

The Dallas Post

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

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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. 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.

This newspaper has never been evasive about its attitude toward Judge John S. Fine.

Repeatedly, during the last five years The Post has opposed vigorously the activities of the political machine which Judge Fine heads.

We have neither the desire nor the motive to change our attitude now toward the Republican county committee but we would be extremely narrow and unsportsmanlike if we did not today doff our hats graciously in the direction of Judge Fine.

Whatever our criticism of the popular jurist, we have never been able to deny that he has secured for Luzerne County more than its share of State patronage and good roads. His efforts in that direction merit the highest praise.

Judge Fine has promised that a concrete road will connect Dallas and Tunkhannock within a year. That pledge is the first recognition for the groups now seeking the new highway. Regardless of their political affiliations, those groups must acknowledge their obligation to the judge for his interest.

The Dallas Post is grateful that it can thus publicly acknowledge its appreciation to Judge Fine for his cooperation and support.

No tributes, Judge Fine, can be higher or more sincere than those from your opponents. We salute you.

What this country needs is a few more men like Daniel C. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts told Harvey's Lake firemen at their meeting last Thursday night that he would donate \$2,000 toward a community building fund. The community's gratitude so impressed Mr. Roberts that a few days later he made a second announcement. He told the firemen to start their building at once and graciously assumed responsibility for the cost of the structure.

Harvey's Lake is lucky. Few communities ever hold men of the calibre of Mr. Roberts. His generosity is unique today. He is outstanding even among the host of public-spirited gentlemen who head the Harvey's Lake Fire Company.

If all men upon whom fortune has smiled were as generous and wise as Mr. Roberts there would soon be no Communists in the world.

Reports indicate that 1934 is seeing more men, women and children killed in automobile accidents than in any previous year. Figures supplied by the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters show that for the first six months of this year about 20 per cent

WHAT'S WRONG more people were killed than in 1933, and the worst driving months are yet to come

WITH THE MOTORIST? —September, October and November. In 1933, nearly 31,000 persons were killed. If you add 20 per cent to this number it will amount to 37,200, with more than 1,000,000 persons injured. The economic loss will jump into the billions.

What is the matter? It is not possible that the drivers of the country have ceased to think. They would not admit that they are willing to wipe out or cripple the population of a large city every year. Yet, they do so, and seemingly they don't care.

There must be some kind of a new germ in the air which infects us all. Perhaps it is the speed bug. In any event, it compels us all to dash somewhere or nowhere in our cars day or night for no pressing reason. Then we come back to the same place in the same hurry. If a man, woman or little child gets in the way, it is just too bad. If another car, or bus, or tree, or stone wall is in the way, that is just a tough break.

Our authorities have been liberal in the matter of driving rules and regulations. On the whole, drivers are legally allowed plenty of speed at all times. But this liberality does not extend to the point where the authorities are willing to have an army of people killed every year. The motorists of America should realize that the time will come when the authorities—representatives of themselves and their neighbors—will pass stricter regulations and enforce more stringent penalties. If people will not exercise care for themselves, society as a whole must exercise it for them. There appears to be no other way out.

Howe About:

Silerius' Third Wife Unsuitable Marriages Cruelty of War

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

By ED HOWE

IN HIS memoirs Silerius tells most of his relations with his third wife, which he confesses were on the whole more agreeable than with the other four. (Details as to his marriages are shadowy, as though some of them were failures, but he seems to have been married five times, and it is of his third he speaks most in many references to marriage, women and the family life generally.)

Silerius had no fault to find with this third woman, although he is very severe in references to some others of her sex. She seems to have had no faults he did not regard as natural, and therefore to be forgiven because of her many virtues.

Once Silerius discovered his third wife was jealous of him, and was astonished. "She knew at our marriage," he wrote, "that I had lived the life of a goat. Why should she be jealous? It seemed to me unreasonable that she was, since I actually preferred her to all others in an enormous competition. Women live sheltered lives; possibly there is reason for jealousy among men, but if I were a woman, I do not believe I would be jealous of a reasonably well-behaved husband. This may be unfairness: I frequently find I am unfair after I have striven to live as an honest man in thought and action."

A strange woman lately wrote me a strange letter. At the age of twenty-four she held a position in which she gave satisfaction, and in which there was every prospect of promotion. In defiance of advice from friends, and of her own judgment, she married. The husband was a palpable third rater, and she divorced him.

