

You Know Me
By
Al, Himself

This is an open letter to our daughter, June. She wrote and asked her Mom what we thought of the MacArthur incident, and would we please tell her, as she is a little confused.

Dear June Bug:
You are not the only one confused, we all are, even including the two principals, General MacArthur and President Truman, but here it is a week or more since MacArthur has been removed and the world hasn't come to an end yet, which I was told might happen anytime now. That thought was a threat of many the day the big news broke.

You must remember that both Truman and MacArthur are just a couple of human beings with their failings and good points just like other persons. Above all, you can't beat the emotion of the people of this country. They are always for the underdog, they always line up with the one who gets fired. It was this strong emotion that forced the president to go on the air the night after he removed the general. This he did not plan to do. One could tell that by the terrible way he fumbled around with his speech.

Let's take MacArthur's side of it first, and when you do that consider your three brothers over in Korea fighting. They have reached a point of futility, they cannot see any end to it. MacArthur wants to keep morale and courage up. He wants to take care of his fighting men. He wants to show them that there is a way to end this mess. Let's go in and slam hell out of the enemy anywhere in the world and get it over with and then your three brothers can come home. That is what I would want if I were an American soldier or marine fighting in Korea. I'd say use the atomic bomb and everything we've got, I want to get home.

Now, let's take the President's side. Under the Constitution he is Commander-in-Chief. He can remove any general or admiral at will. That's the law. We have a State Department that decides policy. We have a Chief-of-Staff that carries out that policy by force or by peaceful methods. We can't have every general all over the world changing our foreign policy. Suppose MacArthur decided a foreign policy and acted on it, then Eisenhower decided another and enforced it, and then Marshal came along with another idea and tried to put it into effect, why, we'd be more confused than you or I am now.

So, therefore I think that the President is right, but he could have removed MacArthur in a better manner. He could have sent for him and instructed that he appear before Congress with his ideas, as the Republicans are advocating, and then never send him back.

In my opinion Truman wants to do exactly what MacArthur wants to do, but he can't because we are not prepared for an all-out war. Whose fault is that? Well, the Republicans blame the administration and those in power blame the Republicans, which is just a lot of hooey politics. That is what licked France in the second World War. There were about fifteen political parties over there and they could not get together. The fault of our unpreparedness is mine and all the rest of my fellow Americans. When the Second World War ended I

shouted to heaven to get your three brothers home. Every one else in this country thought the same thing. We put so much pressure on the administration that the army was disbanded. Then we complained about taxes, so one battleship after another was junked. Our planes were sold and no more were built. Yes, it is my fault, June Bug, that we are not prepared but I have awakened. We are preparing as fast as we can now and when we get ready MacArthur will have his wish. We will tell those Reds to get out of Korea or there will be an all-out war.

In the meantime, sweetheart, don't listen to a Democrat criticizing a Republican, or visa versa. We've got to get those two parties together by supporting the best men of both.

Remember, June, these are merely my ideas. If you become confused again, ask your husband his opinion. That's part of your job now.

Good luck to you,
Love from
Pop

Blue Ridge Chapter FHA Publishes 6th Annual

Blue Ridge Future Farmers of America, Lehman-Jackson High School, have brought out their sixth annual FFA News. The yellow cover shows a picture of Vocational Agriculture students with their instructor, Russell Ruble.

Inside, fat little pigs cavort over the pages, indicative of the club's interest in Duroc Swine. Cartoons abound, with jokes finishing off a publication devoted to the year's happenings, prizes won at Harrisburg, projects carried through, more projects to come, and special features such as selection of Club Sweetheart and accounts of picnics and tours.

Pages are mimeographed and assembled done by students, covers printed commercially.

Poet's Corner

Golden Jubilee

(Dedicated to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Evans)
The bride's bright gleaming tresses
Have softened into gray
And her bridegroom's eager footsteps
More slowly wend their way,
The years have touched them
With joy and yet with woe
And mellowed youthful vigor
Into a tranquil glow.

The fervor and the passion
Of sweet young love have passed
And in their stead devotion,
As long as life shall last.
Within their eyes lie wisdom
To meet each dawning day
And accept with deep contentment
Whatever comes their way.

Their dreams have met fulfillment
For in that long ago,
When she was just a maiden
And he her favorite beau,
They dreamed of years to-gather,
Shared sweetly as could be
And now at last they celebrate
Their golden jubilee.

by
Mrs. Fredric W. Anderson

Know Your Neighbor

MRS. FRED ANDERSON



Dorothy Anderson has always enjoyed writing better than anything else, but instead of going to Columbia to study constructive English, she entered training at General Hospital after graduating from G. A. R. High School.

