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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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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 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.

The MAIL BAG

Editor:

It seems to me that the outcry against the bombing of open cities in Spain and China is unwarranted. During the World War, enemy women and children were killed by starvation, malnutrition and disease, produced by effective blockades. At present they are being slaughtered by bombs. I fail to see the difference. If anything, the second method is more merciful, for it kills quickly. Let us cease the hypocritical whining. War is war. An enemy must be attacked, demoralized, weakened and annihilated. The term enemy embraces not only those who fight in the lines, but also those, including women and children who help behind the lines.

N. L. T.

Dallas

Editor:

Donald C. Peattie, in his article debunking many tall tales about animals, speaks of the "impossibility" of a snake sucking milk from a cow. I am pretty much of a cynic and I suppose I should hesitate to credit such a thing had I not witnessed it.

Many years ago one of my tasks was to go to the pasture for our cow after school in the afternoon. One day I noticed a snake fastened to her udder; I could scarcely believe my eyes, so I went close enough to make sure there was no doubt and at the same time ready to make a quick getaway, as I was dreadfully afraid of snakes.

I ran all the way home to tell father, but he was not at all excited. He merely asked me to go back for the cow, and said if the snake was still taking its supper to get a stick and tap it and that it would loose and run away and not harm me. I went back, but the cow met me part way, free of the snake.

A. R. G.

Bunker Hill

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Our latest slogan—lending and spending—sounds great. But from the little I savvy about it, I do not know any place where you can go broke quicker, than by lending—except it is spending.

Our old ideas of saving 10 cents for a rainy day, is now next to illegal. And for our old age, we are to lean on Social Security. Slogans are our dish.

Maybe you have an off-spring or 2 around the house, and they do some goofy things and get into jams and one thing and another, and you almost think they the hopeless, sometimes. But they are amateurs when it comes to comparin' 'em to what is going on under the big tent at Wash.

Things that most people want done down there, they will not do it. And things you do not want 'em to do—it is vice versa. And if you have ever been on a farm, I do not need to explain to you about a mule.

History used to be a sort of dry subject, but boy, present day doings when they get into the book, they will make Walt Disney hustle.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.

WELCOME TO THE SCHOOL

The Post is happy to invite the women of this section to another free moving picture cooking school.

At least 1,000 women enjoyed our first school last year. We have never promoted any community affair which resulted in as many compliments. We expect to see again all those women who asked us to conduct another school and we hope, too, to meet many new visitors who have heard of the pleasant success of last year's event.

We think such a school as this is of vital importance in a community. Managing a home is a difficult and responsible job—perhaps the biggest of all jobs. It is right, then, that housewives who strive to do their jobs better should have an opportunity to inspect the methods and machinery which have been devised especially for them. Men keep abreast of developments in their fields. Women can profit by the same procedure.

Our cooking school, with its full-length moving picture, is as pleasant as a school can be, and we are sure those women who set aside one afternoon next week for the school will have an enjoyable as well as a profitable time.

DIAL PHONES AT NOXEN

The installation of dial phones at Noxen by Commonwealth Telephone Co. is another evidence of the progressiveness of the local utility.

The company's eagerness to please its subscribers and its energy in maintaining a high standard of service explains the pleasant relations it enjoys with its customers.

This latest improvement will benefit Dallas business men, as well as Noxen subscribers, for the toll charge will be abandoned some time next month between Noxen and Dallas.

We thank the company and its local manager, Michael Kuchta, for their forward-looking, thoughtful policies.

A THANKLESS JOB

We have a very deep respect for any member of a school board because we have learned that his exacting job is one of the most thankless in the world. Only a man or woman who has a real desire to be of service to his or her community would accept the position.

The communities about Dallas are exceptionally fortunate in having directors who are probably better than the rule. No breath of scandal,

ON BOARD S. S. HARPOON:

Exactly seven sailing days after leaving Philadelphia, we nosed in behind Cristobal's breakwater and dropped anchor for the night. It was a strange feeling to feel calm water beneath us and no vibrations from our power plant. Around us flashed a ring of lights and like a huge ruby, set in prongs of diamonds, one advertising sign blinked off and on all night long. Whether it hawked a well known brand of cigarettes or a night club, we never learned, because we had arrived too late to go ashore.

