

"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. 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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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., December 2—(Special to the Post)—Congress has dug in for the winter.

The signs are all too evident that there will be debate and delay. Oddly enough, out of this very procrastinating will probably come a new alignment of forces which may develop the soundest program yet presented to the American people.

In spite of the cry for decreased government spending and decreased taxes an increasing number of the Legislators are in accord on two big points: Little business must be helped and the buying power of the public must be raised.

For the first time in some years, Vice-president Garner and his bloc and the Administration seem to see eye to eye on these objectives, even if they are not in agreement as to method.

The cry of big business, whose spokesman seems to be Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, a gentleman never unmindful of the fact that the Republican party will need a presidential candidate in 1940, is that big business, if freed from gains tax and assured of the repeal of the Wagner Act, relieved of the threat of a wage-hour bill, and with social security ended, would be ready to spend vast sums of money on expansion.

Big business is probably quite sincere in its belief that this remedy would work but the present session of Congress will hardly be in a position to do much about it.

The concessions made, if any, will be few, and this largely because the present business recession is again focusing attention on unemployment and relief.

Reports of 'lay-offs' in industry and the demands of the mayors of cities who convened here recently indicate only too clearly that there will be no drop nor an increase in Federal Relief expenditures this year. When the figures of the unemployment census are available the picture will be clear.

It will not be surprising to see a majority of both houses come to sudden agreement on a program which will prove distinctly disappointing to Senator Vandenberg and his followers.

In spite of the Senator's Presidential aspirations the present betting odds, which are, of course, rounded on information gathered so carefully that it makes the activities of the secret service and international spies seem like rank amateurs, distinctly favor Herbert Hoover. The odds like wise favor the President for a third term. And like all odds they are subject to change without notice.

It's just as well to remember that political odds are never believed by the candidate themselves. If Candidate Smith-Jones heard his favorite football team quoted at three to one, he'd be careful to see that the other fellow put up three dollars before he fished the single one out of his own pocketbook. But Smith-Jones is always firmly convinced that in politics, no matter what the odds, he has a fifty-fifty chance—or better.

That's why you'll hear some very strange speeches and see some queer cavorting as they jockey for the start in the next few years.

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

When shrieked
The bleak November winds, and
smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless,
and the shades
That met above the merry rivolet
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them
still; they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.
—Broant.

YOU CAN'T PASS THE BUCK

Few of us have any adequate realization of the amazing progress that has taken place in making our modern automobiles mechanically safe. Inventors and engineers have literally shot the works, all the way from major improvements in brakes and bodies, to relatively minor safety additions such as the elimination of projections on the instrument instrument boards.

Similar progress has taken place in highway design. Non-skid surfaces have been applied, the curves made into straight-aways, hills flattened, and turns banked with slide-rule accuracy. And what are the results of all this expenditure of time, and money, and ingenuity? A soaring accident record, and a death toll that approaches the 40,000 mark annually.

The motorist can't pass the buck. Individual carelessness, individual incompetence, individual ignorance—these are the prime causes of accidents. The most withering commentary that can be made on our driving habits is the fact that the bulk of fatal accidents occur on good modern roads, under favorable weather conditions, and involve cars in excellent mechanical condition. The proportion of accidents that are honestly caused by mechanical failure of vehicles or bad road conditions, is microscopic.

Figures indicate that the 1937 toll will be even greater than the all-time record established in 1936. The most dangerous driving months are just in the offing, bringing with them shorter daylight hours, and snow and ice and rain. There is a very definite chance that you or one of your family will be the victim of a reckless motorist—or that someone else will be the victim of your driving. We will never reduce the accident toll until every motorist realizes the vast responsibility that develops on a man at the wheel of a car, and takes the simple precautions that will avoid 90 per cent of all accidents.

APPLES FROM OUTSIDE

The attention of this newspaper has been called to the fact that apples in large quantities for distribution through the emergency relief agencies are being shipped into Luzerne county from other sections. This, it seems to us, is a strange method to employ in trying to improve conditions in this county.

