

"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

Established 1889

A Liberal, Independent Newspaper Published Every Friday
Morning At The Dallas Post Plant, Lehman Avenue,
Dallas, Penna., By The Dallas Post, Inc.

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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 fire protection.
4. Sanitary sewage 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.



FROM OUR CONGRESSMAN
J. HAROLD-FLANNERY

The amendment to impose a tax of 1c a gallon on fuel oil offered by the writer was defeated in the House last week. The opposition represented a coalition of oil interests and producers as well as consumers and was a result of thorough and intense propaganda on behalf of some of the large companies operating particularly along the Atlantic seaboard. During the course of the debate it was disclosed that letters and pamphlets had been sent to household consumers of fuel oil which purported to show the serious effect such a tax would have. Among other things it was alleged.

"(1) You face the possible loss of several hundred dollars which represents the value at present of your oil burner equipment.

"(2) You would be taxed as a user of fuel oil while your next door neighbor who burns coal would go untaxed.

"(3) It might force you to return to the burning of coal with all of the manual labor involved in shovelling, handling of ashes, and other inconveniences."

Each recipient of this information was urged to contact immediately his Representative and as a result, an avalanche of mail in opposition of the proposal descended upon the Members. This, combined with the efforts of those Congressmen from the oil producing areas throughout the Nation, brought about the result. The proposed Amendment, however, served the purpose of bringing before Congress the danger of diminishing oil reserves and the necessity for conservation.

The flow of "free seed" letters is beginning again, but indications are that there will be fewer than last year. For 15 years the U. S. Department of Agriculture has been trying to convince 130,000,000 people that it has no free seeds or plants. Yet each year, as spring approaches, thousands of requests pour in from farms, suburbs and penthouses. All writers meet disappointment. The Department has no plants or seeds for sale either.

The bill providing for an eight-billion dollar transcontinental super-highway project, which was introduced by Senator Bulkley, has little chance of passage this session. It has been transferred from the Committee on Banking and Currency to the Committee on Postoffices and Postroads, and Senator McKeillar, Chairman of this committee would rather have a commission study the subject before turning it over for action by Congress.

The Senate and House Committees on Banking and Currency have before them companion bills regulating bank holding companies. The bills are sponsored by Senator Glass of Virginia and Rep. Steagall of Alabama. Enactment at this session is predicted by Administration leaders. At the same time, the Senate Banking and Currency Committee has favorably reported a bill regulating "over the counter" operations of brokers, with Federal, State and municipal securities exempt from said regulation.

A COMMUNITY BUILDING

If Dallas school board proceeds with its plans to abandon the old frame building that action may give the borough a chance to get the community building it has needed so long.

Although it is an old building, the frame school was exceptionally well-built and could probably be remodelled to serve as a town hall at a cost considerably less than that of building a new structure.

Theoretically, the purchase of that building by the borough would cost the taxpayers nothing, since they have already paid for it once through the school district. The transaction would be merely a matter of moving tax revenue from one municipal pocket into another. Alterations would, of course, necessitate an expenditure by the council, but there is always the possibility that the building would produce revenue.

CENTRALIZATION IS THE SOLUTION

The good people of Dallas Township apparently are divided in their opinions of the plan to hire a full-time policeman. As this is written the controversy is still undecided. We deplore the energy being spent on argument. We wish that energy were being expended in behalf of another suggestion made here frequently—the establishment of a consolidated, centralized police department for Dallas Borough, Dallas Township and Kingston Township.

For twenty-five cents a month per taxable these three communities could have a central headquarters, a radio cruiser car to patrol byways at night, three policemen, working on eight-hour shifts so there would be protection twenty four hours of the day, and a reserve corps of special policemen to be called during peak traffic hours in the summer or on other occasions and to be paid at an hourly rate.

If you are a member of the Knickerbocker, New York Yacht, Essex Fox Hounds, Turf and Field, Racquet and Tennis and River Clubs of New York, then you are sure to be listed in the Social Register, sure to be treated with more courtesy and consideration than, say, a Bowery bum or a common thief.

Here's what happened one day last week to a member of all these swank clubs when he entered a police station in a typical East Side slum neighborhood. "Inside the station house a group of Bowery derelicts arrested on vagrancy and drunkenness charges was herded away the desk and into the back room," according to the Times, while our prominent clubman, wearing a dark overcoat with a velvet collar and a pearl gray fedora hat, "which he removed when he entered the station house," was required to answer certain questions required of him by the law.