Again she secured a good position; again she married a man she might have known was worthless. This time her friends were disgusted, and she has joined the unemployed.

One of the strangest things I have encountered in life is the manner in which many women rush into unsuitable marriages. Everyone understands why men are so crazy about women, but I have never been able to understand why women are equally crazy about men. It seems to me that were I young, and a woman, I could consider marriage with considerable patience, intelligence and caution.

The red lantern signal is usually hung on unsuitable husbands and wives, as it is on dangerous bridges.

An old German is reported as saying: "When our sons mowed down thousands of French, and won the battle, we shouted and drank beer. When the French killed our sons, they cheered, and drank wine. When my son marched away to fight, I stood in the streets of this town and cheered. A letter my son wrote just before he was killed said he had lived in France two years, and liked the French, and they liked him." . . . In addition to the unnecessary killing and hate, the war impoverished the world. . . . Wouldn't you think anyone could understand the moral of this in considering the next war?

What is the lesson of the moment, the hour, the century, or of all time? I believe it is the dangerous and growing power of politicians, the press and radicals, all representing minorities, and the cowardice of the majority in refusing to enforce necessary decency.

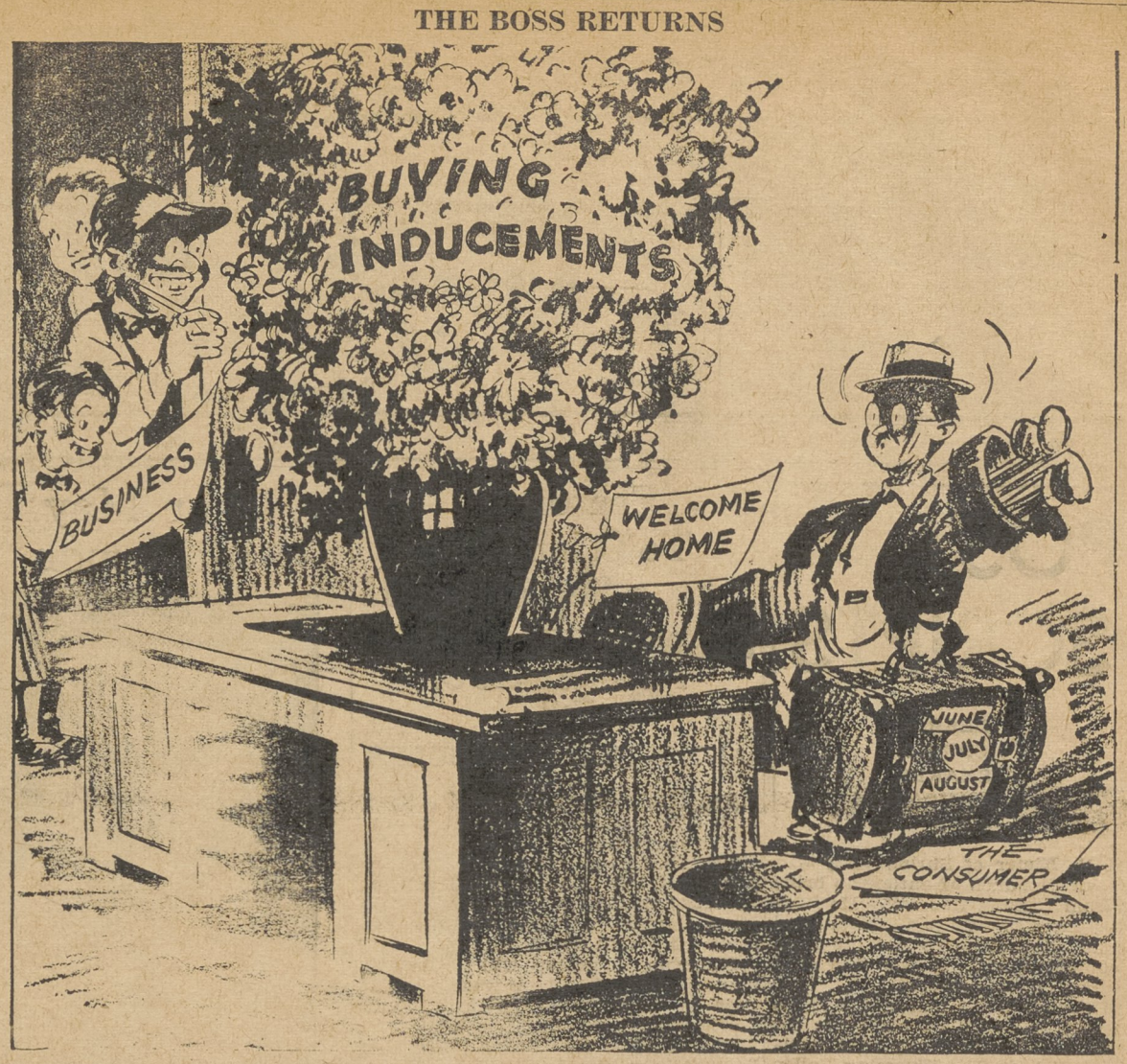
The habit men have of being artificial, over-sentimental, is very old. As far back as Roman times, Silerius was weary of artificial things, and wrote that they so bored him he dreaded to go on the streets. In the Roman Forum, when a young man used fine eloquence to make false promises, Silerius walked wearily away, and retired to his study. The last year of his life he spent in writing his memoirs, and in the second volume (page 182) I find this observation:

