

GIMME A MATCH

By FRED M. KIEFER

Cap'n Chris Rice
National Chairman
Buckskin Party
Blue Skunk Holler, Pa.
Dear Cap'n:

My attention was riveted upon the last paragraph of Postscripts in today's Dallas paper, wherein I have the honor to be named a National Committeeman of the Buckskin Party.

To say that I am deeply pleased is but to utter futile words. My pleasure is without bounds and for several reasons, beyond the personal equation, which I shall attempt to enumerate. Freely, gladly do I accept in all humility, this tremendous obligation.

I accept because my colleagues, as selected committeemen, are men above reproach and for the following reasons adaptable to the clear thinking which this movement demands.

To itemize: Mr. Hazletine, although of great political experience, has never attained heretofore that peak of freedom where he could remove the ring from the dividing line of his proboscis. If he accepts the Buckskin challenge his asset to the American people will be of inestimable value.

Mr. MacVeigh has long followed the dictates of honest conviction without ever reaching a point where he could boast of an elected nominee with joy. This especially applies to the politics of Luzerne County, for Mr. MacVeigh, like the writer, has most frequently voted for men who were not elected.

Mr. Smith, although holding an elective position of great merit himself, is not a dyed-in-the-wool one vision man. Mr. Smith often sees appreciative merit in candidates whom the party bosses consider less than dirt. Mr. Smith also has the recommendation of keeping his nose to the grindstone during hot political engagements as witness his sacrificing a pleasant journey with Mrs. Smith to Atlantic City in order to remain in his sector to direct campaign movements of some magnitude.

In Clyde A. Lapp, the Buckskin Party is blessed with an independent thinker who could have given pointers to Martin Luther. Mr. Lapp considers party labels a form of malignant and illegal advertising. Not, I believe, because a party should not have a label, but because the ideology of the party has so far departed from the original meanings that candidates have no longer any conception of what the party stands for and are only beneath its banner for the good it can do them. Therefore, a new party with old Americans should be eagerly acceptable to Mr. Lapp.

I am particularly pleased to see John V. Heffernan numbered among the chosen. Mr. H. has in late years not been able to see the Republican light, which, when you come right down to it, appears to me to be lighter, at that, than the form of illumination diffused by the Democrats. It is reasonable, therefore, to assume that Mr. Heffernan's obstinacy, if diverted to the Buckskins, will be of no small value.

Dr. S. H. Schooley has been voting for General Sherman ever since 1864 which, in any man's opinion, is constancy. Whether or not the Doctor agrees in toto with the Buckskin "People's Platform" (which I am sure he does) the new party will be enriched by a man whose steadfast loyalty to early Americans is a much desired objective.

Mr. Scott's political economy I am not familiar with beyond the fact that he has expressed himself in my presence as being partial to Mr. Heffernan's newspaper stories. This, of course, puts us exactly nowhere. But Mr. Scott is friendly with the editor of this paper and as Mr. Rees is non-Democratic, non-Republican, non-Socialist, but entirely American, we can hope their mutual association will land them both in the Buckskin camp.

Mr. Peterson, who has himself broken trails through the wilderness in behalf of the local fire company to get a mere signature on a check (an epic undertaking, if there ever was one) has that pioneer instinct that will make him valuable to Mr. McCoy's candidacy.

Mr. Kuchta, I believe, has been set for a movement of this nature for some years. Mr. Kuchta has never had his wires crossed. Mr. Kuchta is a find, indeed.

This much, Cap'n, for my fellow committeeman.

The Platform, as voiced by McCoy, is so timely that it startles as well as delights me—a person who has partially visualized just such a policy, but visualized it as an impossible dream. A policy which became lost after the founding fathers, having committed their magnificent work to mankind, passed to their real Valhalla.

It is to this, Mr. McCoy's personal platform, that I refer when I make this one reservation. Only if that platform, or any portion of that platform is omitted, changed or twisted shall I take advantage of my right to desert the Buckskin party and its candidates to cast my support and my vote to Mr. Wendell L. Willkie.

Again emphasizing my deep gratitude for the honor conferred upon me by my selection and commending you, Cap'n, and your co-workers for your perspicacity in uncovering such estimable men with whom I am doubly honored to work, I am, eagerly awaiting further developments.