A bumper crop of apples has left most big growers with sizable surpluses, which they must store and hold until prices climb to a level which will give them a fair reward for their work. In view of such quantities of apples stored here it seems very, very unfair deliberately to go elsewhere to buy apples for families on relief.

A collector of "firsts" we know believes the cards filled out by the unemployed will one day have great value as Americana, and so he's filing several away for his heirs.

Of more immediate value, of course, will be the figures which will come from this first counting of idle hands. Business men as well as politicians will study them carefully. The business man will have a pretty fair picture of his market, once the count is completed, and our politicians, who must seek reelection next fall and in 1940, will have to know how many of their voters are jobless before they can sound off with any degree of certainty on the subject of relief.

If, as may well be the case, the picture shortly to be handed us, turns out to be more cheerful, than the calamity howlers have predicted, then business will be able to heave a sigh of relief and we shall see another upswing and consequently more employment. But if, as the we-told-you-so boys have said, the number of jobless is even greater than currently conjectured, business will still have little cause to be blue.

It will be time for business to take a hitch in its belt, stop bellyaching, and manfully figure out ways and means to handle the relief problem with which it will be so squarely confronted.

Possibly it will be necessary to run this country from now on with the idea that there will always be a certain number of people who will have to be given help. If this seems to be the only way, then let's get the matter settled, and let's not forget that even people on relief are consumers of sorts. It is only the people who are not on relief and not on payrolls who are not consumers. They're no good to anyone, business or themselves, so, whatever the result of the count, it should produce nothing but good for all of us.

EDITORIALS

We believe a committee of fruit growers should confer with relief officials to ascertain if the shipments which were received a week or so ago are indicative of a policy that is to be followed out here. If apples must be bought for local consumption, let's buy them from our own farmers, who deserve such consideration and will appreciate it.

PROHIBITION AGAIN

Alcohol may become a dominant issue again in Pennsylvania politics.

Although five local communities have, within the past few years, turned thumbs down on local option, the dry forces have been making amazing headway in other parts of Pennsylvania. There are now 479 communities which have local option in this state. Two out of three of the communities which have had local option elections have voted dry.

This trend back to prohibition cannot be ignored. There is every possibility that it will continue next year at the state-wide elections when many more cities, boroughs and townships will vote on the question of permitting the sale of liquor within their boundaries.

It is a matter of fact that many people who voted so hopefully against prohibition four years ago are now expressing impatience with the present situation. We need go no farther than our own neighborhood to discover why people are turning in disgust to complete prohibition again.

Pennsylvania sales of liquor and spirits are conducted under a state monopoly. There are now four hundred state-owned stores distributing liquor in bottles. There is no great criticism against this system and it is generally conceded that the state stores are well run.

But there is plenty of fault to find with the establishments which sell liquor by the drink. Under an enforcement as lax as that which permitted crime to flourish during the prohibition era, Pennsylvania has permitted so-called "restaurants" and "clubs" to dispense liquor on the flimsiest sort of qualifications.

There are, as Collier's magazine pointed out recently, musical clubs without music and yacht clubs without even rowboats. Their business is merely the sale of liquor. Call them clubs, hotels, restaurants or speakeasies, eventually they are saloons and modern ingenuity has invented a few evils that the old saloon never had.

The logical procedure would be to provide a sufficient inspection force to assure observance of the laws governing drinking places. Today Pennsylvania has 15,000 licensed places to sell liquor

and only 150 inspectors. The Liquor Control Board says its inspectors are too few to police so many establishments.

The situation will be no better so long as Pennsylvania liquor dispensing regulations are weighted down by politics, which is, more than any other factor, responsible for the evils which are causing thoughtful people to turn toward prohibition again. Deprive the politician of his power to interfere and any moderately intelligent, honest, local policeman will have no trouble in cleaning up the mess.

Wise men in the liquor trade will do well to note the growing hostile public opinion. It is possible to establish an honest and rational regulation of the liquor traffic. Canada has succeeded in managing its liquor problem with satisfaction to the vast majority of the people. If they can do it the problem cannot be insoluble here.