"Writing men have so tired the people with unnatural things, I have concluded I may better please by being natural and simple in writing my recollections. I may thus at least put down what one man actually thought and experienced during a long life; men have become so untruthful in seeking truth that my method may, indeed, prove to be something new, and better recommend my work."

This seems to have been a mistaken opinion. Although Silerius wrote with great simplicity and frankness, Marcus Aurelius, a contemporary writing with so much labor and obscurity that critics now say he is not understandable, is more popular. The natural use of writing would seem to be to truthfully record credits and debits, in books of history as well as in account books, but somehow we have decided otherwise.

The people are great readers. Is the general tendency of what we read improving? That it should be is very important. Old fable writers related improbable or amusing stories, and, at the bottom of each one, something like this was added:

"Moral: Better be safe than sorry." Or other maxims advising caution, temperance, industry, honesty, etc. In everything written, between the lines or somewhere else, there should be reminders of the principles of old and demonstrated experience.



LETTERS to the Editor

August 30th, 1934.

Editor, Dallas Post,
Dallas, Penna.

Dear Sir:—

At our regular meeting held at Colonial Tea Room tonight, the Secretary was instructed to write you as follows: "The Dallas Rotary Club wants to go on record as complimenting your Paper, The Dallas Post, for the help and space given to help the cause of good roads into Dallas and vicinity with especial reference to your recent issue on the Dallas-Tunkhannock highway."

Personally thanking I am
Yours truly,
Dallas Rotary Club,
J. F. Besecker,
Secretary.

Poets' Corner

"IF WISHES CAME TRUE"

How often have we wished each day
That for us the sun would shine
always?
How often have we wished we might?
See only things that were gay and
bright.
How often have we wished we had,
Only the things that make us glad?
How often have some wished for
health?
While others still they wished for
wealth,
How often have we wished in vain?
That joy forever would remain.
And yet if wishes did come true,
I wonder what we'd really do,
If the sun would always shine,
For a time that would be fine
But then if we had never any rain,
We surely would again complain.
To only know things bright and gay,
Would become monotonous so they say
So let us be happy and not always
complain,
For sunshine always follows the rain.
—Mrs. John A. Girvan

To Conduct Church Class

Classes under the International Leadership Training School will be held at Shavertown M. E. Church on Friday evenings from September 7 to October 19. It has been announced by Rev. F. F. Freeman, general chairman Churches and Sunday school have been invited to attend.

The courses and lectures: The New Testament, Rev. Lynn H. Brown; Message and Program of the Christian Religion, Rev. F. M. Sellers; The Teaching Work of the Church, Helen Thompson; Primary Materials and Methods, Mrs. Margaret Patton; Teaching Junior Boys and Girls, Rev. F. F. Freeman.

Rev. Freeman will be assisted by the following at the school: Miss Helen Thompson, dean; Mrs. Ralph Franz, register; Charles Nuss, treasurer; Rev. Lynn H. Brown, publicity; Rev. F. M. Sellers, finance.

Jots in Jest

They're seeking a new speaker in the House of Representatives. That's like looking for a needle in a needle stack.

Cities Leaving "Red"—Headline. Now everything will be swell if the Reds leave the cities.

