

"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

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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.

EDITORIALS

Our Thanks

The Post would be ungrateful if it neglected to express its thanks to all the people who telephoned over last week-end to thank us for last week's editorial supporting Lehman's bond issue.

The Pot And The Kettle

The spectacle of Democrats moaning because a Republican WPA foreman allegedly influenced several of his Democratic workmen to change their registration to Republican is indeed a classic example of the pot calling the kettle black.

Mr. Cundiff, who is a Republican committeeman and therefore is expected to perform certain duties in behalf of the county organization, denies that he used his position as foreman of the Machell Avenue WPA project to convert any voters to Republicanism. That sounds truthful. Obviously, the registered Democrats on the project had little to fear from a Republican foreman. Disobedience to his wishes might be considered a mark of merit by many Democratic political leaders. The power of dismissal lies in the hands of the Democratic WPA administration, not with a Republican foreman, so it is unlikely that, even if Mr. Cundiff had been so rash as to threaten good Democrats, anyone would pay any attention to him.

If, however, Mr. Cundiff did talk politics on the job he was establishing no precedent. The relation of politics to WPA needs no exposure any more, and if Mr. Cundiff injected politics into his work he was merely doing, under more disadvantageous conditions, what Democratic leaders have been doing ever since WPA was established.

It amounts, then, to this. If political pressure is to be countenanced on WPA, as it has in the past, then the season is open for all parties and our system of relief must be recognized realistically as nothing more than a gigantic stake in a crudely materialistic political system. But if Republican foremen are to be barred from presenting their side of the case, then all politics must be eliminated from WPA and there must be neither campaigning on the project nor reprisals because of political belief.

But to find the Democrats, who have used WPA constantly to swell their registration, complaining because a Republican foreman stole their thunder is, to us, only amusing.

Our Own "Godchild"

A reference here last week to the Pittsburgh conference at which the Czechoslovakian nation was born twenty years ago seems to have reminded a number of our readers of a chapter almost forgotten in our history.

President Woodrow Wilson played a major role in launching Czechoslovakia, as well as Poland and Yugoslavia, and the formation of what are now called the Little Entente States was started in this country even before the end of the World War. Even the names of the countries were selected at conferences here.

America's refusal to join the League of Nations isolated us from the later attempts toward collective security and ended, for us, President Wilson's dream of helping to build, upon the basis of his Fourteen Points, a United States of Europe.

Winter Sports For Dallas

A suggestion made by Dallas Business Men's Association last year, that the community capitalize upon its opportunities for winter sports, came almost too late to be acted upon. Perhaps something can be done about it this year.

There are numerous spots about Dallas which could be flooded for ice skating and if there is enough snow we could reserve certain areas for skiing and tobogganing. Years ago Dallas had a wide-spread reputation for winter fun and considerable business came into town as a result. It would seem that the revival of that reputation, would be a worthy project for the Business Men's Association or some of our civic clubs.



RIVES MATTHEWS

It is remarkable how many of my friends' wives are now finding reasons to believe their husbands are not the perfect specimens of masculinity to which they plighted their troths under wreaths of orange blossoms and yards of satin and lace.

Two of them, though sorely tempted by the cockeyed hats currently flaunted along Fifth Avenue, are restraining themselves to the extent of making last year's hats do, so they can buy their breadwinners electrical devices said to aid the hard of hearing. Both wives are convinced their husbands are stone deaf.

Another better-half is constantly urging her mate to see a doctor about his feet. She's sure they're flat. Three of my friends, in recent weeks, donned spectacles at the instigation of their wives. To hear their good fraus talk, they're threatened with blindness. Still another friend now can discuss nothing but his receding hairline. I suppose his wife is hounding him into premature old age, and it wouldn't surprise me at all if he took to bleaching it white.

My own wife, who has only recently fallen into the reprehensible habit of searching for her nail polish in the medicine cabinet, where it doesn't belong, just at those delightful times when I am imagining myself a water lily floating on the Nile, now seems to take fiendish pleasure, after a survey of my pink and steaming person, in pointing out my one and only very embarrassing physical imperfection: I blush when I admit to a pair of hammer toes.

At hen teas, they tell me, the cackle no longer concerns such trivialities as the strapless evening gown, engagements, weddings, pregnancies, christenings, and pre-school age problems, but the possibility of our being drawn into another World War. How, they are all wondering, can their husbands keep out of it? Childless couples, I understand, are being urged to increase the population as quickly as possible. Engaged couples are told to hurry up and get married, never mind the payments on that little diamond chip.