A PRETTY JAM

President Roosevelt now finds himself in a pretty jam, and history will probably measure his stature pretty much by what happens in the next few years.

Not very long ago President Roosevelt said that the recovery of business during his first Administration was not the result of pure chance or a mere turn of the wheel in a cycle. "We planned it that way and don't let anybody tell you differently," he said.

We are willing to grant that. We believe he spoke with sincerity. That's why we feel that he is guilty of inconsistency and bad sportsmanship when he blames business for the current recession. A man cannot demand credit without accepting responsibility, too.

Whether the present recession develops into another depression depends upon President Roosevelt labor leaders and Congress.

The wheels of the Coach of Progress are mired in a man-made economic quagmire. The horses that pull the load have been flogged until they are balking. The passengers (all of us) who have tickets are becoming fearful it will be stuck in the mud and are wading ashore. The owners of the coach are seeking a way out of the quagmire. If the coach is pulled out of the mire some of the political dead-ends will have to be dumped off.

President Roosevelt is the driver. He will have to do the job now or admit his defeat and turn over the seat to Congress or Business.

We do not envy his position.

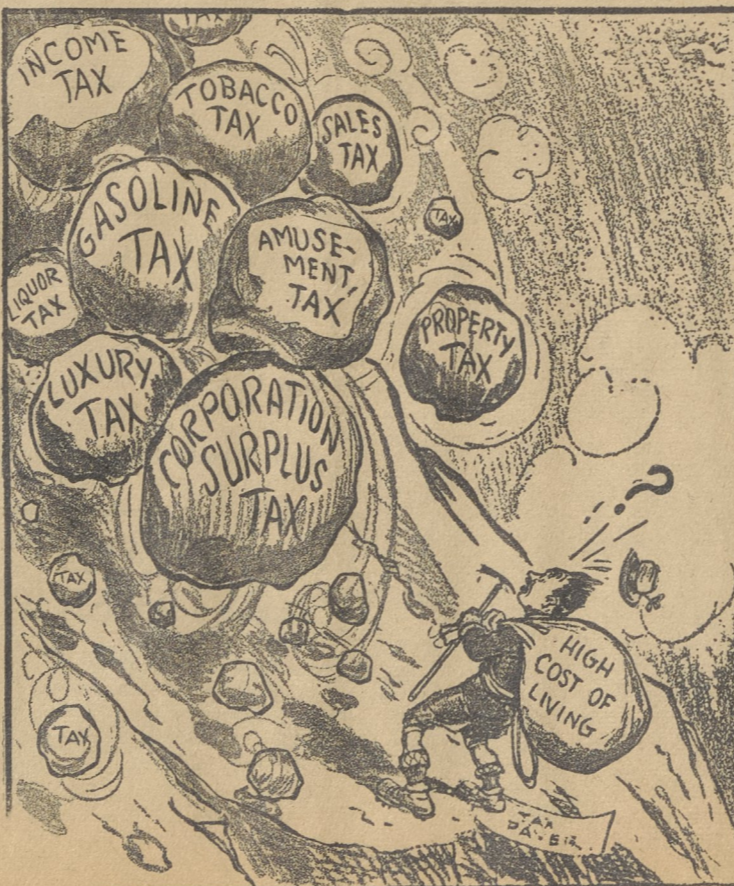


RIVES MATTHEWS

In short, we shall soon have the first straw in the wind business has had since the draft figures were made public back in the days of the World War. And we shall have some real

Americana that is worth having right now, and worth a lot more than any unemployment cards can ever be to our grandchildren.

THE AVALANCHE



I have just gotten around to see Hollywood's version of "The Good Earth," and I must confess I was amazed and confounded by what the film guardians of our morals did to Pearl Buck's story. As the picture now stands, it seems to me it's the most immoral picture ever to hit the silver screen. It missed all the implications of time and sweep Miss Buck's book possessed and became on the screen merely a success story, with theft and pillage rewarded, and dalliance with the flesh pots uncondemned. The real hero of the show, much to my surprise, turned out to be some of Mr. Rockefeller's gasoline, which drove the locusts away from the ill-gotten fields of the film's protagonists to the fields, presumably, of poorer but more honest folk who had not stolen jewels with which to pay for the education of their sons in colleges of agriculture where they teach the virtues of gasoline as an insecticide.

