

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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THE DALLAS POST

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THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving Day no longer carries, to most Americans, the historical and spiritual significance which it had for the people of New England for nearly three centuries. In a considerable section of the country, however, especially in the smaller communities, it remains a holy day, consecrated to the memory of the courageous little band of pilgrims who first established it as an annual memorial of their deliverance from pestilence and famine. It is the eldest of all American holidays; it had been celebrated for a hundred and fifty years before the Fourth of July acquired significance. In the New England of comparatively a few years ago it was held in wider observance than even Christmas. It was the day for family reunions, when the sons and daughters with their wives and husbands and children came "home."

Those Thanksgiving days at "Grandma's house!" How they live in the memory of every Yankee boy and girl! The services at the church were among the few that the children really enjoyed, for the long sermon was mercifully cut short and the hymns were songs of praise instead of the dirge-like psalms which bored the infant mind to distraction. And then—Thanksgiving dinner!

Fittingly, because it is America's own, the turkey was then as now the crowning glory of the feast, with its twin Yankee cosmetable, cranberry sauce. But turkey alone does not make a genuine old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. There were homemade bread and cake besides the profusion of vegetables and jellies and preserves; there were "fried-cakes," of the sort the Dutch called crullers and the Yankees doughnuts. And there was pie. Pumpkin pie, mince pie, apple pie, custard pie, cranberry pie, magnificent specimens of the three great species of pie, open-faced, cross-barred and "kivered."

No wonder the New England people are a hardy lot! Any child who survived an annual succession of Thanksgiving dinners and lived to grow up was made of tough fibre.

HEIGH, HO! EVERYBODY

Heigh, ho! Everybody! Heigh, ho! With apologies to Rudy Valee, Broadway's favorite musical artist, for those first lines, here I am everybody. The Post has asked me to write a little column now and then and so here's the first one. It may not be in the paper each week, but it will be here occasionally. In the meantime, I'd like to know how you like it and any contribution sent to the Post in care of the Heigh! Ho! column will be handed to me.

Afterthought on Armistice Day
I don't know whether you're read it or not, but if you haven't, you should read "All's Quiet on the Western Front." This book is written by a young German who is now thirty-one years of age. He saw three years of service during the war with the German army on the western front. He paints war as it really was and nowhere in the book do you feel that it is written by a man who was once an enemy of the United States. The three major thoughts that he brings out are: True comradeship, the terrible unrest of his generation which saw service during the war, and the utter futility of war. All of his friends were killed in the army. He, himself, was wounded. Since the war he has floated from one job to another, but his book, written last year, has now run into millions of copies and is translated into all European tongues. Don't fail to read it.

Another Thought
In Sunnyside Cemetery at Tunkhannock there stands a little wooden cross with the simple inscription, R. I. P., then the name of a soldier, and further underneath are the words: "Died in France—American Expeditionary Forces." Around this little cross there has grown up a popular story. I believe it is true.

During the hectic days of 1917 when America was gathering its forces to fight by the side of England France, a young man by the name of Turn, just a youngster, talked quietly with his father about joining up with the other boys who were leaving for France. In the conversation he said: "Dad, I think I've got the stuff. I'm going to France. I'm going to make you proud of me, I'll bring a war cross home with me. Think of it, a Distinguished Service cross in the family." Of course, he went to France. He died there. He never won the Distinguished Service Cross, but the cross he won was greater—and he brought it home.

HEARD AROUND THE CORNER

THANKSGIVING

Well, if we do not have much to write about blame it on that good dinner we had yesterday. Now most writers say "too much turkey," but we would have to say "too much duck." We always prefer turkey on Christmas and you know that turkey once a year is about all that we can afford these days.

With everybody supposed to have been at home enjoying their Thanksgiving, notwithstanding this, the restaurants about town did considerable business.

RADIOS AND RADIOS

This is the radio season, and you can't go wrong by patronizing the radio advertisers in The Post. About all of the most well known makes are advertised in this issue.

CHRISTMAS IS A-COMIN'

The fact that Christmas is only a few weeks away has been brought home to many of us "breadwinners," as Santa is now looking forward to supplying our orders for Christmas. We must not forget the particular things that the kiddies want, but it would take a New York banker to supply all of their desires.

BEAUTIFUL WINDOW DISPLAY

Eddie's Radio Shoppe or more properly known as the Coolbaugh Radio Company, which is located in the Himmeler building, presents one of the most attractive window displays in this community. Eddie has now taken over the "wonder" Sparton radio and is more than anxious to have you call.

CRIPPLES ABOUT TOWN

Oh, boy! but some of the so-called "would-be's" very definitely demonstrated that they are "has-beens" at the local football game on Thanksgiving morning. The Dallas Collegians, made of so-called old stars, met and were vanquished by the local high school team.

Ten Little Pennies

A POEM

The following poem which is inspired by the school banking system was written by Wilma Bishop, who is a student in the seventh grade at Noxen high school.—Editor.

Ten little pennies
All in one line,
Take this one to the bank
And then there are nine.

