

The Dallas Post

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THE DALLAS POST is a youthful weekly rural suburban newspaper, owned, edited and operated by young men interested in the development of the great rural-suburban region of Luzerne county and in the attainment of the highest ideals of journalism. Thirty-one surrounding communities contribute weekly articles to THE POST and have an interest in its editorial policies. THE POST is truly "more than a newspaper, it is a community institution."

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THE DALLAS POST PROGRAM

The Dallas Post will lend its support and offers the use of its columns to all projects which will help this community and the great rural-suburban territory which it serves to attain the following major improvements:

1. A free library located in the Dallas region.
2. Better and adequate street lighting in Trucksville, Shavertown, Fernbrook and Dallas.
3. Sanitary sewage disposal system for Dallas.
4. Closer cooperation between Dallas borough and surrounding townships.
5. Consolidated high schools and better cooperation between those that now exist.
6. The appointment of a shade tree commission to supervise the protection and see to the planting of shade trees along the streets of Dallas, Shavertown, Trucksville and Fernbrook.
7. The formation of a Back Mountain Club made up of business men and homeowners interested in the development of local institutions, the organization of new ones and the development of a community consciousness in Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown and Fernbrook.
8. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
9. The elimination of petty politics from Dallas borough council and all school boards in the region covered by The Dallas Post.
10. And all other projects which help to make the Back Mountain section a better place to live in.

CRITICISMS

THE POST has been criticised recently on its policy of "playing up" certain schools of the back mountain region and neglecting the news and publicity of other schools.

As a matter of fact THE POST editorially and in its news columns holds no prejudice for any of the schools of the back mountain region, nor does it favor one school over another.

Despite what the personal opinions of the editors may be on any subject, we have attempted to keep these opinions from coloring news or editorial opinions.

For example, it is physically impossible for the editor to attend every basketball game played by the high school teams of the back mountain region; therefore, every school, with the exception of one, sends us weekly reports on its games and from these reports the editor attempts to build up an impartial news story. Frequently spectators at the games give us their version of how the games were played.

No school is deliberately neglected. If the news of its games does not appear in THE POST it is simply a matter of the school's failure to co-operate with the editor by sending in accounts of its games or school news. THE POST is not a metropolitan newspaper and cannot hire reporters or sport writers to cover every important news story.

THE POST has no prejudices, is not playing favorites, and even if it wanted to, hasn't the time to enter into school squabbles.

A FINE TROOP

THE POST this week congratulates Boy Scout Troop No. 282, of Idetown, for its splendid showing during the recent inspection and rally of Wyoming Valley troops held at the 109th Field Artillery Armory in Kingston.

In winning the Rotary Club Cup, the Idetown troop takes first place

among all troops in Wyoming Valley Council for advancement during the past year.

We do not know Mr. Harry Rossmore scoutmaster of this troop, nor do we know the boys who, with him, helped to make the troop a winner, but we do know that any troop with the ability to win the Rotary award is worthy of the compliments of the whole back mountain region; that its leader has given much of his energy and unselfishly of his time, and that its boys are enthusiastic hard workers and good citizens.

Let all troops in the back mountain region follow the example of the Idetown troop and keep the Rotary cup in this region for many years to come.

WE CAN'T LET THEM STARVE

In twenty-one states of the Union distress such as our country has not experienced since the earliest pioneer days has visited literally millions of American citizens and their families. All of the industrial unemployment, of which much has been said and written, is trifling in its consequences of human misery, compared with the sufferings of these country people in the regions where the drought of 1930 laid its withering hand.

The men and women who are administering the Red Cross relief in the stricken districts report that even the distress caused by the Mississippi flood of 1929 was less serious, not only because there are now many more people affected, but because of the feeling of hopelessness among the drought sufferers. Those who were driven from their homes by the flood, even though their homes and all they had were washed away, knew that Old Man River would subside in time and leave their land richer than before. There was always the land and next year's crops to look forward to.

The people in the drought country have seen their land fail them. That is the real tragedy of the present situation. Their crops failed, their livestock died of thirst, they could not accumulate enough to carry themselves and their families over the winter, and they look forward despondently toward another poor crop year, for it takes more than one season to bring the dried-out soil back to fertility.

Unlike a large part of those seeking unemployment relief in the cities, these people have never before sought or accepted charity. It has been stated that fully half of those living on public bounty in the cities have never worked regularly and refuse to work when employment is offered them. They are of the stock and character which makes up the backbone of our Nation. And they exhausted their own resources down to the last morsel of food, most of them, before they would accept the bounty of the Red Cross administered in each locality by the devoted men and women of the community, serving without pay, neglecting their own business and affairs to minister to these their distressed neighbors.

"There is not a rabbit nor a squirrel left in the whole district," one Red Cross worker reports from Kentucky. "All of the wild game that survived the drought has long since been shot or trapped to feed these starving people."

