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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.

The Real Problem Is Money, Not Water

The decision of the Borough Council to file a formal complaint with the Public Utility Commission in an effort to secure better service from Dallas Water Co. is proper and reasonable but it can scarcely be accepted as a guarantee of immediate or permanent relief.

In October, 1933, council, the borough school board, the township school board, the Taxpayers' Association and the Rotary Club filed a petition of complaint with the old Public Service Commission. More than a year later, in November 1, 1934, hearings began. Three months later, after digesting the testimony, the Commission ordered the utility to carry out a five-point program. Those improvements were completed in August, 1935.

Nearly two years elapsed from the time that complaint was filed until the steps needed to improve the service were taken. At that rate of progress, it will be late in 1940 before the present situation is remedied. If we must wait that long for temporary relief, why not use the same time for more permanent measures?

It is time to recognize that the problem of satisfactory water service in this section demands action more fundamental than any appeal to the Public Utility Commission. It is not merely a matter of demanding water; it is a problem of determining HOW we can, quickly and permanently, assure present and prospective residents satisfactory service constantly in the future.

Any approach to a solution must be made with an appreciation of the problems of the water company, as well as of the consumers. It is a matter of common knowledge that Dallas Water Co., which has an investment estimated conservatively at \$100,000 in its local plant, is not receiving a fair return on its capital. It is trite to say that you cannot get blood out of a stone. It is also true. And there is probably no better time than now to give Leslie Warhola and Phil Anderson full credit for their earnest attempts to respond quickly and courteously to the complaints which have flooded their office. It is enough to say that they have never done any less than their best.

There is a feeling that conferences with the officials of the parent company at Harrisburg are useless, that the company has never made improvements until it has been compelled. There is justification for that attitude. Even so, the next attempt might bring results and save the cost of litigation. It would not be a waste of time if a group of level-headed citizens, with a clear idea of what they want, made a final effort to induce the company that unless it can guarantee adequate service it must be prepared to expect outright antagonism from this long-suffering community.

If such a meeting is held, and The Post feels it would be worth while, it should be given full publicity and the discussion should be reported in full to a public which wants to know and deserves to know every fact on both sides of the question.

If the company convinces the consumers that it has no money to carry out needed improvements there will be only one course left, an effort to prove that the utility does not deserve its franchise locally and an investigation to determine what steps can be taken to establish a new company, which will have the resources and the courage to spend money now and get its profit in the future, when a steadily-growing family of consumers will assure a fair return.

From the engineering standpoint, the prime requirement here is the construction of an almost completely-new system. The pipes are not quite so bad as some sidewalk engineers would have you believe, but most of the mains are ridiculously small. Any patch-work in this community, which is growing constantly, can be only temporary.

The wells and springs now used as sources of supply cannot be expected to satisfy the future needs of Dallas. Eventually, we must expect to sacrifice the unquestionable high quality of our present water for the less satisfactory, but more consistent, supply from some sizable lake or pond. Such a supply as, for one example, Harvey's Lake would provide adequate fire protection as well as a constant supply for home consumption if finances for such a project were available.

Whatever the right answer, let everyone be prepared for the expense that will be necessary. The root of the evil is money, and unless such needed improvements can be financed by sale of stock, by interesting a new and more prosperous company or by the purchase of the utility by local communities there is not much use expecting any very satisfactory water service in Dallas for some years.

When Snow Isn't Beautiful

Last week's record-breaking snowfall was so lovely, a good many people in town displayed reluctance to mar the virgin whiteness of their sidewalks. Their appreciation of beauty apparently was greater than their consideration for pedestrians who had to plow through the nine-inch snow.

There is an ordinance which requires householders to keep their sidewalks cleared of snow and ice but we believe the obligation is more than that; it is a neighborly duty. We cannot believe any one likes to see his neighbors forced to slosh through wet, icy snow when even a narrow path would save them such inconvenience.

It is not merely a matter of inconvenience, either. In some sections of town pedestrians were compelled to walk in the streets because the sidewalks were not cleared. Many persons had narrow escapes when cars came skidding by and it is extremely fortunate that no one was injured.

It was, of course, the first snowfall of the season and unexpected. Perhaps the snow shovel corps was not in training. Let's hope that on the next snowfall all of us will be good enough neighbors to get out early and keep sidewalks clean.



