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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
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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

A War Is Finally WON!

There was a war last week and, for the first time in history, there was victory—for the people.

Wars have flared from sparks less feeble than the Sudeten crisis. Never before in history have nations gone so far as they did last week, and then backed down. Never before in the history of the world could the millions of soldiers who were waiting been held back after coming so close to battle.

What, then, stopped this war?

Since 1918 the people of the world have been subjected to a consistent barrage of anti-war propaganda. Courageous and intelligent leaders have blazed a shining trail through the primitive jungle of militarism, opening the way to a saner international outlook. It was a terrific, uphill battle, and there were discouraging defeats, but the accumulated strength showed in the greatest crisis.

Chancellors and dictators and kings and premiers prepared for war last week, exactly as they have in the past, but when they were ready to give the final order they found the way blocked by millions of people of every nationality, shouting "Peace" and the armies retreated before the overwhelming weight of public opinion.

Fearful of their own positions if they continued on their headlong course, the leaders reversed their field and consented meekly to arbitrate their differences peaceably. Thus ended the war without battles.

It was a thrilling victory for the advocates of peace. More than that, it was a vindication for the principles of democratic government, for it illustrated clearly that even dictators, who admit to no opinion but their own, cannot afford to disregard the voice of the people when the show-down comes.

Are We Seeing Things Again?

We wonder if we're seeing things again, or if there really is some new, vigorous spirit abroad in these parts.

It may be that, by a series of coincidents, we are encountering only optimistic signs, and being spared the darker side of things, but we know that in the last few weeks we've had a feeling that a change is taking place here.

We can't recall a time when there was more activity along Main Street than there has been lately. There are new stores and finer stores. Real estate is changing hands. Merchants are a little more alert, it seems to us. Some of them are even starting to advertise.

Scarcely a day passes but what some stranger walks in The Post seeking information about vacant houses in our neighborhood and if all of them actually find homes and move here the next census figures are going to look good.

There is no illusion about the building boom. A dozen homes are under construction and at least twenty-five more are planned for building this winter. Some of these sunny fields are finally being filled.

But the finest indication of progress is the news that school districts about Dallas are contemplating about \$300,000 worth of new construction, including two high schools which will permit expansion of educational programs in districts which now have a limited curriculum. These are real additions to the assets of the Back Mountain Region.

There is a new spirit abroad, and it may amount to more if all of us help to give it a warm welcome and a little nourishment.

Last Day To Register

Any prospective voter who has not registered by tomorrow night will have no opportunity to cast his vote in the November election. Saturday will be the last day citizens can go to the court house and register.

The entire nation will watch the gubernatorial campaign which will approach its climax this month. The issue now is clearly a choice between the Little New Deal of Governor Earle and the more conservative program offered by Judge James, the Republican candidate. As a preview of the 1940 Presidential election, when the same issues will be argued, Pennsylvania's campaign will have national significance, and the outcome will have a decided effect on broad political trends.

In view of these circumstances, and considering the fact that Luzerne County men are represented on the slates of both parties, failure to register can scarcely be excused by any person who cherishes his rights as a citizen.



RIVES MATTHEWS

The kindest thing that can be said about the Social Register is that it's a fairly good sucker list for a ring of small shops whose business is so small it does not warrant the use of display advertising in newspapers. When you've exhausted the possibilities of the Social Register as a sucker list, you've just about covered its possibilities as a social agency of any value.

In my opinion it does far more harm than good, whatever its advantages to the owners of the so-called exclusive shops. It is, in import, un-American, anti-social in the larger sense, snobbish and largely responsible for the creation of unjustified class boundaries in the minds of newspaper readers. Even some of those whose names you will find in it have been misled into believing that because of this they are a special breed of humanity. Registered cattle, horses and dogs have better manners and are more useful to society than many of the so-called humans whom the newspapers love to call "social registerites."

The Social Register flourishes in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Bayton, San Francisco, Baltimore and Buffalo. For some reason, Detroit, which is also a city of considerable size and pretensions, has no Social Register of its own, but supports something similar in the snob line called the Social Secretary. Social registeritis is thus an urban manifestation, a lining up of the few against the many into haughty, citified groups which are meant to pass for aristocracy in this country whose founders clearly and flatly stated that there should be no such pestiferous thing on this free continent.

No one knows just what it takes to get into the Social Register. If your grandfather hit it rich, you are quite likely to find your name in it, but if you happen to marry an outstanding musician or a prizefighter with a gift for words and a love of Shakespeare, then you are liable to be dropped. If, on the other hand, you rise from comparative obscurity, financial and otherwise, to be President of the United States, then you'll be in, whether Democrat or Republican. The same applies to Senators, but the line seems to be drawn there, and you will find few Congressmen in the snob bible. Bishops of the Episcopal Church, Cardinals, Archbishops, and some of the monsignori of the Roman Catholic Church, but not rabbis, are in. This does not mean there are no Jews in the Social Register, it means only that it's easier for a Jew

to become a registered Republican than a "social registerite." In short, the reasons for admission to the register, and ejection therefrom, are screwy.

These days you will hear a deal of pother about class hatred, largely from Republican lips, but you'll find, on average, more Roosevelt haters in the Social Register than without it, which is ironic, and should make some of the more violent haters welcome the opportunity I am about to offer them. There are, also, plenty of good Democrats, old style and new, listed in all the various Social Register tomes. They, too, should want to join my club.

