

The Dallas Post

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An independent paper, of the people, devoted to the great farming section of Luzerne and other counties.

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A GOOD CITIZEN AND A SOUND POLICY

Wesley Himmler, owner of the Himmler Theatre, is seriously considering the installation of either an R. C. A. or Western Electric talking picture equipment in his theatre here. Such equipment will cost in the neighborhood of \$8,000 and if Mr. Himmler has it installed it will give his theatre talking picture equipment equal in quality with that in any of the large city playhouses. There are several companies manufacturing sound equipment for motion picture houses. Some of the equipment is priced as low as \$700 or \$800, but Mr. Himmler will consider none of these types in selecting sound producing apparatus for Dallas audiences.

We admire Mr. Himmler's progressiveness and his business philosophy of always giving the best service obtainable to his patrons. It takes considerable courage and an unbounded confidence in the community for a man to invest thousands of dollars in a community enterprise. Though there were many in Dallas who said that a theatre would not pay here when Mr. Himmler started to build a good theatre and to put the very best equipment in it. He didn't stop there. When he started showing pictures he secured recent and expensive releases for his programs. It is his philosophy of business to give the best obtainable to the public at any price, then if failure should come it will be because no man could make a success of the business in the field in which it is located. That, we think, is a sound philosophy and one which should bring the rewards of success in any community.

Contributors' Column

November 5, 1929.

The Dallas Post, Dallas, Pa. Gentlemen:

In your editorial column of last Saturday there appeared an item, the tone of which surprised me a little. I wonder if you really mean to convey to the outside world the impression that this region is "benighted" and since it is so that you share in the responsibility of keeping it so. I am sure you did not mean that.

May I give you some facts relating to the Trucksville Post Office, facts that you are not aware of according to your editorial?

About 1,500 people are receiving mail on the rural routes from this office. 165 subscribers receive the Wilkes-Barre Record daily on these routes and they may read their papers at or later than eleven o'clock on the morning of the day the paper is published. I have lived in some places where carrier service did not better this.

A truck is required to haul the mail entering this office, but up to this month that mail has been hauled to the office on a wheelbarrow, and yet, in the record of five years not a single parcel post package or registered letter has been reported lost. I have seen the carrier waiting at the station as late as ten o'clock at night, waiting for the train to take the night mail out, and there have been times when he has had to wait until 1:30 in the next morning, in order to remain true to his trust. And while he was waiting at the station, the postmaster was compelled to wait at her office for the return. I have heard no complaint of this because it was in the line of duty.

Here is another fact of which you may not be aware. All parcel post is received from Wilkes-Barre after six o'clock at night, but these same packages are delivered to the patrons of this office the next morning. Having lived within the city routes I can say to you that this service is fully as good as we receive on those city routes and sometimes the city routes were far less prompt.

It seems to me, in fairness to a good woman who is faithfully trying to perform her duty in the spirit of real service, a woman who has the respect of her neighbors and all the people who have business dealings with her, that you owe her a note of apology for this editorial.

Very truly yours,
REV. A. J. CHAPMAN.

WE STAND BY OUR GUNS!

Considerable criticism has been made of the editorial appearing last week in the Post under the title, "A Weekly's Weekly Protest." There has been almost an equal amount of commendation. The editorial did not attempt to deal in personalities nor did it apply to any particular postoffice in this vicinity, although practically every postoffice has taken it as a personal affront and resented it. In one instance a copy of the editorial was posted where everybody who visited the postoffice could view it. We didn't expect this generous publicity when the editorial was written. The fact still remains that copies of this paper mailed from the Dallas post-

HEARD AROUND THE CORNER

The Election

DO YOU KNOW THAT?

Burgess Harry Anderson sure surprised the boys around the corner by his election to another term as burgess, defeating our smiling restaurant owner, Thom Higgins.

No happier man in town can be found than John L. Sullivan, who donated two machines to hauling in votes in the interest of burgess.

The old residents of the town rallied closely around the banner of our burgess, and this, together with the wonderful vote he received on Parrish Heights, did the trick.

As predicted by this column, Jim Besecker won over tanley Doll by a big majority. Mr. Doll with only the Prohibition nomination, however, made a good showing, but had no chance against the affable Ford dealer.

Space won over F. F. Morris by seventy-seven votes. We conceded his election by twenty-five votes but his neighbors on the Heights gave him thirty-two majority and the old Dallas district forty-five majority.

Ralph Rood, although losing to Clarke Hildebrand, made a fine showing with only the Democratic nomination. The combination started in the primary of "Garrahan-Franklin-Hildebrandt," however, could not be headed off.

And in speaking of this combination, Councilman Parrish is coming into several messages of congratulations for he was the dady of the above combination.

That with Hildebrandt's election, Parrish will have a strong ally on council to back his program of improvements which he has in mind for Parrish Heights. It is not known just how Franklin will line up, and Garrahan, too, although Harry has been always friendly to the so-called anti-Parrish faction on council.