RIVES MATTHEWS

I am surprised the officers of the American Legion in my own county of Westchester are so careless of good name and reputation as good citizens that they permit the use of their organization's name on a billboard at a particularly dangerous confluence of streets and highways in North Tarrytown. I refer to the billboard which masks an abandoned church on the Albany Post Road just before it dips down to cross Pocantico River and flank Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

When the eyes of motorists should be attending strictly to business at this very confusing intersection, (there is actually some doubt as to which fork will take them to Albany), the American Legion screams from a billboard for attention. I have never dared risk time enough to read that particular billboard, but if it calls upon drivers to join or support the American Legion, it certainly fails in its purpose, for the motorist, foolishly enough to read that board, would not live long enough to do either.

Doubtless the American Legion will retort that it does not pay for billboards and that, therefore, its hands are clean, that the Legion is not responsible for all the ugliness and traffic hazards billboards naturally produce. If this is the Legion's answer, then it will only be dodging the issue, as an official of the Boy Scouts of America did last Spring, when he wrote me the Boy Scouts did not pay for billboards, merely accepted free advertising space wherever and by whomever it was given to them.

And yet the Zoy Scouts of America are supposed to be nature lovers! And we are asked to support this organization because it trains our young boys to be good citizens of the future! I, for one, can't see how such hypocrisy at the heart of an organization cannot fail to communicate itself to its younger and more impressionable members. And I for one, will never contribute one dollar to the work of Boy Scouts of America until its officers publicly repudiate this specious stand regarding billboards. The brooding nagian billboard blight violates every tenet of good scouting. . . . at are a few picnic papers scattered carelessly about to the gigantic litter of billboards and snipe signs which make all but a few of our well-policed parkways a blot on the fair face of nature?

The brewers of America are currently spending spads of money trying to convince the public they are doing their best to be good citizens. And yet they are among the steadiest of billboard users. In my own home town, Hastings, we find our view of the Palisades marred by signs touting the beers of Ballantine, Schaeffer and P.O.N. I am calling upon my fellow villagers to show these brewers how they feel about their using billboards in Hastings

Here is what the head of the brewers' lobby, Mr. Hugh Harley of the Brewers' Industrial Foundation, wrote me recently: "Naturally we feel that the brewers are engaged in a legitimate business and they should enjoy the same privileges of advertising their product which are granted to any other business man. Of course, I do not know the situation with regard to the particular cases which you brought to our attention, but I presume that the case rests fundamentally with the owners of the property on which the advertising boards are displayed rather than with the displayees themselves. If the properties are owned by the brewers mentioned, they can be consulted.

Otherwise it would be quite futile to have one advertiser withdraw his use of a sign only to have another take his place."

In short, Mr. Harley, representing a vast industry which wants to be classed among good citizens, offers no help to those of us who want to see billboards brought down once and for all. If Mr. Harley, and his brewers, as an industry, would ban the use of billboards among themselves, then the billboard blighters would have so many blank boards on their hands they'd have to take a number of them down. And so, if industry by industry, resolutions against billboards could be passed, we would gradually begin to see our country as nature intended us to see it. Mr. Harley's opinion is typical of the stiff-necked bureaucrat who knows how to make a good thing for himself out of a trade association. The stiff-necked bureaucrat's secret is to avoid change or progress whenever and wherever possible.

I was amazed that even the N. Y. Times, which has given roadside improvement some very real assistance in its columns from time to time, did not make use of the opportunity afforded by the Automobile Show recently to do a little missionary work among the motor makers at a time when they would be most sensitive to it. They, with the oil people and hotel people are, of course, the worst offenders, and they should be made to realize that highway safety (about which they talk so much only because they are afraid an outraged public may step in one day and demand regulation of one sort or another) can not be attained as long as they continue to give the outdoor advertising interests such a huge chunk of money every year to blazen their wares along your highway and mine.

I learned last week at the Joint Council for Roadside Improvement, held at the Russell Sage Foundation in New York, that Mr. Henry Ford has issued orders to his advertising people that they are not to permit his cars to be advertised on billboards except in what are known as "commercial areas."

At the conference, Colonel Frederick Stuart Greene, head of the Department of Public Works for the State of New York, made no bones about the fact that efforts to control billboards by legislation had always failed at Albany because the billboard interests always managed to have a few senators, simply because, as lawyers, they could take nice, fat retaining fees from the billboard moguls without batting an eye.

