

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."
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. Construction of more sidewalks for the protection of pedestrians in Kingston township and Dallas.
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. Adequate water supply for fire protection.
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.

Always strikes, unrest, and class hatred have marked those periods of recovery which end world depressions. Many times, such as in 1914, these troubles have developed into revolutions and wars. They are a definite part of the historical cycle—the point in that cycle which America is passing today.

To the growing talk of fascism, communism, and socialism has been added Dr. Wirt's startling statement that the "brain trusters" are prolonging the depression until the country is ready for revolt—and communism.

WHO WOULD WE REVOLT AGAINST?

There must be some communists in the tremendous number of employes who are in government jobs—just as there must be some Republicans, some Methodists, some dyspeptics, and some poets. There must be some communists in Dallas. No single group of humans is cast in the same political mold.

There are revolutionary theories in Washington, too. It was revolutionary to oppose the veterans' bonus, to establish the Tennessee Development Project, to launch the NRA, to force industries to operate under codes. This country was founded by a revolution. They're alright in their place.

But when Dr. Wirt believes that the man who upset the Republican party, the man who conquered physical infirmities to become the nation's first citizen when the majority of its greatest men were in a fog, the man who directed the forces of recovery through the most critical year in this country's history, has not the strength to defeat any plan of minor government employes to make him "the Kerensky of the American revolution", Dr. Wirt is heading for the oblivion which follows ridicule.

The only revolt that can handicap America's recovery is the revolt of capitalistic industry—a group which, if we are informed correctly, has more than a casual interest in Dr. Wirt's charges.

As a nation, we should not lose sight of one outstanding fact; that we, the people of the United States, are the government. Few other forms of government ever gave such complete control to "the people" as does our own constitution. That constitution still exists. It gives the people the power to express our views in an emphatic, orderly, and speedy manner. It aims to give each citizen the greatest liberty and equality of opportunity. If the government and the constitution are changed—and no government can remain absolutely stationary—those changes will be the will of the majority of citizens.

The accumulation of the winter's debris represents a distinct menace to the health of adults and particularly to little children. With the warm weather the fly again becomes exceedingly active, locates for breeding places spots in yards, plots of ground, and on farms where vegetable matter and other fly-drawing substances have been permitted to accumulate over the winter months.

Repeated campaigns for the removal of fly spreading spots have been of decided advantage and the people are comparatively well educated on the possibilities of the fly as a disease carrier.

CLEAN-UP WEEK

Therefore, not only do good house-keeping and ordinary sanitary principles indicate the necessity of a prompt removal of all waste matter in or around the neighborhood of yards of homes, but the definite lessening of the spread of diseases, especially those affecting infants, is vitally connected with this procedure.

The time to swat the fly is to swat her breeding place and thus remove them before they come into being literally millions of flies, any one of which under proper circumstances can inflict disease-dealing and even death-dealing blows.

LOCAL CLEAN-UP WEEK, next week, among other things suggests this intensive aggression against the common house fly. Cleanliness is its greatest enemy, filth and dirt its most powerful ally. Therefore, remove nuisances and waste material now and keep them from becoming potential disease and death breeders.

LETTERS to the Editor

Residents of Monroe Township on Sunday, April 8, saw a long string of glittering, luxuriously upholstered motor cars, driven by well dressed people, who were accompanied by others equally well appared, moving at a snail's pace on the road between Truckhannock and Dallas and frequently halted for long periods, due to their inability to negotiate the highway or on account of the way being blocked by some car or cars being fast in the mud.

Clothing was soiled, tempers frayed and cars damaged in the effort to extricate themselves from the slough. These motorists had contributed to the building and maintenance of this road through various forms of taxes imposed by the political powers of the state, county and government.

There were no warning signs at either end of the road, stating that the road was in a dangerous condition or that they must travel at their own risk. No thought for their safety or convenience, yet certain taxes were paid before they had the use of the commodity purchased.

Next consider the business man and the land holder along this right of way. They realize that the revenue apportioned to any section is in proportion to the taxes derived therefrom; yet, seeing the heavy traffic over this road in proportion to other routes, permanently surfaced, makes them wonder why they are so consistently ignored.

We as voters have been promised in years past that we would be rewarded with a good road if we supported certain political powers. These promises have become anathema, "a tale told by a politician, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The "Pinchot regime" is nearly done. True they took the farmer out of the muck, but at what cost? That we will know and are now learning through the cost of maintenance.