Your most humble and obedient servant,
Fred M. Kiefer.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

You know, this idea of doing something about getting prepared for war is O. K. But the idea of just doing something, and having only a hazy idea about how it is gonna turn out, is a horse of a different color.

And you take these battleships costing around 90 million each, which we think we gotta have, they will maybe not be what we want, 3 or 4 years from now, when they are finished. We need something now as much as 4 years hence.

For 90 million we could build 25 or 30 weterweight boats. And 25 or 30 such spitfires circling one battleship, would make things pretty lively for the big boat. The 25 million dollar Graf Spee of the Germans, she didn't last long against 3 small Britishers, down there off South America.

We been rushing around, voting money hap-hazard, and half-way beside ourself. The only thing Congress asks is, how much — and the bigger the amount, the quicker the vote. Maybe this old, common-sense Hoosier boy, Willkie, will kinda get 'em quieted down and back on terra firma, there in Old Potomac Town.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

Hello! How's the heat? It's about 90 in the shade here. Let's relax today and pick up some random notes.

What's in a name? H. D. Hanger is in the wallpaper business. H. P. Kill sells life insurance. R. V. Copper is a policeman.

The man who gets the idea that he's a big shot is often the first to get fired.

He who wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

The business outlook may not be good but it will be worse if you are not on the lookout for business.

Business is founded on confidence. He: If you keep looking at me like that I'm going to kiss you. She: Well, I can't hold this expression forever.

Hitler uses the personal pronoun "I" once in every 53 words; Mussolini, once in 83; Roosevelt, once in 100; Churchill, once in 160; Daladier, once in 235, and Chamberlain, once in 249.

ALL I NEED IS YOU

I don't need a radio, Sweet songs to listen to; When I want to be romantic All I need is you.

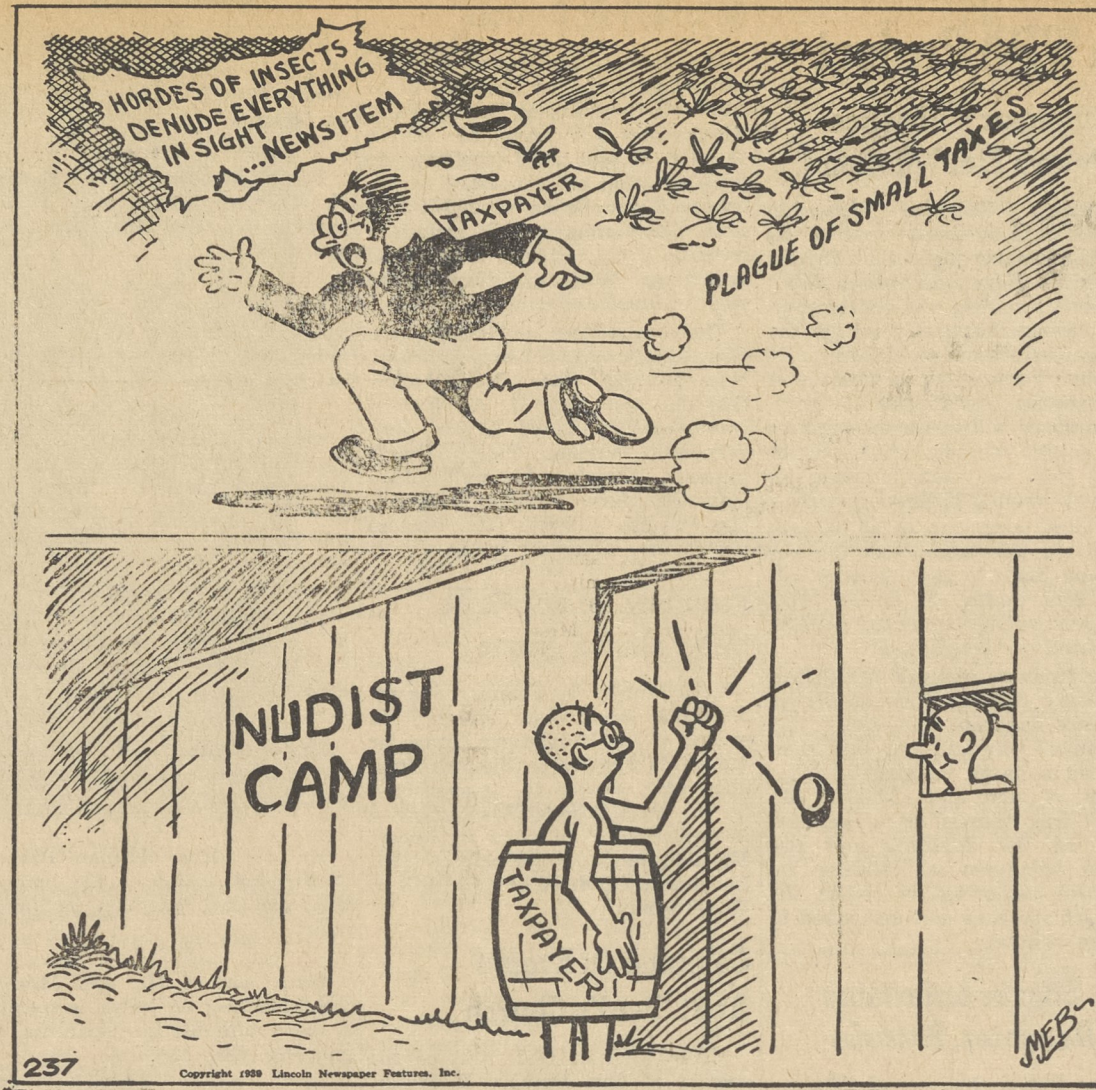
I don't need the stars above To shine and twinkle too; For this loving heart of mine, All I need is you.