Lieutenant Simon P. Breen, a vop-per who knows his place, his duty, and probably his Gilbert and Sullivan—"a policeman's lot is not a happy one"—asked if the gentleman had been searched in accordance with police regulations. Lieutenant Graf-necker, into whose custody our swell friend had been given, appeared, said the Times, "surprised." The order was then given to give a vulgar frisking to a man who had received his sheepskin from Harvard back in the genteel day of 1911. "Have you any knives?" he was asked. This crude question was met with a smile, a very upper class smile, to be sure.

Whoever heard of asking a Wall Street broker if he had any lethal weapons on his person? Who would ever think of asking a former president of the Stock Exchange, a Morgan broker and a brother of a Morgan partner, if he packed a rod, or had a Sicilian's dagger up his sleeve? I am sorry to say the Times, which must stick to strict truth in its reporting, could only record that Richard Whitney's answer to this policeman's naive question was in the ne-

EDITORIALS

Dallas Borough now budgets about \$1,200 for police expenses. One thousand dollars of that is the salary of the full-time chief of police. The other \$200 is spent for special policemen. The borough gets full value for the money it spends. There is no complaint there. Our argument is that \$1,200 worth of police protection is not adequate for a town with the size and ambitions of Dallas.

In the first place there is no police station. We'll wager that fifty per cent of the residents of Dallas wouldn't know how to summon a policeman if they needed one, without getting advice from some other person.

In theory, Chief Leonard O'Kane is on duty 24 hours a day. Since a man must sleep sometime and is entitled to occasional relaxation there are times when the borough's system of police protection disappears entirely. There are other times when, confronted by the natural law that a man cannot be in two places at the same time, Chief O'Kane has to postpone answering important calls because he is involved on some other urgent assignment.

The situation in Kingston Township and Dallas Township, both of which have more residents and homes than Dallas, is even worse. There are no full-time policemen and residents are compelled to rely upon their constables, whose duties are only vaguely prescribed, or the State Motor Police at Kingston.

Another editorial on this page discusses the possibility of the borough securing the old frame school house on Huntsville Street as a community building. If that should be done the second floor might be changed into an apartment for a chief of police, such as is part of the Harvey's Lake community building. That would mean that the chief would be available most of the time to take calls. The chief should receive, beside his living quarters, a minimum salary of \$125 a month. He should be a man of character and qualifications high enough to enable him to direct the system of police protection in the three townships.

There should be two additional policemen at salaries of about \$100 a month, one to work from 4 p. m. to midnight, the other to be on duty from midnight to 8 a. m. The first duty of these men should be to patrol sideroads (the motor police patrol most of the main roads). For that purpose they should have a police cruiser, equipped with radio, that radio to be tuned in to the Wilkes-Barre police sending station.

The system might work this way. A resident is awakened at midnight by a howling dog. The irate and sleepy citizen phones the police station. The chief answers and takes the message. The chief immediately calls Wilkes-Barre police, dictates the message. Over their radio, Wilkes-Barre police broadcast the instructions. The cruiser car picks up the message, steps on the gas, wheels up in front of the irate citizen's home, finds the dog, arouses its owners and restores peace to the neighborhood.

Such a case would be typical of the average "nuisance case" handled by policemen. The advantages of having such a system functioning, ready for the less frequent emergencies which involve threats to property or life, is obvious. Under ordinary circumstances not more than five minutes should elapse between the time the citizen telephones for the police and the time the cruiser car is on the way to his home.

We question that any one of the three communities can afford adequate police protection alone now. The logical, sensible, common-sense solution is consolidation of local police agencies. We hope to see Dallas council or the supervisors in either of the townships, investigating such a plan before long.

ALL IN A WEEK

As the public debt touched a new high of \$37,632,120,451, into the Senate hopper was dropped a bill — for the relief of Charles McCarthy.

when dealing with us taxpayers, and shook hands with the prisoner. "Mr. Whitney," he said, "I'm sorry to see you in this trouble, and wish you the best of luck."

Lieutenant Breen did not say just how many years behind bars that expression of his good will covered, but went on to say, in front of reporters, "The Whitneys have always had a good name." "Thank you again," Mr. Whitney repeated, always the perfect gentleman.