Politicians are undoubtedly allocating funds for road building. Therefore favor a man owning property adjoining this highway, whose interests would coincide with others similarly located, a man of integrity and the courage of his convictions, who, without lavish promises, would attempt to derive \$1.00 worth of results for each dollar expended.

Robert MacDougall,
Beaumont, Pa.

138 Vine St.
Plymouth, Pa.
April 2, 1934.

Kind Sir:

I have just received an official communication from the Grand Lodge of the Rosicrucian Order, Rosicrucian Park, San Jose, California, consisting of an appointment as a registrar for this district, for the Rose-Croix University. The establishment of this university, and the purpose for which it is founded, and the fact that there are members of the organization in this district, is undoubtedly of some news value.

I hesitate to trespass on the valuable space of the Dallas Post, but you have been so kind in the past in publishing articles of this nature and therefore I would indeed appreciate your kindness by the publication of the enclosed brief article.

Anticipating in advance that you will be so kind, I wish to thank you, with all best wishes for Peace Found.

Sincerely,
Edward Tischler, F. R. C.

A university, which has, as its ideal, the reconciliation of religion and science by uniting spiritual concepts with the material revelations of the laboratory has been founded by the Rosicrucian Order, A. M. O. R. C., a non-sectarian fraternity with Supreme Temple at San Jose, California.

POET'S CORNER

EDITORS NOTE: The following poem, written by Robert Lewis, a senior at Dallas High School, is inspired by Robert Burns' widely-known poem, "To a Louse, On Seeing One On A Lady's Bonnet."

TO A POET
ON SEEING ONE FROM
A LADY'S BONNET
(With apologies to Burns)
Ye nasty, smirkin', ugly thing,
Wha like her sancy odes tae sing
'Bout bugs like me!
E'en cat, they say, may lirk at king,
Sae why at ladies no a flea?

Ye'e s'posed tae gang tae kirk tae pray
But ye would this most holy day,
Thy fancy to-en—
In sic a delish, sinfu' way
By daffy verses noo profane.

Where pomp an' glory canna gang,
I creep my cheerfu' way along,
An' bravely dair,
I dinna yet a paison wrang
By simply crawlin' thru their hair.

I wish that humans whyles might see
How queer in words and acts folk be
When ance alone;
For things are kenned by lice like me
That by the world are never known.

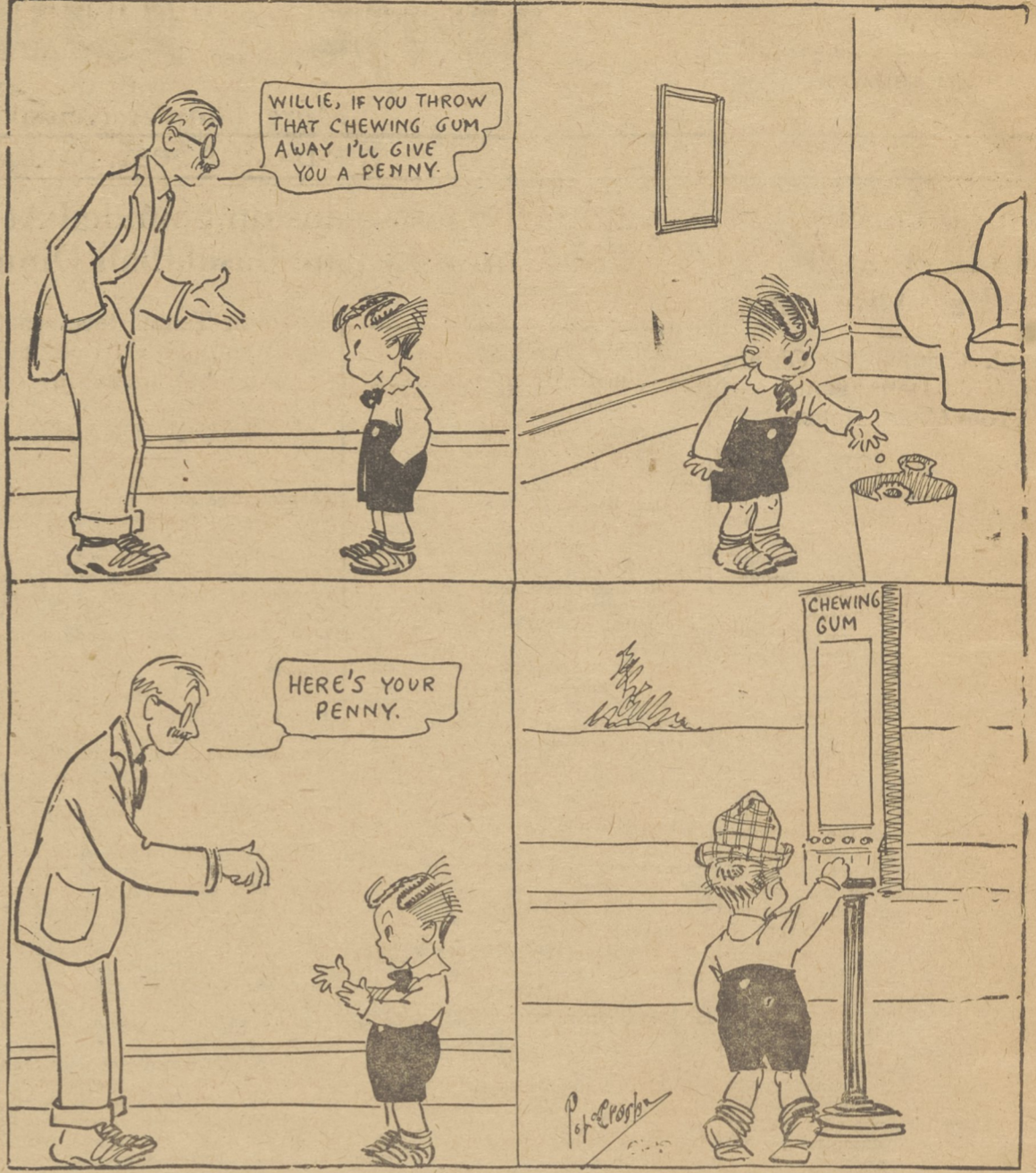
The deeds o' men are aft preference—
Trained tricks, which they only com-
mence
'I sight o' men;
An' folk wha claim tae common sense
Aft o' life's problems hae nae ken.

