

**THIS WEEK—THIS WORLD**

In the course of Hitler's rise to power, he solemnly promised the German people that he would never make the mistakes of his predecessors. Those promises were: (1) Never to make war upon the British, to whom he conceded an unconquerable spirit; (2) Never to embroil the United States, which helped to lose the last war for Germany; (3) Never to fight a two-front war. He also promised not to make Napoleon's mistake of fighting a winter war against Russia.

Like all Hitler promises, to the Germans or anyone else, they were not worth breath wasted upon them!

The crime of the isolationists, Wood, Wheeler, Lindbergh, Nye, et al, was not that they did not see to the ends of their noses, but that they permitted themselves to be allied with, or exploited by, the rottenest elements in the American scene.

Laura Ingalls, the flying fascist, who since has been jailed as a Nazi agent paid to spread the poison of disunity, was not the worst of them. There were enemies of the democratic spirit such as Father Coughlin, who printed political forgeries in his publications; Joe McWilliams, who smeared venom aimed to stir religious pogroms; A. Wheeler-Hill, an outright traitor now imprisoned as a spy; General G. Van Horn Moseley, fascist-minded tool of foreign agents; and James True, pal of Fritz Kuhn, the German-American Bundist now in jail.

The isolationists took the grandiose name "America First Committee." It was a device which attracted many innocents. Innocents, too, were attracted to names such as "The Christian Mobilizers," "Paul Revere Sentinels," "Crusaders for Americanism," "American Guards," "American Nationalist Confederation," "Silver Shirts," etc., etc. Hidden behind these and other labels were personalities who connived to devitalize the prevailing American resistance to fascist influence. Also present and doing yeoman service were reactionaries of the stripe of George Deatherage, whose organization sported a red, white and blue swastika; the fascist-minded John Snow; E. N. Sanctuary of racial persecution fame; F. K. Ferenz, exhibitor of Nazi films; Benjamin Frank Bullard, anti-union agitator; and that redoubtable propagandist for the Japanese, William J. Baxter.

Declaration of war on the United States by Japan, Italy and Germany, has liquidated the activities of pressure and subversive groups for the moment. But only for the moment. Not to be forgotten, now or in the future, is that the malefactors are still amongst us, and that given the opportunity they will come out from their sewers of political connivance to stab America again in the back.

Be on the alert for bombers! Be on the alert, also, for blackguards! Via Grapevine Telegraph: Yugoslavia—America's entry into the war resulted in pro-American demonstrations in Belgrade . . . 50,000 Montenegris have been executed by the Fascists since the occupation of the country by the Italians . . . NORWAY—Quisling Norway is compelled to pay five million kroner a day to its "liberators" by the German occupational forces . . . POLAND—More than 40,000 Germans have been drafted to combat underground Polish patriots who are causing havoc among railways, roads and bridges.

Embarrassing Quotations Dept.: Said Hitler on August 27: "The Russian armies have been smashed from Finland to the Black Sea!"

In spite of assurances to the German people the past several months that the Russians have been defeated and the British have been prepared for the kill, it is plain that they have been more than a little war weary. Undoubtedly it was that war weariness which impelled Hitler, as recently as last October, to attempt to bluff himself into a peace with the British and/or Russians. His plan was the old simple one: "Buy one off at the expense of the other. Then wait a few years to recoup strength and finish off the job!" The "peace plan" was released by Herr Doktor Burckhardt, one time Nazi League of Nations Commissioner at Danzig, and was floated through Swiss and Swedish newspapers.

It got nowhere. Both Churchill and Stalin turned the offer down cold. They even checked with each other, meanwhile giving assurances of mutual determination to blot out Nazism forever.

Score up the year 1941 as one for the democracies. Hitler is now fighting on two fronts—and then some. Russia is bleeding the Nazi armies white. America is all tooled up and stepping into high industrial gear. Central and South American nations

**Your Income Tax**  
**Seven Timely Articles**  
**To Help You Prepare**  
**Your Income Tax**

**WHO MUST FILE A RETURN?** Every single person having a gross income of \$750 or more; every married person, not living with husband or wife, and having a gross income of \$750 or more; and married persons living with husband or wife, who have an aggregate gross income of \$1,500 or more.

**WHEN MUST RETURNS BE FILED?** For the calendar year 1941, on or before March 16, 1942. For the fiscal year, on or before the 15th day of the third month following the close of the fiscal year.

**WHERE AND WITH WHOM MUST INCOME TAX RETURNS BE FILED?** In the internal revenue district in which the person lives or has his chief place of business, and with the collector of internal revenue.

