

The Dallas Post,

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THE DALLAS POST, INC.

THE DALLAS POST is a youthful weekly rural-suburban newspaper, owned, edited and operated by young men interested in the development of the great rural-suburban region of Luzerne County and in the attainment of the highest ideals of journalism. Thirty-one surrounding communities contribute weekly articles to **THE POST** and have an interest in its editorial policies. **THE POST** is truly "more than a newspaper, it is a community institution."

Congress shall make no law *** abridging the freedom of speech, or of Press.—From the first amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

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There is no doubt about it. We like snow. The bigger the snow storm, and the deeper, the better. For at least two days now, we have heard very little about the depression. People generally have other things to talk about. Even the most ardent depressionist find a rather chilly reception when he stops a man now and

attempts to talk depression to him on the street. And the storm, bless it, keeps the week kneed close to the fire, where they belong. If we could only have a snow storm ten feet deep and frigid weather until spring, we think this depression business would be pretty well over by the time we thawed out. At any rate we'd have only ourselves to talk depression to for the next two months.

THE STORM'S THE THING

If anything could forcibly illustrate the law of diminishing returns resulting from increasing costs beyond a reasonable figure, the three-cent letter postage has turned the trick.

LIKE THE HORSE Postal revenue has been lost which will never be regained from the same class of mail, for the simple reason that the public has devised ways to use third-class mail instead of first.

The same thing will take place with gasoline. As gas taxes are shoved up beyond reasonable figures, smaller cars will be used, or larger cars will be used less, and the volume sold will diminish, thereby producing less revenue for the state.

The same thing will take place with property. Beyond a certain point, the owner cannot pay taxes. When the day comes, he will let the city, county or state take it and the tax rolls will be flooded with unsalable property, and tax deficits will mount.

The public is no different than the horse. You can lead the horse to water, but you can't make his drink. You can tax the public beyond its ability to pay, but you can't make it pay.

The political subdivisions of this nation, from the smallest hamlet to the Federal government, should readjust the tax bill and public expenditures to fit the ability of the people to pay.

The papers are filled with reports of meetings of tax experts, state tax commissions and other organizations of "tax spenders" who are in a large measure to blame for the present taxation problems of the people. As advisers on the financial affairs of the people, they have for years taken the easiest course, acquiescing in public demands for extravagant public expenditures without raising their voices in protest or showing where exorbitant spending was leading the people.

Even today, most of the "tax experts," instead of recommending drastic cuts in public expenditures, are hunting ways and means to increase existing taxes or find new methods of taxation.

The same thing is going to happen to every city, county, state and the nation itself, that has happened to millions of families — they are going to have to get along on less money than they thought was possible a year or two years ago. Instead of increases in taxes or new methods of taxation to balance public deficits, there is going to have to be decreased taxation and decreased public demands on a balanced scale, which will eventually wipe out the deficits.

Families are paying up their bills now on reduced income simply by reducing their expenses below their income. Governments will have to do the same thing.

Dallas As I See It

By Harry Anderson

In my last letter to the Post, published two weeks ago, I mentioned the names of several persons who gave service in the early life of the paper. The list would indeed be incomplete without the name of William Patterson, husband of Mrs. Georgia Patterson, who still lives in Dallas. Mr. Patterson served as a solicitor for the paper for some time and his services were much appreciated by the publisher. Another who did much canvassing for the Post some twenty years ago was Miss M. Frantz Hoover.

The business places of Dallas in 1891 were about as numerous as at the present time, but in most instances far less pretentious. The principal general store was kept by A. Ryman & Sons in the site now occupied by the Risley Hardware. This store did a tremendous business, employing several clerks, principal among whom were Theodore Meyers and his son William Meyers, who later became associated with the F. M. Kirby Company and amassed a good-sized fortune. Fred Tyrrell was bookkeeper for the firm, and in addition to this helped to wait on the customers at busy times. The store was conducted under the supervision of John J. Ryman, who was an indefatigable worker, and who readily joined the force of clerks as occasion required.