More than half a million of these good American families must be kept alive and in health by the help of the rest of us. The Red Cross had five million dollars to start with and is asking the American people for ten millions more. That is little enough, even though every cent of it goes for actual provisions and clothing, as it does.

Are we going to let these people starve? Or will we who have been more fortunate than they come to their rescue?

THREE KINDS OF FARMERS

One of the drawbacks to any discussion of the farmer and his problems is the uncertainty as to what sort of farming is under discussion. There are three different types of farmer, and in almost every part of the United States all three are to be found side by side.

The most widely-distributed type is what may be called the "non-commercial" farmer, the great group with whom farming is not so much a business as a mode of living. This type raises no considerable amount of any one "money crop," but grows on his own land the means of subsistence for his family and, counting on the eggs, butter or other marketable produce traded in town for store goods, handles very little cash in the course of a year.

The group of farmers who are specialists, "one-crop" farmers, is probably the largest numerically and in acreage under fence. They are business men, in the broad sense, producing but a single commodity which they sell or hope to sell, for money, and growing nothing, or almost nothing, which they themselves consume. The single crop may be cotton, tobacco, wheat, corn, oranges, apples, celery or potatoes, depending upon location. Dependent upon their money returns from the single cash crop for everything which they eat and wear, these are the first to feel the effects of a general business depression and are constantly at the mercy of competition and over-production in their staple crops. This is the type of farmer at whose relief most of the political remedies for agricultural ills are aimed.

The happiest farmers are the third class, those whose farming operations combine those of the other two. They live of the soil and can continue to live independently and comfortably year in and year out, except for natural catastrophes such as floods or drought. They grow enough of one or more cash crops to figure as important factors in the produce markets, but failure in any one year to cash in on such crops or livestock does not reduce them to penury or plunge them into debt.

For forty years and more the United States and the various State departments of agriculture, as well as the agricultural colleges have been preaching the gospel of diversified farming in the one-crop regions. Every once in a while some natural or economic disaster drives the one-crop farmers of a district into diversification, and the result is always greater prosperity and stability, not only for the farmer but for all the people of his district or state.

"INSIDE" INFORMATION

To get iron rust stains from an enameled sink, bleach them with a solution of oxalic acid. Repeat until the stain disappears, then rinse thoroughly.

When first teaching a little boy to dress and undress himself, it is a good plan to make all his trousers exactly alike so that he will always find the buttons and buttonholes in the same position.

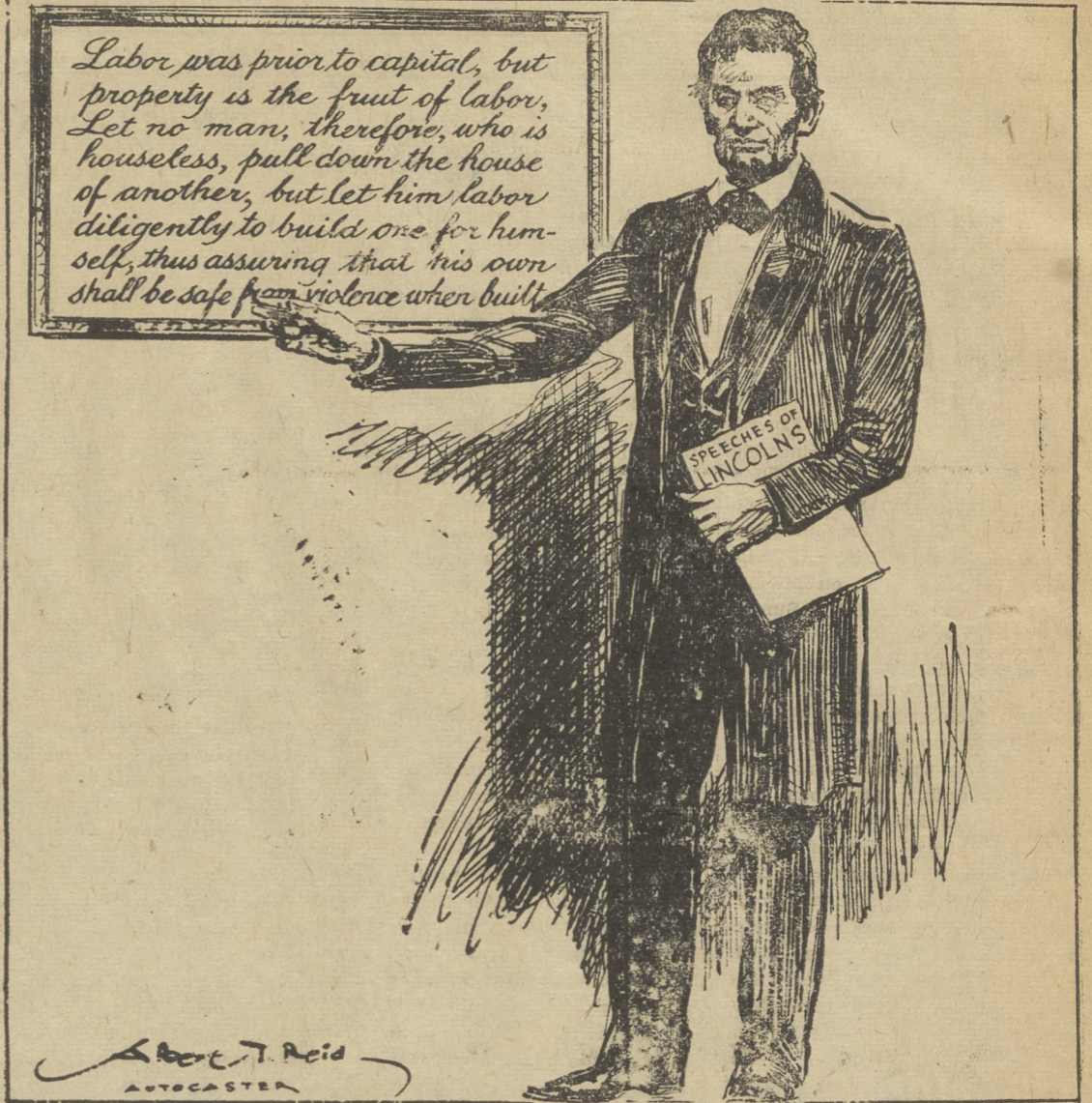
Apple betty and others made with fruit are usually popular with the family and are easy to prepare. Mix soft bread crumbs from the center of the loaf with enough melted butter to moisten, and place them in alternate layers with fruit, spices and sugar in a baking dish. Serve hot or cold, with or without cream or hard sauce or custard. Apricots, prunes, and, in season, rhubarb, make especially good "betties."