Nine little pennies
In a row so straight,
Give one to the bank
Then there are eight.

Eight little pennies
Laying straight and even,
Hand this one to the bank,
Now there are seven.

Seven little pennies
We will play a trick,
Snatch this one off to the bank,
Leaving only six.

Six handsome pennies,
Sure as I'm alive,
I'll give this one to the bank
Now I have but five.

Five small pennies,
How I wish I had more,
If I gave this one to the bank
Then I'll have four.

Four showy pennies,
Bright as can be,
Here is one for bank day,
Look! I'll have three.

Three tiny pennies,
Perhaps there's one for you,
No, this is for bank day,
Now I have two.

Two precious pennies,
Isn't this great fun?
Send this one to the bank
And now I have one.

One lovely penny,
Left the last of many,
Take it off for bank day
Now I haven't any.
—WILMA BISHOP.

SEE AND HEAR

AN ARIZONA COWBOY
Dec. 11 and 13
HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

Uncle Eben

"You got to admire a great statesman," said Uncle Eben. "He gits mo' honor and applause dan any musician in de band an' don' have to learn to play no instrument whatever."—Washington Star.

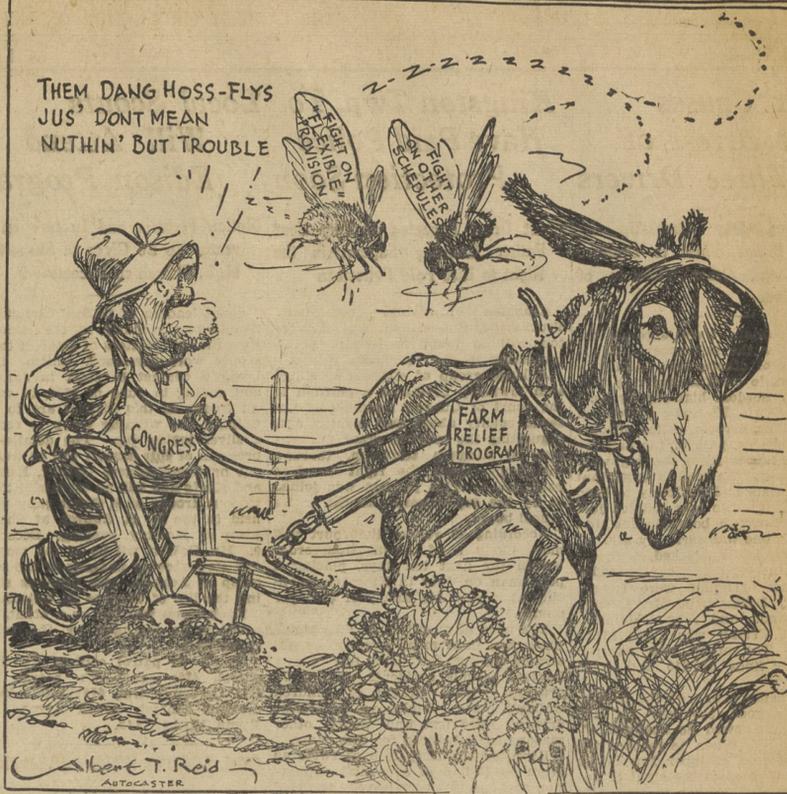
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By Albert T. Reid





Eddie Says

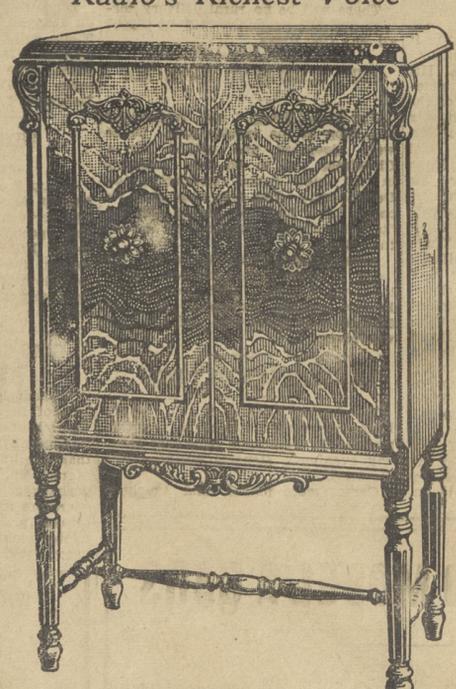
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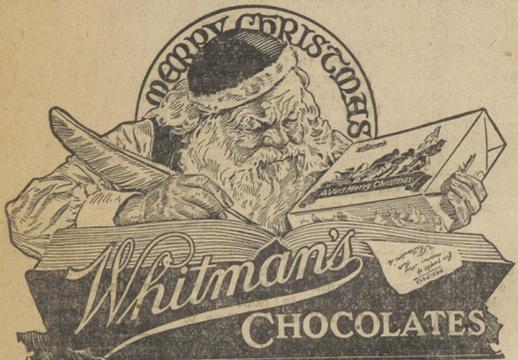
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Smoke

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the QUALITY IS THE SAME

5c