The general store of Ira D. Shaver did a good business. Mr. Shaver was postmaster of the town for several years, Uncle Sam's business being transacted in one corner of the store building. This business was bought by C. A. Frantz in 1898, who later tore down the old building and erected the present brick structure which houses his business.

Harry Hatfield managed a store owned by himself and the late John J. Bulford. The building was located on the present site of the American store building. Later Mr. Hatfield acquired sole ownership and conducted a profitable business for a number of years.

After Mr. Hatfield retired from business, the building was occupied by Isaac Martin as a hardware store. It was while occupied as such that the place caught fire late one night some thirty years ago, and was burned to the ground.

The old Odd Fellows building, which had been occupied by James Garrahan as a general store previously, was in 1891 occupied by a hardware firm composed of Fred Gordon, the present tax collector, William Franklin and Harry E. Mott. This firm was afterwards dissolved and the business continued by the Mott brothers for some time. Later the business was taken over by Leslie Mott and a partner, and it was while this firm was conducting the business that the building caught fire late one night and was entirely destroyed. The second floor of the Monk and family and some of the in-building was occupied by William mates made their escape only by means of ladders hoisted to the windows. Mr. Monk at that time was clerk at the Luzerne House, later known as the Raub hotel.

A drug store, located in the building now occupied by Mr. Williams' novelty store on Main street, was conducted by William Norton, with George Hileman, now a member of the Wyoming borough council, as prescription clerk. Later the store was taken over by Dr. C. A. Boston, Mr. Norton taking up the printing business. Dr. Spencer later sold the business to Mr. Hileman, who continued at the old stand for a number of years. George E. Norton succeeded Mr. Hileman as the town's druggist, and upon his retirement G. A. Kuehn, present owner of the Dallas Pharmacy, came to Dallas from Wilkes-Barre.

The town's jewelry store was run by Peter E. Williams and his son Frank in the little building now occupied as a shoe shop by Paul Suska. This was the only watch and clock repair shop back of the mountain, and they did a nice business.

There were two meat markets in Dallas, one kept by C. D. Honeywell and the other by Chester White, Both had a big trade.

The town boasted of a millinery and dressmaking business, the work being done by Miss Nella Moon and Miss Leafa Lee, who occupied the building almost opposite the present residence of Elmer D. Parrish.

Charles D. Gregory and George Heitzman conducted a milling business on the site opposite the present A. C. Devens milling business on Mill street. Mr. Heitzman withdrew shortly after I came to Dallas, and John T. Phillips became associated with Mr. Gregory as one of the owners of the business. Hildebrandt and Frantz then became the town millers, and later Claude T. Isaacs took over the business. At the retirement of the latter, A. C. Devens became the town miller.

Forty-two years ago there was quite a demand for the services of harness makers, and Albert Mosteller was doing a good business in part of the building occupied as a drug store. Succeeding harness makers were Tom

Kushton, Robert Downs, Edward Brodmarkle and Captain Bond.

Philip Raub was landlord of the hotel, having been succeeded his father, Andrew Raub in the business. At this time Andrew Raub and wife were living in the same house now occupied by [Norman Shotwell] and family. Andrew Raub died about forty years ago, but his estimable wife remained with us for several years afterwards.

Several months ago I was surprised and elated at receiving a letter from a boyhood pal whom I had not seen nor heard from since 1891. He left Kingston for the great West in that year, the same year I moved to Dallas. We had completely lost track of each other, and it was only when my name was mentioned to him in a letter by Frank Remmel, teller in the Kingston bank, that he knew of my whereabouts. He immediately wrote to me, and in this letter recalled the sleighing parties from Kingston to the Raub hotel, making mention of the big shade trees and old-fashioned pump in front of the old tavern. He is at present located in Idaho, and has made good in the world.

His mention of the old-fashioned pump reminds me of a story Philip Raub once told me. There are very few people in this section who know that Dallas was once visited by several of the most prominent pugilists in the world. It was back in the days when everything that savored of a prize fight was frowned upon by the law — possibly sixty years ago. It became noised about that a fight was to take place at Harvey's Lake between two men named Coyne and Rourke. However, the date was known only to the principals and outside followers of the ring, so it was with considerable consternation that Philip's father, then landlord of the Dallas hotel, found his place literally besieged by strangers late one night. The prize fight followers came by horse and wagon from every direction, and the procession so aroused the natives that soon they, to begin to fall in line, and before daylight the town had the biggest crowd in its history.