So, poet, dinna ridicule,
Ye measure but by human rule.
Canna ye see
That judgin' man is but a fool
Wha aft misjudges e'en a flea?

I'm pairched up here atop o' airth,
Provokin' folk tae silent mairth
Wha mauna show it.
I'm 'joyin' life for a' I'm wairth
Ye loony poet!
Ye'e scribblin' lines about a flea
Who yet may come tae dine aft ye!
R. B. Lewis

When There's a Boy in the Family.

By PERCY CROSBY



The Governor Says

I have just issued the Spring Arbor and Bird Day Proclamation. Arbor Day is a fine chance for those of us who are interested in conservation—in our forests—in our wild life—to try to interest everyone—child and grown-up alike—in our national heritage of natural resources.

Arbor Day means Tree Day. It was started 60 years ago in Nebraska—out of the longing for the sight of trees that comes to men on the prairies. Now it is celebrated in every state in the Union.

Pennsylvania didn't get around to an official Arbor Day until 1885—but it has been celebrated regularly since that time. We still have a lot of trees in Pennsylvania—but the glorious forests of white pine, hemlock and white oak that once covered mountain and valley are mostly gone.

It is our task and duty to give more thought and more action toward renewing those forests and toward protecting and saving what we have left.

The value of forests in preventing floods and destructive soil is fully established. And the great need for lumber still exists in this machine age.

But, besides these practical values, forests can mean something in human values that no man-made garden can mean. It is a deeply inspiring thing to stand in a towering grove of trees and think of the mysterious processes by which such plants have come into being. I have a feeling about forests that I cannot put into words. And I am not the only. We need more and better forests. But nature cannot do the work alone, especially when it has to work against man's destructiveness and carelessness.

The first and most important thing we must do is stop forest fires. We are making progress in that direction. Nothing I know of is sadder than the blackened stumps of a forest that was once cool and green.

The work of the Civilian Conservation Corps—together with a number of Civil Works Administration projects—is going to be of tremendous help in not only putting out, but in preventing fires.

But besides preventing and putting out fires we have to plant trees if our forests are ever to be restored.

In the past 34 years a total of 43 million trees were planted in our State forests. That means there now 85,000 acres of thirty plantations in the State forests. But that is a rather small acreage when you consider that the total acreage of State forests is 1,647,882 acres—and it ought to be more.

Tree planting on Arbor Day by thousands of our school children means much more than the actual benefit from these plantings. It gives our children—and perhaps some grown-ups, too—a practical lesson in conservation.