Roland Stevens was about town, enjoying the fun, and in this connection we want to say that Dallas loses a mighty fine councilman with his retiring on the first of the year. Roland was of good assistance to the town during his tenure of office.

Ralph Eipper, the retiring councilman, did not make any effort to succeed himself.

Voting was exceedingly light during the morning at the downtown polls and Judge of Election Stanley Doll just had to put his foot down to keep John Frantz inside of the election polls. John felt that he could go out and kill a few rabbits between votes, but was "voted down" by the Judge.

H. B. Hale read the election laws about no member of the election board being allowed outside of the polls, and steadfastly stood by his guns and never went out to eat or anything. Of course, this was Hale's first time as a member of the local board and wanted to make a good showing.

Corey Gordon, smiling and agreeable as ever, was on the board and makes a fine clerk. Corey knows the ins and out and is a help to the board.

In passing, we just want to recall the many voters that have passed away during the last five years or less. Oliver Fisher, one of the oldest judges of election in point of age and in years served, has passed to the great beyond.

Daddy Parrish came to vote, as usual and his cheery hello appeared to be the same, but we missed good old Mother Parrish, his helpmate for many years, who voted every time since women had the franchise.

B. W. Brickel was another who was always anxious to exercise his right of franchise, but he too, has gone.

Officer Avery was little seen during the day, probably Ed thought that the warring aspirants would keep within the bounds of the law of peace and order.

In speaking of police, we wonder now what will happen. Many rumors have been around the corner in the past month or two. The chief does not seem to worry, probably having something up his sleeve.

We wonder what became of that case down Kingston Township way where a prominent person sure did smash things up a bit?

Who is the Main street fellow who usually goes to sleep when opportunity comes his way?

And Any Jury Would Acquit Him By Albert T. Reid

SAY, STEVE, WASHINGTON WAS A REAL MAN. HE DRANK LIKE A FISH; RAN AFTER THE LADIES; PLAYED A STIFF OLD GAME OF POKER, TOO.



YOU KNOW IF WASHINGTON WAS ALIVE HE'D SNAP HIS FINGER AT A LOT OF THESE DOGGONE LAWS WE HAVE NOW.



I SEE WHERE THEY ADVERTISE WASHINGTON WOULD DRIVE A DINGFOD CAR IF HE WERE LIVING. THAT'S APPLE SAUCE. HE'D OWN A BLOOPER; THAT'S WHAT HE'D OWN.



I'M CERTAINLY GETTIN' FED UP ON THESE WISE BIRDS. TELLIN' ME WHAT WASHINGTON DID AND WHAT HE WOULD DO.



STEVE, YOU KNOW THIS MAN; GEORGE WASHINGTON, WELL, HE WAS



BEEN ANOTHER ACCIDENT



Ryman Recalls First Memorial Day In Dallas

Also Tells of Early Schools and Interesting Incidents in Connection With Memorial Day Observance

The same enterprising citizen who organized and started the first Sunday school, famed for its abounding good nature, generosity and forwardness in starting and promoting new and useful operations for the interest and welfare of the community, is also noted for the variety of his trades and accomplishments. He was born to handle skillfully the tools of all trades. He practiced a little law and medicine, and in music he was at home with almost any instrument. After the war when the 30th of May was first set apart and made a holiday for the decoration of the graves of the soldier dead, he was the first to improvise a band of drums and fifes to

take part in the ceremony of visiting and decorating the various graves in the graveyards in and about Dallas. The program of this first decoration day at Dallas was to visit each soldier's grave and lay upon it a wreath of flowers; and as the procession marched from one grave to another, music of the funeral kind was furnished by this band. There were several graveyards and a considerable number of graves in each to be visited, while the number of tunes suitable for such an occasion in the repertory of this newly organized band was very limited, and in visiting so many graves there was of course much repetition, so that by night, the services having lasted most of the day, this band, and especially its organized and leader, were very tired of those particular pieces. Finally the last grave had been decorated and the procession was headed for home. The program called for more music, but to repeat again any of those psalm tunes seemed unbearable to all. With a look of almost of despair, one of the members ventured to ask of the leader, "What shall

I play now?" "Oh, ——— it, anything —the 'Girl I Left Behind Me,'" was the reply. The relief was so great that all marched away heartily enjoying the change, while the bluntness and profanity of the reply and the amusing yet literal inappropriateness of the situation has since furnished much amusement to many who were present on that occasion.

In the practice of medicine our own Sunday school and band organizer has also won some laurels. It is told of him that on one occasion a distinguished and skillful practitioner of the same profession, being overcome with heat or from some other cause, was suddenly prostrated and became unconscious in the road near the house of our hero. With quick presence of mind our hero had the patient removed to his house nearby and ordered the two men who he had called as assistants to apply cold water bandages to the head, while he took down his herb doctor book, adjusted his spectacles and began licking his thumb and with it turning the leaves one by one (Continued Next Week)

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