

The Dallas Post,

ESTABLISHED 1889

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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.
9. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
10. The elimination of petty politics from all School Boards in the region covered by THE DALLAS POST.

The matter of parking on Main Street and Lake Street is one that deserves the whole-hearted cooperation of Borough Council and the police department.

At no time should there be parking on both sides of these streets nor is it necessary to the business life of the community. Lake Street presents a parking problem that is no way second to that on Main Street. Residences in that section have placed "No Parking" signs in front of private driveways, but to no avail. Parking still continues with damage to private property.

Not infrequently parkers run their automobiles up on private sidewalks and leave them there while attending the movies. In many places curbing has been destroyed at a considerable expense to property owners.

For the first time in years Dallas authorities have the opportunity to improve this parking situation. With the removal of the old Raub Hotel property by James Oliver ample parking space is now made available for a very low fee.

If motorists do not want to park their cars outside of restricted areas they can park them on Mr. Oliver's car lot, at a small cost.

There is plenty of merit in this suggestion. First, it would eliminate many of the traffic hazards of unrestricted parking, and, second it would help a local commercial enterprise that deserves the support of the town and the council.

We commend local police for their efforts to reduce hazards to life along Main Street by the institution of a speed trap and the arrest of speeders. But out-of-town drivers are not the only violators of the motor laws in Dallas. All of us take liberties because we live here and because we know the cops.

If we expect to make Main Street a safe place all of us will have to do our parts and cooperate with the police. We can't expect to violate the laws ourselves and have only out-of-town motorists disciplined.

If we expect to have the laws obeyed we will likewise have to refrain from attempting to prevent the working of the law when our own friends happen to run afoul of the speed traps.

On the other hand, if the police expect to win and hold the support of the community in their latest campaign they will have to convince us all that the speed trap is on the level.

We can't see much sense in a speed trap that is set on the open stretches late at night when the speed with which a motorist drives makes little difference to any of us.

We can see plenty of merit in a speed trap set in the heart of the business section where pedestrian traffic is heavy, at an hour when an automobile speed of 35 to 40 miles an hour is especially hazardous to life and limb.

A speed trap set anywhere else in the borough at any other time smacks too much of abuse of police authority, rather than an honest desire to prevent accidents and death.

The one glaring mistake in the Roosevelt Administration that makes us see red, despite Dr. Wirt's accusations, is this man Farley. Such a person might be excusable in any other administration, but in a supposedly aggressive administration he is a complete throwback.

This man John Dillinger has proved one thing to everybody; that the right man, with the right goods, can still get money from the banks. There are a lot of us who believed the bankers when they said they had no money. (Of course we wanted to borrow it, not steal it.) As we see it the only difference between Dillinger and the Wall Street Sharks is that Dillinger carries a gun. Bankers, being mostly dumb, can still identify Dillinger because of a gun, but their mental processes are still pretty slow when it comes to detecting his Wall Street brother.

LETTERS to the Editor

Dear Sir:

In these days of gigantic appropriations amounting to many millions for public works, some of which are of very dubious value and from some of which there will be no revenue returns for years, if ever, it is beyond comprehension that certain highways are disregarded.

Route 92 is of such a nature that if some of the public works monies were combined with the regular appropriations, devoted to maintenance, this route could be permanently surfaced and in so doing could assimilate the majority of unemployed of our section; and in years to come the original investment would be repaid by motorist tax.

The officials of the Highway Department cite the necessity of Federal aid on such a project.

The Public Works Administration has disposed of \$3,300,000,000 in various ways in the last year. \$500,000,000 was used for road building, the rest went to various other deals. Surely if so much money is available to materialize the dreams of some theorists, it should be possible to divert some of it into lasting and beneficial projects.

A great deal of the criticism of the aimless of public expenditure would be hushed, if, instead of supplying artificial and useless work for the unemployed, the energy of the jobless and the taxes of the people were devoted to paving such routes as 92.

The land owner is carrying this burden of taxation and is supinely watching it being diverted into sterile projects which benefit only those employed and in many instances those employed are now property owners.

When the majority of these projects are finished the men employed on them are simply so many months older, the pay is barely enough for subsistence, they must immediately be cared for in some other way and in time to come the money for that purpose may not be ran so readily.

We have suffered long with our political mouthpieces, they should have gained some wisdom through their experience as the public's representatives; undoubtedly they have done so but are either unable to cope with the situation or are lacadaistical.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire", but when failing to get results he must expect to be ousted and surrender the tools to the other fellow.

Therefore, I suggest that we relegate some of our representatives to private life and give others an opportunity to serve.

Robert MacDougall
Beaumont, Pa.

My Dear Editor:

My subject is "youth", particularly those of the farm, and the occasion is "National Youth Week," which includes the week from April 23 to May 3.

I have been told—and I do believe it—that the youth of today are much brighter, much more alert, than were you and I when we were their age. In view of this fact, or rather, in view of this information that appears to be a fact, I believe that this is an especially opportune moment to test the youth on their brightness and alertness.

In this test I am particularly interested in the response from the youth of the farm. Life on a farm offers more practical business training to a boy or girl than any form of urban life. Every farmer is a producer and his children can hardly escape learning a great many things about practical business affairs from him as he performs his daily duties on the farm. Farm youth every day see the products being raised and cared for; they see what must be done to prepare these products for the market; they see how they are taken to the market; they learn the relationship between the laws of supply and demand, and they learn what this relationship means to the products.

Briefly, the farm youth almost are forced to learn the fundamental principles of the farming business. And these fundamental principles are applicable to all other forms of business. But here is what I am especially interested in learning: Are these farm youth bright enough, alert enough to see and understand the mistakes their fathers may have made in their business undertakings? That some farmers have made mistakes in the past is substantiated by figures and facts I have before me. Probably their two most outstanding mistakes are these: 1. They have not learned how to use credit properly; they either have borrowed too much or too little; and 2. They never have provided themselves with adequate credit facilities; it now is provided for them by the Farm Credit Administration of Baltimore.

If the farm youth are to contribute anything to the success of the farming industry they must know and understand something about these two important factors. And their best way of accomplishing these ends is for them to acquaint themselves with the new farm credit facilities that recently have been established under the Farm Credit Administration of Baltimore.

The Farm Credit Administration of Baltimore makes available a complete system for farmers in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia. It is a permanent organization, run on a business basis. It is an organization, that, to twist its name around, "ADMINISTERS FARM CREDIT."

Now, Mr. Editor, you and I can judge how many of the farm youth of these states are as bright and alert as is claimed by counting the number of those who write and ask for the pamphlets describing agricultural financing through the Farm Credit Administration of Baltimore. Write to the Information Agent, Room 1118, Baltimore Trust Building, Baltimore, Md.

Very truly yours,
John G. Byer, Information Agent,
Farm Credit Administration of Baltimore.

Vote George Marsden For Representative
6th Legislative District

Back o' the Flats

By PERCY CROSBY



A WORM'S EYE VIEW

By Earl E. Bird

There is a vast industry growing in this country which seldom is brought to the attention of the average person. It is the industry which plans, develops, and spreads publicity and propaganda.

Quite frequently the publicity, such as that released by "counsels of public relations" is harmless. Sometimes it is oaded with selfish motives and unfair propaganda and then it assumes its most evil form. The recognition of that for mis one of the major requirements for a good newspaper editor.

Three quarters of the daily mail received by The Post is from organizations which devote all their time to the preparation of publicity material which they seek to have presented to the readers of this newspaper under the guise of news. This morning there were at least six articles from political candidates, four or five communications from various government agencies, two publicity stories from Chevrolet, some material from the Dairymen's League, and a miscellaneous assortment of recipes, cartoons, columns, and stunts—practically all of which followed the usual route to the waste basket.

Wave after wave of publicity engulfs every newspaper in this country—representing millions of dollars spent each year to "sell" newspaper readers, in this allegedly "subtle" fashion, certain products, certain causes. For example, The Post has received for some years, absolutely free, an editorial service which was consigned to the waste basket because it very evidently had the interests of private utilities, insurance, and big industries at heart. The Post had no particular quarrel with these industries but it resented the wasteful and round-about way they attempted to sneak into its columns. A few days ago the man who founded that editorial bureau died and in the accounts of his death it was reported that half his income or \$40,000 was received from public utilities. And newspaper editors, hard-pressed to keep the wolf from the door, were using the publicity free.

Another proof of how important your opinion is comes to The Post several times weekly in the form of clip sheets from committees sponsoring better relations with Germany. The stories tell of Germany's new Zepplin, the "story of progress" in a new Berlin exposition, Germany's preparations for the 1936 Olympics, the decrease in taxes, the increase in business—everything that might make you feel a bit more kind toward the Nazis. The clip sheets will come in regularly. Then, one day you will read of a Congressional investigation, and there will be one less piece of mail coming to The Post.

Some of that which rides in on the daily crest is actually "news", especially if it has a local significance. But the majority of the envelopes carry material so void of interest and so poorly written that they would fall to pass even the most inexperienced editorial judgment. All these represent on of the greatest wastes of paper, ink, and brain power (which might be devoted to more worthy schemes) in the history of the world.

Guarding its readers against this tidal wave of prejudice and "advertising disguised as news" is only one of the jobs of the newspaper editor, who knows that advertising must appear as advertising and not be allowed to run over into the factual news reports.

Looking For A Job? A Post Classified Ad Is Your Solution!



22 SEALS!

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA, April 24, (via Mackay Radio). We are like an army, digging in and getting everything ready for the big battle to come. The long Antarctic night has descended upon us and all day and night we are in a deep gray shadow. Sometimes, when the sky is overcast or a storm is raging, we are in inky blackness. Most of the time, however, it is a thick, heavy gray which lets us see a dozen or so feet away. Some days and nights we have moonlight and that helps a lot. This absence of daylight is so new to me that it gives me the



Commander Hjalmar Gjertsen

I don't like to see seals killed. Expedition see seals killed Commadore but down here it is very necessary, to preserve health for us and our dogs. We have 500 seals, all frozen, some in our storehouses, the rest out on the ice several miles away—in Nature's biggest icebox. You know, we have two kinds of seals down here, the Crab-eaters and the Weddell seals, and two kinds of penguins, the little Adelle and the Emperors. The Crab-Eater seals weigh about 200 pounds when fully grown and are courageous fighters, with sharp teeth, although they can't open their mouths very wide when gobbling crustaceans and small fish. They are a neutral gray and travel over the ice like serpents. They are arrogant, active, interesting and delicious to eat, although their flesh, under the coating of fat or blubber, is very black, like all the birds and animals down here, including whales, on account of the richness of their blood. They make a funny, indescribable noise, half grunt, half moo like a cow.

The Weddell seals are much bigger, weighing 25 to 35 pounds when born, growing 50 pounds a week for the first two or three weeks, then more slowly until they reach around 500 pounds. They have no teeth but find no difficulty eating crabs and other crustaceans and fish by crushing them. They travel by wiggling

along, very different from the Crab-Eaters. They are dark brown or black with bright gray spots, hair instead of fur, and make the darndest noise I ever heard—a cross between the trill of a canary and a faint moo. None of the seals down here bark like the northern seals. The Weddell seals can open their mouths prodigiously—150 degrees. And are they lazy! A few days before the sun and the seals (and all other creatures including the whales) disappeared, I ran at two seals on the bay ice, to scare them. You know the animals down here have no fear of humans, because they haven't been hunted with guns—only clubs. Well, the Crab-Eater snaked over the ice and popped into the water of an open lead. The Weddell opened one eye, looked at me scornfully, and closed it again.

I've talked with the tractor crews and the dog team men who set up our southern bases for the explorations we're going to start next spring—in October. Both groups did a marvelous job and had a horrible time doing it. Captain Innes-Taylor, William Paine, Finn Ronne and Dick Black, with their dog teams, established a big food and supply base for us 180 miles south of here. You might mark that trip on your club maps, using the proper legend for the dog teams—to Latitude 81.2 South Longitude 160.50 West.

We've got a big thrill coming later this month—if we're not beset by too many storms and blizzards. The scientists have told us there will be a lot of vivid meteor showers and they have built an observatory. So now we are all waiting to observe this show to be put on by the heavenly bodies. I'll tell you all about it.

Have you and your friends joined our club yet? Why don't you get your school teachers to enroll their entire classes, as 142 other teachers have done? The club is open to everybody interested in aviation, exploration and adventure and there are no expenses whatever to members. Simply send stamped, clearly self-addressed envelope, or, in case of school teachers, the names and home addresses of self and pupils, with stamp for each, to A. C. Abele, Jr., President, Little America Aviation & Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York City and our big free working map of the South Pole region and membership card will be sent immediately.