An average of 38 per cent of all Chicago husbands help their wives with the dishes, says a news item. The others were smart enough to fumble one the first time up.

In ocean depths, Dr. Beebe reports having seen fish with "headlights." Fish or not, we'll bet none of them was traveling with one of the headlights out.

Statistics show that U. S. weather forecasters are right at least 85 per cent of the time. The other 15 per cent is accounted for by days we went on picnics.

LITTLE AMERICA
AVIATION and EXPLORATION
CLUB
LITTLE AMERICA ANTARCTICA
With Byrd at the South Pole
by C.A. Abels, Jr. President
U.S.N.R.
40
SUNLIGHT!



Loading gasoline on sledges for a tractor trip at Little America

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA, Aug. 27 (via Mackay Radio): My, my, what a lot of news this week! The blessed sun has returned, Admiral Byrd is recovering rapidly, I've had my first tractor trip in the Antarctic gloom and don't like it, and I have developed a new game—parachute skiing. Some thrill, but only for those bent on suicide! More about that next time.

Right on schedule, the sun returned to us on August 22 and we had a grand celebration over it with turkey and mince pie. Although the temperature was 60 below zero, a big group of us went out on skis to the top of a ridge on the Barrier, a mile from here, to give Old Sol a welcome. Gradually, just before noon, a pale grey light spread over everything, changing to a pink and yellow spot down by the horizon. And then, sure enough, up came a little corner of the sun itself—the first time we had gazed upon it for more than four months. Now, every day, the sun will pay us a longer and longer visit and finally remain with us 24 hours a day. What a difference that is going to make in our lives! Fifty-six men penned into a few little huts surrounded by darkness, snow and howling winds can certainly get on each other's nerves. I could write a book about that.

When Dr. Poulter and his tractor party arrived at Admiral Byrd's hut last week one of their first messages to us said, "Please have trail clearly marked in crevassed area between Little America and Barrier and through Pressure Ridge." It was in this area that the tractor party became lost, narrowly escaped falling into a crevasse and the sledge with 1400 pounds of equipment was swallowed up so that it took the tractor crew five hours to get it out. Immediately upon receipt of the message Harold I. June, of Darien, Conn., Bernard Skinner, of Winthrop, Me., Kenneth Rawson, of Chicago, and I were ordered to get into trail clothes and take the reserve tractor out there for the purpose of marking the trail through this terrible area.

We left at 11:30 a. m., following the faintly visible trail left by Dr. Poulter and his crew. Rawson had devised a new method of navigation of a tractor and we were all anxious to try out this idea because navigating from the driver's seat had proved too difficult and dangerous. If this new method proves as successful in future trips as it did on this

one I shall have an interesting story to tell you and we shall have made a new contribution to the exploration science. We were towing Rawson on a sledge. He communicated with June in the driver's seat by means of two lights on the dash. Even for such a short trip we had to carry complete trail equipment of food, fuel, stoves, cookers, radio machines and so on because of the possibility of being caught in one of the blizzards which descend without warning and make travel impossible. After reaching the Pressure Ridge we disregarded any possible trail and navigated by compass. We passed towering ridges of ice and detoured around impossible hummocks. It was weird and inspiring in the half light. The rough uneven surface looked gloomy and forbidding. We could glimpse the trail left by the other party, weaving in and out, retracing and sometimes even circling. It was evident they had been in difficulties several times and had wandered for miles trying to get through.

We kept a sharp lookout for crevasses and narrowly avoided several. In the Pressure Ridge are areas of ice that have sunk to water level and other areas presenting huge, grotesque formations 50 and 60 feet high. By navigation we made 8 miles in one hour over the same terrain and under the same conditions that required 12 hours for the other tractor expedition. Our new method of navigating proved highly successful and I'll tell you all about it later. It was my first experience on the Antarctic trail in the darkness and it is something I shall remember all my life. Frankly, I don't like it. One has a constant feeling of danger and, again, it is not the soft, velvety darkness of more temperate climes but a heavy flat thick blackness that seems to bear you down oppressively.

Now that the sun is here I am going to have wonderful things to tell the club members in these weekly stories. You know, there is no charge for membership in this club. All you have to do to get a membership card and a big free 20 x 27½ inch working map of Antarctica is to send me a clearly addressed, stamped envelope at the American headquarters. Address Arthur Abels, Jr., President, Little America Aviation and Exploration Club, Hotel Lexington, 48th Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.