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THE DALLAS POST

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EDITORIAL COLUMN

Devoted to the Current Topics of the Day

FATHER'S DAY

June 16th is Father's Day, and we want to urge everyone not to overlook this occasion. For some reason, Mother's Day is much more widely observed than Father's Day. This is understandable in the light of the beautiful sentiments that are aroused by the very words "mother"—yet father need not be neglected, as too often he seems to be.

Father may seem indifferent to such an occasion as Father's Day. Probably, if asked, he would call it "nonsense" and ask his children to "forget it."

Father may seem austere, or too practical to care for such trinkets as you might be moved to purchase for him, or, in many cases, it might seem ridiculous to present him with a gift out of his own money.

But remember one thing! A man is only a boy grown up. Your father, no matter what his exterior, has hidden away in his heart a little boy. And that little boy will come to the surface and with father will retire to his room as happy about the red pair of suspenders, or the tie, or the box of cigars that you have given him, as any little boy would be about a box of marbles or a baseball glove.

Don't be fooled by your father. He likes little attentions just as much as mother does.

THE LIMIT OF MAN

There is no way of predicting the extent of developments in the radio field. Tests by the Canadian National Railway near Toronto indicate the futility of predicting the ultimate destiny of radio. It is possible now to talk casually from moving trains, to send telegrams from them, and to broadcast from them.

Years ago it was thought the ultimate was reached when phonograph records broadcast were heard over a comparatively short distance.

At that time anyone suggesting that broadcasts might be made from a moving train would have been considered insane. In ancient times such a prophet would have been burned at the stake for witchcraft.

Yet these miracles have come to pass, and do not doubt it, others are coming. There seem to be very few limitations to the ability of man to conquer the elements. But there is one very definite limit.

When Lieutenant Soucek sought to make a new altitude record, eight miles above the ground, he had to breathe oxygen from tanks in order to keep alive. As it was, breathing was an agonizing experience. His adventure proved there was a limit to human progress in the sense that man is confined to the little globe in which he is born.



And lang, lang may the maidens sit
With their gowned kames in their hair,
A- waiting for their aim dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Once upon a time a woman had a comb and she had a brush and she had a mirror—and tucked away in the top drawer of her dresser there was a fat little brown bundle of kid curlers with which she tortured her hair into an exaggerated curl, a curl that rarely escaped plain "frizziness."

That was hair grooming a decade ago. But ten years change minds and habits, characters and customs, and to-day Milady has a set of military brushes (if she is wise), a magnifying mirror (if she is careful) and a permanent wave (if she is really up to the times).

On her dresser there is always a bottle of tonic, a dainty atomizer which holds her brillantine, and in her bathroom cabinet the real secrets of her hair beauty are carefully tucked away.

What are they? First her shampoo, for all beauty depends most upon absolute cleanliness. The modern woman no more thinks of rubbing a cake of soap upon her hair than she does of washing it with benzine. And before we go further into the intricacies of modern hair grooming, I want to tell you something about washing your hair.

About a moth ago I was in a small town in the middle west. The shower

in my bathroom was not in working order, nor did I have an adequate spray, so I determined to try the local hairdresser for a much needed shampoo. And the mistakes she made convinced me that the art of shampooing is none too well known in America!

I have given detailed instructions on shampooing in some of our previous talks, and there is not time to go into them again here. But I would like to mention a few little points that came to mind as my hair was being most inadequately washed.

When you wash your hair, learn to depend on the strength of your fingers more than upon the quality of the shampoo. If hands are soiled, you scrub them; soaking, unless it is by the hour, will not remove embedded dirt. If it does not work with the hands, why expect it to do so with the hair? The scalp needs cleaning just as much as does the hair itself, and surface latherings of soap are not sufficient. So after the hair has been wet with warm water, rub your shampoo well into the hair roots using the TIPS of your fingers not the cushioned pads.

Do not be afraid of a little energy. The scalp is quite sufficiently resistant as it is. All your rubbing will not do more than awaken it to healthful animation—and that SHOULD be done anyway. It is not necessary to lather four times, as the young lady did to me. Twice is quite sufficient. Why waste the shampoo?

—o—

Heard Around the Corner

Why Not Get a Horse, Chief?

The past week Chief of Police Edward Avery, while trying out the borough motorcycle which had just been repaired, endeavored to turn around on Main street and crashed into the new Dodge sedan of G. A. A. Kuehn.

It seems that the clutch stuck on the motorcycle and the Chief in his effort to free it took his eyes from the road and crashed into the machine.

It has been suggested by some of his many friends suggest getting him a horse instead. How about it, Chief?

Golf

Within the last year or two Dallas is getting on the map in regard to golf players. Up until lately, one usually talked of fishing or baseball during the summer months. Now it seems that golf is getting to be the rage.

One of the foremost of these players is Jim Oliver. Jim is making a great record as a player and methinks that it is only natural, for Jim has two very good essentials in learning the main easily. Now, we think, that the main thing to do in golf is hit the ball. Jim has the determination in his makeup and has the other great essential, is built close to the ground.

However, Jim has been quite busy the past few weeks due to the nice weather in selling Dodges and Plymouths, the two most popular cars back of the mountain.