I don't need the moon's influence When I would bill and coo; Though his presence may be helpful, All I need is you.

Radio, stars, moon or not, This is my answer true; When it comes to making love, All I need is you.

Remember: Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.

REFUGEE



SECOND THOUGHTS

by javie aiche

I hide my nose in my bandanna
When I must cross the Susquehanna
And though with heat the day's calorioric

My steps have speed that's meteoric.
The odor's something fit to bowl yuh,

Remindful not of the magnolia
Nor reminiscent yet of story
And song anent the pristine glory.

I pity folk down-stream. Who'd think it?
This open sewer, they have to drink it.

I weary so of movie starlets,
The same expression on all pans;
I weary too of movie harlots
And clowns on whom they tie their cans.

I walk the streets of shopping foment
Where bargain-advertisement begs
Attention for a passing moment
To this great truth: The girls have legs;

I know they have. My glances low-bent
See a diversity of pegs,
The slick, the fat, those in a bow bent,

They're plentiful as yaps and yeggs.
Yet screen queens would be fame commanding
Upon their nether understanding.
I wish, instead, they'd take some pains
To indicate they have some brains.

I've formed a sportsmanlike opinion
On traveling in the Dominion;
I'm welcome there as armament
That's gauged to battle's fell intent.
But, then, I say: What fun? What fun?
I dare not tote a fowling gun.
They'll let me spread myself like honey
If I am armed with U. S. money.

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"
THE DALLAS POST
ESTABLISHED 1889

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Howard W. Risley.....Manager
Howell E. Rees.....Editor
Harold J. Price.....Mech. Supt.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Summon little daughter
To the ocean strand.
Few the little stitches
Of her sun-tan dress—
When the sun-burn itches,
Heavens, what a mess!

I pity Rand-McNally,
Cartographers are they;
The only land they can be sure
Has boundaries that will endure
Is here, the U. S. A.
Each week the Old World tally
Of empire goes astray,
Because alliance holds allure
Or blitzkrieg strikes. They'd
best immerse
Geography 'til peace, the cure.
Is rescued from the fray.
What use to study out locations
That over-night may change relations?

WEEKLY DOZEN

Somebody is always trying to take the joy out of life.
They tell us we must eat spinach.

Or, we mustn't eat bananas. Introducing Dr. Rice, Bacteriologist of Indiana University. He tells us we don't have to eat things we may not like.

Dr. Rice gives us pleasant substitutes. There are vitamins in strawberries and cream, he says. As for bananas, they are a fine food.

People can remain well and strong eating enjoyable foods. Spinach is all right for people who like it.

Don't force it on those who do not hanker for it. They can get vitamins in pleasanter tasting foods.

FOREVER

by Francis White
I never knew exactly what it meant
To say forever and forever, while
You lived; but now I know . . . now,
since you went
From me. Forever is mile after
mile
Of space, impassable, uncharted; it
Is time beyond the count and scope
of mind;
A rack on which all tortured souls
submit;
A prison with sealed door; steel
chains that bind.

