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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

Established 1889

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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: Your brilliant, scintillating wit and humor really quite overwhelms me.

I refer of course, to those subtle, adroit, droll editorial asides with which you filled out your editorial page of the last issue. For example: "Post Office receipts in the year which ended June 30 were 726 million dollars, highest in history, and equal to \$5.60 for each man, woman and child in the country. If this keeps up, the Post Office will be able to buy some new pens."

Ha, ha, ha, ha! I'm dying from laughter.

Cutting out paper dolls is almost as much fun as writing editorials, I'm told . . .

A. C. C.

Harvey's Lake

Editor:

Your startling expose of campers and camp life was almost worthy of "Life".

Personally, I almost got through the second paragraph before I turned out the light and dozed off.

The pictures were very nice, though.

N. G. L.

Dallas.

Editor:

I note with interest that you enclosed the fact that another WPA project has been started in Dallas in a prominent box on the front page of the last issue of The Post.

I also note that the box is lined with obituary black.

Does that signify that the sedate, conservative, sleepy industrial pace of Dallas has met its death at last?

I wonder if you, besides myself, gaze askance at the teeming activity that has been injected into our quiet suburb by the busy bees of the WPA?

S. C. T.

Dallas

Editor:

The Southern Senators say people in the South do not need as high a minimum wage as people in the North.

Now let's see them carry that to the logical conclusion. Let these same Senators sponsor a bill to establish lower salaries for Senators from the South!

N. Z.

Wilkes-Barre

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

I been half-way afraid that I might have to quit reading just the front page, and turn clear back to the funnies, now that Congress has gone away.

But I have been unduly alarmed. And the new tricks and stuff, where they are angling for this 4 billion being dished up and down there at headquarters is pretty good comedy.

The ones trying for the money is Governors and City Councils, etc.—or anybody who can sniff cash, from far away.

And old Samuel, he has only one place to get money, from your own tax collector, so anything anybody gets from Wash., it is just your own money.

But when you get it, it is maybe a recreation center or something, which if you exercise in it, your lawn-mower at home gets rusty. Or maybe your City Mgr., he gets a bigger and longer car—and next year you pay even more than this year, for his gas.

For real fun and amusement, and comedy, it is hard to beat the front page.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.

THE WATER SITUATION

We hope sincerely that the improvements planned by Dallas Water Co. in the Parrish Heights section will remedy the unfortunate conditions which have inconvenienced consumers in that section for a long time. Anything that will avoid a formal complaint to the Public Utility Commission, with resultant harmful publicity for the community, will be better for the consumers, the utility and the town.

The consumers in the hill section of the town have a reasonable complaint and it is understandable that their patience is about exhausted. But it is just as evident that the water company has, on its part, shown a willingness to do everything it can afford to do to improve service. In recent years there has been a commendable understanding exhibited on both sides and it would be unfortunate if that spirit were destroyed.

Before any formal action is taken by the irate consumers it would be wise to await the company's improvements. If there is no relief then an adequate and clean supply of water will have to be secured through the methods open to the consumers.

AMERICA AND THE JEWS

The growth of a Fascist party in Canada has given America new food for thought. If our Democratic system and its promise of liberty means anything at all we must stiffen our resistance immediately to the tide of totalitarian propaganda which is sweeping across a bewildered world.

We must beware, most of all, of the anti-Jewish propaganda which is usually the entering wedge of far Nazism. Of all the evils propagated by the fascist forces the world-wide persecution of the Jews is the most tragic. Five Hundred and fifty thousand Jews have lost their citizenship in Germany. Two hundred thousand have lost their citizenship in Austria. More than 500,000 Christians of Jewish descent have lost their citizenship in

LaJolla, Cal.—The other day I took a walk along the sea-gnawed cliffs near where I am staying in that section of La Jolla which is called Hermosa. As I stopped to watch the ever-changing beauties of water and sky, that never ceasing rhapsody in blue which makes life sing out here, a boy and his dog climbed to a ledge overhanging the sea twelve feet or more below. The dog sank, panting, to his paws while the boy stood against the sun, took off his sweat shirt and became a lithe line of gold bisected against the sun and disappeared below me. I scrambled down the ledge where the boy had stood, and found his frantic dog peering over the edge, yapping excitedly. I looked over, too, and there was the boy, safe and whole, standing in water up to his chest.

