to keep all these things in mind when we go to the polls next Tuesday. We say, frankly, that party lines will be the least important thing in our decision. We shall try to vote fairly, with only our conscience as our guide.

We advise our readers to do the same.

A FEW QUESTIONS

For the past several months The Post has been publishing a series of articles by F. A. Pitkin, executive director of the Pennsylvania State Planning Board. These articles should have stimulated some good, hard thinking. A review of them may be helpful.

We have read so far that:

Pennsylvania's population is ceasing to grow, that fewer children are being born, and that many Pennsylvanians are moving away from the State in search of work. Are these good omens or bad ones? Will Pennsylvanians be better off if they are fewer in number? Is it likely that the population will ever grow rapidly again? What plans should be made to meet the needs of a stationary or dwindling population? Should people be offered inducements to raise larger families,

The State has not enough modern dwellings to house all its people at prices they can afford to pay. How can this condition be corrected? How can low-cost houses be built? What is needed in our community?

Many Pennsylvania families have incomes too small for their needs while one-fortieth of the families in the State receive nearly one-third of all the income. Would it be desirable for wealth to be distributed more equally? Will that ever be possible? How? How does the present distribution of wealth compare with that in pioneer America?

About one-fourth of all Pennsylvania workers are, or have been recently, unemployed and modern machinery now does so much of their work that many of them may never be able to find employ-

ment in private industry again. Should the government create work for all the unemployed? If not, how shall they be supported? How can machines be used to divide labor more equally, and to fill the needs of a greater portion of the population? Would it be wise to use hand labor instead of machines simply to give employment to more people?

These are only a few of the questions raised. Have you any answers? Why not tell us what your suggestions are?

A CRYING NEED

The lack of proper sewage disposal in Dallas and its vicinity is a serious handicap to the growth of this section. There is a crying need for some concerted action to establish a complete, modern sewage system or disposal plant here.

The Post has pointed repeatedly to the extreme danger in allowing sewage to accumulate near dwelling houses, even if in privies and cesspools, and it is doubly dangerous to permit any sewage to drain into Toby's Creek.

The safe way to dispose of sewage, if public health is to be protected, is to drain or pump it from each house and building through underground sewer pipes to a central sewage disposal plant, where it can be carefully treated to destroy harmful bacteria and then discharged into a river or creek.

Sewage systems, like water works, are often more economical and efficient to construct and manage if several neighboring communities combine to make one large sewerage district with a single plant for treatment and disposal. We should like to see officials from Dallas Township and Borough and Kingston Township confer together in an effort to attack this old problem. The probability that there will be a steady increase in building here for some time to come makes this a good time to do something about it, that one obstacle to discourage new residents may be removed.

rain to blow over. It always did, and pretty soon, too.

The rest of this story is not unusual, either. There was eighteen's inevitable urge and calf-like expression of it (my first essay, as a matter of fact) and it was followed by seventeen's inevitable smack of the palm on eighteen's cheek. In my day, you see, nice girls slapped boys for trying to steal kisses.

I was miserable for days, for the rest of the summer, in fact. Here I had tried to steal his girl because I couldn't help myself, and my attempt had met with failure. So matters were doubly worse. She knew, after that afternoon on the golf course when rain blotted out the green and purple smudge which was Scotland on the east, what a cad I was too. It's bad enough, when you're eighteen, knowing you're not worthy of anyone's respect, but it's hell to know that someone else knows it.

Well, I suppose you think this is all the after-effects of champagne. In a sense, it is, if you will grant that the days of one's youth may still give off a few bubbles when you add a dash of memory to the residue twelve years later. And that's just what happened to me last week in Maurice's wedding.

Only then did I learn that the terrible secret I had been keeping to myself those otherwise joyous summer days in Ireland was no secret at all to my brother-cousin. Girls may not kiss and tell, but apparently they tell if they're kissed. She told Maurice about my trying to kiss her, and about her slapping me. And last week I learned that Maurice, at twenty, knew better how to interpret a lop on the cheek than I did, and that he'd been miserable about it, too. But that just goes to show what a brother he was to me. He was the sort of brother I had always imagined, too good to be true, really, because I can't imagine a real brother letting me get away with even a slap from his girl without a punch in the jaw from him.

It's not much of a story, as I said before. It proves nothing at all except that tender ghosts can walk even amid the merriment of weddings.

BROADWAY LIMITED

By W. A. S.

New York, N. C., October 28—(Special to the Post)—Saturday night in the night clubs varies with the seasons.

Winter time...college fraternities...wahoo social clubs...debs on the loose from Park Avenue parties...The Six Stenógs from Guest & Gore making whoops without benefit of boy friends...attendance swell...receipts tops.

Springtime: Young love holding hands under the table... middle aged love...all kinds of love... attendance fair...receipts low... because they're too sappy to eat or drink.