Biscuit dough is useful in many ways other than for hot bread. Fruit shortcakes of fresh or stewed fruits, chicken shortcake, crust for meat pie or fruit cobbler suggest some of these uses. Sweetened and spiced, with raisins or nuts or both added, biscuit dough is transformed into tea cakes. Pinwheel buns are made by sprinkling the surface of the rolled dough with sugar, cinnamon, nuts and raisins, and then rolling it up, to be cut across like jelly roll. Sprinkle the tops of the pinwheels with more granulated sugar and bake.

To make jelled prunes, first cook the prunes as usual. Wash half a pound of plump prunes and soak them overnight in water to cover. Simmer until tender in the same water. Remove the stones and chop or cut the fruit very fine. Soak 2 tablespoons of one envelope of gelatin in 1/2 cup of cold water. Add 3 cups boiling water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add 1 cup of sugar, 1/4 cup of lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, and the cooked, chopped prunes. Stir until well blended. Chill, stirring occasionally until the fruit is well mixed. When set, serve with whipped cream. The pulp of one orange may be added if desired.

As Good Advice Now as Then—

By Albert T. Reid



In The Wyoming Valley

By Everett T. Tomlinson

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CHAPTER XXX  
In Hiding

(Continued from last week)

The cries of the savages and the sharp reports of the rifles of the Tories resounded on every side, or so it seemed to Enos Baker, as he plunged forward through the water, striving desperately to gain the shelter of Menockasy Island. Following the battle he could plainly see that the savages were entering upon a massacre in which none might look for mercy. Gaining a point in advance of the fleeing Americans, and between them and the shelter of Forty Fort, the savage warriors were striving to drive the desperate men toward the bank of the river.

And they were succeeding, too, Enos thought, as wildly, desperately he struggled on. He was aware that many others had decided to follow the plan he himself had adopted, and were making for the same island toward which he was fleeing. Some were already in the water, and others could be seen running swiftly through a field of wheat that was growing near by.

At that very moment he glanced behind him and saw a man whom he recognized as Jeremiah Bigford, a sergeant, running at his utmost speed toward the river, and close behind him followed a warrior holding a spear which he was ready to drive into the body of his victim. But Jeremiah, with a sudden burst of speed, gained the bank, and instantly leaped into the water, which came to his waist. Without pausing a moment the Indian plunged in after him, and drawing back his spear was ready to drive it into the body of the unfortunate man. But suddenly the sergeant stopped, turned swiftly about, and just as his enemy was about to hurl his weapon, dashed the spear aside with one hand and with the other seized the Indian, and exerting all his strength forced him under the water at his feet and held him there.

Although Enos had not relaxed his efforts for a moment, and the entire affair had occurred in an incredibly short time, he felt almost like giving a cheer for the bold man who had apparently defended himself so cleverly; but even while he was looking he saw another Indian approach the sergeant, who was completely occupied in his own contest. The second warrior instantly hurled his spear, which struck Jeremiah near the heart. The white man's grasp relaxed, for a moment he staggered, then falling into the stream was swept away by the current.