"That took nerve," I remarked after he'd climbed back up to his diving ledge and stood dripping beside me. "It's a wonder you didn't break your neck in water that shallow." "It's all in knowing how," he flashed, then arched again and plummeted into the bright blue water below. After the fifth dive, on all of which I had offered him compliments, he sank down beside me and told me he made a point of diving off that ledge at least three times every day. Further questioning brought out that few days in the year passed without his going into the water, and that most all of his sixteen-years-plus had been spent in La Jolla.

He told me he liked living in La Jolla, that he had fun all year 'round, school days, even, were no exception. I gathered he rather enjoyed going to school and that he took pride in the good report cards he brought home. I learned that his chief hobby is photography, that his chief ambition is to be a newspaper man, and that he uses a bicycle to get about when he wants to see his friends.

At the mention of bicycles, I allowed I'd like to ride one again, and would, if I could rent one somewhere. But when he told me they rented for thirty-five cents an hour, and I considered all the breathless halts I'd be forced to make, I figured it would be cheaper to buy a bicycle than to rent one at such a rate. Whereupon he countered with an offer to lend me his brother's bicycle as soon as he'd fixed up his broken front wheel. I agreed to become the beneficiary of such unexpected generosity only if he would let me buy him a lunch somewhere, and so it was agreed that he would call me up one day after he'd repaired his brother's bike and we'd ride up to the coast to Delmar, have lunch, and then jump the more vigorous breakers that pound the sands up there. He told me his name, Emmons, and I told him mine, and then we parted, I wondering whether he could remember my name and my Aunt's name in the telephone book.

In spite of misgivings, he was on the wire bright and early the next morning. He'd fixed his brother's bike, and could I go that day? I



RIVES MATTHEWS

couldn't go that day, but I could, and did go the next day. It's about ten or twelve miles up to Delmar, and there are two long hills, or grades, as they are called out here, not to mention several gradual rises which look like nothing at all when you're riding in an automobile.

I gave out on the first of these. If my gift horse was a little old and stiff, so was I, and I shudder to think what would have happened to me if a friend of Emmons, named Bill, had not happened along as we were pushing our bikes up the long grade through La Jolla canyon. Bill agreed to meet us later on in Delmar with his car, so as to give us a tow back up the long grade south of that resort. As I write this, I am still thankful I don't use toes and legs to operate my typewriter. I can bear my sore hands, long unaccustomed to gripping handlebars, but I'd gladly present anyone with my legs if he'd lend me his.

Bill owns a little Fiat, a thirteen horsepower car that makes fifty three miles on a gallon. He is licensed to drive because he lives out across the

these two countries. Throughout Europe, the Jew is being persecuted and threatened with the loss of his human rights. The imminence of having one-half of the Jewish population of the world deported back, as far as human liberty is concerned, to the 15th century should arouse the conscience of the civilized world.

By its vicious propaganda system, fascism is engaged in presenting the Jew as the world's scapegoat. This hymn of hate is contrary to the doctrine of the gospel of love and peace toward which intelligent men and women of the world have been groping throughout history. It is in direct conflict with the promise of religious freedom which was a basic principle in the founding of this country. No one can deny the Jew his rights and still be a good American.

It is a thing which effects every American Christian as well as his Jewish brothers. Anti-Semitism is a threat to Democracy and a denial of the fundamental principles upon which this nation is founded. It cannot be permitted in America.

TRUE GERMANS

Word comes from Berlin that Erich Remarque, who wrote "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Three Comrades" has been deprived of his German citizenship. The Nazis have placed their interdiction upon another of the most brilliant literary artists Germany has produced.

Evidently a man whose feelings for humanity are as evident as Remarque's has no place in the Third Reich. Citizenship in Re-marque's Germany is not Hitler's to give or take away. That Germany has suffered, aspired to rise in freedom and has temporarily disappeared behind the Nazi cloud.

It will reappear in good time and welcome back the Remarques, Einsteins and Thomas Manns—true Germans.

at the latter for lunch, where we dined grandly on ham and egg sandwiches, Dr. Peppers, a popular soft drink out here, and candy bars. After lunch, Bill drove us up to his house, a large Spanish type ranch house, where we changed into bathing suits.