The performance of Paul Muni and Luise Rainer are beyond cavil, but as for Walter Connolly and Tilly Losch, I can only say that whenever I had to contemplate their antics I had to shudder, they were so out of key. They ruined the picture for me long before Charlie Chan's son was called upon to carry the story to its highly anti-social conclusion. And why, I ask you, did they cast that youthful Chinese phony in what should have been a genre piece, and which would have been had its director taken a cue from Mr. Muni, and Miss Rainer?

As I remember Miss Buck's book, it did not say: "Once upon a time in China" the story that follows happened, but rather: "Not once upon a time, but every so often" China has witnessed such a story. Hollywood chose to twist Miss Buck's book into an isolated anecdote, and missed a great story in its anxiety to follow a hack scenarist's plot, complete with happy ending... and anyone should know that China is the last place in the world where the Cinderella story has ever had any lasting meaning...

BROADWAY LIMITED

By

W. A. S.

New York, N. Y., December 2—(Special to the Post)—The street of sham where they brag in bogus British and show off in pseudo So'th'n... where they wear "English Drape" suits with wide padded shoulders and thick padded chests that never came from anywhere nearer London than Forty-second street... where the gals' gams are glass and the "priceless" pelts are pussycat... where there's never a tittle of truth in who they are or what they're doing or where they're going... that's the place where the acme of approbation is "He's a regular guy. Nothing phoney about him."

But in every decade only a few try that almost sure-fire rule for success. If you've got it in you, be yourself!

Here, on its twenty-first birthday, is the first cinema "luck" story, of Thomas Dixon's book, "The Clansman", which became "The Birth of a Nation" on the screen. D. W. Griffith offered ten thousand for it but he didn't have the cash. So the author reluctantly took a quarter interest in the film. Oh, Hum. You guessed. A million.

Extra: French Casino folds. And some say it was tax trouble. And some say it was the stunt of trying to bring over that French femme who claims she was Mussolini's big throb. Immigration wouldn't let her in because she had been convicted of a shooting in France. But a great big claphands to the New York cops who served notice they wouldn't let her act if she did get in. Not that this column objects to gun gals, but we think that if they've got to use 'em on the stage they ought to pick home talent.

And a deep bow to that worthy successor to the plays that make you laugh and make you cry and send you out of the theatre thinking it ain't such a bad old world after all. "Father Maloney's Miracle" with Al Shean.

Aside to M. E. G.: Sure, Jane Withers will be in the movie Big Ten for 1937. She'll be second only to Shirley.

No Beaux Arts Ball this year and the social dowagers who make a practice of taking off their undies and parading around as Cleopatra in a string of pearls for Art's sake are all atwitsch as to how they're going to show off.

Something novel in entertaining: The Circus party given a few nights ago by Joan Clair Bell, with the guests in circus costumes and the rooms cleverly decorated to resemble tents. During the evening Arthur Boran, who is the voice of President Roosevelt on the "March of Time" impersonated Broadway and Hollywood celebrities. Another guest was Elizabeth Ryder, radio star often heard over NBC. More treats for the guests were the delightful cowboy songs of Jack Wallace and the brilliant violin playing of Jean Moran. Before the evening was over Dorothy Dee had sung her most popular songs, and a newcomer to Broadway, Leonard Ralph, thrilled the guests with his expert and original performance.

Garbo's "Conquest" is grand but the customers are snooting it... and why do the papers always point out that so-and-so is a descendant of John Alden when it was Aunt Priscilla who had all the gumption of the family.

We know a man who makes an annual pilgrimage to Cuba to put flowers on the grave of his great-great-grandfather who was killed when the Americans took Havana in the Spanish War—175 years ago.