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THE DALLAS POST, INC.

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."
Congress shall make no law *** abridging the freedom of speech, or of Press.—From the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.
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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. Municipal lighting plant.
2. A free library located in the Dallas region.
3. Better and adequate street lighting in Trucksville, Shavertown, Fernbrook and Dallas.
4. Sanitary sewage disposal system for Dallas.
5. Closer co-operation between Dallas borough and surrounding townships.
6. Consolidated high schools and better co-operation between those that now exist.
7. 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.
8. The formation of a Back Mountain Club made up of business men and home owners interested in the development of a community consciousness in Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown and Fernbrook.
9. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
10. The elimination of petty politics from Dallas Borough Council and all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.
11. Adequate water supply for fire protection.
12. And all other projects which help to make the Back Mountain section a better place to live in.

The Government has at last fully recognized one of the most heroic peacetime achievements in its history. Gold medals commemorating the conquest of yellow fever in Cuba have been sent to the survivors of Major Walter Reed's little band of volunteers and to the heirs of others. They fought their gallant fight thirty years ago. At least five of the awards, including that of Reed himself, were posthumous.

In this generation "yellow jack" is virtually unknown, except in Africa. Thirty years ago it was one of the scourges of the tropics. It invaded the United States ninety times. It swept through Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Memphis, Charleston, Galveston and many smaller towns.

When the United States troops entered Cuba in 1898 they found in yellow fever a deadlier enemy than the Spaniards. Army surgeons attributed it to the unspeakable accumulations of filth under the Spanish regime. Streets, public buildings and private homes were literally scrubbed inside and out. Yellow fever returned. Various theories of its origin were tested and disproved. Dr. Carlos Finlay, of Havana, was scoffed at for suggesting that mosquitos carried yellow fever.

Because of his standing as a bacteriologist, Major Reed was sent to Cuba in June, 1900, to study the infectious diseases of the country, but more especially yellow fever. He determined to investigate Finlay's mosquitoes by allowing them to bite fever victims and then transferring them to the arms of healthy men.

Then came the question of volunteers. Major Reed, intent upon science, wanted very much to be one. The rest of the commission refused to allow him to take the risk. While he was absent in Washington on official business, Dr. Jesse Lazear, of the commission, began the experiment on himself. He survived the ordeal. Dr. James Carroll next tried it and became critically ill. Dr. Lazear was bitten again—by accident and died.

Faced with this situation when he returned to Cuba, Major Reed decided that the experiment must go on. He asked for volunteers. Private John B. Kissinger and a civilian clerk, John J. Moran, both of Ohio, stepped forward. They were told of the extreme risk and the hope of no reward other than a small Government pension. Both stipulated that there should be no reward. "Gentlemen, I am with you!" was Reed's acceptance. Kissinger was bitten, violently ill, survived but became a permanent invalid. Moran also survived the experiment, which placed responsibility for yellow fever upon the Stegom-

...not proclaimed until Major Reed proved beyond peradventure. After one of the tests in medicine had been achieved, he returned to the States with other survivors. He was not with the veterans' hospital at the time of the appendicitis in 1902, his condition was "So little." For years the question had been taken up and Congress voted in favor of peace which was maintained for several of

LETTERS.... TO THEEDITOR

HOW TO WIN CUPS

October 5, 1931.

Editor The Post:
Dear Sir:

It is too bad that the back mountain region is unable to have baseball clubs that will stick together through the baseball season.

Petty jealousy seems to be in evidence the whole season. The League started out with six teams; Dallas, Shavertown, Idetown, Meeker and East Dallas.

Because of its inability to win games Meeker dropped out. Hunlock's Creek got the franchise but started too late in the season to overcome the games lost by Meeker to get in the elimination series.

Bob MacDougal, one of the best and most dependable managers in the League, with Butch Smith as manager, brought Beaumont through the season to tie with Shavertown in the elimination series. One game was played at Beaumont ending in a 4-2 score in favor of Beaumont. The second game was played at Shavertown with the score 13-1 in favor of Shavertown.

A coin was tossed to see where the third game would be played. Herbert Williams, Shavertown manager, won the toss and the game was scheduled for Shavertown, Beaumont not wanting to play on the Shavertown diamond because of the small size of the field. On the day for the game the Beaumont boys failed to show up thus passing the game to Shavertown on a forfeit.

West Wyoming playing, under the East Dallas franchise, started the season under the joint management of "Red" Prynne and "Wally" Lloyd. There was little financial support from (Continued on page 7)

On October 19 will fall the 150th anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, and the anniversary is to be observed in accordance

BRUSH UP YOUR HISTORY. The President recommends that appropriate religious services be held in churches of the country on October 18,

which falls on Sunday, and that on Monday, the 19th, it "be fittingly observed in universities, schools and other suitable places, to the end that patriotic lessons may be drawn from the spirit of courage and self-sacrifice which animated our forefathers."

The President also directs that the "flag of the United States be appropriately displayed on all government buildings in the United States."

Approaching the date of this anniversary of a battle "which brought to an end that heroic struggle of our forefathers for political freedom and the ideal of liberty upon which our institutions are founded," it would be both interesting and profitable to all Americans to refresh their knowledge of the events of that long ago time that so severely "tried men's souls."

Often we become too deeply absorbed in our own times and forget that generations which have gone before had hardships, lean and discouraging years, problems of unemployment, great distress, black discouragements, widespread failures—and met them with a fortitude and sacrifice that should give us courage.

