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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. It strives constantly to be more than a newspaper, a community institution.

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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., November 11 (Special to The Post)—On the night of election day in the year 1929 the Sachems and Braves of the Society of Tammany gathered in the great wigwam in New York City to celebrate their greatest victory in the one hundred and forty three years in which they had been a factor in the city's politics.

Their candidate to succeed himself as Mayor was James J. Walker, personally popular with the voters, a frequenter of night life, and a general good fellow.

He had first been elected four years before over a Republican "dummy" candidate. But the election of 1929 had been no set-up.

The opposing candidate was nominally a Republican, who had served as Congressman under that label, although he was looked upon as a very undesirable radical by even the most liberal of the G. O. P. leaders.

His parents were Italian born; his father had been a bandmaster in the United States Army and the boy had been raised at Army posts in the West. He had been a flier in the World War. His name was Fiorella Henrico LaGuardia.

In the election of 1929 Walker beat him by half a million votes.

The victory was overwhelming but Tammany had been forced to its greatest effort in order to roll up the votes. That night they knew they were celebrating a great victory but they did not even guess that it was to be their last.

1929 had been an eventful year. Herbert Hoover was president. Prosperity reached ridiculous heights. Al Capone had been sentenced to a year in prison and Colonel Lindbergh had been married. The Graf Zeppelin had flown around the world and an Ex-Secretary of the Interior had been convicted of accepting a bribe of a hundred thousand dollars. And, late in October, the bottom had mysteriously fallen out of the stock market.

The Great Depression had begun. And it was the depression which was to end Tammany's rule in New York City.

The Wigwam had built its powerful voting machine on the principle "Take care of the boys and the boys will take care of you"—and it had succeeded in a city where the revenue was constantly increasing and times were never as bad as elsewhere.

With the Depression Tammany's revenues were cut. There was less left "to take care of the boys" and the boys needed more care than ever before. But Tammany, like hundreds of thousands of others, thought prosperity was just around the corner.

The Sachems sat tight, with their eyes closed and their fingers crossed in the dizzy whirl of New Deal, Home Relief, WPA, the rise of labor unions, the wave of independent voting.

And when they girded themselves for the '37 campaign and went forth to do battle with the political tomahawks and bows and arrows which had been so effective in the old days they were just as successful as the Ethiopians against Mussolini's tanks.

For the first time, no Tammany man holds a major office in New York City.

The Wigwam had changed from a political power to a legend in history books of the schoolboy.

CALLING AN EDITOR'S BLUFF

Our alert and progressive contemporary, Editor B. M. Van Dyke of The Wyoming Democrat was elected to Tunkhannock Council last week, and the rest of us editors may accept that as a warning.

Once upon a time an editor could sit at his typewriter and tell other people what to do without any danger of being called upon to do any of the work himself. Things have come to a pretty pass when people expect editors to do the work as well as the criticizing.

Seriously, however, both Editor Van Dyke and Tunkhannock are to be congratulated, Mr. Van Dyke for a splendid victory and Tunkhannock for electing to its council a gentleman who will unquestionably perform his duties with the same keenness and fairness with which he conducts his paper.

IGNORANCE IS BLISS—SOMETIMES

When the housewife of any one of a number of states walks into a grocery store to buy food for her family she is obliged to pay a direct state sales tax on virtually everything she purchases. The tax ranges generally from a penny upward, depending on the size of the purchase. As a result of this form of taxation, the people of those states are, to some extent at least, tax conscious.

Saturday afternoons when Mrs. Consumer is stocking up on groceries for the week ahead, one may often observe her haggling with a weary clerk over an error of a paltry penny in the sales tax. She is paying a direct tax, knows it and resents it because it forces her to pay a premium on the necessities of life. But, ironically, she is serenely oblivious to the fact that the sales tax represents only a small fraction of the total tax which she pays on all of life's necessities, as well as on luxuries.

For example, taking the nation as a whole, invisible but traceable taxes are 6.4 per cent of the retail price of bread; 8.14 per cent of the price of beef, and 18.3 per cent of the price of sugar. Mrs. Consumer does not realize this unpleasant fact.

The editors of Fortune have asked their subscribers to help them solve "The Servant Problem." Fortune recently made a survey and found that "half the prosperous homes in America are without servants, and that no less than 85% of the upper middle class homes are without so much as a full-time maid." Fortune then goes on to say: "It is inconceivable that all these families wish to live without service. Fortune wants to find out why they do so, and what, if anything, they are doing about it."

Fortune submits a questionnaire and asks its subscribers to answer such questions as these: "If you have no full-time servant, what factor (or factors) has prevented you?" "Do you know, first-hand, of any servant voluntarily leaving employment to go on relief?" "What changes (if any) have you observed in the calibre or attitude of modern servants, dating approximately from when?" "How many servants did your parents employ when you were a child?"

