

GIMME A MATCH

By FRED M. KIEFER

If it is true that you can tell the kind of person a man is by the company that he keeps then Page Six is a sufficiently safe moral harbour for this writer.

It is also, presumably, true that no one of the columnists on the sheet could very often agree with another. But that, to be sure, is what makes participation interesting. If we all thought the same way we would all probably say the same things and as a consequence some of us would get fired, Mr. Rees' kind words to the contrary.

This particularly applies to javie aiche, Rives Matthews and myself who find it impossible to keep our necks in when the political omnibus passes down the street. Edna Blez has a corner on her neat, sensitive and excellent writing and cannot be included with the trio mentioned. Nor would it be seemly to do so since, if Mr. Matthews is anything like Mr. aiche and the writer, our private conversation would turn the lady's heart to stone.

That the conductor of "Second Thoughts" is as versatile a chap as ever changed affiliations not even his enemies (if he has any) could deny. javie really goes to town when he hits his rhyming stride. His poetry is good poetry. Not comparable, of course, to those mysterious, fog-bound illusions found in Browning but fine, American poetic expression. I have always got more pleasure from Robert W. Service than from Browning, anyhow.

So far as Mr. aiche's political spell-binders are concerned I shall try to combat them in their proper place between now and November. But how far can a one-language man get with a fellow who translates from the Polish, Lithuanian, Sanskrit and Bessarabian? You may be interested to have the free translation of that last line of Mr. aiche's in last week's "Second Thoughts", which, incidentally and according to Mr. aiche is from the Bessarabian. After considerable difficulty I ran down a Bessarabian Prince in Sloppy Tony's at Harvey's Lake last Saturday evening and here is the English for the quotation, "Where the Greeks have failed, John will make a word."

Appropos of this line, Mrs. Kiefer thanks Mr. aiche but begs him remember that her husband will accompany her and armed to the teeth in the bargain.

Now, this man is an opponent of sky-reaching ability himself so imagine my dismay at finding myself sandwiched between two Democrats last week. Rather, let us say, between a Democrat—Mr. aiche—and a New Dealer—Mr. Matthews. However, I take some relief from the belief that Mr. Matthews is slightly befuddled. If I am not mistaken the Maryland editor was anti-Roosevelt some few months ago. His present geographical situation, no doubt, accounts for his agile somersault.

Be it here understood that I have no personal quarrel with Democrats. They may pay political obeisance to whom they will. "I shall neither copy their humility nor disturb their devotion." (Quote: Tom Paine)

Then, too, from a late editorial in this paper entitled, "We'll Take Willkie," I am led to suspect that a little assistance may be forthcoming if the going gets too tough. Be that as it may, as long as you good people back here stand as steadfast Republicans, I feel that I shall come out all right in the end. And don't let anyone fool you—not even Mr. Matthews—Willkie is our next President. And this is said not to discourage Eph McCoy.

If this is incoherent—and I sadly feel it is—there's an excuse. I am currently afflicted with a hard case of mental saddle-sores at the prospect of a three weeks' horse-back thumping that lies ahead. Besides, Mr. Roosevelt has uttered nothing sufficiently brilliant lately to goad me into party action.

THE SAFETY VALVE

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

Editor:

All right! What does it mean! I refer, of course, to javie aiche's closing line last week: "Neglesna vodnek marduk jedna." What is it, double talk?

Curious

(No double talk, Neglesna vodnek marduk jedna is a Bessarabian corruption of the Rumanian maxim which means "Angels, when among men, should wear armor." Editor.)

Editor:

I imagine I will not be the only one to criticize your choice of illustration for the front page of last week's Post. Is there not enough interesting material for pictures these days without resorting to a display of half-clad girls?

Critical

(Being a bachelor, the Editor is particularly susceptible to pictures of beautiful girls. He will be more careful in the future, though.)

SECOND THOUGHTS

by javie aiche

Beneath The Honor I Have Wept And Yet, By Gum, I Do Accept

Dear Eph McCoy and Abram Pike And not forgetting Cap Chris Rice: Committeeman's a job I like, Your choice of me was mighty nice.

We'll buck the line, we'll skin the foe And do it in a manner hearty, Just tell us when it's time to go— Yip, yip, yee-ow! The Buckskin Party!

I'm teaming with Ralph Hazeltine, I'll pace along with Joe MacVeigh, The prospect never was more fine For pioneering, Hip, hooray!

We'll freeze out Willkie, Rose-a-velt We'll leave so cold he'll need a reefer, The campaign in the frontier belt Is in the bag, says Fred M. Kiefer.

Our platform is the core, the pith Of common sense. I'll take the rap, I'll buttonhole with Herb A. Smith And I'll orate with Clyde N. Lapp.

This Heffernan, half cow, half goat, Was schooled, they say, by Mister Dooley,

I'm out to help him milk the vote With Sherman's heir, good Doctor Schooley.