I envied Bill a tolerant mother who allows him to keep his room in a glorious masculine mess. The room was more of a museum to his hobbies, past and present, than a place to sleep. On the walls were hung evidences of an interest in birds and taxidermy. Over the window was slung part of an airplane propeller, and on card tables were model airplanes in all stages of construction, while in a closet were the makings of a photographic dark room, destined, I understand, to be considerably expanded. Down the center of the headboard of Bill's huge double bed hung a rope to which was attached a large combination lock. Its purpose, I was told, is to mark off Emmon's side of the bed when he spends the night with Bill. In short, Bill's room was a room to make a spinster shudder, but from every corner it bespoke a boy's happiness, the growing curiosity and expanding interests of a young man, and the love of a tolerant mother whose understanding of boys must be very great. Well, it ought to be, for Bill's mother, whom I did not have the pleasure of meeting, has had six sons, and five of them are still living.

From Bill's house we drove over to his aunt's ranch to swim in the pool at Miramar. One of Bill's younger brothers, and two of his Miramar cousins (there are six in this family, too) joined us. Everywhere my eye fell I saw that children were very much a part of the scheme of things. There were horses for them to ride, a tennis court, dogs of every imaginable breed, a lake for them to sail a small boat on, small cabins they could call their own—in sum, a rural paradise for children the like of which I have never seen before.

The ghost of the small city boy I used to be wanted to rise up in me and envy them, and did, a little, I confess, but it was not a mean sort of envy because these rich kids, so rich in material things, so rich in opportunities to gratify every whim and fancy and desire of childhood, were also rich in grace. They were neither spoiled nor bored with their good fortune. What amazed me most of all was that they treated me not only as one of their own breed but also as one of their own age. This last is no easy thing either for youngsters or for those who outnumber them in years.

Some day, in the same casual way I met them, I should like to meet their parents. Swell kids must have swell parents, and to meet a few swell rich people would be a real treat in an age which is finding so many rich people wanting in all the elements of character that made so many of the founders of their fortunes great.

CITY SYMPHONY

By Edna Blez

There is no sweeter sound in the city of Philadelphia than the striking of the clock in Independence Square. For days we don't hear it, then, suddenly, as the roar of traffic seems to quiet down for just a second or two we can hear the old clock chime out the hour. As the deep tones of that old clock ring out above the din of city traffic it seems to say: "Take your time, take your time."

Are you reading the story about Jack London which has been running in the Saturday Evening Post? There has never been such a colorful figure as the author of "The Call of the Wild, and I feel that Irving Stone has brought Jack London back to life again in his story "Sailor on Horseback". In a few weeks it will be out in book form and you will all be rushing to the library to get it.

The residents of nearby suburbs have been reporting strange doings in their communities. They tell us their places are infested with wild rabbits. Suburbanites are accustomed to squirrels but to see brown and white rabbits frolicking around the lawn is a trifle unusual. The rabbits have become so tame they insist on being fed and gardens are suffering from their healthy appetites.

The old Post Office isn't torn town yet. Remember I told you some time back that the Post Office which has stood at Ninth and Market for sixty years was in the process of being wrecked? It seems to be quite a slow process and I really don't know what the office workers are going to do at lunch time for amusement when the work is finally finished. They stand around in droves watching the men work. One noon it was all I could do to get through the crowds who were straining their eyes and twisting their necks to get a good view of the demolishing of the old Post Office.

I saw the much heralded *White Banners* at one of the local movie houses last week. I was quite disappointed. You know, of course, that the author of *White Banners*, *The Green Light*, and *Magnificent Obsession* is a minister turned novelist? The theme of *White Banners* is plausible enough but they lay it on just a trifle too thick to suit my simple tastes. The acting was splendid but I'll take *Robin Hood*, or *Holiday* or possibly *College Swing*.

Anne Lindbergh has written a new book. Remember her first one: *North to the Orient*. The new one has an added attraction because Mrs. Lindbergh's husband has written the preface which, from all reports, is worth reading!

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

I am giving you examples of the fact that this creature man, who in his own selfish affairs is a coward to the backbone, will fight for an idea like a hero. I tell you, gentlemen, if you can show a man a piece of what he now calls God's work to do, and what he will later call by many new names, you can make him entirely reckless of the consequences to himself personally.

Bernard Shaw

STREAMLINING THE OL' BUS