The horror of the sight for an instant almost deprived Enos of the power to act, but the presence of other men struggling in the river, and the increasing number of savages who had rushed to the bank, quickly restored to him the knowledge that if his own life was to be saved he must not waste a moment. So, renewing his efforts, he struggled on more desperately than before.

It seemed to him that he was held back by invisible hands, so slow was his progress. He felt as if he was in some horrible dream, or that what he was experiencing could not be real. Again he glanced behind him, and perceived that some of his comrades, listening to the calls of the Indians and Tories on the bank, were turning back. Evidently they were intending to give themselves up as prisoners, and for a brief moment Enos hesitated, thinking perhaps that it might be better for him to follow their example and trust to the mercies of his foes rather than to continue his efforts to escape, which, after all, were likely to prove unavailing and might only bring upon him a worse plight in the end.

Looking behind him again his heart became sick when he perceived that of the men who returned to the shore some were instantly struck down by the tomahawk, and others were fired upon by the Tories, and that only a few were led away as prisoners. Disheartening as the sight was, Enos Baker would have felt much worse if he had known the awful fate which was to be visited upon those who apparently for the moment had been spared the fate of their fellows.

Without glancing backward again he now exerted all his strength to gain the shore of the island. Others were near him and some even had gained the refuge, but the cries and shouts and shots on the mainland continued, sometimes rising into a chorus such as a crowd of demons might have used, and then dropping into a lull for a moment which would speedily be broken by another burst of whoops or the reports of the guns. Surely nothing more awful, more horrible, had ever been known in all the world, he thought.

He was nearing the shore now. His gun had been cast aside when he first had plunged into the stream, but his clothing was an encumbrance, and when at last he felt the solid earth beneath his feet, in his wild excitement he slipped and fell. Almost breathless he arose, but the whistling of a bullet close to his head provided any incentive which might have been lacking, and stumbling, falling, clutching wildly at anything that promised a support, he at last stood on the shore, and for a moment gazed wildly about him for any place that promised even a temporary shelter from his foes.

Close to the river and leaning far out over the water were thick clumps of willows, and as he perceived them, instantly the method which John Harding had used a few days before to conceal himself from the Indians who had pursued him, flashed into his mind. Why should not he too try the same plan?

Instantly he turned and ran swiftly toward the nearest shelter, but as he for a moment glanced about him he became sick at heart when he perceived that not only had some of the fleeing Americans gained the shore of the island, but some of the Tories had

done so also. For an instant it seemed to him that all hope was gone and that it would be as well to meet his fate where he was as to make any further efforts to save himself.

In spite of his excitement and despair he was nevertheless conscious that he never before had realized fully the marvelous beauty of the region. The towering hillsides were more majestic, the valley was more beautiful in its vivid green, the summer sky had never had a softer light. A perfect summer day was all about him. Was it possible that what his eyes had seen and his ears had heard was true? In a moment he would be awakened by the call of Mary or her mother and find that it was a part of a horrible dream.

At that very moment Mary Dana and her mother, with the other women who had been assembled at Forty Fort, were standing in a group on the bank of the Susquehanna, aware now that the men who had set forth from the old fort to meet the invaders and to protect their wives and children from the savage Indians and the no less savage Tories, under their brutal and treacherous leader, Colonel John Butler, were being massacred. With hopes that had been stronger than their fears, the women-folk had left the fort and gone to this place on the bank, from which they could look far up and down the river and see a part of what was to be done. Who can describe the anxieties, the fears, the moments of anguish endured by these pioneer women when they knew that in the battle, to which their sons and husbands and brothers and fathers, yes, even their aged grandfathers had gone forth, many of them were destined to fall. Indeed, now it seemed as if every man had fallen, or was to fall, and that none was to return even to bear the terrible tidings.

Unaware of all this, Enos Baker was running swiftly as a deer along the shore toward the shelter promised by the willows. Somehow he was aware that two men were close behind him, and glancing for a moment over his shoulder he recognized them as two men in the valley with whom he was well acquainted. One was a young man named Pensil and the other was a lieutenant whose deeds of kindness and readiness to respond to the calls of the unfortunate had endeared him to all the people of Westmoreland.

Relieved by the sight and yet selfishly afraid for the moment that the fact that these men were evidently seeking the same sheltering spot would jeopardize the safety of all, he was tempted to leave the two men to seek the place alone, while he ran on to the nearest clump of willows beyond; but aware that some of their enemies had also gained the shore of the island now, and that to go farther up would be to expose himself to certain and increased peril, he darted hastily in among the bushes. Tearing them apart he pressed on until he was in the water again.

(Continued on Page 3)