Graduated from General, she once more contemplated entering Columbia to study writing, but again fate stepped in, offering her a course in administrative nursing instead. This she did not want, though much interested in Public Health problems. An opening on the Visiting Nurses appeared just one week after she was married, after she had remained on the waiting list for three years of private duty following graduation.

Now, twenty years, a marriage, and two children after graduation from training, she still breaks out in an occasional rash of poetry, reverting to her original tendencies. For six months, some two years ago, she did news-writing for the Dallas Post, and more recently for the Sunday Independent. Poor health forbade further outside work in October, so for the past few months she has done no regular stint of writing.

But every once in a while she is impelled to write a poem. The April 13 issue of the Dallas Post carries a scorching bit of verse on the front page in the editorial box, inspired by dismissal of General MacArthur. Buried modestly in the Poet's Corner in the same issue is a set of stanzas on Spring. The editorial poem, "An American's Prayer," written at white heat and completed at one sitting with very little revision, uses not one surplus word. She goes straight to the point in brutal couplets which leave her readers no doubt of her feelings. The impact is terrific.

Mrs. Anderson would like to see a constructive writing group formed in the Back Mountain, attracting people who enjoy writing and would be willing to work hard on assignments, accepting constructive criticism without annoyance. Wilkes, she feels, is too hard to reach for evening courses, and most people who would be interested in a study group are folks who are busy during the day and unable to attend regular classes. The way to write, she says, is to write. It is easier to write if there is competition. Only the genius sits down to write without the spur of necessity. A definite course in writing provides incentive, a deadline, and a definite goal.

Mrs. Anderson is much interested in schools. Her husband is on the Kingston Township School Board, and she herself is secretary of the Shavertown PTA. She con-

(Continued on Page Three)

THE DALLAS POST

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A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at the Dallas Post plant Lehman Avenue, Dallas Pennsylvania.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: \$3.00 a year; \$2.00 six months. No subscriptions accepted for less than six months. Out-of-state subscriptions: \$3.50 a year; \$2.50 six months or less. Back issues, more than one week old, 10c.

Single copies, at a rate of 8c each, can be obtained every Friday morning at the following newsstands: Dallas-Berts Drug Store; Bowman's Restaurant; Donahues Restaurant; Shavertown Evans Drug Store; Hall's Drug Store; Truckville, Gregory's Store; Shaver's Store; Jeddontown, Caves Store; Huntsville, Barnes Store; Alderson, Dealer's Store; Fermitook, Reese's Store; Bloomsburg Mill Cafeteria; Sweet Valley, Britt's Store.

When requesting a change of address subscribers are asked to give their old as well as new address. Allow two weeks for changes of address or new subscription to be placed on mailing list.

We will not be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs and editorial matter, unless self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed, and in no case will this material be held for more than 30 days.

National display advertising rates 60c per column inch. Local display advertising rates 60c per column inch; specified position 60c per inch. Advertising copy received on Thursday will be charged at 60c per column inch.

Classified rates 8c per word. Minimum charge 50c. All charged ads 10c additional.

Unless paid for at advertising rates, we can give no assurance that announcements of plays, parties, rummage sales or any affairs for raising money will appear in a specific issue.

Preference will in all instances be given to editorial matter which has not previously appeared in publication.

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ONLY YESTERDAY

From The Post of ten and twenty years ago this week.

Ten Years Ago in The Dallas Post

From The Issue Of

April 18, 1941

Peter D. Clark was appointed Senior Corporation Tax Examiner, Department of Revenue, Harrisburg, by Republican State Organization.

An unusually good student, polite and cooperative in everything except one, a small member of Jehovah's Witnesses is posing a problem at Dallas Borough School by refusing to salute the flag.

Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company will award an Oscar to an unidentified player in "Let Us Take Council" at the annual dinner, April 28.

Senior class students who are incorrigibly absent from school face expulsion before graduation.

Crop loans are now available at low interest rate.

Breakfast dunkers special: a pound of coffee and one dozen doughnuts, both for 26 cents.

The he-man in Dallas who submits the most savory recipe for a meat dish will be honored at Dallas Methodist Church on Monday.

Florence Hazletine, Main Street, and William Monk, Pinecrest Avenue, will be united in matrimony today.

