

"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.

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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.

Germany Nears Its End

It has been rumored for some months that Germany is racing headlong toward financial collapse. Informed sources say England was willing to make such broad concessions to the Reich only because British economists advised Neville Chamberlain's cabinet that time itself would defeat Hitler.

The collapse was scheduled originally for October. When Germany passed that deadline safely the experts expressed the opinion that her dangerous financial condition had been strengthened temporarily as a result of her victory at Munich, her inevitable end postponed.

In her Anschluss with Austria, which had valuable gold reserves, Germany profited greatly and found a new source of revenue to finance her hunger for armaments and her intense desire to become independent of the rest of the world.

The indemnity of a billion marks demanded from Jews by Air Minister Goring and the confiscation by the Reich of all insurance payments due Jews for damage done in the riots which followed the shooting of the German embassy attache in Paris may be evidence that the German government is feeling the need for funds to stave off collapse.

It is not fantastic to suppose that Germany's wild, bloody course has led her into ruin. It is, on the contrary, quite logical. In our very humble opinion, Herr Hitler's downfall is inevitable, or there is no truth, no justice, no law left in the world.

Henry Ford says he doesn't "know anything about the wages and hours law." You've got a lot of company, Henry.

The Battle Of Smokestacks

Unless taxes on industry in Pennsylvania are readjusted this state is due for a tragic defeat in the economic civil war which is now being waged among states for industrial supremacy.

It is true that industry must expect to carry a full share of the responsibility for relieving human want, but it is also true that short-sighted government policies have so handicapped business in Pennsylvania with excessive taxation that it neither can operate normally nor keep pace with industrial activity in the other states of the union.

It is essential that the coming session of the State Legislature promptly readjust taxation on business since otherwise the exodus of firms out of Pennsylvania will gain momentum and, with that, our unemployment will rise still further and our relief rolls become choked, moving even further away the day when we will be able to give every man his right to a steady job at good pay.

If the pledges of the recent campaign are kept, taxation on business will be readjusted and Pennsylvania will be in a position to launch an aggressive campaign to attract new industries and business to the State to provide employment, additional wealth and industrial stability.

Who Called Them "Modern"?

Our Superior British cousins who find American slang "corrupting the English language" may have to swallow their words. Eminent students of language have discovered that a good many of the snappy phrases tossed back and forth along Dallas's Main Street were invented by the most respected authors of Old England.

"I'll tell the world," William Shakespeare declared 315 years ago in "Measure for Measure" and the immortal bard lived up to his promise because researchers have found that he told the world with more modern phrases than any other author. Charles Dickens was second as a phrase coiner.

"The game is up," Shakespeare wrote in "Cymbeline." He coined "laugh yourselves into stitches" in "Winter's Tale" more than three centuries ago.

Even that most familiar cliché, "nuts to you," isn't very new. A peevish character created by the author, John Byron 165 years ago, snapped "Nuts to Jonathan," and Sir Walter Scott advised telling "it to the marines" 108 years ago.

Equal Opportunities In Education

A new joint high school to cost about \$100,000 is to be built at Beaumont for Monroe and Northmoreland Townships. At Lehman, the school board is preparing to construct a \$100,000 high school. Kingston Township School Board is erecting a splendid, modern grade school. The children of this section are fast approaching the long-desired goal of equal education opportunities.

It is significant that our local communities are providing larger school centers in order to give our children the advantages of vocational education, music, art, dramatics, industrial arts and home-making, as well as the regular subjects of the curriculum. This movement is likewise making it possible for the rural children to enjoy the stimulating influence of highly qualified teachers who are specially prepared to offer instruction in particular fields.

Not only are the children of this section coming into their heritage of an educational program equal to that enjoyed by their city neighbors, but they are coming into their rightful heritage of attending school in buildings that are modern in every respect, well lighted, well heated and well ventilated. In these safe and hygienic structures, which are not without beauty, the young folks of the country now enjoy going to school under the guidance of sympathetic and understanding teachers and participate in a diversity of activities suited to their interests, capacities and needs.



RIVES MATTHEWS

I don't believe the proposed visit of Bertie and Liz to this country will do much good for any one, unless it be Ringmaster Whalen, whose circus in the meadows of Flushing it is hoped they will visit.

Bertie and Liz will come to us, depending upon what their press agents decide, either as a very ordinary youngish couple whose misfortune it is to live in the warm brown glare of rotogravure, or as puppet figures with all the romantic mummery and pomp customary to a Mardi Gras Ball in New Orleans or a Veiled Prophet's Ball in St. Louis.