The hotel, which had closed for the night, was thrown open, and the weary travelers demanded not only drink, but food as well. The entire household set to work, and soon it was found that there was not enough food about the place to care for half the hungry ones. A skirmish for food among the neighbors was made and in this way most of the hungry ones were cared for. There was no dearth in the liquid supply, and this kept the majority in good humor.

It appears that one group of the visitors kept pretty well aloof from the crowd of tough looking fellows bent upon witnessing the fight, and the hotel folks were not long in discovering that these men were what might be called the higher-ups in the fight game. In fact they turned out to be some of the most prominent figures in ring history — such celebrities as Joe Coburn, Jem Mace, Arthur Chambers, and Barney Aaron. It seems that while they bore many evidences of their chosen profession, Philip's story was to the effect that the dining room was well crowded and that his father had instructed him to allow no more to enter until there was room at the tables. He was a big, two-fisted fellow himself, but as he took his place at the head of the steps, at the entrance to the dining room, he instantly scented trouble. Several tough-looking "hangers on" insisted upon crashing the door to the dining room, and Philip was having a tough time of it when Coburn and his friends came to the door to see what was the matter. It appears that Philip had had some words with one or two of the tough fellows a short time previous while at the pump for a pail of water, and they were out to get him. Coburn seemed to recognize the trouble makers, and with an oath grabbed one of the tough boys and threw him bodily down the steps. The fellow crashed against several cronies on the steps, and all hands went to the bottom. As the other big-time fighters appeared, there was a general scattering of the toughs, and the attitude of the celebrities put an end to all trouble. Philip who years later, in conjunction with Johnny Thayer, a well-known horseman, kept a string of running horses at the Gloucester race track, one day met Arthur Chambers, then a saloon keeper, and Chambers recalled the incident at the Dallas tavern.

In the early morning the big crowd wended its way to the shores of Harvey's Lake, where the fight between Coyne and Rourke was to take place. The ring was pitched near the old Rhodes hotel site, but the bout had not gone far when one of the principals claimed he had been stabbed. To add to the din occasioned by the claim, the announcement was made that the Sheriff was on his way from Wilkes-Barre to arrest everybody connected with the affair, and in less time that it takes to tell it the roads in every direction were filled with fleeing vehicles. The Sheriff did come, but the principals and their friends had made good their escape.

WATCHING THE WORLD GO BY



-Alderson-

Buy Now And Save Money
MID-WINTER CLEARANCE
Men's, Women's, Boy's, Girl's
Famous Woolrich Woolen
Sport Jackets, Greatly Reduced
Browns Hardware, Dallas, Pa.

Genevieve York, of Harrisburg spent the week end with her parents. Her sister Lillian, accompanied her to Harrisburg to spend the week.

Mrs. Sterling Kitchen held a sewing bee at her home on Wednesday last. Dinner was served at noon to Mrs. Howard Higgins, Miss Emma Odenkirchen and Mrs. Nettie Richards.

Jacob Conden has been removed from the Nanticoke State hospital to his home here.

Mrs. Grover Anderson held a quilting party on Thursday and Friday last week. Guest were Mrs. Harvey Kitchen, Mrs. Ann Getzman, Mrs. Fannie Jackson, Esther Jackson, Mrs. Gertrude Jackson, Charlotte Anderson and Mrs. Grover Anderson.

Ross Garinger has been ill.

The Epworth League business meeting was held at the home of Lillian York on Saturday evening. Plans for February were made. Games were played and lunch served to about twenty-five.

Frank Searfoss received word on Sunday evening of the death of his cousin William Weis, at Avoca. The funeral was held on Wednesday afternoon.

The Ladies' Aid society held a roast pork supper in the church dining room on Wednesday evening.

Ice harvesting has begun at Mountain Springs.