We were up at dawn the next morning so as not to miss one minute of a procedure which, since 1920, has been saving ships the long dangerous and expensive journey around South America. As the sun slowly shooed away the veils of mist which clung reluctantly over ships at anchor and for a time completely hid Panama's strange, pyramid-like mountains, there was gradually unfolded before our eyes a scene so mysterious and beautiful and so unlike anything I had ever seen before that for a comparison I was forced to search my memory of fantasies for one, and came up, finally, with a vague feeling that I had seen all this before in some novel by Ryder Haggard. Does anyone ever read him today?

Then came trim government launches from shore, carrying Canal Zone doctors to look for pestiferous passengers. Finding none on our ship, our yellow flag went down, and then another launch, carrying a Canal pilot with a crew of smart dark boys from Jamaica, to handle the ropes, came aboard. Along with a small feeder ship of the French Line, the Trois Isles, we entered the first lock.

It took us about four hours to make the forty-four mile transit. Each lock, three up on the Atlantic side, and four down on the Pacific, took ten minutes. After passing through an amazing beautiful lake, dotted with jungle covered islands, the Canal becomes a narrow ditch shortly after passing Barro Colorado Island, where there is a government station devoted to the study of tropical diseases. It is a reminder to all of those who pass that without doctors, engineers would never have been able to make the miracle of Panama possible.

Once in the ditch, its walls rise higher and higher, and then the Canal



RIVES MATTHEWS

twists like a snake between the vertebrae of Panama's spine-like mountain range. Culebra, of course, is the most thrilling part of the Canal. There, one can only gasp and wonder, and pay tribute to the thousands of men who hacked a mountain in two.

There the Canal is at its narrowest, and yet, as we were going through, we passed a handsome German ship, the Ulm of Bremen, making her maiden voyage. Then came the single Pedro Miguel lock, and the three known as Miraflores, and we were in the channel leading out to the Pacific, with Panama City on

our port side, on our starboard, those queer looking islands, jungle green, which rise suddenly out of Panama Bay, and beyond the weird steaming mountains of Panama. Our first sight of this ocean convinced us that the Pacific was well named. For seven days hardly anything that could be called a wave has been seen to shake our convictions.

Random notes on the Canal: Public drinking fountains at the locks are like twin branched candlesticks. One branch supports a bowl of glossy black porcelain, the other white. Canal Zone workers drink according to the laws of Jim Crow.

TOO MUCH OF IT ALREADY!



THIS'LL FIX HIM!

POLITICS

RECOVERY

MORE SPENDING

MORE SPENDING

MORE SPENDING

MORE SPENDING

MORE SPENDING

no intimation of skulduggery, no hint of the nauseous tactics employed by a few boards in nearby sections blackens the record of the directors of Dallas borough or the township, Kingston, Lehman, Lake, Monroe, Noxen or Jackson Townships.

Occasionally our directors make the newspapers with their political squabbles but these are little more than evidences of a healthy American democracy, which permits every man to have his opinion and fight for it. Such tempests in teapots are unfortunate, but they are human, and they blow over usually as suddenly as they come up.

Most of the time the school board member has little to relieve the dull monotony of the regular meeting. At first he may find some enjoyment in the novelty of running a school district but his enthusiasm is soon checked by the realization that the common sense principles he uses freely in his own successful business are restricted by volumes of laws which have been accumulating since the first public school was established.

He discovers that the solicitor is about the most valuable man in the school organization, or should be. Everything must be done a certain way. Certain amounts cannot be spent without soliciting bids first. Every penny must be budgeted and once appropriated to a certain account must not be spent for any other account until a certain time has passed. Complicated regulations must be observed if the district is to receive the customary aid from the state. School needs must be confined to the income from taxes and if they exceed, and an increase in millage is necessary, woe be unto the harrassed school director. Bills must be paid, audits must be made, appeals must be made to the State or to the County Superintendent to approve this or that, complaints from irate and impatient citizens must be satisfied. And, almost every minute, the school director must guard against violating innocently any one of the hundreds of regulations which he must know and obey if he is to escape ouster proceedings brought by some political opponent who is waiting carefully for the one slip.

For all this the school director receives not one cent of salary. Because he realizes that the restrictions placed upon him are a necessary protection for the public, he accepts them and obeys them. An honest mistake can subject him to public embarrassment and perhaps to court proceedings which mar his record permanently.

