

# The Dallas Post,

ESTABLISHED 1889  
TELEPHONE DALLAS 300

A LIBERAL, INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING  
AT THE DALLAS POST PLANT  
LEHMAN AVENUE, DALLAS, PA.  
BY THE DALLAS POST INC.

HOWARD RISLEY ..... General Manager  
HOWELL REES ..... Managing Editor  
TRUMAN STEWART ..... Mechanical Superintendent

The Dallas Post is on sale at the local news stands. Subscription price by mail \$2.00 payable in advance. Single copies five cents each.  
Entered as second-class matter at the Dallas Post-office.  
Members American Press Association; Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers Association; Circulation Audit Bureau; Wilkes-Barre-Wyoming Valley Chamber of Commerce.

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.  
Subscription, \$2.00 Per Year (Payable in Advance)

### 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.

So many editorials presenting arguments in favor of the reconstruction of the Dallas-Tunkhannock highway have appeared in this column in the last four or five years that we suspect most of our readers groan when they see another.

### A BRIEF EDITORIAL

This one, then, shall be brief. If you want the State Department of Highways to pave that highway do this: Sign your name to a petition and take a petition out to get other signatures, write letters to this newspaper, to your representatives at Harrisburg and Washington, support the civic clubs which are sponsoring the current movement, join Wyoming Valley Motor Club and support its efforts to have the road paved, talk about the road wherever you go.

You can have the new highway if you really want it, because you are, when all is said and done, the boss.

The hand of politics, not too well veiled, is beginning to appear in many supposedly dispassionate surveys of the business situation. It is an ancient axiom that any smart statistician can produce figures that will prove almost anything—it is equally axiomatic that you can color the true facts concerning business by either overstatement or under-statement without actually telling an untruth.

Republican sympathizers are seeking to make the public believe that business is bad and is getting worse. Democratic backers are trying to persuade it that business is recovering, that definite improvement is taking place all the time. The truth, as is often the case, lies between these extremes of opinion. Business is still suffering from the summer decline, but in some fields production is above what the normal seasonal expectancy would have led us to expect. Prices for many commodities seem fairly steady—those of agriculture, due to drought, well up, and rising. Basic heavy industries—notably steel and lumber, are at very low ebbs, however.

Main fly in the ointment is still labor trouble.

"Man proposes—God disposes," says the old proverb. It proves a fact that has the Department of Agriculture and high Government officials giddy and dismayed.

Main Administration program for the farmer has been crop and acreage reduction. Working on the theory that unless drastic action were taken, the American market would be glutted with agricultural surpluses for many years to come, thus keeping prices at bankrupt levels, steps were taken to kill pigs, plow under wheat and cotton, and otherwise attempt to adjust demand and supply.

Everything went along well—until the power of God appeared, in the form of the worst drought in generations. The wheat and cotton crops of whole states were literally burned to dust—cattle died of thirst and starvation—high winds whirled away seed and top-soil, making a desert of what had been the finest and richest farm land in the country.

In Dallas we had little idea of what the result of this would be. We read the headlines, felt pity for the farmers whose year's income had vanished, agreed that the Government should administer relief. What we did not realize was that the drought, following upon the man-made campaign to destroy produce, had turned the crop surplus into a crop deficit. And that means but one thing; Soaring food prices to the consumer. Private crop experts say that it will take five or six years to make up for the crops we have lost. Every one of these experts is of the belief that during the coming winter food prices will be higher than for many years past.

President Roosevelt, Secretary Wallace and others have said that all the power of government will be used to prevent profiteering, that the consumer will be protected. But no law exists which can keep farmers from hanging on to what crops they have left in the hope of higher prices—no power has yet been called into play that can prevent speculation all along the line, from the farm to the grocery store.

## Howe About:

Our Indignation  
Simple Writing  
Nostalgia

© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

By ED HOWE

A JUDGE in Philadelphia lately declared from the bench that bandits are bums and parasites who should be exterminated like rats, as they are not worth the expense of keeping them in penitentiaries. He even went so far as to say that if "members of the American Legion should engage in revolver practice, they would not find the judges in our courts loath to assist them."

Everywhere the indignation against racketeers and politicians is ferocious, but the pitiful fact is, nothing is being done. Even this fierce judge did the same old thing; sent the bandits to the penitentiary, to probably be pardoned after a few years more of expense to decent taxpayers.

Irvin Edman recently wrote of "the instincts that masquerade as faiths, and the lusts that parade as ideals." . . . To me this is not only very good writing, but indicates sense. Ed man also wrote: "In these matters (the doctrines of the relativists, the patter of the new physics) I think it is important to be simple; in all the complexity of modern scientific formula, it is the same old sky with the same things beneath it. I believe in the common world of things as they are about us, the things I touch, see, taste, smell, hear; in the world that worldings feast and want in."