Forever is from when you died until
I go. Forever is the thing graves
know.
Forever is the life, the years, you
will
Not live. Forever is a word for woe.
I say forever and forever, and
There are no words I better under-

Fits demoniac, connoption, fits that baffle all description.

Fits of fright assail the nation's timid folk

Checking on the draft enforcement that to peace portends divorcement.

Thanks to warfare that no longer is a joke.

Well, when farewells have been spoken, then the spell of fits is broken.

Fitting uniforms leaves doubt of who is who.

Lanks and fats will draw the small ones, shorts and leans will get the tall ones.

Maybe 'twill be said those fits are frightful too.

Most times I'd lief be here as there
Although at present I'd be liefier
To pack my bags and forthwith fare
Away with Fred Mahomet Kiefer,
Who leaves on August twenty-sixth
For great adventure in the sticks.

His loaded, too, Fred is, for bear,
His ardor's hot; in fact, it's sizzly,
He's off to only-God-knows-where
To bag the fierce and forceful
grizzly.

The sticks he'll roam you see in talkies,
They're Canada's northwestern
Rockies.

Sometimes I think that Freddie seeks
What I have sought but all in vain.

Aloofness utter for three weeks
From consciousness of lands in pain.

Away from radio and prints
That find in misery their stints.
From Field LaGuardia he'll fly
To Montreal and there change
planes.

To Edmonton he then will hie
On Canada's Pacific lanes.
From there with pack train, horse
and scout

And chef and guide he's blotted out.
A note to Mrs. Kiefer: Edna,
Naglesna vodnek marduk jedna.

THE SAFETY VALVE

This column is open to everyone. Letters should be plainly written and signed.

McCoy For President!

Editor: Please convey my acceptance of my post as National Committeeman of the Buckskin Party to the Chairman of our party, it not being quite clear in my mind from your news dispatch just who that individual is.

There are several reasons why I accept. First and foremost is the realization that such an honor comes but once in a lifetime and I want the place before the offer is withdrawn (modesty?).

Then, it is evident this nomination by the Buckskin did not come from "the grass roots" but from a "new ground" that followed a "log rolling" of huge proportions.

Further, it has the earmarks of a log cabin and hard cider campaign, so dear to the hearts of all Back Mountain patriots.

Finally, with Eph heading the ticket, it goes without saying that, among all the parties, only we have the real McCoy!

Respectfully,
Ralph Hazeltine

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THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

I am firmly convinced that most of us are adventurers at heart and to the average American there is nothing quite as exciting as touring this great country of ours. We go East, West, North and South and we are forever amazed that people in our own country can live so differently than we do! Travelling around the country in a car is like reading an exciting novel. The characters are so many and so varied it is always exciting to make the acquaintance of the people who run the stores, the waitresses in the roadside restaurants, the custodians of the tourist houses and the attendants at the gas stations.

RICOCCHETS

By Rives Matthews

The Democratic Party has now decided to place all its hopes for victory in November in President Roosevelt. It has admitted that no other man in the Party has as good a chance to win, and we bow to that decision. The straw polls and the professional gamblers' odds indicate that U. S. Democrats knew what they were doing last week in Chicago.

The Democratic Party has embarked upon a new adventure in politics. There is no question but that the Republicans will try to make a Third Term the chief issue of the campaign now beginning. Let us all, as Democrats, do nothing which will give to the Republicans any grounds for convincing the public President Roosevelt, in accepting a Third Term nomination, has taken the road down which Hitler and Mussolini have already traveled.

The Democratic Party has much of which to be proud. President Roosevelt has made a record for himself which assures him a place in history, no matter what the outcome in November and what follows after. We trust both will realize how grave is their responsibility, and that they will permit no more Kelly Machines to jeopardize their reputation as leaders of the greatest democracy on earth.

A democratic victory in November is absolutely essential to the safety of this nation. Wendell Willkie's wrecking crew must not be permitted to sabotage the peaceful revolutionary process which has been going on in this country ever since Calvin Coolidge found supervising the White House shopping more important than the affairs of this nation.