Right now the sentiment seems to favor draft dodgers. All my friends' wives want them to be dodgers when the bugles sound and drums roll and admirals steer a course for Europe.

Bullets, I am frank to say, make

me nervous. I am likewise ready to admit that if I could avoid going to war, I would do so. But in the case of a nation at war, such individual solutions as outlined above, are, in the last analysis, cowardly and irresponsible skin-saving artifices. Not to say unpatriotic.

It would be the better part of valor and patriotism if hundreds of thousands of perfectly healthy men of fighting age simply refused to fight, and formed an organization to express their stand in a corporate and shoulder-to-shoulder fashion. There are, of course, various existing organizations which stand for peace at any price. Their leaders are well intentioned, and doubtless they've accomplished a few half measures.

The munition makers, I have reason to know, cynically regard them as good advertisers and salesmen of bombs, guns and armor plate. Their sales method is the same used by the mouthwash people: fear. Every peace plea, so far, seems to have been met by the statesmen with such slogans as "Arm for Peace."

The good ladies and gentlemen who run these peace societies have done little to capture the interest of those who will, in the long run, bear the first bloody brunt of another war. From what I can gather, there are not many young men between sixteen and thirty who would rather remain in school, CCC camps, on relief, unemployed, or with small, underpaid jobs if an opportunity to see the world at Uncle Sam's expense was offered.

It seems to me the surest way to preserve peace, as far as we are concerned, is to make sure, and quickly, that our footloose, still fancy free young men are given a better break than they are now. To trade a slow death and years of futility for a quick one and a few months of the glorification that goes with a uniform, is a choice many a young man today would make without hesitation.

As long as there are young men in this country ready to make such a tragic choice, none of us can escape the possibility of being drawn into a war. And after the younger men have gone and been killed, then our own turn will come, no matter how flat our feet, how weak our eyes, how clamorous and full our baby carriages.

The MAIL BAG

WHY WAR?

War is the menacing force which is used to destroy human life, the most priceless thing on earth. It cries "right or wrong, my country." It is where "might makes right". It violates sacred treaties by calling them "scraps of paper". To the hilt it defends nationalism above the moral order of nations. War is futile, irrational and suicidal. It is organized mass murder, for it employs poison gas, burning oil, aeroplane bombs, hunger blockades, life-destroying electric rays and deadly germs. It sinks ships, bombs defenseless cities, commits indescribable atrocities and destroys life and property. In the last great conflict, war cost the world twenty-six million lives and 337 billion dollars. It makes the world indeed a "city of dreadful night."

On the contrary, peace promotes human liberty, culture, justice, humil-

ity, righteousness, active good-will, sympathy, unselfishness, and the sincere human spirit of love. It fosters prosperity, cooperation, mutual understanding, national security and a sense of honor. It causes men to "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks". It is one of Man's most benign blessings. It makes for peace of mind through devotion to truth, peace of conscience through righteous living, peace of soul in its vision of God as Love enthroned. It is the healing and elevating influence of a war-ridden world.

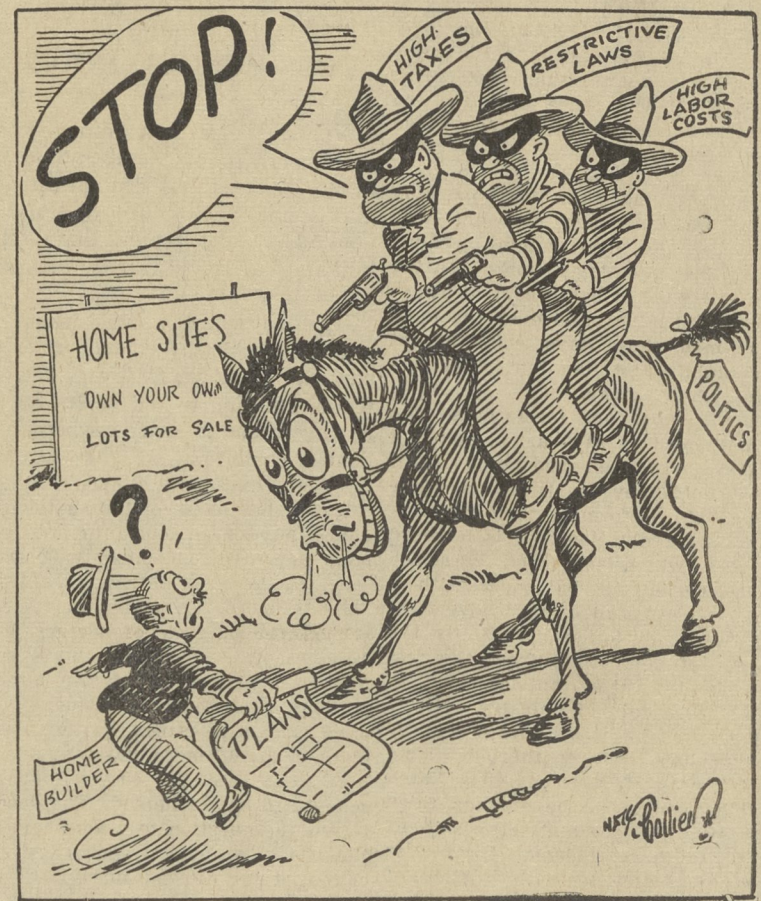
Peace devotes itself to the art of life rather than to the art of death. Its philosophy implies the will to share, the will to love all. It rings out a sense of justice and the vast sacredness of all life. "It abhors that which is evil; it cleaves to that which is good". It follows in the path of the Prince of Peace, when he said, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men. Blessed are the peace-makers".