If anyone should ever question the practicability of children planting trees, remember to tell them that the school children of Switzerland helped plant many of the forests that are now among the most famous in the world.

The wonderful original forests of Pennsylvania are gone. But many of them can be renewed. They must be renewed. To let hundreds of thousands of acres lie idle and unproductive is an economic crime.

LITTLE AMERICA
AVIATION and EXPLORATION
CLUB
LITTLE AMERICA ANTARCTICA
With Byrd at the South Pole

by C.A. Abele, Jr. President
U.S.N.R.
20
All Snugged Down!

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA, April 9 (Via Macray Radio) And now Admiral Byrd is out there, 123 miles away in his 9 x 13 x 1 feet high shack under the snow, on his terrible, lonely vigil of more than six months and we are all packed down comfortably for the long Antarctic winter here at Little America.

The fierce South Polar winter is almost upon us. Already we have looked at the thermometer and found the figures "59 below zero" staring at us. We have only about four hours a day of sunlight. Yes, terday the darkness came at one o'clock in the afternoon after one of these amazing Antarctic sunsets—simply incomparable for beauty. On April 19 the sun will disappear completely and the leader of this expedition will be out there in that but all winter, for four months of which he will be in total darkness, with only candles for light. And outside his hut will rage the most violent weather known on this globe—at 150 miles an hour—and 80 to 90 degrees below zero. It is one of the most amazing feats ever attempted. I am praying for him, that he will not get a sprained ankle or—well, any of the other terrible things that could happen to him. We expect to be in touch with him by radio at all times.

Here we have plenty to do preparing for the great exploits we hope to accomplish from next October to February. There is a never ending variety of work going on daily. Albert Ellisen, of Tromsø, Norway, is building new dog sledges. Vernon Boyd, of Turtle Creek, Pa., is installing a wind-driven generator on top of a sixty-foot tower (and he'll have lots of wind to run it). Dr. Poulter, of Dunedin, N. Z., our leader here, is working all the time, mostly making cosmic ray observations. William C. Haines, our meteorologist from Washington, D. C., is constructing a weather observatory. Dr. Louis Potaka, our new New Zealand doctor, is arranging the sick bay (which is sailor-man talk for hospital). Ed Moody, of Tamworth, N. H., is making dog harness. Finn Ronne, from Pittsburgh, is showing his Norwegian skill in mending kils, (which I've learned to pronounce "sheez"). Clay Bailey, radio man, from sun-kissed Brawley, Calif., is tinkering with the electric generators so I can get these stories out to you people in the club better. Kenneth Rawson, our young Chicago navigator, is repairing and adjusting his instruments. The archeologist, Walter Lewisohn, of New York, one of our 13 scientists, is snapping everything in sight with a camera. Linwood Miller, of Highland Park, Ill., official sail maker, is repairing our wind proofs.

LeRoy Clark, from Cambridge, Mass., and his pal, Stephenson Corey, from Winchester, Mass., are digging boxes of food and clothing out of the snow and parking them properly. One of the boys from New Zealand, Bernard Fleming, is constructing a big new snow melter for our drinking and cooking water. Francis Dane, of Lexington, Mass., has the sweet job of cutting up seats for dog food, while his buddy, Alfonso Carbone, of Cambridge, Mass., our cook works until midnight, every night, baking our bread, and the rest of the time cooking our other food. Bill McCormack, of Lansdowne, Pa., pilot of our Kellett Autogyro, is trying to keep that trusty and valuable machine from being buried completely in the snow. I am as busy as a bee preparing orange colored tanks of Tydol gasoline and Vedol motor oil for the automotive campaign beginning next October against the mysteries of this strange land and, in between, our regular jobs. Comdr. Noville, Capt. Innes-Taylor and I are constantly working to dig our swell new hut out of the snow.

No monotony, no heavy time on our hands. Lots of exercise, lots of health. Not a sickness germ within 2300 miles of us. It's a great life, no fooling!

Just got a radio from the club secretary that he has received a new supply of the beautiful big working maps which the club is sending, free, with membership cards, to everybody who joins the club, for which there is no charge whatever. To join one of the world's most interesting organizations, without obligation of any kind, simply send stamped, self-addressed envelope to C. A. Abele, Jr., president, Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, New York, N. Y. and your membership card and map will be sent you promptly. Be sure you write your name and address plainly as I understand a number of our letters sent out to prospective members have been returned to us marked "not found".