I'm afraid Americans can't take either role seriously. The days of the kings and captains have departed, once and for all. And as for ordinary youngish couples living in the rotogravures, we have no real use for them unless they justify their prominence by being extraordinary.

If their visit is stage managed to convince us that the king and queen of the British Empire are nothing more than amiable rubber stamps, then they might as well save themselves the bother of coming over, and Mrs. Roosevelt and her secretaries a great deal of flutter and dither.

We learned it from Wally Simpson, if we did not learn it before, that Britain's big apple, at that time, Baldwin, lives at 10 Downing Street, not in Buckingham Palace.

Among bridge players there is an old expression which has been shortened to: "Never send a boy." The rest of it runs: "On a man's errand." And that is just what the cousins of some of us across the water are planning to do next Spring.

If they expect us to fall for Bertie and Liz, I think they've another guess coming. From what I can gather (though I don't Gallup about the country as much as I would like to) Americans feel something akin to pity for Bertie because he stutters and ought to take a few lessons from Dale Carnegie. As for Liz, there is no very definite sentiment at all. I feel sure few U. S. males thrill at the sight of her bland but plain countenance.

know have expressed unfavorable comment on her habitual use of pearls and furs: Who does she think she is, the late Queen Marie of Rumania?

Whatever their press agents finally fix upon, Americans are going to look upon Bertie and Liz as just another pair of human beings constructed even as you and I are, and not as well. Hollywood, we all know, could do the whole thing a lot better, because, in spite of occasional rumors that it's a help to be a sixteenth cousin of Louis B. Mayer, Hollywood doesn't pick 'em because their grandfathers happened to live in draughty old castles with ancient drains.

Now a visit from Hitler would accomplish a lot more. We'd see a real ruler in the flesh. And think of all the things he'd see? Why, it would be a real education for him. And there's one guy who needs an education badly.

I feel sure even the Jews in this country would behave themselves if Adolph could be persuaded to come over. They'd feel, along with the rest of us, that a visit to New York would do Adolph a world of good and a lot of good for a world of Jews he now seems bent on making miserable and desperate.

Just a chance for him to ride in an open car with our President should be enough to convince him it is possible to head a nation without all the precautions he is forced to take in order to keep alive in his own country. To be able to appear in public without wearing a bullet proof vest ought to be an inducement to visit us for a man who spends every day of his life suspecting his own chef of Borgianing-up the borsch.

I'm sure that many of the horrible things Hitler does can be explained by this constant fear psychosis. So, a few months over here would help him get rid of this fear. A visit to our shores would prove excellent therapy for Adolph.

And maybe, while he was over here, he'd learn from our public men the secret of holding high office without having to live in continual fear of death. Maybe, also, we could show him how free speech, which we take as much for granted as the air we breathe, is quite as necessary to life and happiness as exhalation is to inhalation.

In short, there are so many things that men like Hitler and Mussolini could learn from us it seems a pity for us to waste time and money on hired help like Bertie and Liz when we should spend the same time and money to better advantages on doing a good selling job on real bosses, if only we could get them to come over.

The Mail Bag

Editor: We had a wonderful trip to Florida, visiting in Washington, Raleigh, Saranac and Jacksonville en route.

The weather in Zephyrhills is very mild and pleasant. The tourist camp, in which my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hobart and I are staying, is a beautiful spot under huge live oaks covered with Spanish moss that sways like feathers in the breezes.

People from all over the United States are here, all very friendly and sociable. There are about 200 here now.

I shall be looking forward with keen interest to receiving The Post here.

Wishing for your continued success, I am Mrs. George W. Reynolds Zephyrhills, Fla.

To the Editor: I wonder if they won't in the future be rather justified in referring to the present one as the "Age of Trash."

Homes are cluttered with useless radios, machines, books, trick inventions, nonsensical gadgets, space-consuming, vulgar "pieces of art"; and trillions of other unused items.

Wouldn't our homes be cleaner and more livable if the trash were cleared out and given to those who really have use for it?

