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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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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

Suggestion For A Valentine

If Governor James can see his way clear to appoint Judge W. A. Valentine of Wilkes-Barre to the vacancy on the Superior Court Bench he will be performing an act which will be greeted with acclamation throughout Pennsylvania. Moreover, he will be naming to that responsible position one of the most brilliant and respected Common Pleas judges in the State.

Petitions requesting Judge Valentine's appointment have been forwarded to Governor James not only from Luzerne County but from other Bar Associations in neighboring counties. Such figures as President Judge Will Leach of Lackawanna County and Judge T. Linus Hoban have affixed their signatures, along with hundreds of attorneys, to the petitions addressed to the Governor.

Judge Valentine, whose term as Judge in Luzerne County will expire in 1940, has made a brilliant record as a jurist. His decisions on important cases have been far-reaching and he has established a sound reputation for administering justice tempered with mercy. His record is unblemished and, as an individual, he personifies the strongest ideals of Americanism.

His appointment by Governor James will be a wise and a popular one.

Anthracite At The World's Fair

Although our community is spared many of the disadvantages inflicted upon towns in the Anthracite region we do benefit, indirectly, when the hard coal industry booms and it behooves all of us in Dallas and its neighboring communities to get behind the campaign to boost Anthracite at the World's Fair in New York this year.

The easiest way to help will be to buy immediately one of the "Anthracite Booster" buttons which are being distributed to persons who contribute to the drive to raise funds to finance a Pennsylvania Anthracite Exhibit at the fair. Anthracite Industries, Inc., already has appropriated a large sum but it will not be enough to give Anthracite an exhibit large and compelling enough to compete successfully with the other industrial displays. You can contribute through the local committee.

An estimated 60,000,000 people will pass through the gates of the New York World's Fair this year, people from Maine to California, from Canada to New Orleans and it would be a mistake if some impressive effort were not made to acquaint these visitors with the latest developments in heating equipment — stokers, boilers, water-heaters, kitchen ranges, etc.

The advertising value of such an exhibit would mean better business for Anthracite and better business for Anthracite will mean more business and greater prosperity for all of us.

Liquor Problem, 1939 Model

We had a liquor problem in 1920, when the Noble Experiment began. We had a liquor problem in 1932, when we repealed Prohibition. We still have a liquor problem in 1939. Maybe we always will have it.

The problem today arises from the staggering number of licensed bars and taprooms, about 14,000 in Pennsylvania, 3,300 more than there were on July 1, 1920, when Prohibition went into effect. Those who hoped for more temperate drinking habits as a result of the sad lesson of prohibition have been disappointed.

The danger in the situation today is that the constantly increasing number of taprooms may be used by those who wish, for political reasons, to return the issuance of liquor licenses to the control of the county courts. That would open the way immediately to a return of the evil alliance between political Judges and the saloonkeeper politicians, a tie-up which was an ever-present source of scandal in pre-Prohibition days.

Unless we are to fall again for such "remedy" as prohibition, which was certainly worse than the original evil, we must have stricter enforcement of the present laws governing taprooms and restrictions which will discourage the less desirable holes-in-the-wall.

Economy Comes Back

Campaign promises of economy and efficiency in Government are not always made to be kept. There is real news, therefore, in the economy wave which seems to be sweeping through many States in the wake of new gubernatorial regimes.

These developments in the State are straws that show which way the wind is beginning to blow. The American people are tired of waiting for prosperity to come around the corner under the whiplash of improvident spend-and-tax policies.

There may be food for some thought in all this for the administration's fiscal policy formulators.

New Days Mean New Methods

The visitation survey to be conducted by local churches in an effort to reclaim members who have lost interest in their church affiliation is somewhat different from the stimulant for back-sliding members. New days bring new old-fashioned revival which was once the church's favorite methods, however, and the Kernahan visitation campaign, which is geared to the 20th Century, will, we hope, result in a new appreciation of the church throughout this section.



RIVES MATTHEWS

Come February and the birthdays of so many of our Great Men, it is customary for columnists and politicians to pore over dusty archives and then to write a column or a tub thumper that is a little like pouring old wine into new bottles. It is the old trick of the preacher who takes an ancient text to illuminate a homily on the age's newest discovery. So, to that end, I give you the following courtly exchange of correspondence between our First President and a Prime Minister of Spain.

Mount Vernon, December 19, 1785. George Washington to Count de Florida Blanca: "Sir, My homage is due to his Catholic Majesty for the honor of his present. The value of it is intrinsically great; but is rendered inestimable by the manner, and the hand it is derived from. Let me entreat you, therefore, Sir, to lay before the King my thanks for the packages, with which he has been graciously pleased to compliment me; and to assure his Majesty of my unbounded gratitude for this instance of his royal notice and favor. That long life, perfect health and unending glory may attend his Majesty's reign, is my fervent wish. With great respect and consideration I have the honor to be, etc."

St. Ildefonso, September 1, 1786. Count de Florida Blanca to George Washington: "It will give pleasure to his Majesty, that opportunities of a higher nature may offer to prove the great esteem he entertains for your Excellency's personal merit, singular virtues and character."