Summertime: Tourists... left-at-home husbands... buyers and butter-and-egg men with lonely local ladies... attendance good... receipts fair... But sometimes there has to be a kickback to the li'l ladies for bringing in the suckers.

Fall: After-the-football game crowds... attendance tops... receipts swell... damage terrific... because all the grandstand quarter-backs want to demonstrate just how Oblotsky should have tackled Blivitch on the five-yard line.

Floor Show Craze of the Moment: Voodoo Dancers.

Latest Broadwaywardness: Having your name painted on the back of a tiny turtle and parcel posting it to your friends.

This Column's Pet Shudder: The tabloid's present practice of putting photos of corpses on the front page.

...and Pet Peeve: So-called socialities running wild... frinstance the one who tried to commandeer a taxi and throw out the passenger only the passenger happened to be a plain clothes cop and the socialite landed in the hospital... and in jail.

...and the big name who bopped a waiter with a bottle... and landed before a judge... very, very indignant.

Silly Simultaneums: The stock market hitting new lows and theatre tickets hitting new highs.

Story-of-the-Week: Home town boy came to New York and made good... so good that his name was known all over the country... even in the Home Town... but the H. T. was not impressed... for forty years the H. T. boy tried to make a dent... he gave an organ to the church... a library to the high school... a bell to the firehouse... no dent... so at last he bought a big tract of land and made it a Memorial Park, with a statue of himself on a pedestal in the center... this time he seemed to have dented... he was invited to dedicate the park... with bands and fireworks... and the mayor declared a civic holiday and went to the railroad station with the city council and the police and the firemen... and fellow citizens... and small boys... and the H. T. boy climbed down from his private car... with his family and friends... and others... and the Band played "Hail the Conquering Hero Comes"... and painted on the bass drum was the legend... "Welcome. State Insane Asylum."



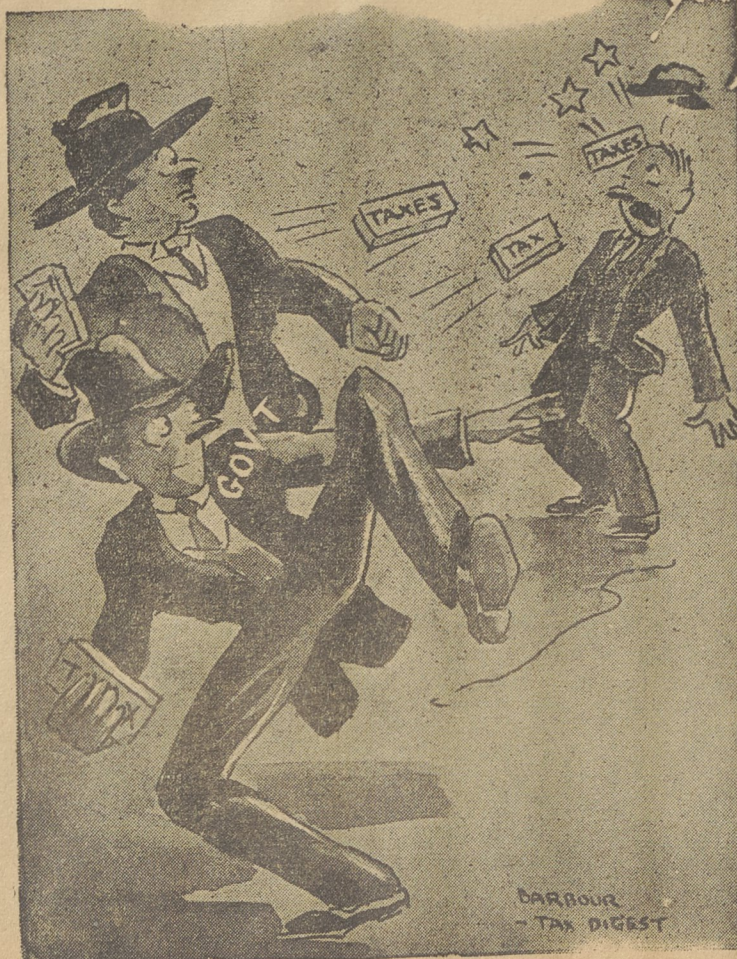
RIVES MATTHEWS

delightful ointment. I didn't exactly steal Maurice's girl, but I wanted to. I couldn't help myself. But the more I thought I was falling in love with her the more miserable I felt for being such a cad. It was a situation, I can tell you.

There was a rainy afternoon on a

golf course I remember. I was eighteen and she, seventeen. And there was nothing really unusual about the whole thing. Rain is not unusual in Antrim, and on the golf course at Ballycastle there were many shelters you could run to if rain came over from Scotland. You just ran to one of these shelters and waited for the

JOHN TAXPAYER--HE CAN TAKE IT



DARBOUR - TAX DIGEST