Bail was then arranged for our highclass friend, after which he drove to his home in the fashionable seventies. There, perfectly poised before what is in English law, every man's castle, he submitted to the posing of pictures, but requested press photographers not to snap his wife, who came to the door to meet him. You see, a gentleman's wife is a lady, and her picture never appears in a newspaper, except on the society page. It's alright for papers. They're not ladies, so no one ever bothers to ask them whether they'd mind being snapped when tragedy enters their lives. But with a lady, it's different.

Meanwhile Wall Street men frothed and fumed. Why did he have to misappropriate the funds of the New York Yacht Club, Manhattan's swankest club, of which he was treasurer? Surely there are still enough widows and orphans left to prey upon. They have always been free game in Wall Street. Why didn't he pick on them, instead of acting like a perfect bounder, betraying the trust of his fellow yachtsmen?

This much can be said for the men of Wall Street. When they discovered that Richard Whitney, five times president of the Stock Exchange, was a crook, they didn't try to hush it up. Maybe, because of the SEC, they couldn't, but to the men of Wall Street, as far as the record goes, goes the credit for turning Whitney over to the police. The papers headlined it as a million dollar swindle, but in the panelled board rooms of high finance, the Whitney case will always be known as a breach of etiquette.

BROADWAY LIMITED

By

W. A. S.

First sign of Spring is always the flower show at Grand Central Palace, where the displays range from a lonely pansy in a finger-bowl to landscaped lawns complete with hedges and trees and houses.

Always, the roses seem to be most popular with the visitors, and this year's sensation was called "Queen Mary" for no particular reason we could discover.

Speaking of sensations, this column bows with awe and reverence before the intelligence of the Motion Picture Academy in selecting Spencer Tracy and Louise Rainer as outstanding performers of 1937. We—ahem! picked them here two months ago. Remember? Aw, say you do, anyway.

Local Gleanings: Mrs. William Rose closes her apartment and goes to Hollywood (all right, call her Fannie Brice then) . . . Gerty Niesen sails on the Paris for Paris, France, after collecting cheers and checks at Broadway supper spots . . . Nancy Garner singing at a Bronx nightery says she's kin to John N. Garner of Texas and Washington, D. C. . . . Mrs. MacArthur, who does theatricals under her maiden name of Helen Hayes, writes home to say lots of towns have sold out all the seats in the opera house before the performance of her play "Victoria Regina" . . . It's about Queen Victoria of England, King George's great grandma . . . She was a Wetton from out Kensington Way . . . Married that Albert What-you-call-him from Germany and he took her name but George's Pa changed it to Windsor . . . George's brother married that girl from Baltimore.

Now that Mr. Whitney of the Stock Exchange is out on bail local wits are calling that best seller "America's First Fifty-nine Families".

Our favorite sausage firm is the "Katz-Fuhr Sausage Casing Company."

Down in Greenwich village is "Ye Olde Junk Shoppe" and a place on Seventh Avenue is run by "Ann Teek" and sells—yep, you're right.

Funniest Sights On The Stem: Actors who can discard their costumes and make-up when the show is over but have to keep their "stage" haircuts . . . as for instance Wallace Ford and young Broderick from "Of Mice and Men".

The new superliner, "Queen Elizabeth", had to buy the rights to that name from an excursion boat, which will call itself the Queen Elizabeth Second, which is what the present Queen really is.

To show that columnists are sometimes—well, sometimes—wrong, one New York daily diarist listed Ellery Queen, the mystery writer, as having graduated from N. Y. U. in 1926. It happens that Ellery is two people, neither of them named Ellery or Queen.

They Do Say . . . that Sally Rand is going to India . . . that Beatrice Lillie is sailing for London . . . that Hope Hampton's going to Hollywood . . . and that Sylvia Sydney, who acts so coy about having her picture taken in night clubs, is going to get married.

In case you were figuring on coming here for the fair next year they tell us 43,217 will be able to sit down all at once to meals in the various restaurants on the grounds, and we bet 43,200 of them will wonder why in heck it takes so long to get served. —The BroadwayParade



RIVES MATTHEWS

gative. Mr. Whitney could have given the police a much more enlightening answer. "We don't need guns or knives in Wall Street. Such methods are crude. They went out of fashion with the James brothers, years ago." And then the police should have frisked the well tailored person of Richard Whitney and re-

lieved him of his fountain pen.

When the ordeal of searching Mr. Whitney's pockets was over, an ordeal which seems to have been painful for our class-conscious police and Mr. Whitney as well, Lieutenant Breen stood up behind his desk, as all gentlemanly policemen should

GOOD BYE, BARRELI