Janet Miles, Plymouth, and Andrew Kuchta, Alderson, were married April 5.

Marriage of Jeanne Hayden, Ridge Street, and Gerald Snyder, Dallas Township, was solemnized on Saturday.

Future Farmers of Lehman held their second annual banquet on Wednesday.

Little Colonel Wins Two Points on Champion

Little Colonel, 8 month old Welsh Terrier, sired by Champion Licken Run's High Circuit, out of Robinson's Cresheim Catch Penny, took first in the puppy class at the Kennel Club Show of Northern New Jersey, at Teaneck, April 1; at Lackawanna Kennel Club Show in Scranton, April 14, first in puppy class, winners dog, and best of opposite sex, winning 2 points toward championship.

The Thomas Robinsons will show him next at Wilmington, Del., April 28, and at Penn Treaty Kennel Club at Booth's Corner, Pa., April 29.

He could not be entered in Back Mountain Show on Sunday, as entry is barred to the secretary of the club.

The Book Worm



Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod by Kenneth Roberts

There are two books by Kenneth Roberts in the Book Club collection at Back Mountain Memorial Library, both of them recent additions. The earlier one is "Trending Into Maine", the most recent one "Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod".

The first book explains why Maine is the only state the author could possibly live in and be happy, his only problem the selection of the one perfect spot among so many prospects. It goes back into the history of the state, touches lightly upon the making of a fish chowder, and gives a recipe for tomato catchup. It is readable and gives an unwitting picture of the author and his foibles as well as characteristics of Maine. But it doesn't come up to "Henry Gross and his Dowsing Rod."

Everybody has heard of water dowsers. Most people view dowsing with a tongue in the cheek. But after reading this volume, most people will wonder whether Kenneth Roberts has been taking them for a ride, or if it would be a good idea to send a map of their property to Henry Gross before endorsing the well driller.

After reading the book at one sitting, with midnight far to the rear, I still do not know whether I have been sold a bill of goods or not. People get music out of the air, heat from a wire, a prize fight from a ringside seat by remote control. Why not believe that underlaid water sets up a reaction that can be felt by a sensitive enough person, with or without benefit of a dowsing rod?

The trouble is that Henry Gross has refined the art of dowsing to the point where he can dowse for water without leaving his easy chair or removing his feet from the desk.

He looks at a map, twirls the dowsing rod—a forked stick—and asks the rod where the water is, how deeply it is buried, how many underground veins converge and at what preferred point. The fork, eager to oblige, rubs off its own bark and occasionally a bit of Henry Gross' skin when it tilts in answer.

Henry marks on the map where water is to be found, and drops it in the mail. The property owner digs where Henry recommends, to the depth which the dowsing rod designated, and there is the water.

It is when Kenneth Roberts tells his readers that the dowsing rod, dipped in any specific substance, will turn toward that material, that we begin to wonder if he is doing a bit of leg-pulling. And when he avers that in sensitive hands a dowsing rod or a swinging pendulum will determine the sex of the unborn child, except in cases where the mother is RH negative, the reader suspects that he is being taken for a ride.

But here are the records, with sex determined in an over-whelming percentage of the tests.

And there is Bermuda, with rain water its only water supply, suddenly provided with fresh water from deep wells, with another tremendous offshore supply coming up from the depths, already dowsed and waiting only to be harnessed.

Whether you believe in dowsing or not, you should read the book. You might be astonished.

President of Council

Joseph LeGrand, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis LeGrand of Baldwin Street has been elected president of Student Council at Millersville State Teacher's College. Joe is also a member of the Industrial Arts Society and Page Literary Society. He is a member of the Junior Class.

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Barnyard Notes

The type seems to be getting finer in the newspapers and Huntsville Road is steeper than it was a few years back.

