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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
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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.

EDITORIALS

How To Lower The Cost

The fine plans for a modern sewage system in Dallas seem to have broken down, but the delay need not be too discouraging. In fact, borough council's tabling of the plan because of its expense may turn out to be a good thing in the end.

The councilmen seem to feel that the borough cannot afford the estimated \$200,000 expenditure. That is indeed a considerable amount of money, even if the Federal government kicks in with a gift of almost half. The councilmen are justified in hesitating before they invest such an amount in a sewage system.

A sewage system will cost money, plenty of money, but the longer we wait, the more it will cost. Eventually, such an expenditure must be made. It was with these thoughts in mind that The Post suggested, about six or seven years ago, that the municipalities about Dallas wake up and anticipate the need and save themselves money by constructing a joint system now.

The Post is not entirely alone in that opinion. It is a part of the Rotary-Kiwanis plan for joint, centralized attack upon the problems of Back Mountain communities. The Sunday Independent voiced such an opinion last Sunday when it advised that the sewage system, when it is constructed, be adequate to care for the needs of Dallas and neighboring municipalities.

Dallas Borough has shown its good faith by making an effort to learn something about modern sewage disposal methods and their cost. It is now up to some of the other neighboring municipalities to do their part. It would have been wrong for Dallas Borough to assume the task itself.

The present delay may give neighboring towns an opportunity to become interested, and if, as a result, a joint system is constructed, the cost will be proportionately less to each taxpayer.

Pennsylvania, industrial leader of the nation until three years ago, today has 10 per cent of the country's unemployed. Unemployment in Pennsylvania is 25 per cent higher in proportion to the population than in the United States as a whole.

Exploitation, 1938 Style

The United Mine Workers of America tossed a bankroll of \$120,000 into the unsuccessful fight to make Lieut.-Gov. Thomas Kennedy the Democratic Party's gubernatorial candidate in the last primary election.

The fund was contributed between December 1, 1937, and May 31, 1938, according to a report at the No. 1 district office of the union. Previous to December 1, 1937, the report listed contributions of \$500,000 in the campaign to re-elect President Roosevelt; and \$247,000 to Labor's Nonpartisan League. This brings the total expenditure for politics close to the million dollar mark.

Every cent of this money came from the members of the U. M. W., most of whom have little enough for themselves these days. Little wonder that John L. Lewis seldom visits the anthracite region any more.

It must be difficult for the miners to decide whether they shall be exploited by the operators or the labor leaders.

Sixty-two new industrial concerns moved their plants into Wilmington, Del., during 1937. More than half went from Philadelphia because of high Pennsylvania taxes on industry.

Parents As Police

A number of persons have complained to The Post about mischievous youngsters who amuse themselves by breaking windows and otherwise damaging property.

The limited police facilities in town make it impossible for officers to patrol some of the outlying sections and so children often carry on their wrecking boldly and in defiance of complaining householders.

The blame, it appears, rests not so much with the children as with their parents, who have a definite responsibility in training children to an appreciation of the value of property. A serious effort by parents to instill such respect in their offspring would make the work of policemen much easier.

Adults get no enjoyment from scolding the neighbor's children. Frequently, rather than strain neighborly relations, injured plants and broken windows are forgotten. Such consideration places an even greater responsibility upon the parents of the guilty youngsters, and calls for a similar spirit of neighborliness.

Respect for the property and the opinions of other people should be implanted early in every child. The parent who has neglected that part of his boy's or girl's training is far more to blame than the child.



RIVES MATTHEWS

Three people of whom I was very fond because of my interest in them and their careers died last week: two quietly, one violently. All three of their deaths, for various reasons, saddened me considerably. One, His Eminence, Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, I knew only by sight. The second, Don Alfonso de Bourbon y Battenberg, Count of Covadonga, former Prince of Asturias and heir to the Spanish crown, I never met, but would have at a garden party planned in his honor had he not been taken suddenly ill. The third, Mrs. S. Stanwood Mencken, I had the pleasure of meeting briefly at a large cocktail party given in New York over a year ago.

If you've ever been to Ireland, or read James Farrell's "Studs Lonigan," or had much to do with the Tammany Hall type of Irishman, then, as I do, you'll value the type of Irishman Patrick, Cardinal Hayes was, not only as a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire and ranking diplomat in this country representing the Vatican State, but also as priest and archbishop of a great church, and as an American and son of the same mean streets which gave New York, and the nation, the not so noble spectacles of Alfred Emmanuel Smith and Jimmy Walker, both discredited politicians.

Cardinal Hayes, on the two occasions I was privileged to see him at close range, possessed two qualities of outward appearance which are rarely found together. He had dignity, or presence, yet withal a kindly countenance. His figure demanded the respect of adults and his face won the love and confidence of children. I saw two faint in his presence, so excited and thrilled were they by the ritual of confirmation, and I heard him speak to a church full of children and proud parents with a simplicity which lent an elegance to the fatherly advice he gave them.