We'll jazz with youth and make it hot, The distaff vote? We'll meet 'er, son,

On terms of Junior D. T. Scott And Henry W. Peterson. We jest can't lose, we've got to win And say, there shouldn't be muchta

This fight at all, we'll romp right in, The whole of us and Michael Kuchta.

What DO you want? we'll ask the folk, That's what they'll get. We'll pledge it so.

A Buckskin promise ain't no joke. Them other parties fall so low They build a platform jest for fun But ours is small, enough to tote— Away from it, that's how they run, We sample ours with every vote.

Yip, yip, yee-ow! Hip, hip hooray! Jest point them out, the dad-gummed foe,

We'll scalp them in the injun way, The way we did long years ago, From Campbell's Ledge to Cox's Bluff

And Tibury of Chief McCarty We'll show them that they can't get tough, With us, the U. S. Buckskin Party.

Your correspondent has discovered that sponsorship by the metropolitan press means a tidal-wave of demands for more clippings than are afforded by the routine distribution of New York newspapers in Luzerne County. So he has referred to "Sammy on the Square" the late petitioners for copies of "The Pinch Hitter," as elegantly published in the New York Herald-Tribune of July 29. Sammy's extras ran out on Tuesday, but he continues to accept mail orders. And your correspondent is weary of typing and signing at-home reproductions.

Since The Post was first with "Love The United States," as it was with "The Pinch Hitter," it may be somewhat in confirmation of editorial judgment to know that reproduction in The Congressional Record

of that opus has been followed by its adoption for school-room reading at Marywood College, the parochial schools of Pittston City and the public schools of Wheeling, West Virginia. What else may happen to it only God knows, but when last heard of the tribute of devotion to a grand country was being posed before Nelson Eddy and Jeannette MacDonald at Hollywood.

This column will not recognize it as a fait accompli until sometime in September he has heard that Fred Kiefer has recited it from the topmost peak of the northwestern Rockies, with a camp-fire as foot-lights and grizzly bears to growl approval. That other big-gun Nimrod, Chester Krusheski of Newport Township, who ought to be with Freddie but contents himself with pelts of wild-cats, has reserved judgment as to what shall be done by the school authorities of the balliwick whose votes he engineers to the greater glory of the land where every man is dictator to his own destiny—we hope.

But, what your correspondent has to offer, other than his acceptance of appointment to the National Committee of the Buckskin Party, is a suggestion that The Post respond to a demand. Somebody has been passing around the "Ballade of Futility" which your correspondent authored for The Conning Tower of Franklin P. Adams months ago, the publication being, of course, in The New York Post. If your pages can stand the strain, here it is:



"AND YOU WENT FOR A WALK ON A SUPER-HIGHWAY!" The motorist is protected by an all-steel body, but the walker hasn't even a strong bumper.

The cheering crowd and the blaring band, When joy's afloat I'm the desert sand, At sea when ashore are thrills sublime, In gear reverse are my journeys planned, I'm never there in the nick of time.

The team's behind in the ninth and, Fie! The first two men up to bat are fanned And next in line is the pitcher, I Get up from my seat and leave the stand.

I'm hardly out of the park when pand- Emonium rings, the heavens chime, The break that we needed to tie is snapper, I'm never there in the nick of time.

To win the Sweepstakes I often try, I map the race like McNally's Rand, I purchase tickets at prices high But no award does my luck command.

The agent who leaves my desk will land An office ticket, shared dime by dime, It captures one of the prizes grand, I'm never there in the nick of time.

L'Envoi Prince, when my scroll and my shield are scanned, Find there a lemon, mayhap a lime, Count me as one with the hard-luck brand, I'm never there in the nick of time.

MY DAYS OF DAYS By Blanche A. Lamberson Noxen

There is never a day but the sun shines, Tho' behind a cloud it may be, There is never a day but some blessing, God bestows on you and me, There is never a day but some privilege To help some poor sin sick soul, Oh! Lord, make this my day of days, Help me to reach my goal.

If you know of one thing that gives beauty, In this drab old world of ours, If you know one thing that gives brilliance, Like an everlasting star, If you know one thing that gives fragrance, Like a sweet and dewy flower, Spread it o'er God's world like a rainbow That comes after a refreshing shower.

If you know one thing that will bring happiness, To some sick and storm-tossed soul, If you know one thing of kindness That will help them do their best, Spread it o'er their world like sunshine Faith in God will do the rest.

Here's a good text: "Readily forgiving one another, if any has a grievance against another." Colossians 3:13.