**HOW DOES ONE MAKE OUT HIS INCOME TAX RETURN?** By following the detailed instructions given on the income tax blanks, Form 1040 and Form 1040A (optional simplified form).

**WHAT IS THE TAX RATE?** A normal tax of 4 per cent on the amount of the net income in excess of the allowable credits against net income (personal exemption, credits for dependents, interest on obligations of the United States and its instrumentalities and earned income credit) in the computation of the normal tax net income; and a graduated surtax on the amount of net income in excess of the allowable credits (personal exemption and credit for dependents) against net income in the computation of the surtax net income.

Forms for filing returns of income for 1941 have been sent to persons who filed returns last year. Failure to receive a form, however, does not relieve a taxpayer of his obligation to file his return and pay the tax on time—on or before March 16 if the return is made on the calendar-year basis, as is the case with most individuals.

Forms may be obtained upon request, written or personal, from the offices of collectors and from deputy collectors of internal revenue in the larger cities and towns.

A person should file his return on Form 1040, unless his gross income for 1941 does not exceed \$3,000 and consists wholly of salary, wages, or other compensation for personal services, dividends, interest, rent annuities, or royalties, in which event he may elect to file it on Form 1040A, a simplified form on which the tax may be readily ascertained by reference to a table contained in the form.

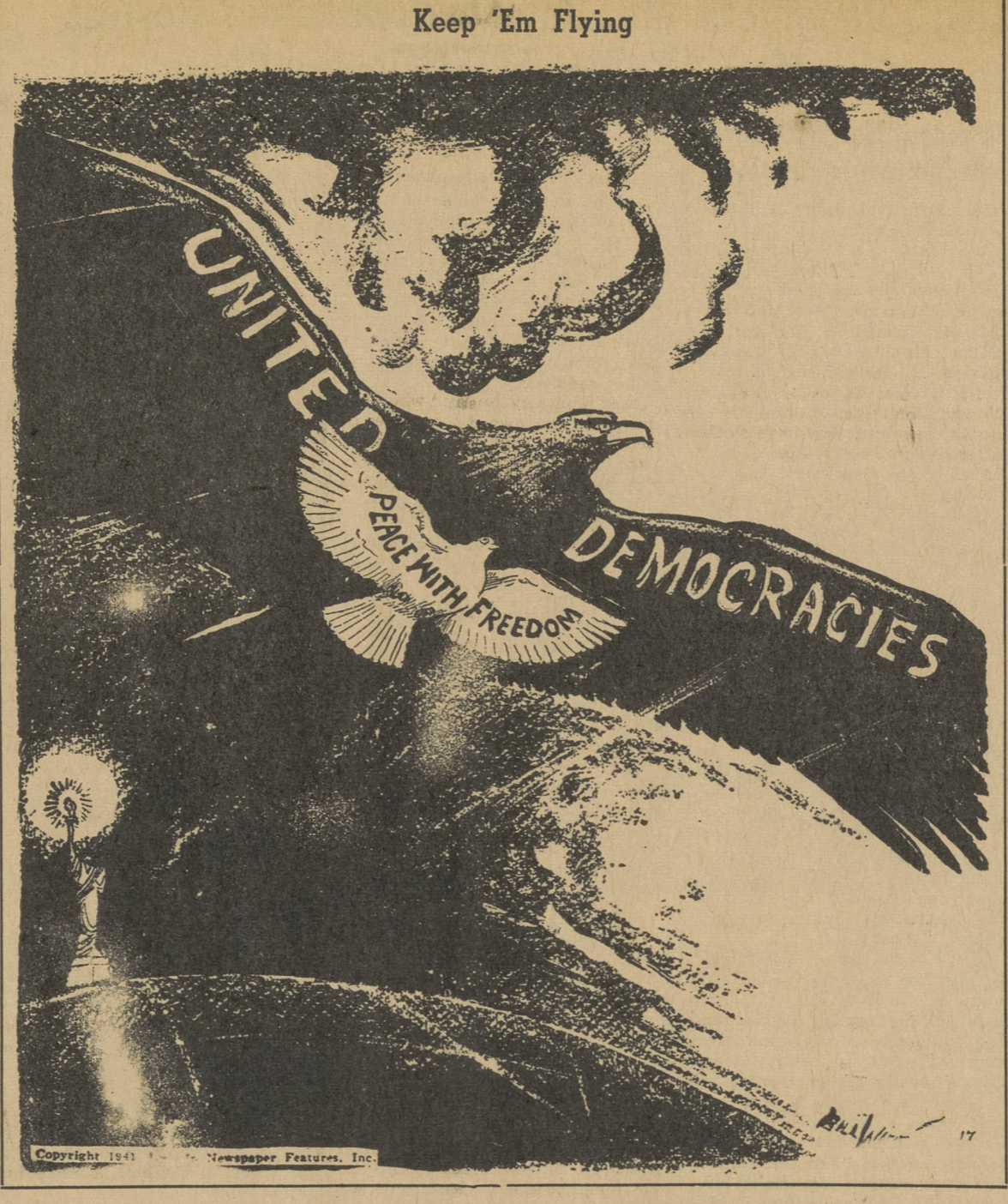
The return must be filed with the collector of internal revenue for the district in which the taxpayer has his legal residence or principal place of business on or before midnight of March 16, 1942. The tax may be paid in full at the time of filing the return or in four equal installments, due on or before March 16, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

