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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 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.

JUST POLITICS

By Fred M. Kiefer

"Quick, Watson, the needle!"
Will this become the alarming cry every time "American Business slumps?"

During 1934 and 1935 a continuous series of shots in the arm averaged about 300 million dollars of BORROWED money each month.

Early in 1938 the monthly shot was stopped. Business, lacking stimulation, went back to bed.

But now the shots are renewed. The August injection will be 175 million dollars. And according to schedule the dose will be more than 300 million dollars a month during 1939.

Business is already showing recovery from the new shots. More exhilaration will be noticed as the monthly dose increases.

But what happens when the shot is reduced or stopped? Will business take the "cure" or will it cry again for the needle?

A friend of this writer, whom we shall call Mr. B., had occasion not many weeks ago to visit the editor of a great southern paper, and, after completing the work that took him there, began discussing the state of the Union.

Upon the old gentleman's (the editor was richly endowed in years) complaining about business conditions my friend asked him whom he had voted for in 1932.

"Suh! A'm a Democrat! A'h suppo'ted th' Democratic candidate," was the surprised reply.

"How did you find conditions then?" inquired Mr. B.

"Why, for a while they were good, then they began to turn po'ly."

"And for whom did you vote for President in 1936?"

Irritated, the Southern gentleman rasped out, "A'm a Democrat, suh! A'h suppo'ted th' Democratic candidate."

"Have conditions materially improved?" continued Mr. B.

"No, suh! They have not, suh! They are deplorable right now."

"Well," mused Mr. B., "There's talk of Roosevelt running for a third term. If he does who will you vote for?"

"Dammit, suh! A'm a Democrat! A'h shall suppo'te the Democratic candidate!" roared the Georgian. "But let me tell you, young fellow, if you dam-Yankees up No'th don't stop suppo'tin' the Democratic candidate, this country's goin' right sho' to hell!"

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

A shoe salesman he is maybe alright, viz, as a person. Most of 'em are nice to their wife, I reckon, and maybe go to church or loan their lawnmower to their neighbor or do lots of things which shows he is O. K.—or fairly so.

But when it comes to giving you a shoe that fits, a nice shoe salesman, he is a demon. It is the last thing in the world he will ever do. He will even send to the factory to get one that will not fit. The more you say you want one big enough, the harder he tries to give you something else.

If you have big feet and know it and don't care, and you like to walk and not hobble or take off your shoe as you get home—like you wife maybe does, sometimes—you will not like shoe salesman.

And a salesman who says, "that makes your foot look trim," there should be an open season on him. And the Govt., it bungles around and experiments with everything like farming, and the weather, and etc.—and then it goes to work and over-looks shoe salesmen.

AS FOR US, WE'LL RIDE

When Norman Johnstone, secretary of Wyoming Valley Motor Club, said that it would take ten years for WPA to construct the White Haven-Mt. Top road, he meant no slur at WPA. Norman, practical Scotsman, knew, what everybody knows, that ten years would be a short time for any group of men, working eight hours a day, cracking stones and filling ditches by hand, to construct eleven and seven-tenths miles of modern highway.

The secretary of the Motor Club knows, what a lot of us have suspected for a long time and what a lot more of us have failed to recognize; that the modern world is too far advanced to go back to primitive hand methods of construction when it wants something done quickly and well.

Unemployment is one problem. Getting work done is another. There is no honest reason why either problem should be solved at the expense of the other. Only the most unobserving would say that crude, primitive, back-breaking, hand labor can accomplish as quickly, or as well, work that can be done by modern machines and construction methods. Only the most partisan would say that WPA accomplishes one-tenth of what it could accomplish under proper supervision and direction.

There is just as much wrong with a system that pays men to loaf when there is work to be done as there is with a system that permits men to become unemployed. Recognizing only one aspect of the problem won't solve the other. No nation yet has been able to support either a parasite rich or a parasite poor. Failure of idealistic communities and the early settlements of Virginia prove the one; the French Revolution proves the other.

This nation has need for modern roads, more schools, public buildings, sewage plants, water works and electric lines. We cannot wait to get them by methods that were antiquated generations ago. We have progressed too far along the way to go back to ancient crack-pot theories that never did work and never will work. Steps forward are not made by taking two steps backward.