I plead for the use of simpler words by writers, and simple forms of expression. There is a writer named Immanuel Kant, admittedly a man of unusual intelligence, yet his sentences are so involved that his name has become an epithet: people say a long and involved statement is kant, meaning it is poor argument and poor sense.

People of his own time named their dogs Immanuel Kant. Had the man been content to write more simply, his good ideas would have accomplished more good.

I arraign the ugly and unnecessary word nostalgia. It means homesickness, a more expressive and better-looking word. Our dictionary contains many other instances of annoyance and waste of time. I believe I can name from memory a hundred words often used and which I do not quickly know the meaning of in reading, although I have looked them up many times. I know the meaning of nostalgia now, having just referred to the dictionary, but the next time I encounter it, I shall be annoyed again in my reading.

I know a young soldier who served, during the late war, only two months in a military camp near his home. He told me at the time he never had more to eat, less to do, or enjoyed himself more. And while he was off soldiering, his wages at home went on. Now, this soldier is as fanatical and unreasonable about the soldiers' bonus as some preachers were about prohibition.

(Let me add in parenthesis intended only for dunces that in denouncing this fellow, I intend no lack of respect for those former service men who actually engaged in battles, and were incapacitated.)

"I went to India," says a traveler, "with the idea that the British bedeviled the country, but when I got there realized that the real parasites are not the British, but fourteen million sacred cows, which not only destroy meager crops, but eat food needed by the women and children. The people are unbelievably ignorant, dirty and poor. It would be a crime against humanity and against India's own future for England to withdraw, and let India's three hundred and sixty million people develop into a political and moral breeding ground for world retrogression. Its land is naturally very poor; in addition, worn out, and this handicap has been added to by the people widely accepting a religion worse than constant war during a period of constant famine and slavery."

The women have various organizations intended to improve the condition of their sex; a very commendable work, if well attended to. . . . I often wonder they do not induce the managers of telephone companies to conduct schools to teach women manners and efficiency. I have never known a telephone girl not above the average in these respects; and they are untrained girls taught in schools conducted by the heads of telephone companies.

It seems to me (speaking again of the panic) that every man's other troubles have increased, and that tires go flat more frequently on every road in 1934 than in 1929, or any other of the Good Old Days.

Old Cornelius Vanderbilt, first of the family to amount to anything, used to say he was as big a rogue as anybody, but practiced honesty because of the profit in it. "I've associated with thieves all my life," he said, in old age, "but never knew one to get along half as well as an honest man." . . . The strongest argument for honesty is that it pays; don't let any of the professional sentimentalists make a fool of you with the story that morality is a noble thing you should suffer martyrdom for.

## REAPING THE HURRICANE



### Farm News

By Dr. John M. Evvard  
Formerly Professor Animal Husbandry  
Iowa State College

Reduced production is necessitated in order not to "swamp" the demand markets, domestic and foreign. That is, so as not to flood them with a super abundance of supplies, thus cutting the price below the profit making levels, casting them down, deeply so, into the "debit" or loss side.

The dairy industry has, since 1926, been developing its volume as measured by the number of the producing cows within the U. S. A. boundaries, at a rather market rate of one considers the ability and willingness of the various consumers to pay a decent price per pound, or quart, of dairy products. In 1926, we had within our boundaries approximately 22.3 millions milking cows; in 1931, 23.6 millions; in 1932, 24.5 millions; and in 1933, 25.2 millions. Gosh. On those same years, from 1926 to 1933, consumer income had gone down, down, down, or from 18.4 billions in 1926 to only 8 billions in 1933, or less than 44 per cent as much in 1933 as compared to 1926. The current year of 1934 has shown some "pick-up" in consumer purchasing power, but not in proportion to the dairy cow increase—which means that that increase means more pounds of milk, butter and cheese, in the face of lesser available and willing dollars to buy them.

And what is that answer? Super efficient production of the average hundredweight of milk, pint of cream, or pound of butter and cheese, at the lowest possible cost. And that means economically balanced rations fed to selected cows, after the culis have been given a glad adieu. Economically and efficiently fed pastures, forage and roughages balanced with cost reducing protein, mineral and vitamin supplements is the big answer.

And, of course, in connection with the super economy feeding program there is to be considered the question of most economical housing. Competition, under the reign of uncontrolled production, behooves every progressive dairyman to cull out all of his inferior cows and then to feed and manage most efficiently those remaining in the herd. There is no other profitable way "out" or "through" under present conditions which involve uncontrolled and wild, unbridled, rampant production.

