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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 Anniversary Of Repeal

Five years ago this week the United States came out of the dreadful nightmare which was called Prohibition.

Five years ago there were about 200,000 speakeasies functioning and at least 200,000 active bootleggers. It is estimated the country was spending more than \$4,000,000,000 a year on illicit drinks and that more than 85 per cent liquor sold was green, improperly made, insufficiently aged or imperfectly denatured and therefore more harmful than legal liquor.

No one can forget the gangs which flourished under prohibition and the indifference to law which developed, even among ordinarily law-abiding citizens. The thrill-drinking among high school pupils, the increase of graft among policemen, the bottle-tilting in back alleys, cloak-rooms and drug stores were customs which were dropped with a sigh of relief five years ago this week.

The high hopes which were held when the nation repealed its prohibition laws have not all been realized, but we cannot but admit that the situation, aside from any moral question, has improved immeasurably in five years. Last year more than a billion dollars was collected in liquor taxes—all money which formerly went to organized criminals. Illicit distilling and selling have become a minor problem. The old nation-wide alliance of liquor and politics has not been restored. Deaths from alcoholism have fallen. The wave of drinking among the young, although higher than before Prohibition, seems to have receded.

Conditions after five years of Repeal are definitely better than they were after 13 years of Prohibition. It is every citizen's duty to use his power and his common sense to improve the situation and make the liquor business as honest and as wholesome as it can be.

A Philadelphia judge has hit upon one of the best of plans to settle marital difficulties. Make marriages more difficult and divorces more easy, he suggests.

### The Miracle Man

If Judge Arthur H. James accomplishes everything that has come to be expected of him at Washington he will surely be a miracle man. Everybody seems poised, ready to greet the millennium after January 17.

Governor-elect James is a personable, conscientious, person, but no magician. He has no wand to wave to improve overnight the lot of nearly 10,000,000 Pennsylvanians. He cannot, with a snap of his fingers, reverse a tide of events which has been sweeping onward for six years. He will be bound by all the limitations of a human being, and he will be, regardless of his honorable title, only one man among many thousands who have a part in conducting the State's government.

His task at Harrisburg will be difficult enough, without the burden of unfounded hopes. His program is one which will take time. It is unjust to expect that prosperity will dawn anew over Pennsylvania on the morning of January 18 just because a man most of us admire has gone into the Governor's mansion.

If we sit back, and wait for Arthur H. James to produce miracles we shall wait in vain. We have a responsibility, too. It is to take advantage of the loosening of Pennsylvania's bonds, the new faith in the future and do our share to dispel the economic shadows. We cannot ask Judge James to do it all.

The fastest talker in the United States is the man who has convinced his wife there will be no cold weather this Winter and that they should just leave the screens up.

### American Speaks Up

Only on rare occasions do top-flight government officials openly and directly criticize the government or policies of another power. Thus, when President Roosevelt recently spoke of the Jewish persecutions in Germany as being horrible and almost unbelievable, he was doing the unusual and the daring. The immediate response was a bitter campaign of vilification against this country in the inspired Nazi press. The response here was about 100 per cent favorable to Mr. Roosevelt's stand.

Furthermore, there's a growing sentiment in this country for breaking off all commercial and diplomatic relations with the Reich. That would be an economic blow to Germany, which is shaky financially as it is. But few think it could produce much result unless other powers joined in, notably England and France. And inasmuch as these countries are now trying to cultivate German "friendship" there seems small chance of that.

More immediate is the problem of aiding the persecuted Jews. There is a fair chance that one of Germany's former African colonies may be turned into a Jewish haven and homeland. This would not solve the problem by any means, but it would do a great deal to lessen it. And, inasmuch as Germany has been seeking the return of these colonies, it would be an ironic, back-handed slap at Hitler.

In the meantime, don't be surprised if the American Ambassador to Berlin, who was recently called home to "report," doesn't return to Berlin for some time to come.



## RIVES MATTHEWS

In London the word is they'll have Wally and Eddy out of the cafes and nightclubs of Paris by Christmas, that they'll fang a Yule pig along with Momma, Bertie, Liz and the kiddies at Windsor Castle, and that by New Year's Wally will be a Royal Highness to whom it will be necessary, from then on, for all the gals, who gave her a ritzing, to drop a curtsy.

Wally will then be the first American to have attained royal status in England, and the first divorcee to have appeared, officially, in the presence of the Queen Mother, who has, for years, refused to truck with renovated ladies, much to the annoyance of some of them who did not shed their mates on grounds any more sensational than that their husbands had the maddening habit of singing in the bathtub, or some other similar annoyance which lenient courts allow to be called incompatibility.