Jackasses, you must bear in mind, were highly prized animals in those days. They still are, wherever that valuable work-beast, the mule, is bred. But even in those days the jackass was considered a subject of humor, an object of derision. The dictionary tells us that a jackass, in addition to being a male ass or donkey, is a "conceited dolt," a "perverse blockhead." One hundred years before Washington was born, John Donne wrote of an encounter of three Oxford Scholars with an Ancient Gentleman as follows:

Three Oxford Scholars to a tavern came
Awfully for to make merry at the same;
And finding there one stricken far in years,
Did set upon him all with shouts and jeers.
The first man said, that to salute him came,
"God save ye, good old Father Abraham;"
The second with a pretty congee meets him
And with "God save ye, Father Isaac," greets him.
The third to jeer him in the self-same guise
"God save ye, good old Father Jacob," cries.
The old man thus flouted by them altogether,
Says, "I am not Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, neither,
Wherefore forbear your shouts I you do wish,
For I, indeed, am Saul, the son of Kish,
Who for to seek my Father's asses came
From far, and here have found the same!"

All of which explains the great care and adroitness with which Count de Florida Blanca worded his reply to Washington when he assured him that the King of Spain awaited "opportunities of a higher nature" to prove his regard for General Washington.

If, today, our President, or Secretary of Agriculture, should send a jackass as a gift to Adolph Hitler or Benito Mussolini, such a gesture might easily lead to war. Dictators are a touchy lot. They carry chips on their shoulders even though they wear bullet proof vests, travel in armored cars and live in bombproof houses. While they take great care of their own lives and honor, they are not so careful of the lives and honor of the people they govern. And so they are ready to make other men fight at the drop of a hat over any fancied insult, just as Louis XIV was ready to fight, and did, because a witless province in the Low Countries struck off a medal showing the sun obscured by clouds. Louis, who styled himself the Sun-King, would tolerate no clouds as long as he lived. If alive today, he'd make an excellent president of a chamber of commerce in Florida or California.

But in Washington's day a jackass was a very useful animal. And Washington's flowery phrases of thanks must not be put down as formal gratitude. As a farmer, and one of the country's first real students of agriculture, Washington knew the value of the Spanish king's gift. It is quite probable there are thousands of mules doing good work today which have in their veins some of the blood of that pair of asses George Washington received from Spain.

Now the moral to be drawn from this is not as simple as you might think. It is not merely that since Spain helped us to hack our civilization out of a wilderness it is our duty, now that Spain seems to be returning to jungle law, to help her keep her civilization intact. Nor is it that Washington was a revolutionary, and what would be called a Red today, that, nevertheless, a king could look at a Red and find him not unworthy of praise and help.

It is, rather, that just as we had something to learn from Spain, i. e. mule-breeding, so Spain has plenty to learn from us. It is that no part of the world can stand aloof from what goes on in other parts of the world. It is, as history shows, that the tables may often be turned, the roles reversed.

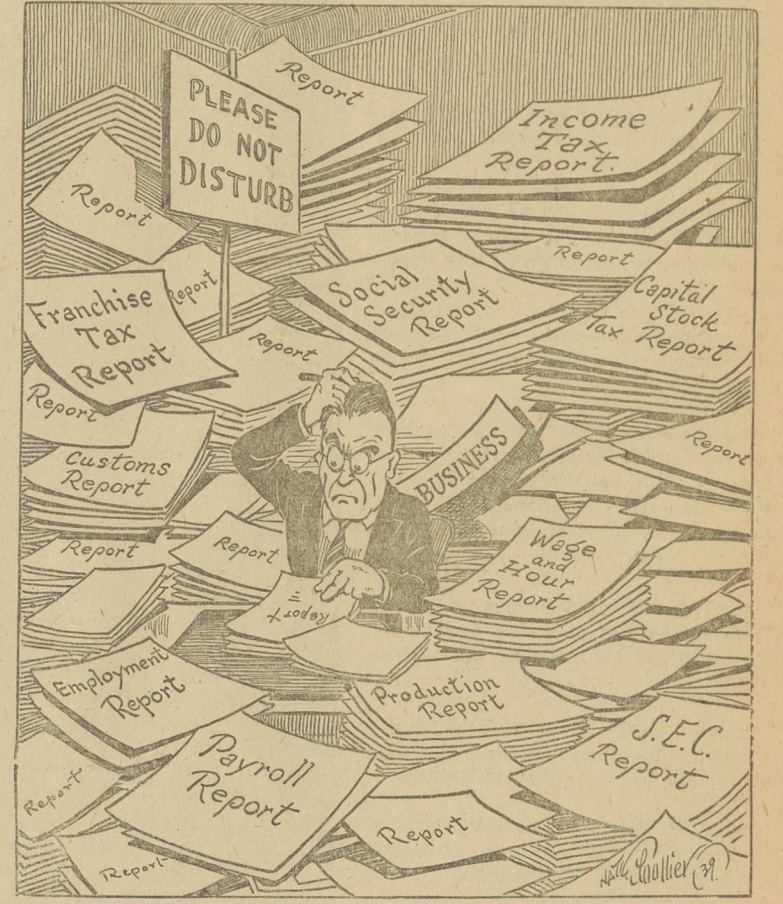
A sovereign helped us become a sovereign state, if only with the gift of a pair of jackasses. Now what are we going to do, as a sovereign state, about a state desperately trying to fight off the sovereignty of men who would really be complimented if one could truthfully compare them to the sturdy and useful jackasses the King of Spain sent as a gift and compliment to Washington?