In making out your income tax return read carefully the instructions that accompany the form. If you need more information, it may be obtained at the office of the collector of internal revenue, deputy collector, or an internal revenue agent in charge or at the revenue office in Wilkes-Barre Post Office building.

Remember that single persons or married persons not living with husband or wife, who earn as much as \$14.43 a week for the 52 weeks of the year, and married persons living together who have aggregate earnings of as much as \$28.85 a week for the year, are required to file returns.

A second article on your income tax will appear in next week's Post and in the next following six issues. Clip each one for your convenience in making out your income tax report—Editor.

have ranged themselves with the United States. The Battle of Britain has been won! The Battle of the Atlantic is being won! The Battle of Africa has been re-won!



Keep 'Em Flying

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**THE BOOK SHELF**

**Native American**  
By Ray Stannard Baker  
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00  
Reviewed by Helen Breit

Ray Stannard Baker has two distinct personalities as a writer. The first is that of the newspaperman, later turned historian, who reports the events of his day. Because of his own close association with those events he has become the official biographer of Woodrow Wilson.

The second personality is that expressed in those books which he has written under the pseudonym of David Grayson: "Adventures in Contentment," "Adventures in Friendship," "Adventures in Solitude," to name a few. David Grayson seeks surcease and perspective by long tramps in the countryside and by simple, friendly chats with the persons he meets in that manner. The next best thing to taking such a trip is to read a David Grayson adventure. Both experiences are refreshing, both restore zest to life.

Now at 71 Mr. Baker in "Native American" integrates his two personalities and shows from what stock and experiences they sprang. He spent his boyhood on one of the last frontiers in the St. Croix Valley of Northwestern Wisconsin. He knew Indians and listened to the lusty stories of loggers and rivermen. The hardships of the frontier, he implies, shortened his mother's life. But pioneer days were ending. The Indians he knew, he writes, "were fragments of the once powerful tribes of the Chippewa, degenerated by liquor and the diseases of the white men, demoralized by the breakdown of the stern tribal usages which from time immemorial had constituted the morals and buttressed the religion of a courageous and hardy people."

In later life he saw his father impoverished by too much land—something the pioneer could not have understood. Indeed, his father himself had difficulty in understanding it.

Nonetheless, young Baker learned to make his way through forest paths, he acquired the self-reliance the frontier compelled, and he learned most of all not from the primitive schools which he attended but from his father, who had fought in the Civil War and who knew how to tell stories. The Baker family staged its own plays. The rich, individualistic characters of three old aunts, sisters of the boy's father and mother, helped mold him.

At the age of fifteen he went to the Michigan Agricultural College. Important discoveries came to him there. He made a friend of the eighteenth century philosopher, Montaigne; he learned from Dr. William J. Beal the scientific method of studying and observing; he met the girl whom he was to marry, that professor's daughter. And he took his first tramp in the country. Of this he says:

I had a vague idea of going to Hillsdale . . . It was sixty or seventy miles off and I never got anywhere near it, but as in so many excursions of later years, if I rarely reached my objective, I had a fine time on the way."

Until young Baker was twenty-one he did not know what he wanted to do. Then he found his goal: he was to be a writer. For a year he sent stories to magazines and received rejection slips in return. He sold one—for five dollars. Then, with the courage of 22 he went to the wilderness of streets which was

Chicago in the early 1890's. Though Mr. Baker relates how he made himself a niche in The News Record of that city, his is no Horatio Alger story. Those days revealed to him the inadequacy of frontier virtues alone for fitting the individual into an overcrowded city at a time of depression. With that revelation Ray Stannard Baker, investigating reporter of social conditions, was born.