LaVerne York had the misfortune to fall down the steps of the swimming pool at Wyoming Seminary, where she is a student, on Thursday last. She suffered quite severe bruises.

Robert Avery has been confined to his home with a severe cold.

A surprise birthday party was held for Mrs. Sterling Kitchen at her home recently. Games of laugh provoking nature were played. Mrs. Kitchen received a beautiful dresser set. Lunch was served to about thirty.

Borough School Audit Completed

(Continued from Page 1.)

space of five years, authorized Solicitor L. Turner to make a full investigation of this item and assist the board in affecting collection.

In discussing the audit the board spent some time in an effort to find items which would admit of further reductions than have been made during the present term but arrived at no definite plans. It was reported that accounts payable and temporary loans have been reduced about \$10,000 since the period audited, but tax receipts do not justify the expectation that this can be continued until July 1.

The usual routine business was transacted by the Board.

Council Hears Request

(Continued From Page 1.)

by a bonding company to take care of the shortage in the funds of the late E. G. Stevens, borough treasurer was credited to the light and sinking funds. All bills were paid. Councilmen ab-

Dealer Displays New Ford Here

(Continued from Page 1.)

The improved V-8 engine is fitted with all-aluminum cylinder heads, one of the most noteworthy forward steps in motor design in many years.

IRA D. COOKE

Professional Land Surveyor
ENGINEERING
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Taxpayers Move For Reduction

(Continued from Page 1.)

tem, the aspirant was moved by a desire to see how much he might do for his government. It was shown that tax is a public matter, it results like all public matters that are of public interest, by being nobody's business. Hence the high taxes.

The increase in Dallas township from 1926 was from 30 mills to 40 mills. Attention was called that in past years 16 miles of the township roads were taken over by the state without any reduction in the road tax. Mention was made that the remedy for taxes was to have a medium of public expression — this would be an association of the citizens who would meet with the office holders and check and budget and decide what improvements were desired, and to cut whatever expenses were desired.

After a general discussion, it was resolved that the group form a tax-payers association. The following names were selected as a committee who met on Tuesday night, February 7, at the Dallas township school house, to discuss ways and means, and further perfect an organization:

H. B. Schooley, Colonel Dorrance Reynolds, Charles L. Albert, W. C. Manning, Arthur Updyke, Charles Martin, Melvin L. Mogier, D. P. Honoywell, A. P. Kiefer, L. A. Tompkin, S. W. Hildebrandt, Ray F. Henning, Mary Weir.

Miss Brown Honored At Dinner

(Continued from Page 1.)

Those lads have grown to manhood: They are scattered far and near, But the memories of the J. B. C. Is a link, we all hold dear.

Some day you'll be the men of the past; Other's will take your place, You'll be the men out in the world With many temptations to face.

Sometimes the way will be lonely, Sometimes the path will be rough and steep, Sometimes t'll be laughter and sunshine But there's always a memory you can keep.

May the memory of our class be a beacon light When the clouds are dark around, To lead you on towards the goal, And the best in life to be found.

Our colors will help in the battles of life Remember the white and the blue Carry them into your hearts my boys They stand for the pure and the true.

So this is the toast I'll drink to you now 'tis a wish that your lives ring true When out in the world you take your place Among others, may you dare, and do.

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\$10 will give you 3 glorious days in NEW YORK including best room accommodations, meals and 60-65 attractions at either the HOTEL **PLYMOUTH or PRESIDENT**

49th ST. Just off B'WAY. 48th ST. Just off B'WAY.
1000 ROOMS—ALL WITH BATH, SHOWER AND RADIO

SELECT ANY 3 DAYS, INCLUDING WEEK ENDS AND HOLIDAYS
1st DAY—Arrive any hour during the day, Dinner and ticket to Roxy's. Lodging.
2nd DAY—Breakfast, Lunch, Sight Seeing bus trip, Dinner and entertainment at the famous Hollywood Restaurant. Lodging.
3rd DAY—Breakfast, Visit to Chrysler Building Tower, Luncheon. Check out of hotel any time before 9 P. M.

The specified days for enjoying the attractions may be changed to suit your convenience.

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