These are all leading questions, and I can guess at some of the answers most of Fortune's following will write down for them, but to my mind, Fortune's last question (quoted above) is the most leading, and should bring forth the most significant replies, should Fortune be able to interpret them. It's my guess most people will admit that their parents employed more servants than they do today.

Most of the housewives I know now complain about how difficult it is to find a maid or general houseworker or "pot wrassler" (of which more later) either frankly admit they can't afford to employ them, or complain that girls and women who would make good servants would rather be on relief or work for smaller wages in factories, offices and department stores.

I've never yet met a modern housewife who is ready to admit that today's dearth of good servants can be directly traced to today's dearth of good housewives.

Our parents employed more servants simply because they had a different set of standards and values than we have. Our parents believed in spending their money on their homes, in making them as comfortable as possible. Generally they were large, roomy affairs that demanded the presence of servants. In those days a woman had a full time job

EDITORIALS

Likewise, she probably does not realize that, if her husband is an average \$18-a-week laborer or clerk who owns no property, they pay \$16 annually in these hidden taxes—Federal, state and local. If she and the majority of consumers did realize it, the Federal debt would not now be in the neighborhood of \$37,000,000,000.

THE WOMEN, GOD BLESS 'EM

The various women's auxiliaries of civic organizations serve so quietly that the credit which belongs to them frequently goes by mistake to their parent organization.

In Dallas the auxiliary of Henry M. Laing Fire Co. is a typical example of a group of unselfish, big-hearted ladies who are always ready to serve and whose work is sometimes overshadowed by the more publicized and more colorful service of the fire company itself.

We stopped in on election day to eat lunch in the fire house, where a group of women were busy raising money by filling hungry voters. There was such a good spirit about the women who were devoting their day to the fire company's interests that we decided to give them this public salute. The sandwiches were good and the unselfish spirit was excellent.

NEWSPAPERS VS. RADIOS

The Newspaper Guild strike in Wilkes-Barre gave people an opportunity to try the radio as a medium for the dissemination of news.

The radio did well, but the void left by the absence of a morning paper was there, nonetheless. People were happy to get their newspaper again, even though they were grateful for radio's fine effort at pinch-hitting.

One great fault of radio as a news-reporting agency made itself very apparent. We'll say you were anxious for news of the Sino-Japanese war. Ordinarily, you would arise leisurely, walk to the porch, pick up the paper, and there you were. If you overslept an hour, the news was still there.

If you had to leave before the paper arrived you could still buy one in town. But, with radio you found the irritating necessity for being at a certain spot at a certain time or you missed the 100-word announcement completely.

Suppose you had a friend running for office in Kingston Township. You are anxious to know how he made out but you care not a rap for who became tax collector in Sugar Notch or councilman in Plains Township. With a newspaper you merely glance through the paper to find the headline you want. With radio you are forced to sit through hours of monotonous, strange names and figures, waiting for the short announcement which, sooner or later, will give you the information you want.

And, usually, the brief, 100-word flash merely whets your appetite for more details, for interviews, for pictures, for complete newspaper coverage of the event.

It was a good test and a fair test, and its results make newspapermen feel that their profession is still a needed one, despite the splendid service radio performs.

There is still no substitute for a newspaper.

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

Two of the world's foremost proponents of collective bargaining are John L. Lewis and William Green. For years they have talked about the merits of collective bargaining. They have frequently expressed vociferous amazement that anybody who would agree to sit and talk—bargain collectively—could not reach an agreement.

Now the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. are bargaining collectively with each other. It is a strange test of the theories both unions have advocated so fiercely. So far the only thing that has prevented a walk out—a "strike" by both bargaining parties—has been that neither wants to be saddled with the blame for breaking up the "peace" meeting.

We shall see now how those masters of collective bargaining, John L. Lewis and William Green, apply their own theories in reaching an agreement.

going out less, or not belonging to a country club. It would merely mean going over her list of outside-the-home luxuries and sacrificing them for service within the home.

This would mean, of course, paying wages that would attract servants plus giving them the consideration people who are servants rarely get today. You can't expect to treat any graduate of an American public school like a serf for serf wages. But that's just what a lot of housewives I know do, and that's why young girls who would make good servants would rather work for smaller wages in factories or offices or department stores where they are given the illusion of being human beings and free agents. Actually, of course, many of them would be better off working as servants, but they don't think so.