Early in this autobiography Mr. Baker describes his father's use of suspense in story-telling. It is a trick he himself playfully uses with his readers in this, as he calls it, "the book of my youth." A book worth reading it is.

**Will Rogers, His Wife's Story,**  
Betty Rogers. The Bobb's Merrill Company, \$2.75, Indianapolis-New York.

Any book about Will Rogers could not help but be worth while, and this one is more than that. No one could be more qualified to tell Will Rogers's story than his wife who according to Irvin S. Cobb in EXIT LAUGHING, is "in her own right a very wonderful person."

To those of us who remember Will Rogers when he quipped from the stage, and even to those who remember him as a movie player, this book will bring back those fond memories which tend to put one in a sadly dreamy frame of mind. To muse of the past—to remember the things we did and the people we used to know is a great joy—a privilege that even the humblest of us enjoy. So to Mrs. Will Rogers I offer my thanks for bringing back to us a really fine remembrance.

One would not be wrong, I believe, to consider this book as some sort of an anthology of Will Rogersisms, for its greatest asset lies, not in its portrayal of Will Rogers, but rather in its presentation of so many of the numerous passages from the cowboy philosopher's life. We all knew the kind of man Will Rogers was and any effort to characterize him anew would be simply so much wasted ink and paper. Any person who saw Will Rogers on the screen saw the real man; they saw him as he was in private life, for one thing Will could not do was to act—perhaps he was too honest for that. His charm lay in his disarming frankness, in the way he poked fun at people on top of the pile, and nobody enjoyed the ribbing more than the victims. In fact one considered it decidedly an honor to have Will Rogers point a disparaging finger upon him. The government always bore the brunt of Will's wit. He said at one time "I don't make jokes, I just watch the government and report the facts and I have never found it necessary to exaggerate." Seldom was anyone's feelings hurt by these remarks, for Will "never kicked a man when he was down."

But Will's chatter was not all nonsense; in truth very little of it was nonsense. It was probably his ability to gloss over common sense with a veneer of drollness that caused his long popularity. Almost twenty-years ago Will Rogers in one of his weekly articles for the McNaught Syndicate wrote ". . . instead of teaching a boy to run an automobile, teach him to fly, because the nation in the next war that ain't up in the air, is just going to get something dropped on its bean."

Somebody once gave Will Rogers a license of free speech (or perhaps he took it without asking) and he never took advantage of it. He talked to the King of England man to man—and the King loved it.

What Mrs. Rogers lacks in writing technique is made up in her subject material. The book is not written with the ease and grace of a master, but it does tell a story and an interesting one, too—not absorbing, not exciting, but unpretentious and memory provoking. I wish we had Will Rogers, but we haven't. We can recapture much of his charm in this book by his wife.

**"More than a newspaper, a community institution"**  
**THE DALLAS POST**  
ESTABLISHED 1889  
A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Penna., by the Dallas Post.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions, \$2 a year, payable in advance.  
Single copies, at a rate of 5c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas: Hislop's Restaurant, Tally-Ho Grille; Shavertown, Evans' Drug Store; Trucksville, Leonard's Store; Huntsville, Frantz Fairlawn Store; Idetown: Cave's Cash Store.  
Editor and Publisher HOWARD W. RISLEY  
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Advertising Department JOSEPH ELICKER HARRY LEE SMITH

**THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE**

By EDITH BLEZ

The new young lady in our house is going to college next year! We want our fair daughter to go to college but we do wish we could do without all the chatter and preparation which seems to go with attending college a year from now! For months, in fact since, last summer most of our conversation at home has been punctuated with, "mother, when do you think I will know what I want to study at college? Mother, where is college located? Is it a small town or a large city. I refuse to go to college in anything but a small town."

**Health Topics**

By F. B. Schooley, M. D.

Measles (Rubeola) is an acute infectious and highly contagious disease, characterized by a catarrhal inflammation of the upper air passages and a typical red rash extending over the entire body. It is the most contagious of the childhood diseases. The average incubation period is fourteen days.

Measles affects all races and occurs in all climates. It is more common in the winter and spring months. It may occur at any age but is most common from two to fifteen years of age. One attack of true measles usually confers immunity for life. It is possible to have a second attack in later life but recurrence is rare. Drug eruptions, hives, allergic foods and chemicals and German measles have been mistaken for measles. Scarlet fever and serum rash may resemble measles. It may be difficult to differentiate a mild case of measles from one of German measles. A correct diagnosis may be impossible before the skin rash appears. In German measles the catarrhal symptoms are slight, glands in back of neck are more commonly enlarged, the fever is less, the skin eruption is pink or lighter red in color and of shorter duration. In the catarrhal stage of measles, 2 or 3 days before the rash appears, typical spots will be noticed on the mucous membrane of the mouth, throat and cheeks. These spots are pinhead in size, of a dark-red color, slightly elevated and with bluish-white specks in the center. They are absent in German measles.