By now, of course, it is apparent to most intelligent people that this nation is, and has been, undergoing a quiet revolution. We are convinced revolution would not have been so quiet had Mr. Hoover remained in Washington two weeks more. The nation has the Democratic Party, and Mr. Roosevelt, to thank for bringing order to our so-far bloodless revolution, which is only a part of the revolution now going on in such a disorderly way in other parts of the world.

The danger in November to this nation lies in turning over the vastly more powerful machinery of government to blundering bourbons and youthful fascists. The blundering bourbons are financing Mr. Willkie. The youthful fascists are rallying to his personal appeal. The blundering bourbons think, as the industrialists of Germany thought, that Willkie will return them to their ancient rights and special privileges. The youthful fascists want only excitement and power, uniforms and force.

By November, and after, we will have a greatly increased military class, and vast numbers of military minded citizens. That military strength and attitude must not be turned over to a party which has always shown itself to be more concerned with the life, liberty and the right to pursue happiness for our American plutocracy than it is, or has ever been, in the welfare of the people.

A Republican victory in November would be a calamity. We do not believe that such a calamity can happen here. And it won't, if the Democratic Party goes into this campaign with the same determination to win, and the same care that it took to win, in 1932. After eight years of victory, the New Deal must avoid, at all costs, any appearance of being drunk with power. To win, it must fight, and hit as hard as it did in the beginning.

"SMILING SERVICE ALWAYS"

OLIVER'S GARAGE

Packard and Hudson Cars

White and Indiana Trucks

DALLAS, PENNA.

COMING TO NEW YORK?
STOP AT
King Edward Hotel 20 UP
MODERN ACCOMMODATIONS
FRIENDLY SERVICE
IDEAL LOCATION
300 ROOMS - 300 BATHS
Write for Free Guide Book
"SEEING NEW YORK"
H. H. Cummings, Mgr.

This year I was lucky enough to go South and now I know that Southern hospitality really exists because I came in contact with the little people, the people who are the backbone of the South, and everyone I met seemed to possess that graciousness and friendliness we always associate with Southerners.

I shall remember for a long time the storekeeper we met in Virginia. The store was in the heart of the mountains of Virginia and it was unusually clean and orderly for a store of its type. The storekeeper was a big fellow with very soft, brown eyes but he was very unhappy! He didn't like keeping store. He had been to Nashville, Tenn., once and he wanted to go back again. He informed us several times that Nashville was 750 miles from his place, 750 miles, and when he said it the expression on his face never changed! He lived alone and while he stood talking to us his supper was cooking on a small oil stove in the back room. Poor fellow, he was really tragic. Evidently he had a fine business, but he wanted to go to Nashville!

Another store in North Carolina was very different from the store we encountered in Virginia. It was jammed with farmers and it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They were all talking at a great rate and when we could understand the conversation we discovered that it was all about some woman who had a wisdom tooth pulled the night before. We asked the storekeeper why there were so many men sitting around and he told us they were all farmers and the crop of tobacco was just ready to cut and in the meantime the men had nothing to do but sit! The storekeeper went to the front of the store to wait on a negro girl who came to buy ice and while he was busy with her, several of the farmers walked behind the counter and helped themselves to a cold drink and then went right on with their very animated conversations!

Then there was the woman in the roadside stand in Florida. We had stopped for something cool to drink, not intending to stay any length of time, and we stayed an hour! The inside of the place was fixed up like a bar and in the circle behind the bar sat a very plain little woman. Every seat around the bar was taken and after we had been there a few minutes we began to realize why people were reluctant to leave. The woman was a genius at making people relax and feel at home. She had everybody talking to everybody else and before we left we all knew where everybody lived, where they were going, how many children they had, what the temperature was at home, and what it looked like in Buffalo and several other places we had never seen.

That small individual knew how to make people comfortable, the place was bright with her sunny disposition. That small roadside stand was like an oasis in a too busy world.

We Call It

Romance

IT'S JUST a can of soup. But during a long lifetime, the man who made it found some way to advertise it. At first, just a sign over his little soup kitchen, a few newspaper ads, a few billboards. But as the advertising grew, so did the business.

Now the business employs thousands of workers, helps to support tens of thousands of retail clerks and transportation men, and gives the housewife a better, cheaper soup than she could prepare at home.

Back of every heavily advertised article is a romantic story of this kind—the kind of romance that built America.

To Reach The Rich Market Of Customers In The Growing Area About Dallas, Advertise Regularly in

THE DALLAS POST