So we have a very deep respect for any man or woman who consents to be a school director. Someone has to do the job, and our hat is off to the men and women we see doing it so well.

It cost the owners of the Harpoon a little over four thousand dollars to send her through the Canal. Canal toll charges are based on tonnage. We were told not many ships pass through the Canal these days, that the merchants of Cristobal and Panama City are suffering a consequent depression. The day we went through, two ships went ahead of us, and two followed us. We passed three going westbound, one of them a freighter from Cardiff owning up to the odd name of Nailsea Meadow. (In case you think I'm off my compass, look at your map. You'll find the Pacific side of the Canal is seventeen miles east of the Atlantic Side. Thus ships bound for the Atlantic are said to pass through the Canal westbound.)

At all locks, U. S. soldiers do sentry duty. They stand at parade rest, rifles at their sides. On a balcony of a pumping house, I saw three soldiers behind a Browning machine gun. They tell me they've been waiting for trouble only for the last three years. Before that, no soldiers.

The Harpoon's master is Captain John V. McKown. Born in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, he was captain of his first ship, a sailing vessel, at the age of twenty-one. When he married, he took his wife along with him. They spent their honeymoon on a voyage to the west coast of Africa. The first seven years of their son's life was spent on sailing ships. Now in his thirties, the younger McKown has a job on land, as an electric welder. At one time, his grandfather, father and four uncles all captained vessels of their own.

Both the Harpoon's captain and chief engineer have canaries on board. The captain's bird is called Jerry, the chief's Tom. Miles from shores, their songs are always wistful reminders of land to seabitten sailors. No matter how much they may profess to love the sea, the officers on board this ship like to think about the pleasures of land, and the song of a canary at sea brings them back sharply enough. And all of them have photographs of their loved ones in their quarters. The surest way to loosen their tongues is to ask them about their wives, children or grandchildren. Even though I have never subscribed to the intrinsic truth of that old saw: Absence makes the heart grow fonder, it would seem to be so at sea.

CITY SYMPHONY

By Edna Blex

Do you listen to "One Man's Family" on the radio each week? I have heard diverse opinions about this popular program. Some think it is too good to be true and others swear by it and make it a point never to miss its homely philosophy. The Barber family has become very real to its radio fans. As a matter of fact I recall an acquaintance of mine saying that she was quite provoked when Anne and Clifford were married because her own youngster insisted on talking all during the ceremony. She tried in vain to silence her four-year-old but with no success. The youngster insisted it was "only people on the radio", but her mother insisted they were very dear friends and she wanted to hear them get married. So you see just voices over the air wave can be quite real.

I think we particularly enjoy "One Man's Family" because many of us have never been privileged to enjoy such family life. It is something we all hope for but seem to have missed in the general scheme of things. There is nothing in life to compare with family life such as the Barbers enjoy. A congenial clan held together by mutual love and profound respect. They love each other but never infringe on each other's rights.

There aren't many families like the Barbers. The mother and father are splendid parents. They have lived happily and have taught their children the art of enjoying their lives to the fullest. They have level heads and understanding hearts. Most parents are too busy with their own problems to take a vital interest in their children as they grow into men and women. I know they take care of the children's physical well-being but how many parents do you know who are really good friends to their children?

I have always felt the Roosevelt family is a fine, happy clan. You might not agree with them politically but they certainly seem to have fine times together. Many times I have thought how fortunate they really are. Not because they are wealthy and seem to have more than the usual share of worldly goods but because they seem to be such a fine family, interested in each other and at their best when they are all together. They seem to possess the ability to enjoy life and at the same time be good friends.

"One Man's Family" is only make-believe but it has been going on for seven years and those who listen are as vitally interested today as they were in the very beginning. The Barbers typify what this country really needs: a few real homes peopled by families who really love each other and pull together, not away from each other.

343 MOTORISTS FILE ABILITY-TO-PAY PROOF

A total of 343 persons filed proof of financial responsibility in order to regain their automobile driving licenses during the month of March, Secretary of Revenue J. Griffith Boardman said today.

An additional 493 persons renewed their proof of ability to respond to damages in order to retain their licenses. During the same period the proof of 165 persons was cancelled and that of 212 persons was relieved.

Proof of financial responsibility in the form of cash, a bond or insurance is required of all persons whose licenses have been suspended or revoked or who have unsatisfied judgments or bad accident records.