Piano Playing

One just has to wander in to Higgins' College Inn on Main street every Tuesday evening to witness some fine exhibitions of piano playing. Thom has two pianists who are exceptionally clever, who play with the orchestra and they sure can make the piano talk.

Mentioned For Council

Who is that little feller (by stature only) who one sees around the corner now and then. That is Clinton Bolinger, whose name is being mentioned prominently for council this fall. Harry Garrahan will no doubt aspire for reelection and as almost everyone likes the congenial Harry, he will have little trouble getting elected.

"Pinky Dinky" and His Creator

Terry Gilkison Draws His Inspiration From Living Models



Terry Gilkison, the creator of "Pinky Dinky," which appears weekly in the (Dallas Post) is very modest in saying that he did not originate the characters in his comic strip.

"I have two Pinky Dinkies of my own at home," he says, "and watching them and their companions gives me all the inspiration I need. All I have to do is put them down on paper."

Terry Gilkison was born at Huntington, W. Va., and raised in a small town, Williamstown. He started work on the Clarksburg Exponent, later being with the Wheeling Register, the leading West Virginia newspaper.

He graduated to the larger city papers, working for the Cincinnati Post and the Cleveland Plain Dealer, then eventually went to New York and began syndicating his work throughout the nation. He is a contributor to many national magazines, such as Life, Judge and Collier's. He lives at Mount Vernon, N. Y., and commutes to the city.

Terry Gilkison loves children—and studies them from every angle. His chief interests are his two boys and their dog Spot. The characters in "Pinky Dinky" are drawn from his two boys and their friends—Mr. Gilkison using the magic of his pencil to make them as real to his readers as they are to him.

MICHAEL LAPHY

Michael Laphy, of Mt. Greenwood, died at his home last Sunday evening after an illness of two months. Mr. Laphy was a veteran of the Civil War and had lived all his life in Luzerne county. The funeral was held from his late home at Mt. Greenwood on Wednesday afternoon with further services in the Carverton church. Interment was in Carverton cemetery.

Langley on Aviation

The foundation of modern aviation literature was laid in 1891 when Prof. Samuel P. Langley published his notable "Experiments in Aerodynamics." He followed this two years later with "The Stearns' Work of the Winds."

CEMETERY ASSOCIATION TO MEET HERE WEDNESDAY

There will be a meeting of the owners of lots and all persons who have friends and relatives buried in Dallas cemetery are requested to be present on Wednesday, June 19, 1929, at 2 o'clock.

This meeting has been suggested for the purpose of providing means for perpetual care of cemetery lots.

Hard to Credit

There are two things that are indisputably true and yet not imaginatively credible—that young people should ever grow old, or that the old should ever have been young.—Isabel Paterson.

ERECTS ELECTRIC SIGN

Thom Higgins is erecting a fine new electric sign in front of his place of business on Main street. The sign was purchased from the Flexlume Company, one of the largest manufacturers of electric signs in the United States. The sign will be erected on an iron stand in a concrete base and when complete will be one of the most attractive in the borough.

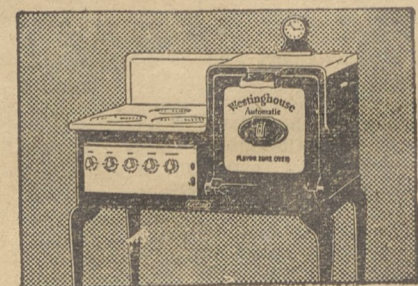
Too Far Behind

One day Jessie's mother was telling of some incident which had occurred some time in the past and asked her small daughter whether she remembered it. Jessie replied: "No, I don't remember that; it is too far behind."



THE CHANCE YOU'VE WAITED FOR... to get an electric range on an easy, convenient plan

a Westinghouse range—the only range that cooks a complete dinner from start to finish without any supervision—the range that adds to the goodness and nourishment of everything you cook—the range that saves money in food bills.



Westinghouse The Electric Range with the automatic "Flavor Zone" Oven

Because women the country over are turning to electric cooking, welcoming it as the easiest and best solution of the domestic problem of three-meals-a-day...

Because the Westinghouse Automatic "Flavor Zone" Range offers new and distinct electric cooking advantages...

We're giving you a chance to get one of these marvelous ranges on a special, easy, convenient plan. Here's an opportunity for you to put in your kitchen

We are anxious to show you the operation of this most useful household device and the many benefits that you can derive from its use.

We have arranged to have an experienced home economist of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company come here and give you a practical demonstration of its use.

She will be at the Reese building, Dallas, on Monday evening at 7:45; Tuesday at 2 and at 7:45 and on Wednesday at 2 and 7:45.

We extend to you a cordial invitation to attend one or all of these demonstrations when you may learn without obligation the new and modern way of cooking.

Luzerne County Gas & Electric Co.

New Persian Hat



His has adopted a new hat for following a proclamation of the President Daguare of the Iranian Parliament is shown wearing the new hat or "Pahlavi."

Kaiser's Grandson



Prince Louis Ferdinand Von Prussia, grandson of the former Kaiser of Germany, works in overalls in a Los Angeles motor plant as No. 1030 in an assembly chain.

155 Years Old



Cheick Rafai Rabal, of Arabia, claims 155 years of age. He remembers the details of an Arabian massacre of 1811. He remembers when George the Third was King of England, when Louis 16th, was King of France, and knew Napoleon when he was only a young artillery officer.