America is the land of opportunity. And that particular myth dies hard. Maybe it's a good thing, politically, for the peace of the country. In any event, the average girl leaving school, thinks she's got more of a chance to rise as a wage earner or to achieve success as an individual (marriage) by going to work in the emporia, say, of the Countess Barbara Hutton Mdivani Haugwitz-Reventlow. Who can tell? Maybe some rich guy will stop at her counter and fall in love with her. It happens in the movies all the time. But how many movies have you seen in which attractive chambermaids marry chauffeurs or butlers? And what have the movies done to enable the profession of butling? Who wants to marry a silly old butler? Well, there you are. And then the brothers of these girls who can't master a typewriter and so hire out as servants, make things even worse by calling them "pot wrasslers."

The servant of today has no social status. She is looked down upon by her own class and ordered about like a two-year-old by her employers. No wonder there are so few servants today.

If, as Fortune implies, there are housewives who are bitterly complaining about the servant problem, then Fortune could do them a service by suggesting a union of housewives, set up not as a bargaining agency, not as an employers' trust to beat down servants' wages, but rather as a self-policing group to make housewives good housewives, and to give houseworkers self-respect and a social status beyond questioning by the movies and the young man of today who so scornfully look down upon them as "pot wrasslers."



RIVES MATTHEWS

running her home, and because she gave it all of her attention, she had to be a good manager. She had to think about working conditions and labor relations, and generally she was enough of an expert in this field for a modern corporation to employ right now to answer the criticism of a John L. Lewis.

The modern housewife is not at all like her mother. Her budget doesn't allow for much outlay in servants' wages. Much of it goes for living expenses outside her home. She must have a car. She and her husband must belong to a country club. They must go outside their homes for fun several nights a week: to the movies, night clubs or dinner dances at some hotel. Today the hostess who does

is rare. The home has become a place much entertaining in her own home where most people eat and sleep and listen to the radio when nothing more exciting offers outside it. And the home has shrunk in size. It's become an apartment with all sorts of electrical gadgets and hardly any closet space. The housewifely arts no longer need be practiced, and in most cases can't be. Just imagine, if you can, any woman putting up jelly in a tower apartment of the Waldorf-Astoria, where the "kitchens" bounce out of the wall.

One of the answers, then, is that today's housewife doesn't care enough about their home. Otherwise she'd have as many servants as she needed to run it. Maybe this would mean

SOME PUNTI



BROADWAY LIMITED

By
W. A. R.

New York, N. Y., November 11 (Special to The Post)—Broadway, which runs full blast twenty-four hours a day, draws its biggest crowds not at night but on Saturday afternoons.

From the shopping district in the thirties to the hotels of the fifties the sidewalks are jammed from building line to curb with stenographers from Washington Heights, shipping clerks from Queens, salesmen from Brooklyn, folk who seldom get to see the stem when the lights are on and who have come to stroll and stare after their week's work, with all the excited eagerness of tourists from a thousand miles away.

For most New Yorkers see but little of their city, the places where they work and the places where they live. And they live in little communities in the big city, miniature villages and towns and cities, each with its own miniature Main Street, its movie, its department store and markets and eating places. The section half a dozen blocks away is an unknown wilderness.

The dwellers in Greenwich Village talk of the wilds of the Bronx and to the Bronxites Canarsie, on the outskirts of Brooklyn, is just an Indian name.

Even the regulars of Broadway night life form a group so small that in a month of nights you know them all by sight.

Gayest of the night spots at the present is the Cubanish LaCongo, at which place the dance teams and the radio stars put on an impromptu show in the dawn.

For informal elegance the lounge restaurant of the Waldorf, with Xavier Cugat's amazing caricatures of Rudy Vallee and Wayne King and Guy Lombardo and a hundred others on the walls.

A hit with sophisticates only is Theatre Guild's "Amphitryon 38", a ribald and racy comedy of the old Greek gods behaving human, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt as the humanizers.

...as an aside to you kids who write me you want to come to New York to act: There are four thousand actors here now, and another four thousand like yourselves trying to break in. And every season about one in four may, by a lucky break, get work for maybe twenty weeks.

But don't let me discourage you, because if you've got the stuff to lick the other eight thousand, come on in, the water's fine.

Personal nomination for the "Is-My-Face-Red" department: That highly technical football rating system that went wrong on fifteen of the twenty-five biggest games the other Saturday.

Our Vote For Something New—and Nice: In England the Duchess of Westminster lets you call her "Mrs. McGuire" so as to save getting tangled up in "Your Grace's" and such-like foolishness.

Latest Broadwaywardness: Hiring "Boers" to go to the movies and boo the big shots you don't like in the newsreels.

They tried it on Mayor LaGuardia, only the thing backfired and he won!

As soon as the New York City vote was counted on election day a group of G. O. P. biggies urged promising LaGuardia the vice presidency to keep him from swinging his following to a new Farmer-Labor Party next election, but the Midwesterner who expects to be the Republican nominee for President turned thumbs down.