READER

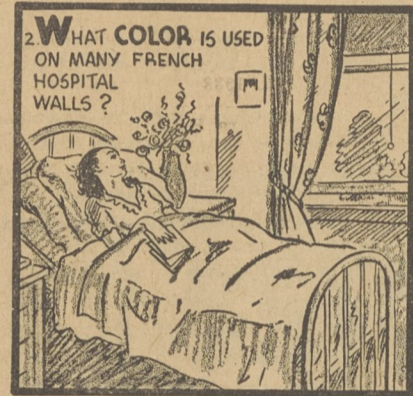
What Do You Know About Health?



1 WHO WAS STEPHEN HALES?



3 WHEN WAS MILK FIRST BOTTLED?



Answers:

- 1. An 18th century English clergyman who was the originator of artificial ventilation. This was the forerunner of our modern air conditioning systems.
2. Blue. Doctors and architects tell us that a blue color is used to discourage flies because these insects have a marked dislike for blue. In America, we find the use of window screens a much more certain way of eliminating flies and other pests from a room.
3. In 1887. A Potsdam, New York man is credited with being the first to invent the glass milk bottle and to place it on the market. This was a big step forward in delivering clean, safer milk to the purchasers. Now, pasteurization and rigid sanitary requirements assure safe, pure milk for all.

City Symphony

By Edna Blex

The new young lady in our house has fallen in love! Perhaps you are of the opinion that falling in love at 14 is something to be taken lightly. I am very much afraid it is a serious business. Not only is it serious from the viewpoint of the fourteen-year-old but to the rest of the household it spells terror and utter confusion.

Up until now the young lady in our house has taken most things in her stride. We have always felt she was unusually calm and very few things seemed to disturb her peace of mind. But now that love has entered her life everything seems to be in a state of general confusion. For the past year the boys have taken our fair daughter to the movies and an occasional party, and it all seemed quite natural. As a matter of fact, we have been telling ourselves that our daughter wasn't the silly type! We were convinced that she wouldn't stand around and giggle and completely lose her head every time a member of the opposite sex put in an appearance. As usual we are forced into eating our own words. We are forever apologizing for something we felt was quite true when we said it!

The young man who has caused all the excitement and turned our young lady into a person we are not at all acquainted with seems to be a perfectly harmless individual. As a matter of fact we had never laid eyes on him until one evening last week when he rang the doorbell and asked, in a very shaky voice, if this was where our young lady lived. The young lady wasn't at home!

When she did arrive and we told her that a strange individual had asked for her, her conversation was almost too much for us. For a few minutes she could utter nothing and when she did get her breath the words which came tumbling out of her mouth were something like this: "Oh, he really didn't come here! What did he say? Don't you think he's neat? How do you like his hair? Oh, imagine what the other girls will say. Why, all the girls are crazy about him, etc., etc."

The next day after realizing we were in for some sort of a siege we noticed that there were unusual preparations for the football game. Clothes were carefully selected and her hair was combed so many times we began to worry how much longer her hair could stand so much abuse. She took so long for a shower we wondered if anyone in the house would be able even to wash their

hands with the hot water which might be left over. She scrubbed her teeth until we were forced into telling her she might injure them!

Sunday afternoon, while still in the daze of her first real attachment, the new young lady decided she would make muffins. We weren't excited over the prospect of a helper in the kitchen but we agreed and were really getting along nicely when the phone rang! Of course, it was the young man who has temporarily wrecked our household. The conversation, from where I listened, not only hurt my ears but made me want to run and hide so I couldn't hear it. It was utterly inane, silly, and just the sort of conversation we had hoped the young lady in our house would never indulge in. It consisted of giggles, interspersed with wild exclamations! We gently closed the door because we would rather not hear our fair daughter reverting to type and we could only hope this stage of the game wouldn't last long enough to make all of us to want to leave home!

THE LOW DOWN

from

HICKORY GROVE

I used to know a feller in Minneapolis — his name was Henry—and he was just about a champion, I reckon, at yams with points to 'em. Every person, they cannot tell jokes—maybe it is a gift or maybe it comes from practice—but Henry he has one for everything.

Not long ago he dropped in to see me, and he has not changed. And he said, do you know, Jo, the way Uncle Sam is diving into everything, he is acting kinda pixed, and he reminds me of the story about the light-house the Govt. built.

The lighthouse, a feller by the name of Tony, he helped build it. And when it was finished, Tony he says, Sambo he is crazy; he spends a lotta money and makes a nice lighthouse. And when she is all finished, and they turn on the light, and toota the horn, and ringa the bell, what happens? Well, he says, the fog she come in all the same.

Yours, with the low down, JO SERRA.