HE BOOSTED THE TEAM
We visited a small town in an adjoining State last summer. We had not been in town ten minutes before one of its citizens began to brag to us about the town's baseball team. He gave us the history of the season's games, and we noted most of them resulted in victories for the home team.

The next day a man with whom we got acquainted, spoke in words of highest praise of the town's school system, and believe it or not, he not only had a good word to say for the superintendent and the teachers, but the board as well.

We visited in the town a week and without exception the people we talked to had something good to say about some feature or institution of the town.

The town gave evidence of the loyalty too. It looked like a good town and we felt that it was a good town. It must be, else everyone would not have stood up for it so loyally.

We do not know much about the town, but we left it with a conviction that it was a good town in which to live. Any town with its community pride developed to such a degree is going to be a good town. In the natural course of events it just can't help it.

Our guess is that when a project is started there that everyone gets behind it and stays back of it until it goes over. What a fine spirit. There is scarcely a town that couldn't have much more than it does if every one in it would rally loyally behind every project and work on it until it was put over and then turn to the next plan and put it over.

This is the thing that makes good towns. It is the germ that once it infects a community, gives it the reputation of being a live town.

Let a town once get the feeling through and through that it is a live town and like the winning football team you can't stop them.

"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY"



Today is 150 Anniversary of Yorktown Victory

About five o'clock on the afternoon of October 9, 1781, General George Washington stood in the American works before Yorktown. In his hand was a smouldering fuse with which he was to fire the first American gun in the bombardment of the town where Lord Cornwallis had taken post. Far to the left he could hear the French battery roaring its menace to the British. The guns of the regiment Touraine had been in action for two hours, pouring shot and shell on the English ships in the river.

Finally the big gun loaded and primed, and as the gunner stepped back, Washington put the fuse to the touch-hole. There was a deafening roar, a violent concussion, and the cannon belched black smoke and deadly missile. A terrific cannonade ensued, and the surrender of Yorktown was but a few days away.

In the standard work on the Yorktown campaign, quoted by the United States George Washington Bicentennial Commission, Henry P. Johnston writes of the first shot:

"The journal of more than one American officer mentions the fact that the first shot from the American battery was fired by Washington himself. Colonel Cortlandt remembered that he distinctly heard it crash into some houses in Yorktown. If Captain Samuel Graham, of the Seventy-sixth Regiment, whose station was directly in the line of fire, was not mistaken as to the particular discharge he refers to in his 'Memoirs,' this first shot was singularly fatal. A party of officers from the Seventy-sixth were then at dinner in a neighboring building. The British Commissary-general Perkins was with them. One of the officers was an old Scotch lieutenant, who, when the allies first invested the place, was heard to soliloquize as he buckled on his sword: 'Come on, Maister Washington. I'm unco glad to see you. I've been offered money for my commission, but I could na think of gangin' home without a sight of you. Come on.' Poor fellow! Washington fell on him in a way that was quite unexpected, for that first ball struck and wounded him terribly. It also wounded the quarter master and adjutant of the Seventy-sixth, and killed the commissary general."

The siege of Yorktown, which began in all seriousness with this shot, culminated one of the most brilliant military manoeuvres in history. It will be remembered that only a few weeks before, General Washington was on the Hudson preparing to attack New York in the event that General Clinton should send troops to Cornwallis or farther south. In the midst of these plans, the commander-in-chief received word that De Grasse was sailing for the Chesapeake with a powerful fleet and land force.

Washington immediately laid his plans accordingly. He wrote Lafayette to hold Cornwallis on the peninsula of York at all costs. A gesture was made toward New York which completely deceived Clinton. Before

the Briton discovered the ruse, Washington was well on his way to the south.

Quoting again the author named above: "To break up a base of operations, leave the vicinity of a powerful enemy, and enter a new field, more than four hundred miles distant, in order to engage in a single enterprise, is no ordinary effort. For the men of that time it was a great effort."

The soldiers had to march most of the way, and there were only half starved horses to draw the guns over miserable roads to the place where boats could be secured.

Washington thought the matter over thoroughly. He considered every contingency and decided it was the only thing to do. Once his mind was made up he proceeded with energy to carry out his part of the plan. The success of the enterprise depended upon the coincidence of several movements. Washington was determined that the movement should not fall through any fault of his.

The precision with which each unit in this campaign performed its assignment is remarkable. De Grasse, the commander of the French fleet, arrived at the appointed time, which was something of a feat in those days of sailing vessels so dependent upon the weather. The handicaps under which Washington himself labored demanded prodigious effort. He worked almost night and day to get his army safely to Yorktown. No man with less energy could have succeeded so well.

Postscripts

LITTLE THINGS

Just a little word of comfort
Given to you to say today,
I wonder, friend, if you said it,
Cheering some one on the way?

Just a little clump of blossoms
Growing in your garden fair,
Did you pick some for your neighbor
And with him their sweetness share?

Did you check the hasty answer
That you were tempted to make.
And turn away the frown for smile,
Just for some loved one's sake?

Oh, these little things, they count,
So,
Making up the sum of life,
How they smooth the rutted pathway,
Through this world of care and strife.

Just kind words, and smiles and blossoms
How many a sad heart cheers,
Do not wait to strew the coffin
With your flowers; wet with tears.

M. K. F.
Noxen, R. F. D. No. 1