His accents were mellow and very Irish. There was no escaping the charm of the man, and that charm did not depend upon his dramatic robes of scarlet watered silk, nor his golden, episcopal crook, nor yet his ornate mitre. He was a man any one could love, Jew or Gentile, Roman Catholic, Protestant or agnostic, because he was a man first, and prince and prelate second.

My interest in the late Count of Covadonga is based upon a coincidence known to some of my readers. My mother and father were married on the same day, in the same year, that the former King and Queen of Spain were. I was born on the same day, March 17, 1907, that poor bleeder, Don Alfonso Pio Christino Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugenio Fernando Antonino Venancio de Bourbon y Battenberg, was. My father was congratulated by his father when the latter heard of the coincidence through his consul in St. Louis.

If I were commissioned to cut an epitaph on his tombstone, I'd incise the following: the poor guy never had a chance. Born with two strikes against him, haemophilia, the bleeding disease which is the heritage of so many of the male grandchildren of Queen Victoria's daughters, the former Crown Prince of Spain had no normal family life and was called upon, almost at birth, to fill a position fraught with danger and bound to distort the attitude of any normal individual toward the realities of existence. No wonder he made a mess of his two marriages, as his father did with his. No wonder that his death followed a joy ride with a cigarette girl from a Miami hot spot. No wonder, with his inherited affliction, that the only worthwhile pursuit to which he was able to devote himself

was the breeding of pigs and chickens. Perhaps from them he hoped to learn the secrets of heredity, and how to overcome such bad features of them as the dread disease of haemophilia. No wonder that he once remarked, after renouncing his royal titles and rights to the now non-existent Spanish crown: "I am happy to be a free man, but even as a private citizen I am still beset by snobs. There are thousands of them, and they just will not learn that I am no longer a Prince. In my heart I wish I was born a commoner."

What poor Don Alfonso, great-grandson of England's Victoria, never learned was that he was born a commoner, and died one, too, in the ancient challopy with defective brakes of a nightclub charmer. Princes, he should have learned, are never born, they make themselves so. Cardinal Hayes died a Prince, a Prince among men, a Prince of Charity, a Prince of his Church. Poor Alfonso, never a prince, never had a chance. He was never anything at all save an object of pity, the joint victim of inherited disease and inherited station he never earned, he never had any right to possess.

Mrs. S. Stanwood Mencken, as all the world knows, was noted chiefly for the elaborate and costly costume dresses she wore to all the better publicized charity balls in New York. Her appearance was always worth the price of admission. If people laughed at her, and some did find occasion to laugh at a woman who was in the habit of spending thousands on a dress which could only be worn for a night and often was so made it was impossible for her to sit down in it, there were many who were pleased by the exotic spectacle she always made of herself, and enough of those, who knew her well, knew too, that her antics possessed an element of tongue in cheek. Still others know of the great amount of quiet and thoughtful charity work she did, and no one can deny that her prominence as the bespangled belle of many balls did not serve the interests of her husband, a lawyer who would not, ethically, advertise or seek publicity for himself. Mrs. Mencken's passing deprives New York's most famous charity extravaganzas of their gayest, craziest and most colorful note. Her death marks the passing of an era. It is doubtful whether any one will ever fill her bejewelled slippers again. Maybe no one will want to, and that will be too bad.

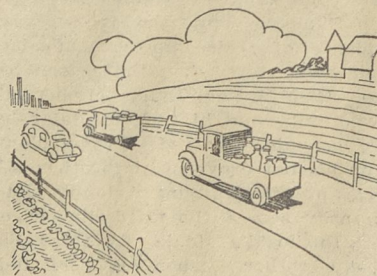


ARTHUR JAMES

Says:

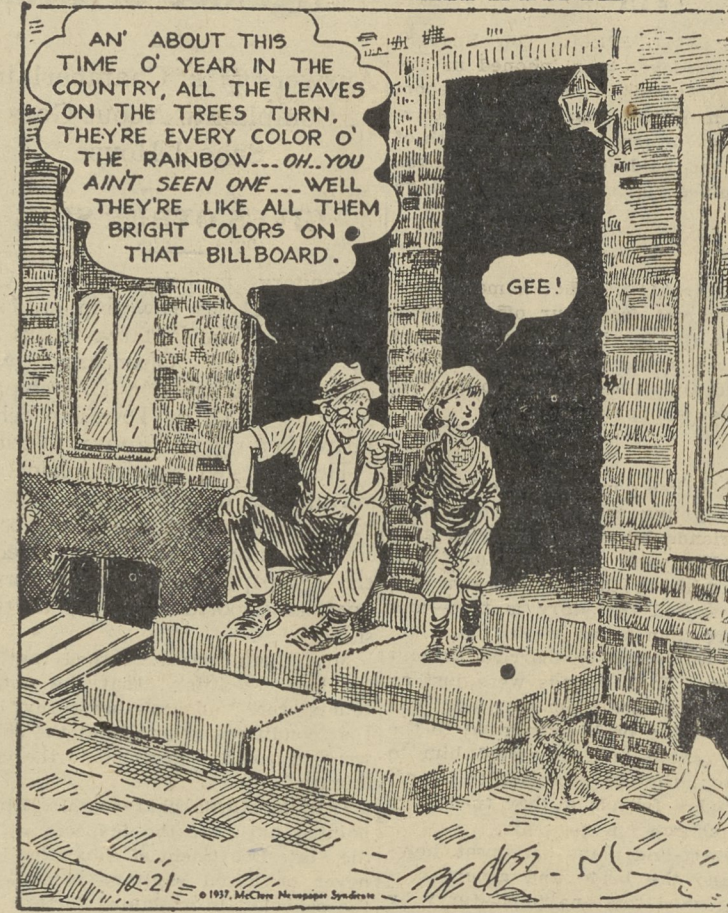
Roads for Farmers

"No one realizes better than I the importance of giving farmers not only a market for their products,



but highways on which to haul them—roads for their trucks and their pleasure cars. I am opposed to the diversion of motor funds to other purposes. I want to see all this money used for the improvement and maintenance of both our large and our small road systems. I want the farming sections of our state to have better roads and more of them."

ALL IN A LIFETIME



There really are boys, and girls, too, who have never seen the beauties of autumn in the country. The cartoon above is reproduced by the Pennsylvania State Publicity Commission by permission of the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, the copyright owner.

CITY SYMPHONY

By Edna Blez

Do you ever really stop to think about some of the good things in this life? Do you ever pause a minute and marvel at the radio? I do—and I am amazed that the listening public has learned so much in so short a time via the air waves. For instance, how many people in this country would have known about Orson Welles if it hadn't been for the radio? You might say, "Who in heaven's name is Orson Welles?" If you don't know about Mr. Welles, you will soon, because his program is listed for Sunday evenings at 8 from now on. Up until now he has been on the air at 9 p. m. on Mondays and those who have been following this up and coming young man have become such devotees, it is said he gets more fan mail than any other person on the radio—and up until now he has had no sponsor!

Those of us who are interested in the theatre and fortunate enough to get to New York now and then have watched Orson Welles do something which has never been done before in the theatre—that is, not in our time. He has built up a theatre group which has produced Shakespeare in modern clothes, and made such a success of it. The theatre where this group held forth was jammed to capacity last winter for weeks and weeks. The group of which Mr. Welles is the acting head is called the Mercury Theatre and to date they produced three plays which have all proved to be tremendous successes.

In the early part of this summer Mr. Welles sold Columbia network the idea that he could do good plays on the air and make the listening public sit up and beg for more. And that is exactly what has happened. Every where this summer I have heard people, who were never before interested in drama, talking about the Mercury Theatre.

On Tuesday mornings in the office, on the bus, on the street car, I have heard people asking each other if they had heard Orson Welles last night? Mr. Welles has sold the public on good drama. He has slowly, but surely, taught his public what is good in the realm of the theatre.

There are no big names in the Theatre of the air. The plays are well selected—not things we have heard again and again. Mr. Welles dares to give his public plays they have never heard of. He dares to give them short stories by Sherwood

Anderson and Saki, and as I have said before they cry for more. Mr. Welles is teaching thousands of people something they never knew before—he is bringing something worthwhile into the homes of the American people.

Mr. Welles as you must have heard by this time is quite young. There have been many different stories told of his age but I feel sure he is not quite thirty yet. His success is not just a sudden "break". He has been working for years to achieve his current success. I feel sure his success has come from sheer determination and very hard work.

His voice is his greatest asset. Nowhere on stage, screen, or radio have I heard such a perfect voice. Mr. Welles might be a splendid actor but to radio listeners he is first and last a voice—a voice so warm and rich and filled with such intensity we find ourselves following what that voice says with bated breath—no matter what the story might be. Mr. Welles has something to give the listening public and I for one hope he gives us more and more!

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Anybody who does not think the women know what they are doing, they are barking up the wrong tree. And just because you see one woman painting up like a Cherokee, it is no sign they are all Cherokees.

What I got in mind about the women, it is this here organization they got down there in Suffern, N. Y. state—the Women's rebellion.

Any politician who thinks he has been fooling the women, and thinks the women do not know who is paying his nice salary, he is none too smart. He is like a pale boy coming in from behind the barn, and whistling, and with a notion his mother does not know he has been smokin'.

Women, they just want decent Govt., and do not pay too much attention to windy politicians. They are used to wind around the home. But when they start house-cleaning, they do not just dust things here and there. They clean house.

And boy, if I was in politics and the women got after me I would fold up my tent and take to the tall timber.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.