

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 Truckville, 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, Truckville, 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 REDSKINS ARE COMING!

A short time ago the Chicago Tribune printed a cartoon that hit the predicament of the average American neatly on the head. It pictures "John R. Taxpayer" and family, attired in frontier dress, hiding in and under a covered wagon, surrounded by an attacking "Trig of Taxeaters," who have come out of the "American Tax Wilderness." The unfortunate "John Taxpayer" is saying in response to frightened appeals from his wife and children, "There are so many of 'em I don't know where to start shootin'."

Every citizen in that position now. The tax-Indians, of course, won't do him physical harm—but they are highly cannibalistic so far as his pocketbook, his savings, and his property are concerned.

They are destroying jobs by draining the springs from which payrolls flow.

They are capturing homes and farms—because their owners, in these days of reduced income and increased taxes—can't pay the levies against them.

It's hard all right, to know where to start shooting—but unless that start is made, through the united effort of the millions of both workers and employers of the country, the Indians are going to have an easy time at the massacre. The cure lies in opposition to extravagance and to legislation which goes outside the proper sphere of government, at the taxpayers expense, and opposition to officials who propose or foster such practices. A genuine movement along these lines should be started. And every citizen who has a job, owns a piece of property, or has a few dollars invested, belongs in it.

PRIVATE BUSINESS GETS A BREAK

The next major step in the Administration's recovery program is scheduled to be an attempt to bolster up heavy industries—those producing steel, cement, lumber and similar products which are principally bought by other industries rather than by the ultimate consumer. There has been business improvement during the last few months, but almost all of it has occurred within consumer industries. Heavy industry is still in the doldrums—and that is serious because these industries normally employ the most workers, and the great bulk of unemployment that still exists can be traced to their lethargy. Practically every business leader, irrespective of what kind of a company he belongs to, has sung the same theme-song: "We'll never get far so long as heavy industry remains in a state of coma."

The government's answer to industry's request, according to the U. S. News, will have three phases. First will be a program of Federal aid in financing home building and repairing. It is hoped that this will liberate \$1,500,000,000 of private capital which is now more or less non-productive.

Second, the government will loan directly to industry through the federal reserve banks and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, so that basically sound concerns need no longer look vainly around for working capital.

Third, the liability provisions of the securities act—one of the most fought about bits of legislation the Administration has passed—will be softened. The act is so stringent in its present form that it has practically brought an end to the issuance of even the most legitimate securities.

It is believed that this program can be followed at a comparatively small cost to the government. In the matter of home financing, the government will simply guarantee a portion of the loans—from 10 to 20 per cent. The experts say that is enough to loosen a vast amount of dammed-up credit. Also, it will make possible long-time financing, with amortization over as many as 20 years, eliminating the type of mortgage which matures every three years or so and must be refinanced at a substantial cost to the borrower.

Funds can easily be made available for the loans to industry. Senator Glass is now sponsoring a law which would permit the federal reserve banks to make loans that regular banking channels are unable to handle under the present set-up.

Generally speaking, the reaction to this program is very favorable, inasmuch as it lays all the stress on stimulating private business, and does not involve any great extension of government activity.

A NEW PROBLEM FOR AGRICULTURE

Main agricultural problem is surpluses. Solution was the crop-curtailment plan, whereby the government signs agreements with farmers stipulating how much of every kind of product they can produce. In return, the government pays them for the land taken out of cultivation.

Now a greater power than legislation has taken a hand—and shown the nation what crop curtailment in the grand manner is. The power is nature. The crop is wheat.

The middle west is literally a desert. There hasn't been so disastrous a spring in 40 years, and great agricultural states are dry as the Sahara. The drought is trimming almost two million bushels of wheat a day from the official May 1st crop estimate.

The drought was accompanied by a dust storm that picked up billions of pounds of top-soil, with its planted grain, and carried it away, to fall along the Atlantic Seaboard as well as the Middle western cities. Some of it fell on the dome of the capital at Washington. Some fell in Wall Street. Twelve million pounds fell in metropolitan Chicago—four pounds for every man, woman and child in the city.

Federal farm officials are considering allowing farmers to plant acres that were retired—have advanced the date for signing wheat production control contracts. In many areas hit by drought it will be impossible to raise any crops at all this year, and government benefit payments will be the only source of income the farmers will have. Even abundant rainfall could not save the crops, so great has been the damage.

As a result, the agricultural administration has a new and grave problem on its hands—how to carry stricken farmers through a barren year.

A WORM'S EYE VIEW

By Earl E. Bird

While I write this I am expending a certain number of units of energy. As you read, it you exhaust a specific number of calories, also. Were both of us placed in separate, insulated boxes attached to delicate instruments the energy we are burning might be measured accurately and deducted from the balance which, as living organisms, we have due us before all our energy is exhausted and we die.

Suppose, then, knowing that we had unspent thousands of calories to burn before death, we kept accurate records of our day-by-day basal metabolism, or the rate by which we exhaust our energy. In a few months, as we watched our rightful supply being used up, we'd learn to write this column or read it in the way that used up the least amount of energy, wouldn't we?

This interesting theory is a part of Walter Pitkin's book "More Power To You," which, with his other recent volume, "Life Begins at Forty," is one of the most practical treatises on successful living it has ever been our pleasure to skim through. Pitkin leads you fairly far into scientific depths but always with a clear, gripping style that makes his theories as fascinating as the best mystery story. Perhaps it is because Pitkin, far from being the pedagogue that his degrees intimate, has had a fairly colorful and varied life himself that you find in his book so many practical suggestions that apply directly to yourself.

Energy, says Pitkin, is a fuel according to body weight, usable at many rates, and—once used—never to be recalled. You can, if you desire and study your own actions and habits double your efficiency with training.

Pitkin exposes several hundreds of ways of wasting energy, I suppose, and many of them, presented here without benefit of the background and authority which Pitkin's sources present, seem insignificant. It is not enough, for example, to know that the best work is performed when the temperature is about 68 degrees Fahrenheit, the humidity is at 50 degrees, and the circulation of air is at the rate of about 45 cubic feet of fresh air per minute. But those facts are important enough to great industries that they obey them religiously and thus save millions of energy units every day for their workers.

Other Pitkin theories are easier to understand without much study to prove their worth, for example his theory which says "push the workers even a little faster than their natural jog and they bungle the job." If you want to prove this draw seven squares side each other on a piece of paper. Then have someone keep time with a watch and call off each second as it passes. With a pencil start making dots in the first square as rapidly as you can. When the time-keeper signals the end of the first second move rapidly to the second square, and at the end of that second to the third square, etc., until seven seconds have passed. Then count the dots in each square. You will find that you began well, with about seven dots in the first square, but in the subsequent seconds you slowed down until at last you had only one or two dots to your credit. Now experiment until you find your natural pace. Then add the total dots when you maintain that natural pace, pausing perhaps for a slight rest between your moves. You will find that by studying your pace you have become efficient—you have, in other words, secured the maximum results from the minimum effort.

There is a point of efficiency in every machine, including the human body. Pushed beyond that point waste begins. Useless quick movements of the hands, grabbing, running up stairs two at a time, and a hundred other daily actions of ours waste more time than we gain.

The man or woman who knows how to store up that energy, who knows how to tap that store, who knows how to stop the flow at will, and who knows how to pattern the flow to efficient results is, to a great extent, master of his or her destiny.

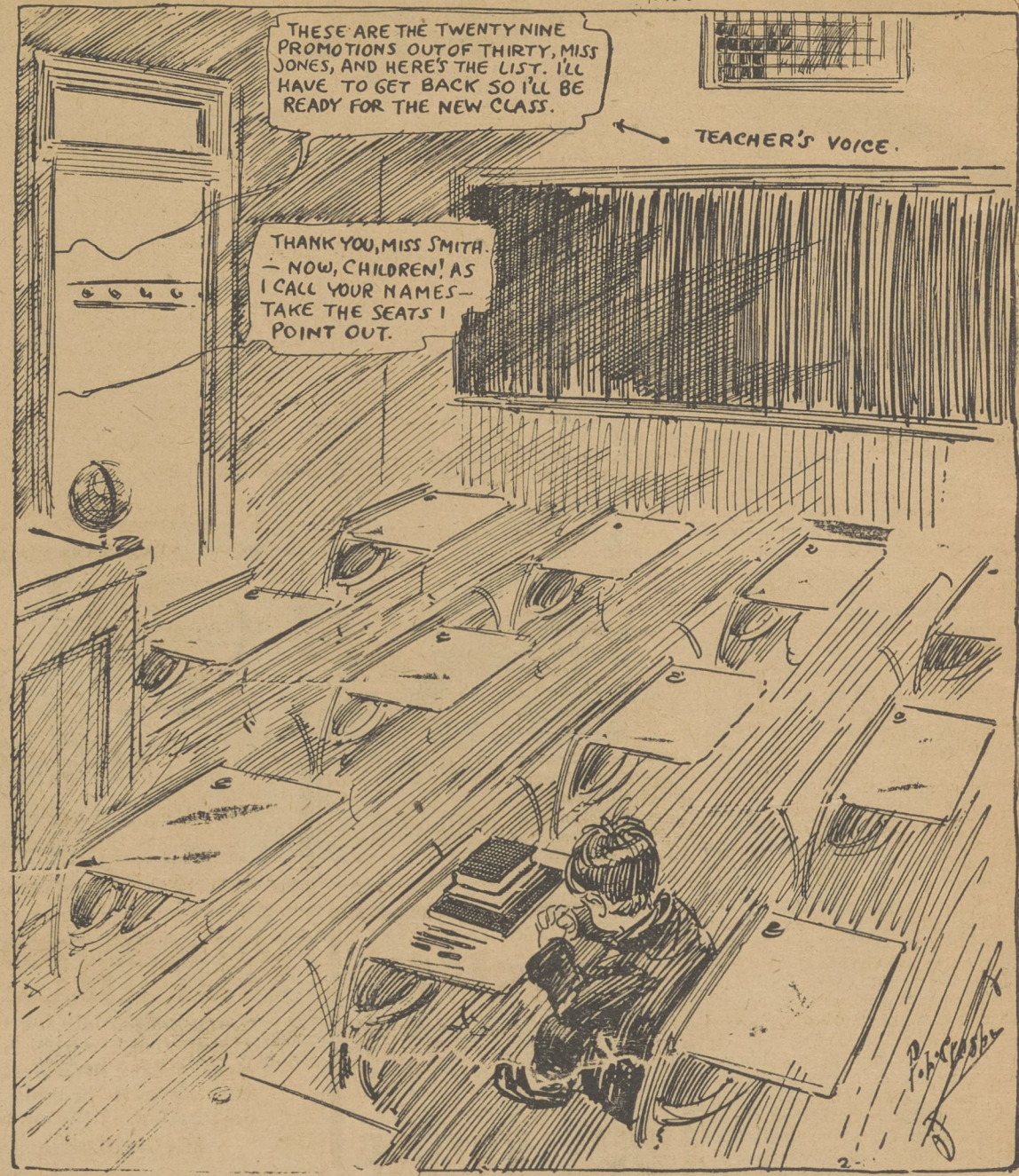
Each person falls into one of the nine classifications Mr. Pitkin describes. Each person reacts to the accelerators and retarders which speed or slow energy, respectively. Low body weights, great stature, superiority in food assimilation, high motor response, a normal thyroid, and youth all accelerate. There are ways, too, to accelerate your energy voluntarily. If for example, you eat some malt sugar before a big job that job will leave you less tired, because malt sugar is turned into blood sugar faster than any other edible and so contributes to the store of energy you must draw from.

Mr. Pitkin stresses that the greatest individual benefit comes not so much from a general study of "basal metabolism" as from an accurate and individual record of how certain things react on you. Take coffee, for example. Certain kinds of coffee will stimulate you, have no effect on another person, and make a third mildly ill. By experimenting you will find the accelerators which give you vigor and energy.

Most of all Mr. Pitkin asks for planning. If for example you are satisfied that Mr. Pitkin is right when he says that cigarettes and alcohol are wasters of energy and should be left for the hours of relaxation in the evening you must plan your life along that pattern. If you believe him when he says that you swing from an optimistic mood into a despondent mood about every seven weeks you must learn to plan your work so you will be scheduling your biggest tasks while you are in the clouds and leaving only minor

Who Cares for the Feelings of a Small Boy, Copyright

By PERCY CROSBY



Mrs. N. H. Learn Called By Death

Mrs. N. H. Learn of Lehman died last Saturday afternoon at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ira DeWitt, Wyoming. Mrs. Learn was born in 1865 at Orange. Survivors include the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. N. Harris, Dallas; Mrs. Ira DeWitt, Wyoming; Mrs. N. Ross, Orange; S. L. Phillips, Wyoming, and C. W. Phillips, Orange. The funeral was held at the home in Lehman on Monday afternoon at 2 with Rev. Lynn Brown officiating. Interment was in Lehman cemetery.

LETTERS to the Editor

The Editor
The Dallas Post
Dallas, Penna.
Dear Sir:—
The Regional Committee of Region III wishes me to thank you for your generous space and excellent articles during our recent Girl Scout Conference. Your accuracy and completeness are most valuable to our organization. Girl Scouting in Wyoming Valley will benefit exceedingly. We thank you very much for your courtesy.
Very truly yours,
Elizabeth D. Reis, Secretary.

Poets' Corner

"GIVE THE OLD ONE A CHANCE"

If wives were like auto's wouldn't it be strange?
Every year some husbands for a new model would arrange.
If this year's model was lacking in speed,
Next year he'd choose a faster one indeed.
He'd trade the old one on a new,
And lots of other things he'd do.

He'd never stop to test a brake
He'd have to hurry, for goodness sake.
He'd choose a model that looked snappy,
And to his friends he'd shout "I'm happy".
This model sure will win a race,
Now with the crowd I'll take my place.

'Tis true some wives may need adjusting,
They've been neglected so long their minds are rusting.
Most men are very careful with their car,
They're so afraid its beauty they will mar.
They'll buy a polish to make it shine
Then stand and admire it and say "that's fine"

If some wives got the treatment some men give their car,
For their pleasure these men need not go far.
If the cars not performing as it should,
Spend the last dollar some men would.
My advice, before you buy a model new
See with the old one what you can do.
Mrs. John A. Girvan.

problems for the days when you will be in the depths.

Perhaps the greatest benefit from such studies as Mr. Pitkin has reported come to the worker. He demands that the job be adjusted to the worker not the worker to the job. If, for example the danger in a certain job makes it possible only for strong, quick, healthy men to be employed, change things. Eliminate the danger so any man intelligent enough and willing to work can find employment.

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

by C.A. Abell, Jr. President
U.S.N.R.

CONTACT WITH THE WORLD!

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA, May 21 (via Mackay Radio) Every day I realize more and more what a wonderful scientific age we are living in. Here we are, 56 of us, living on a sheet of snow and ice with 1600 feet of water under us in total darkness, 2300 miles from the nearest human habitation, and so surrounded with ice, some of it 30 and 40 feet thick for hundreds of miles, that all the combined navies and icebreakers in the world could not reach us. And yet we have electric light and many



John N. Dyer, of Haverhill, Mass. Our Radio Engineer

other luxuries and through the miracle of radio, we know pretty well what is going on in the rest of the world. Three small incidents during the past few weeks, involving Commander Noville, with whom I live in a little hut we built on the way down, made me ponder these things.

In one of the news broadcasts we are receiving we learned that his favorite baseball team, the New York Yankees, were about to open their season, which gave George a chance to radio his good wishes for a successful season full of home runs, to Col. Ruppert, owner of the team, and Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. This message, we understand, was delivered to the team just before the first game and while it didn't make them win it, we are happy to know they have won almost every game since and are way out in front. Learning that his old friend, Hal Skelly, was about to open in a new play, Commander Noville sent him a message of good will on opening night and was tickled to get word that the play, "Come What May," proved a substantial success. He told me he hopes it runs until we get back and can see it. Some run! We expect to get back to Broadway in about August, 1935. Not all of our contacts with the world are so pleasant. We also hear considerable grief. Yesterday, Commander Noville got a sad tale of woe from a pal of his in New York, N. Y.

We're about to publish a new lot of beautiful big 20 1/2 x 27 1/2 inch working maps of Antarctica to send to new members of the club. If you haven't joined yet, now is the time. No dues or other expenses. Membership card, map, and everything else free. Simply send self-addressed, stamped envelope, or, if you are a teacher, scout master, Legion Commander, or head of any group interested in aviation, exploration and adventure, and wish to enroll the entire organization, send names and home addresses and a 3 cent stamp for each of your members to Arthur Abell, Jr., president, Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.