What this nation needs is work for the unemployed at wages worthy of their hire; not a dole. What it needs is actual production not pretended production. What this nation demands is a system of efficient administration, free from politics and political ambition, that will make producers out of the unemployed, that will take care of the old, the blind and the afflicted. It has no need or no place for a system that makes loafers and sloths out of strong, capable men willing to work.

If any one believes that this nation can continue to progress by casting aside the lessons of experience; by believing that obsolete methods can supplant modern scientific methods and achievement; that the dole and pretended

I don't wonder that the jobless out in my old home town are enraged at the purchase of a thirteen inch bronze cat which cost the tax supported Art Museum of St. Louis the rather large sum of \$14,400.

"Neither the authenticity nor the artistic merit of the cat is at issue," reported the Associated Press. "It's the \$14,400 price tag which has stirred up the rumpus among unionists, persons on relief, women's clubs, the city administration, and the art museum. Many have attacked the museum's purchase of the Egyptian figure, said to date back to the fifth century, B. C. at a time when the city's relief needs are in desperate plight."

"Striking union building workers, who have picketed the City Hall here for several weeks, changed their signs recently to read: '\$14,400 for a useless bronze cat—nothing for labor.' Some persons even have recommended repeal of the law supporting the art museum by taxation. Chief defender of the animal is the museum's board of control, which has termed its purchase one of 'the greatest sculptural triumphs of all time' and 'the most important object of its kind in America.'"

If you think the latter phrases sound like another way of saying "Let 'em eat cake," then you're branding Mr. Louis LaBeaume, head of the Art Museum, as a Marie Antoinette. I happen to know he is far from being a Bourbon, although as one of St. Louis' most successful architects, he is entitled to sit among them in such Bourbon haunts as St. Louis has to offer: the St. Louis Country Club, snobbishly known as The Country Club, and the Noonday Club, which serves lunches to the masters of capitalism (or the means of production) in the city that Mr. Adolphus Busch once said was "right alongside my brewery."

During the last election campaign, to my knowledge, there were only three members of the latter club who could eat their lunches without get-

production can take the place of actual production, then let that man go to work tomorrow on WPA but let him walk to work rather than ride in a WPA truck.

PASS THE MELON, BUT TAKE THE WHEATIES

We feel pretty pessimistic about the cantaloupe business this morning. For the third successive day we've tried one for breakfast. Each day sees the same results: one spoonful eaten and the rest relegated to the garbage. We hate to get stuck on poor fruit that way, but that isn't what is bothering us. We wonder just how long the cantaloupe growers are going to have a market for their product if they continue flooding it with unripe, indigestible fruit, or is it a vegetable?

We're serious. We think the growers are going to suffer from their greed in the long run. With millions of people getting stuck every season on poor cantaloupes there is only one answer. They are not going to continue getting stuck. That means they are not going to buy cantaloupes. They are going to get out of the habit of calling for melon and coffee at breakfast. Seems to us the growers could do something about this just as the orange growers of Florida and California have done. They could, for instance, set up some sort of Will Hayes or Kenesaw Mountain Landis of the cantaloupe industry to whom we could write, and who in turn could land on any grower who sends out unripe, immature cantaloupes to impudently sneer at us at the breakfast table.

A TREE THAT MAY IN SUMMER WEAR

A NEST OF ROBINS IN ITS HAIR

Shade and a swimming hole are foremost in the minds of small boys right now. Lucky the boy who knows the spot where a fine old tree bends over a deep hole in some mountain stream. There nature has perfected her own air conditioning.

But ideal swimming holes aren't usually found along village streets. Modern artificially built pools are frequently short on shade. The next best thing for a boy whose mother won't let him get off to the old pool a mile away, and whose home town affords no artificial pool, is a big sprawling tree in his own front yard and other great trees up and down both sides of the village streets.

Dallas has been for long short-sighted on what the planting of shade trees along its streets would mean to its smaller residents in summer. It has been shortsighted on the beauty and attractiveness that trees would add. There is at present no well-laid plan for planting trees along every street in the borough. Yet, there is no other single thing that this community could do, and at less expense, to give it beauty, character and dignity than to make it remembered always by the boys and girls who once played in the shade of its trees.



RIVES MATTHEWS

ting into apoplectic fits at the mention of Roosevelt's name. They were my father, a small manufacturer of electrical specialties, a man I am proud to call cousin, named J. Lionberger Davis, president of a St. Louis bank, and Mr. Louis LaBeaume.

I fear all three are regarded as radicals by their fellow club members, but in any other court of opinion they would be typed as enlightened capitalists or liberals.

It seems to me Mr. LaBeaume now has a pretty concrete example to present to the Noonday Club as a reason for his supporting the more liberal policies of the President. The issue in St. Louis is not merely the purchase of a \$14,400 Egyptian cat when people are out of work and starving, it's a question of how long can art museums, and other such by products of our civilization, stand in the face of masses growling for relief of their primitive needs.

Cutting off funds for an art museum to divert them to the aid of the needy is only one step in the path that other nations have already taken in the name of this or that ism. A university, in many respects, is quite as much of a luxury as an art museum, and so are cathedrals, churches, temples, theatres and symphony orchestras.

In fact, all that makes life beautiful for a small percentage of us, who like to think of ourselves as members of the upper ten percent, can easily be branded as extravagant luxuries by men with idle hands and hungry guts. The ruin of Spanish art in our own time is merely an example of what has happened many times before in the history of man's striving to create a society that can live at peace within itself.

I imagine that Mr. LaBeaume, who has long carried the flag of liberalism in St. Louis right into the camp of St. Louis' Tories, must wonder, at times, at the sanity of his fellowmen. By one group he's considered a radical, a class Judas, by the other, a Marie Antoinette, for spending public funds on a bronze cat you can't eat. I hope he allows himself an inward Cheshire smile, and that he'll go on bravely defending the policies of liberalism in the Noonday Club and art for our soul's sake before the picket lines. There should be room for art and bread and work in any well managed country, and it's up to men like Mr. LaBeaume, who have the brains, to sell that gospel both to the dummies who have, and the dummies who have not.

GIDDY-APPI!



CITY SYMPHONY

By Edna Blez

Keeping a diary might prove a dangerous pastime but I am firmly convinced it is a good habit. Wouldn't you be glad if someone in your family had kept a diary so you would know something about your forefathers, and not have to depend on hearsay, or the pictures in the family album? If some of your ancestors had kept a diary they would be real flesh and blood to you today and not just epitaphs on tombstones.

There is nothing more interesting that the everyday account of a man's life, no matter what his station in life might be.

The most interesting history of early Philadelphia I ever read was the diary of Nancy Shippen. Not the famous Peggy, but her cousin, who lived at Fourth and Locust when Chestnut Street was a dirt road, and George Washington was a frequent visitor in her father's house, during the stirring days of the Revolution. It is merely an everyday account of a young girl's life and yet it tells more about early Philadelphia than any history book I might mention. History can be very dull but not when it is written in diary form.

Just recently a diary was discovered in the house of an obscure postmaster in a small town in Kansas. It was written in a German dialect which no one could decipher, until it fell into the hands of some professors at the local university. When the diary was translated it was an account of a soldier who had been thru the war with Napoleon. There were vivid accounts of battles and of personal contact with the little corporal. More exciting than fiction! Here was the history in the making, more compelling than the greatest novel and yet it was written by a humble soldier who little suspected it would be eagerly read in 1938.

Somewhere I read a diary which was written forty years ago by a young emigrant girl who was a servant in a boarding house. She was almost illiterate and yet her diary glowed with joy of living. She wrote about a new dress, a new beau, a trip she took, her life in the new world. A poor emigrant girl alone in a strange country, and yet she found comfort in jotting down in her own crude way the story of her own life, and we read it forty years later and have a vivid picture of an obscure woman who comes alive because she kept a diary.

I have yet to read a published diary which has proven dull reading. The chronicle of anyone's life can never prove uninteresting. It is amazing what a story a diary can tell; many times it proves more interesting than the best current novel.

Do you ever stop to think what your great grandfather might have been doing at your age. Wouldn't you really like to know what he thought about? Did he think he was living a fast age? Were things moving too quickly to satisfy his simple tastes? Did he travel much? What did he do when he had time to do as he pleased? What were his pastimes? He certainly didn't play golf? What did he do on Saturday afternoons off? If he had only kept a diary, that great grandfather of yours might have been flesh and blood instead of just a member of your family forgotten years and years ago!

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

A weapon that comes down as still
As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God;
And from its force, nor doors nor locks
Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.
PIERPONT—A Word From A Pettitioner.

Bernard Shaw