At first, of course, my club is going to start out as a very exclusive one, which is bad, but as time goes on, I hope that feature will disappear as more and more members are admitted. The name of the club shall be The Anti Social Register Club of America. I am sending special invitations to a number of past and present "social registerites", including the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

There will be no dues or duties and anyone is eligible for membership in the club who has been dropped by the Social Register or who can show proof of having asked to be dropped. I am asking that Mary Roberts Rhinehart be made an honorary member in recognition of the effective barbs she directed against this form of snobbery in her latest thriller, "The Wall." Other authors, doing the club a similar service, will also be eligible for this type of membership. The chief aim and purpose of the club shall be to liquidate the use of the phrase "social registerite," in American newspapers, and the club's watchword shall be: "When you call me that, smile!"

In addition to the Roosevelts, Lindberghs and Windsors, without consideration of party or creed, I am sending special invitations to Secretary Morgenthau, Bishop Manning of New York, Archbishop John J. Glennon of St. Louis, Stewart McDonald, Housing Administrator, Mrs. Irving Berlin, Senator Millard Tydings, Marquise de Jouvenel (Martha Gellhorn), Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Mrs. Gene Tunney, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Ambassador and Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, Major General Douglas MacArthur, J. Edgar Hoover, Governor Earle of Pennsylvania and Congressman Bruce Barton of New York.

Dear Editor:

I noticed an article in a recent Susquehanna County publication which went on to say that a worker had been dropped from the WPA rolls shortly after he had proclaimed himself, in no uncertain terms, an out-and-out Republican.

Strictly speaking, dropping a man from the WPA because of his political affiliations is unfair. But when a man is reaping the benefits of a particular regime, and yet openly declares himself opposed to it and its policies, he brands himself as an imbecile and an ingrate, it seems to me. And that last rating might be applied to those councilmen of Republican boroughs who discuss accepting federal grants for municipal improvements, and then walk out of meeting and damn the administration.

—An Impartial Observer
Dallas.

Dear Editor:

It seems to me that Mr. Eipper is a bit too impatient with Mrs. Cham-

ONE SMOKE NUISANCE NO ONE OBJECTS TO



CITY SYMPHONY

By Edna Blew

The new young lady in our house has been having dates and if you have been through the torture of this stage of the game you can sympathize with us, who are just in the first stages. Our household, up until now, has been a fairly quiet one but now everything we do seems to be interspersed with telephone calls. We try not to look too amazed when some young hopeful asks the new member of our household to go to the movies on Friday night!

We can't refuse permission because we once made the very bold statement that we thought young girls should go out with the boys now and then. We said, I think — that a natural companionship with the opposite sex was normal and healthy or something like that. So now, of course, when some fourteen-year-old with a voice which refuses to stay in one register asks the new young lady in our house to go to the movies what can we do? We can't eat our own words!

We really wouldn't mind so much because the movies are only a square away and our fair daughter does come home when she is told to, but we do object to entertaining a fourteen-year-old who doesn't know what to do with his hat and who is at a total loss for words. We try to be friendly—because we have been told we were not friendly enough when the boys come. So now we try very hard to entertain an awkward creature whose father looked about the same when we were the same age.

We keep thinking how scrubbed he looks and we find ourselves wanting to ask him if this is his very first pair of long trousers. We manage to get him through the door and into the living room but he sits so uncomfortably on the edge of the davenport we begin to worry for him.

berlain, who, I believe, showed rare judgment in registering her complaints where she thought they would do the most good, with the Harrisburg authorities.

But then, even Mr. Eipper himself admits to being an impatient sort of man, as witness, "I must admit that I, many times, . . . have found it necessary to violate this portion of the school code (the portion stipulating that the Goss School House toilets are to be used only by the students)."

—B. I. C.
Dallas Township

All this time our fair daughter is upstairs pretending she isn't quite ready when five minutes ago we did her hair. We often wonder if she has read somewhere that one must always keep the boys waiting. We can't see any reason for her delay! She certainly can find a lot to do after the door bell rings. Her timely entrance is almost too much for us. We feel sure it is carefully prepared. At least it looks prepared from where we view the play!

She trips down the stairs ever so lightly—in fact, one could scarcely hear her and any other time she comes down like a team of horses. She steals a last glance in the hall mirror and walks into the room as if she has been rushing to get ready and says in her very best voice, "Oh, hello, did I keep you waiting long? I didn't realize what time it was. Shall we go?"

She smiles her very sweetest in our direction and ushers the young man out the door. We watch them walk down the street and begin wondering which is worse, the nights we struggle through Latin and Algebra or Friday nights when we go to the movies!

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Once in a full-moon I get out the encyclopedia to look up something and when I do, I always run into other things, and sometimes it will keep me up 'till maybe around midnight. And the other day I was looking up Europe, and I run across this Alexander the Great.

And the way he was throwing out his chest and pouncing onto other countries, it was just like we have in the papers today.

And the encyclopedia, it says that in 330 B. C., Alexander, he got clear down there into Peoria before he died at 33. And then his soldiers, they found they had been suckers—and had to mosey back home, on foot.

But on his way east, this Alexander he had built the city of Alexandria in Egypt. And the great buildings there, they were big and grand, and some of 'em as unnecessary and as full of Congressmen's cousins, as some that we have here on our own Potomac.

If I was to say what the world needed most—aside from a sane dance band or maybe a good columnist—I would say it is fewer Alexanders.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA

The MAIL BAG

Dear Editor:

Why the satire on modern man's "appointment against the day's work" as you so aptly put it?

Perhaps you are the pioneer type that would be glad to do away with our more recent cultures, but I, for one, am only glad to be an "appointer", and miss the rare thrill of breaking the ice in the rain barrel for a hurried scrub, and then taking a brisk, early morning jaunt to a drafty Chic Sale away back there.

And what choice of descriptives! "Sensual", "Voluptuous"! Are we red-blooded, albeit civilized, males of the day going to stand for such comment? Workers, Arise!
West Dallas

—O. N. P.