### Poets' Corner

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"  
'Tis strange sometimes how neighbors get along,  
They're always doing something that is wrong.  
If you try to do what's right,  
They whisper when you're out of sight.  
If the things they said were true,  
Then no damage they would do.  
But they tell such awful lies,  
And still their listeners are not wise.  
Love thy neighbor all you can  
Perhaps you'll upset their cowardly plan.  
And if you treat them always kind  
They'll grow ashamed some day you'll find.  
—Mrs. John A. Girvan

### Jots in Jest

Plan to Film "Anthony Adverse"—Headline. Must remember to take a week off and see that picture. . . .  
A California man used only 13 words to win \$10,000 to his wife. But many a man has to use 10,000 words to get 13 cents from the little woman.  
Roosevelt Fights Food Profiteers—Headline. Hope he gets after that fellow who outflummies us on the dinner check.

### Big Wars Total 902

Since 500 B. C. the world has experienced 902 big wars, in 135 of which France was involved, while Britain had 176, Russia 151 and Austria 131.

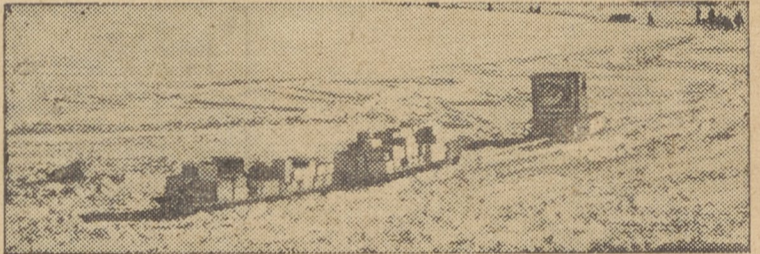
### George IV Was Tea Expert

George IV was a connoisseur of tea and tea pots. He collected tea pots for the Pavilion of Brighton, where he arranged them in great pyramids for decorations.



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

### FALSE REPORTS OF ILLNESS!



Here's the tractor that saved Admiral Byrd.

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA, August 20 (via Mackay Radio):—Concerning the reports which I understand have been widely circulated in the United States that there is an epidemic of dysentery or other illness among the 56 of us here at Little America, I can say only one thing—it isn't true.

In my story last week I emphasized the fact that everybody here is in good health and spirits—every single man. There is not a case of illness in camp and we are in no need of generously offered outside medical attention. The Admiral, however, is very weak. And who wouldn't be after being buried in a little hut under the snow for four and a half months and being poisoned by fumes from a kerosene stove? He has carried on like a true sportsman, and has lived up to the highest traditions of polar exploration. The scientific records he has kept will prove of the greatest value, according to Dr. Poulter, the head of our science department who led the tractor expedition which rescued Admiral Byrd. Our leader is already improving in health and we all feel that it will be only a short time before he is back with us all ready to direct us in the amazing explorations we have planned for October, November and December.

The preparations for that third and successful attempt to reach Bolling Advance Base by tractor were carried on quietly and grimly. This time, however, the equipment to be carried was cut to an absolute minimum and the load of gasoline was increased to more than 300 gallons. This, together with two months' food supply for those brave men, Dr. Poulter, Pete Demas and Amory Waite, Jr., were the major items of the load.  
Instead of an hourly radio schedule it was arranged to communicate every four hours in order to eliminate the delays called for by a more frequent schedule. Tuesday morning, at 2:30 they left. The departure was unostentatious, no photographing and no flag-waving or cheering; merely a tense "Good-bye, good luck!" After the departure the expedition executives gathered in the radio room every four hours for the reports. The first 48 hours were very disappointing. The tractor made less than a mile an hour. The camp was quiet. Everybody was glum and irritable. Bernard Skinner and I re-fueled the reserve tractor which was standing by for a possible emergency call.  
The tractor party missed one radio schedule, which increased the tension back here terrifically. But it was making good time and after 58 hours had passed the 50 mile base which I wrote about a couple of weeks ago. At 67 miles they passed the abandoned Cleveland tractor which we intend to rescue in time for the exploration journeys later on.  
At midnight Friday we received the welcome and relieving word that the Bolling Base had been reached and that the Admiral was alive but not well. Apparently he had undergone considerable suffering. He was weak and unkempt and very thin. This thinness, of course, was due to malnutrition induced by his not being able to prepare his food during the worst period of his illness. The members of the tractor party were completely worn out and immediately turned in after letting us know the good news. Except for some trouble with the generators, Pete Demas reported that the little French Citroen tractor, the Tydol gasoline, Veedol motor oil, Primus gasoline stove and the other equipment had functioned perfectly and had enabled them to complete their journey and save the life of our leader.

From now on I shall have a lot of most interesting happenings to relate to you. In the meantime, don't worry about our health. It is perfect. And the Admiral, we feel, will regain his strength in jig time.  
The club secretary reports to me by radio that the club now has 24,000 members. If you would like to join, entirely without cost, and receive a membership card and a big free working map of Antarctica, simply send a clearly self-addressed, stamped envelope to me at our American headquarters as follows:—Arthur Abele, Jr., President, Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.