In outlining how hopeless it has been to expect statewide relief from Albany, Colonel Greene pointed out that local governing groups have the right to take the matter in their own hands. But, he warned, we may expect the sly hand of the signboard spadassins to turn up and offer a consideration to anyone ready to vote for a local zoning ordinance with teeth in it.

Of course the officials in my town are all honorable men. I do not mean to suggest that the billboard brigands have crossed their palms with silver, but I can't help wondering what's been keeping their hands tied all these years. I imagine people in other parts of these United States have the same problem. But to them I bring courage. The anti-billboard sentiment is growing, and here in New York State one of our political candidates, a large billboard user, got left at the polls, largely on the billboard issue. That's sompin!

What Do You Know About Health?



1. HOW CAN DARK POTATOES BE IMPROVED?



2. WHO WAS SANCTORIUS?



3. WHAT ARE BLOT'S SCISSORS?

Answers: 1. By cooking them in milk or by mashing them and adding milk promptly after cooking.
2. A Paduan professor of the 17th century who founded the physiology of metabolism. He was the first to weigh himself before and after a meal to note the chemical changes

whereby the process of nutrition takes place.
3. An instrument used in a skull operation. Invented by the 19th century Parisian, Claude Philibert Hippolyte Blot, these lance-pointed scissors are used to pierce the skull and to cut as the blades are opened.

City Symphony

By Edna Blez

Dear Mr. Santa Claus:

I think it was about this time last year I wrote to you. I am afraid I am very much like the children because I simply can't let Christmas come without writing my annual letter. But my letter is somewhat different from those the children write because I don't want anything out of that great pack of yours. I want to ask a favor of you. Perhaps you will think it is too large a favor but I am not afraid to ask you because you have never failed me yet, and I have been writing you letters for a good many years!

I don't know how much you hear in that far away home of yours and I don't know how well informed you are. Do you receive a daily newspaper or do you depend on the radio? If you don't know what has been happening in the world since you were last here it would take more than this letter to tell you, but I can tell you that the world is in a sorry state of confusion. Everywhere things seem to be going wrong. And I think you can do something about it! For generations you have been spreading good will and cheerfulness and so we have never needed you quite as much as we do this year. We need your happy face and we need to hear your infectious laughter. The world is sick at heart and it needs a doctor to cure its aches and pains.

You might be surprised to know that things are not what they should be right in our own United States. Everywhere there is an atmosphere of intrigue and the whispering campaigns get worse and worse. You should hear some of the gossip which has grown into fabulous stories about those in authority. No one has faith in anyone else. Just a few weeks ago the entire country was in a wild state of confusion because Orson Welles dramatized one of H. G. Wells' fantastic stories too realistically. People are afraid and they don't know exactly what they are afraid of. The world is bubbling over with anxiety, hatred, and fear. We need help and that is the favor I want to ask of you. Never before have we needed you as we need you today. So please, Mr. Santa Claus, while you are on your annual tour of this sick

world put a little tolerance, and love, and understanding into the hearts of the people. Christmas spirit always comes back for a few days during the holidays but we want it to stay a little while longer than a few days. See what you can do to help people to forget their prejudices and suspicions. We need a little more understanding and less hatred. I have great faith in you, Mr. Santa Claus, and like the children, I at least have courage enough to write to you and ask for what I want, and this time it is a large order but I feel sure you can do something about it!

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Some folks keep pointing at the bankers and blaming them for everything, like even chinch bugs, etc., but you know, they are not such a bad lot—if you once know 'em, and don't happen to owe them anything. But the ones I know, they are just cashiers and presidents, etc.—and not vice-presidents—so maybe that has something to do with it.

Anyway, bankers have been in the dog-house. But our Govt., which is finding fault with bankers, if it would run its business with one-half the gumption that the bankers use, we would not all need to lay awake nights wondering what is going to happen next to upset the apple-cart.

The bankers, they stick to money, like a shoemaker sticks to shoes. But our Govt., it spends most of its time acting as if nobody else knew beans, and it must look after everybody like we are 2 year olds—like Mr. Hitler in Europe, he thinks he is Napoleon, and runs everything.

Bankers—I would sooner let them hold my gold watch and chain, if I had one, than some of the gents there in Wash.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.