You can add this to the something or other department, but we've observed that:

- All football players look like kids.
- The really pretty girls now have a streak of gray in their hair.
- Most of our friends' kids have graduated from college.
- Peppermint lozenges taste good.
- Forty-five miles an hour is fast enough.
- It's quicker to call a mechanic than fix a flat.
- Repairing the roof is more important than a new car.
- Fellows our age and much younger are running the world.
- It's more fun to hire a boy than rake the leaves.
- Getting out of the bathtub is hazardous business.
- Life insurance agents are no longer a problem.
- It takes a little longer to get started in the morning.
- It's pleasanter to wait for the morning paper than to stay up and listen to the eleven o'clock news.
- Overshoes aren't such a nuisance after all.
- It's a little bit ridiculous to call our friends "the boys" or "the girls."
- A Tuxedo will last, but it won't fit for a lifetime.
- We scan the obituary column before we read the sports pages.
- We remember vividly the day Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic.
- We're afraid of the answers when the family doctor makes a routine checkup.
- Young folks give us a seat in the bus.
- We no longer charge every mistake to experience.
- Old photographs interest us—so do letters.
- We count the years ahead in fives rather than twenties.
- Those two-inch patent medicine ads in the newspapers attract our attention.
- We no longer object to wiping dishes.
- We plant fast growing trees.
- We'd rather row a boat than paddle a canoe.
- We canspeak nicely about an old girl without Myra's getting excited.
- There are plenty of grown folks who can't remember World War I.
- Most of our friends wives have been disorganized.
- We're growing old

Dallas Kiwanis To Sponsor Back Mountain 4-H Calf Club

Back Mountain 4-H Dairy Calf Club which enters its third year of organization will be sponsored by Dallas Kiwanis Club. This announcement by L. G. Yearick, Assistant County Farm Agent was made on behalf of the 4-H Dairy Calf Club which voted to have a sponsor nearer to the area where many of its members live. Kiwanis president, Clyde Cooper and Agricultural Chairman, Kenneth Rice plan a welcome for the club to be held a little later in the spring. Kenneth Rice has been active in supporting the club since its beginning in 1949.

William Clewell, Trucksville, along with the directors of the Trucksville Volunteer Fire Company, has given the club its permanent meeting place in the Trucksville Fire Hall. Meetings are held regularly on the third Friday of each month at 7:45 p. m. Any extra activities are announced to the club members by the secretary.

From a modest beginning in 1949 with eight registered calves enrolled in three breeds, the club expanded in 1950 to eleven calves enrolled in the same three breeds, Holstein, Guernsey and Ayrshire. This year the active membership expanded to fourteen members at the first meeting with others planning to join. These fourteen members enrolled fifteen calves, heifers and three-year olds in four breeds, Jersey, Holstein, Ayrshire and Guernsey.

New officers will be elected at the April 20th meeting. Last year's officers were: President, Bobby Rice, Dallas; vice president, Danny Bell, Pittston, R.D.; Sec.-Treas., Frank Prutzman, Trucksville.

Unlike any 4-H Dairy Calf Club in Pennsylvania this Back Mountain Club has appointed breed advisers. These are as follows: Holsteins, Ralph Sands, Wyoming; George Shoemaker (deceased), Wyoming; Guernseys, Mary Weir, Dallas; Ayrshires, Kenneth Rice, Dallas. A Jersey adviser will be elected by the club at the next meeting.

The charter members who are still in the club are Frank Prutzman, Trucksville; Roy Everts, Trucksville, R. D.; Richard Lewis, Pittston, R. D.; Danny Bell, Pitt-

R. D.; Edward Oncey, Dallas R.D.; and Bobby Rice, Dallas. New members from 1950 are Thomas Marvin and John Marvin, Shickshinny, R.D.; Ronald and Robert Young, Shickshinny, R. D.; David Stradus, Shickshinny, R. D.; Helen Mikolai-chick, Pittston R. D.; and Janice Bertram, Trucksville, R. D.

Records are kept of feed costs by each club member in books provided by the Pennsylvania State College. Production records of heifers are also kept on a monthly basis.

The Back Mountain Calf Club already has a good show record at the Northeast Pennsylvania 4-H Dairy Calf Show held annually at NEPA Grounds, Tunkhannock.

Membership is open to boys and girls between ages of 10 to 21 who have the necessary buildings and equipment for calf care.

Mystery

by Mary C. Gilbert

The young couple were Belgian and had not lived in the United States long. The husband was a musician of ability, the wife a bride of a year and they occupied the apartment above us.


They were a devoted couple and almost childishly pleased with all the new and wonderful things to be seen, had and done in this new country.

We noticed them sitting on the lawn one late June evening, whispering together and pointing to the fireflies, that were winking at the dusk with their tiny lamps.

Presently the young couple approached us in some confusion and asked hesitantly about the "lights".

A firefly was caught in the hand and shown them, and they were told of the strange small insect's life.

Looking at us with awe and gratitude apparent in her face, the young wife said "Floremon and me—we thought them the spirits of the departed!"

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