Apparently we are going to continue helping Franco, Hitler and Mussolini by passing on the other side of the road, saying Spain is not our affair, saying that we are not our brothers' keeper.

Our standing with arms folded (and an embargo on the shipment of arms abroad) has doomed democracy in Spain. Maybe it will turn out that this policy has made less than jackasses of Great Britain, France and all of us still proud to call ourselves democrats, but I, for one, and there are many like me, wonder whether the cause of world peace is furthered by our refusal to furnish the sinews of war to a democratic government when totalitarian states place men and material at the disposal of those seeking to overthrow democracy.

A gift of a pair of jackasses from Spain to the heads of our government would carry with it a different meaning. It would be no royal compliment.

News Item: Some Business Firms Must Fill Out as Many As 141,000 Government Reports Annually



City Symphony

By Edna Blez

We thought you might be interested to know we aren't doing so well in our Latin at present! We are beyond the "amo, amas, amat" stage and now we are struggling along with all kinds of difficult translations—we think they are difficult but the new young lady in our house thinks we are a trifle slow! She doesn't know whether to have much confidence in our knowledge of Latin or not. Several times lately she has asked for help with a nasty gleam in her eye! When we hesitate and ask for a few minutes to look the words up in the vocabulary in the back of the book, we sense strange glances coming our way. It seems to be a little game our new young lady is playing with us, and for some very strange reason she seems to be trying to catch us. Maybe we were guilty of saying we were pretty good at Latin; maybe we did a little boasting, never suspecting that the time would really come when we would be taken at our word.

Our Algebra is a thing of the past. We haven't had any opportunity to brush up on it because our fair daughter has stopped asking us for help in that direction. She seems to know that we are just not the type who can do Algebra. At first she used to make the remark that some Mothers could do Algebra! We had no answer for that one, but we did feel rather chagrined because we hate to admit defeat in the very beginning. Heaven knows what will happen when we come to Geometry. I think we will just have to take to going out more in the evenings. If we are not at home we won't have to admit our short comings!

Then there is English! The good old rules of grammar which we always thought we knew something about. We have discovered, since our fair daughter has been in High School, that we must have been learning a different language. It couldn't have been the same language because the rules don't seem to be the same as they were 20 years ago. Every word we utter seems to be in the wrong place, and according to the rules our daughter learns we are all wrong. Our words seem badly chosen, and even though we suffered through many years of English and, since we have left school, have taken several short courses in an effort to brush up, the new young lady in our house insists that her teachers are right and we are usually wrong!

We are beginning to think it would be a very good plan if we just dropped everything and went back to school with our fair daughter. From her viewpoint we are very much behind the times! For instance, when we insist that she cover her head with a hat when the morning is cold, she insists that a scarf tied around her head is plenty of covering. There are

times when she tries to get away with wearing just ear muffs and when we attempt to find out what she is trying to keep warm, she just looks at us as if we couldn't possibly be in our right mind. Some day we are going to take a few minutes and tell our fair daughter that we wore long underwear when we were her age; and how we remember the struggle we had stuffing that itchy stuff down into our cotton stockings so that we wouldn't look like a balloon. But it wouldn't do any good to tell her, she wouldn't believe us. She would possibly shrug her shoulders and think—poor Mother, she must have been dull at my age!

THE MARTYR BY

Ada May Holmes, Kingston
"Oh, help! Oh, help! Oh, save me!"
You should just have heard me scream,
The night a little goblin
Tried to pinch me, in a dream!
"I've never seen a goblin,"
Daddy said, "but when I do,
I'll have it stuffed and mounted
As a special gift for you!"
"My goodness, no!" I told him,
"Now what good's a goblin, dead?
I'd rather keep the little pest
Alive, inside my head!"

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Each year the B. S. A. gets out a little diary which is a dandy. The B. S. A., if you don't already know, is the Boy Scouts of America.

This little diary will go in your vest pocket, if you still have a vest, and the tax-collector has not got it. And besides being a diary, it has more in it than most any book you can pick up. It costs 15 cents. Every old spavin and his boy should have one. And it would not hurt mama either to read it—also Sis.

This little diary is sort of a digest of the B. S. A. Manual. The Manual is the world's second best seller—it comes next to the Bible.

If you have made some good resolutions for 1939, there is even a place in the diary to write 'em down. And in 2 weeks from now, you can just squint into it, and not have to wrack your head, trying to remember what it was you resolved to do or not to do.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.