FREEDOM The columnists and contributors on this page are allowed great latitude in expressing their own opinions, even when their opinions are at variance with those of The Post

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THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

Have you ever heard of Ruth and Bill Albee? Of course you haven't but I hope you will want to know more about them after I tell you their story. I happened on the Albees quite unexpectedly. I found them in the library on one of the terrifically hot nights last week. I couldn't manage to find a cool spot so I decided to find something cool to read and when my eyes lit on "Alaska Challenge" I didn't hesitate for one minute. I didn't even read the blurb on the jacket of the cover because I suspected if the book was about Alaska it must have a few cold chapters!

But I was quite unprepared for what went on between the covers of a book which didn't appear to be very exciting. I enjoyed every page of it and when I finished I was quite disappointed that there were not a few more pages, so I could find out what the Albees did after they arrived in San Francisco again.

But I am ahead of my story and all good stories should begin at the beginning. Ruth and Bill Albee were just an ordinary couple but there was one difference between them and the general run of young married couples. They were adventurers—adventurers who were very much bored with the dull routine of domesticity. They had been married two years when they decided the time had arrived when they should be on their way. They had very little money but they had stout hearts, plenty of courage and "itchy" feet.

Of course their people thought the Albees were completely out of their minds but what other people thought never bothered this young couple. What they wanted they went after in a big way. They spent most of their money on equipment and began walking to Alaska. You might believe by this time that Ruth Albee was a strong girl who had plenty of experience tramping the wilderness but her health was really nothing to brag about, and her husband was a victim of fallen arches, but they wanted to walk to Alaska and walk to Alaska they did!

They walked through almost unbroken wilderness for 10 weeks. They were warned from the very beginning that they wouldn't make it, that there wasn't even a map they could use. No one had really succeeded in getting through the route they planned to take but Ruth and Bill Albee didn't let a little thing like that bother them. They had made up their minds and they would not be discouraged!

When they reached the destination they had planned as their goal they wanted to go on farther but they were stopped by the advent of a new arrival, and they settled down in Nome, where Bill got a job and Ruth busied herself with the routine of keeping house and raising a family a good many miles from San Francisco.

But the Albees were not finished with their adventuring! A small Eskimo village was badly in need of a school teacher and when Bill was asked to take the position Ruth didn't hesitate for one minute. They both taught and in addition to teaching, Bill was the village doctor, in fact, he had so many titles he never knew just who he was supposed to be.

Imagine two young people undertaking such a tremendous task, particularly in a village where even the language was strange. But the Albees were a huge success. They had another baby and they spent a fine year trying to teach Eskimo children English. I hope I have given you enough of "Alaska Challenge" to encourage you to read it because the Albees are really worth getting acquainted with. It seems impossible that one couple could do so much, but I am beginning to believe that truth is really stranger than fiction!

BOOKS

"Piano in the Band". Dale Curran, Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.00. 261 pages.

The story of jazz, its originators, followers and musicians, has always been an interesting one. From the days of the Dixie-Land Jazz Band and the great "Bix", American youth has gone through a period of hero-worship—the heroes being the leaders of the bands. In "Piano in the Band" Dale Curran brings us one of these band-leaders, but from the other side of the stand, as it were. We see Jeff Walters, not through the eyes of his enthusiastic public, but through the eyes of his musicians. And the picture is not altogether a pleasant one. For Jeff Walters is not altogether a pleasant person. As a leader he is magnificent, successfully producing the kind of music that gives him a following wherever he is. But as a man, as a "boss", he is hated and feared by all of his men.

How the already tense atmosphere fairly crackles when Frenchy, a one-time member of the band, returns with his beautiful wife, is related by George Baker, the "piano" in the band. Each man seems to sense that every day is drawing them nearer to that climax when the iron control will break. Jay Crabtree, Walters' great trumpet player, didn't help the situation, and his satirical, mocking notes clearly mirrored his feeling toward this leader who made robots of his men.

Interspersed with this rather tense personal element are some spots of jazz sessions and jazz lingo which should be of interest to young people. The book is neither a psychological study of jazz musicians nor a chronicle of jazz music. It is a little of both and that makes it interesting.

How to Trade in Stocks. By Jesse L. Livermore. Duell Sloan & Pierce. \$2.50.

Jesse L. Livermore, long famous as a successful stock market operator has written a short book to explain "the Livermore formula for combining time element and price." Nobody can learn all about the stock market from any book, but this one is short, easily read, illustrated with charts in color, and generally useful. Anyone with money to invest—particularly some one with not too much money to invest and a keen interest in safety—will do well to study this valuable little work.

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THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

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

A non-partisan liberal progressive newspaper published every Friday morning at its plant on Lehman Avenue, Dallas, Penna., by the Dallas Post, Inc.

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

You don't need bank references to borrow trouble.

Getting back to this matter of forgiveness, isn't it small matters that cause words anyway? Are we so small that some petty thing can get us arguing with someone we love?

Here's a good text: "Readily forgiving one another, if any has a grievance against another." Colossians 3:13.

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