Now Wally, as all the world knows, has been twice divorced. Both times, I believe, she was technically the injured party. The last time, obviously, she was fit for a king, but Mr. Simpson preferred to breakfast before witnesses with what is commonly known in ye merrie olde England as a totty. And then, as soon as he could, after Wally's decree "took," like a vaccination against the hoof and mouth disease, he got hitched to another divorcee. Apparently Mr. Simpson likes to marry dames with references.

Of course there is more in this business of the reconstruction of the lady who goes in for wearing scarlet lobsters on her gowns than meets the eye. If it were just a case of aiding women, you would not find the British Government, and its stooges, Bertie and Liz and the rest of that gang, telling Wally and Eddy to come back home because all is forgiven.

There is plenty they will never be forgiven. Eddy will be pitied, but Wally will continue to be scorned as a climber. And as a climber, she will continue to be feared. There's no telling where that Jane's ambition will take her. And no counting on mercy when she is given an opportunity to revenge herself on all those who were responsible for hounding her out of England as that campfire who had her clutches on the Empire's innocent darling.

I said it two years ago, and I still

maintain that as long as Wally Windsor lives, she'll be a menace to the peace and stability of the royal family system in England. Maybe now she's more of a menace living in Paris than she would be as a Royal Highness living in England, where, presumably, she will be pressed into service as an assistant baby kisser, bazaar opener and cornerstone-layer. Maybe they'd rather have her wielding a sterling silver trowel than a manure fork or a pick axe. But it's my guess she won't be content with ranking equal to the other royal duchesses, even though they're sending one of them off to the wilds of Australia. Every time Wally sees Liz, she'll tell herself that there, but for the ungraciousness of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Stanley Baldwin, would she be going.

Who can tell? Maybe the Windsors threatened to visit the United States next Spring, and thereby queer the impending visit of Bertie and Liz. Maybe the game is to appoint Eddy regent of England during the absence of his brother. And what a chance that would give Wally! Then she'll be a sort of queen with a power of attorney she'd wangle around so that it wouldn't be revoked. That gal would like to be queen, I'll bet, and she's still got plenty of tricks up her sleeve. Besides, Chamberlain isn't the opponent Baldwin was for Wally, judging by some of the finesses Hitler got past Neville. And Wally's a better player than Hitler.

Naturally she'll go back to England with Eddy billed as "the woman he loved," and on that beside Hollywood appeal, she'll continue to play for popular support. Still, it seems to me the English aren't as dumb as all that. I believe they'll see through her little tableau. After all, had she really loved Eddy, according to all the best cinema formulae, she would have given him up because his destiny and duty called. Or, she could have compromised, as so many women of shady reputations have in the past (they're all supposed to have hearts of gold), and not demanded the supreme sacrifice.

I still think that as Eddy's sweetheart, she would have fulfilled the romantic requirements of Hollywood men, and she would have gone down in history enshrined among all the noble ladies of the bedchamber whom kings have loved, rather than as the flat-chested, hard-faced climber who made a king, and members of his family, ridiculous.

## The Mail Bag

Editor:

With reference to proposed income tax on salaries, I think it would be interesting if your paper would figure out what this would mean to the individual taxpayer.

In other words, there are figures available as to the percentage of a person's earnings that would be taxable under the sales tax of two per cent. If I do not miss my guess, the politicians would be getting more out of a wage-earner at two per cent or even less of his earnings than from the sales tax. In other words, a man would pay a tax on what he earned, and also pay another or double tax on real estate (as either owner or renter) and likely double taxes on some other items.

With a sales tax, food, real estate, etc., eliminated. It is worth looking into.

W. S. C.

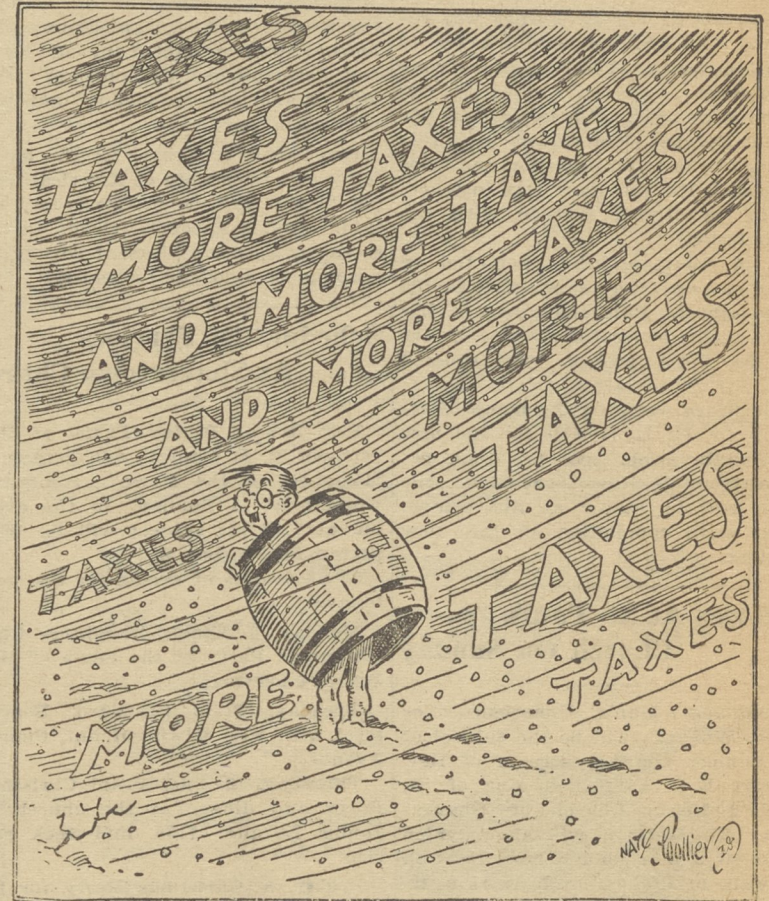
Editor:

There is not now, nor has there ever been, nor will there ever be, any

conflict between capital and labor. The correct definition of the word capital is wealth—that is, labor products—devoted to aiding in the production of more wealth. Factories, mills, machinery are capital. There can be no conflict between a steel-rail rolling mill and the workers attending it.

The popular delusion that there exists a state of warfare or a class struggle, as it is usually termed, between production instrumentalities and labor is derived from the notions of Karl Marx, who imagined that something he called capital was oppressing the industrial workers by compelling them to work for low wages. Whatever some employers of labor may have done, or may now be doing, it is not the capital but its owners or managers (the French word entrepreneurs correctly describes their function) who are responsible for disputes between employers and employes. Whidden Graham. New York

### THE SNOW STORM



## City Symphony

By Edna Blex

We made our annual pilgrimage to New York last week end and regardless of the many times we have frequented the big city we never fail to thrill to its excitement and general air of festivity. Last week-end was a particularly good time in New York because it was really a holiday week-end and the streets were jammed with Christmas shoppers as well as students and scores of people who had evidently come to town for nothing more than a general good time.

The outdoor skating rink in Rockefeller Center looked like something out of Vogue or Harper's Bazaar and never have I seen such picturesque skating costumes. They weren't what one might term exactly warm but the girls were apparently out to show off and didn't seem to care that their silk stockinged legs were purple with the cold. I suspect the attendants were not picked for their skating ability alone because they were unusually handsome young men. The music sounded like an old fashioned music box and the whole effect was unusually quaint and charming.

Going to the theatre in New York always seems different than the same procedure in any other city. I don't know what the difference is but there is a general air of excitement which seems to be lacking elsewhere. I was fortunate enough to see the much-heralded "Abe Lincoln in Illinois", and I firmly believe it will become an American classic. Raymond Massey brings Abe Lincoln to life so perfectly it was only a play. I felt I had lize it was only a play. I felt I had seen and known Mr. Lincoln and evidently I was not alone in my opinion because a very nice old lady sitting next to me said at last she had met Abe Lincoln, and she felt the effort of coming down from Westport, Conn., had not been in vain, because she had had a rare experience.

I saw Maurice Evans in the uncut version of Hamlet. It begins at six-thirty and there is an hour intermission at eight o'clock, and the play is over at eleven-thirty. I didn't notice that it was any longer than any other version I have witnessed but it might have been that it was so perfectly produced. It seemed all too short and I don't think you or I will ever see a Hamlet who will equal the performance of Maurice Evans. The

whole play is done so perfectly and in such exquisite taste it wasn't at all surprising to hear the audience shouting, "Bravo! Bravo!" I have never heard an audience give vent to such an outburst of enthusiasm.

New York is such a crazy place it is possible to dine in a very fine restaurant where everything is genteel and up to the minute and just around the corner there might be a "joint" where one can enter another world. I happened on such a place while I was in the big city and I was amazed to find a place where everyone seemed to know everyone else. One girl brought along her dog. He was a most intelligent canine and evidently everyone in the place knew him and he had no difficulty getting plenty to eat. The waitress fed him crumbs and scraps and he managed to have at least a bite of everyone's lunch. A big city teeming with life and excitement, and right in the center of it a bit of a small town!

### THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Since November 8 business has seemed to be taking just a little more interest in life, and the family, which has been hovering at the bed-side, has a minute's time now to run out for a sandwich.

Business is like a person, a whole lot. You go and pick up the smallpox or something, and your temperature which is O.K. at 98, it scoots up to 102, and you are flat on your back. And it does not seem like 4 degrees is much, but boy, it sure removes your appetite for ham and eggs or corn cakes, etc. And with business, it is not an iota different—it can be sick, too.

These fix-everything fellows, they were whittled down quite a speck, on Nov. 8, and business, it has quite a bit more sparkle in its eye already. November 8, it was quite a day.

Yours, with the low down,  
JO SERRA.