The most frequent complications are those involving the ears, the lungs, the gastro-intestinal tract and the kidneys. Secondary bacterial invaders as the streptococcus germ usually causes these complications and should be suspected when the fever fails to decline after the rash is completely developed. Bronchopneumonia is the most serious secondary involvement. Epidemic or sporadic cases of whooping cough, chicken pox and scarlet fever may occur with or following measles.

Human convalescent serum and immune globulin have been used in the prevention and modification of measles. The globulin is an extract of human placenta or after-birth, the organ cast from the uterus or womb after the birth of the child.

We do not know what will happen next. We are a little afraid of what is to come! What we are in for we do not know. We have one wish—we would give most anything to have our fair daughter in college without all the things which we know we must go through. We have stood up bravely under four years of High School. What will college do to us!

**THE SAFETY VALVE**  
In Appreciation  
January 13, 1942.

Editor The Post:  
In behalf of the family of the late Charles J. Zinn I wish to thank The Post for the lovely item that appeared in your issue of January 2, 1942. Respectfully,  
Mrs. J. R. Steinhauer,  
77 Alexander Street,  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Last summer there was much talk of attending a college in New England. For days we were bombarded with catalogues. The academic ratings and requirements weren't half so important as whether there were mountains nearby, and was there good skiing, and did the skating last all winter? Now that we have been having zero weather, New England is out—definitely out! Every time our fair daughter comes home from school or skating she sits on every radiator in the house! Many times we have discovered her practically sitting in the oven. We have all kinds of trouble preparing dinner because our fair daughter insists on literally hugging the stove. She can't get warm! She has decided now that she would freeze to death in New England. Now our college leanings are nearer home. Not quite South but closer to home!

We have come to the stage where we are filling in registration blanks. All day and most of the evening we are interrupted by a voice asking: "Mother where was I born? Have I had any modern history? Well, I can't see how English and French history can be any more modern than American history. Mother, does Civics mean Problems of American Democracy. It says here I only need three years of English. Why didn't you tell me I didn't need four years of English. Is the food good at most colleges. Mother? Will I have to send my laundry home each week? Gee—"

Then there is the perfectly terrible business of finding a small picture to send with each application. Our daughter will not have a new picture taken. She insists that she doesn't take a good picture and that some of the old ones will have to do. So we hunt hours for pictures. Finally she finds one! She knows it doesn't look like her, but it will have to do. She stands in front of a mirror with the picture in her hand comparing the face in the picture with the one in the mirror, all the time sighing and saying "It certainly is strange. The picture is of me, but it doesn't look like me." We suggest that it is a very good likeness—as usual we do not know what we are talking about. The picture looks nothing like her! If we would only tell the truth.

We do not know what will happen next. We are a little afraid of what is to come! What we are in for we do not know. We have one wish—we would give most anything to have our fair daughter in college without all the things which we know we must go through. We have stood up bravely under four years of High School. What will college do to us!

**FREEDOM**  
The columnists and contributors on this page are allowed great latitude in expressing their own opinions, even when their opinions are at variance with those of The Post

**OUR DEMOCRACY**—by Mat

**WE WILL DEFEND OUR OWN.**

THINGS OF THE SPIRIT ALWAYS HAVE BEEN FIRST WITH US. FREEDOM IS A PERSONAL POSSESSION OF EACH AMERICAN. WE PROTECT OUR CHILDREN AND WOMENFOLK.

IN ADDITION TO THINGS OF THE SPIRIT IS THE COMMON SENSE FACT THAT THE AVERAGE AMERICAN HAS OTHER THINGS TO PRESERVE AND DEFEND. . . HOME, FARM, JOB, SAVINGS, LIFE INSURANCE, BUSINESS, AND ALL OTHER THINGS WHICH MAKE POSSIBLE OUR HIGH STANDARD OF LIVING.

**OUR THRIFT GIVES LIFT TO OUR MORALE.**

**THE CALL TO THE COLORS!**  
**IS A CALL FOR DOLLARS**

Dig deep. Strike hard. Our boys need the planes, ships, and guns which your money will help to buy.

Go to your bank, post office, or savings and loan association. Tell them you want to buy Defense Bonds regularly, starting now.