If these are the great benefactions of peace to mankind, WHY NOT PEACE?

Velfard

Edwardsville, Pa.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE



CITY SYMPHONY

By Edna Blez

Thomas Wolfe is dead! Perhaps it doesn't mean anything to you that Thomas Wolfe is dead. I didn't know him but I feel that I have lost a very good friend because I knew Thomas Wolfe through the books he wrote and particularly through the first book he wrote "Look Homeward Angel".

Thomas Wolfe was young—he was just 27 when he died two weeks ago in Baltimore of a cerebral hemorrhage. Even though he lived such a short time he can well be numbered among the great and the near great in the field of American letters. The one great objection critics and readers alike had to his books was that his works were too long—but now that he is gone they seem too short.

He was born of a poor family in North Carolina and in "Look Homeward Angel" he told the story of his family—his father, mother, and his brothers and sisters. It has been some time since I have read "Look Homeward Angel" but I still remember Thomas Wolfe's father. He was a stone cutter—a great, gusty man who would rather talk than anything else in the world. He was always right and to the day he died his wife called him Mr. Gant.

Thomas Wolfe was a huge person. He was six foot seven and he lived and worked in strange places and in strange ways. It is said he lived for some time in a hovel of a room over in Brooklyn and ate out of tin cans for weeks at a time while he wrote. He would roam the streets at night—sometimes all night. Time meant nothing to him. He wrote so much and so long his publishers despaired of ever stopping him. I remember one story which told of him delivering his manuscript to his publisher in a packing box. His publishers pleaded and pleaded with him to blue pencil his work and cut out all the unnecessary passages. But for every line he cut out he put in a dozen more.

Wolfe had something to say and he couldn't understand why he should be limited. Who was a publisher to tell him how to write? His stories came out of him in teeming warm words and that was how he wanted it published. I remember in his second book it took him something like ten pages to describe a train coming into a station and, of course, the average reader simply cannot wait ten pages for a train to pull into a station.

Nevertheless, Thomas Wolfe loved his America and he wanted to write about it. He wanted everyone to know about this great country in which he lived and had been so happy. He wrote of his family. He wrote of Chapel Hill where he graduated when he was twenty and he wrote of his life as a student of Harvard. Harvard has never been as real as it was under the pen of this giant of a man. He always seemed like Walt Whitman to me—but he never seemed to hit his real stride. The pulse of this vast and exciting country was in his heart and he spent his entire life trying to sing its praises and telling of its many peoples.

Thomas Wolfe was a great American writer—fairly bursting with the story of his native land and just as he had made up his mind to travel and see more of America he was stricken and died in his prime. Perhaps his greatest works were yet to come. I feel that we have lost one of our very best writers and if you don't believe me read "Look Homeward Angel".

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Somewhere around 12 million or 15 million girls and boys have had new haircuts and their necks washed and are heading back to the school house—smelling soapy, but nice and clean and bright.

But we have become so used to big figures on account of the Govt. going in the hole 100 million or 500 million every time you pick up a paper, we maybe do not think 15 million boys and girls is so very many. But if you are the mama in the family, and are making the sandwiches, you will savvy.

But going to school, it is what this country needs—and every other country too.

And times should change in how to teach, like styles change in automobiles, etc.

And if I had anything to say about changes in teaching, I would start right with the 6 year olds, and would commence teaching Aesop. And I would keep it up clear through to the senior in the college. And by doing so, when you are 21 and can vote, you will know the sheep from the goats and the foxes, etc., if you see one.

The best seller, it should be Aesop.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA