

GIMME A MATCH

By FRED M. KIEFER

Seated with the Lady Who Pals With Me one evening last week we discussed a forthcoming big game hunt to the Canadian Rockies. Her inexperience prompted the following questions.

T. L. W. P. W. M: "Can I ride side-saddle if I get tired?"
Her Husband: "You can if you've got strength enough left to hook one leg over the pommel."

"If we ride a lot before we leave we shouldn't get so tired."

"We'll be a week getting there and besides these pack train cayuses have an entirely different action from the local animals. They'll ferret out muscles you have never in your life needed before."

The Lady Who Pals With Me digested this in silence for a moment. "Suppose," she inquired, "I shoot a grizzly bear and he comes for me?"

"Yell to your guide to shoot, then you leave that place."

"Goodness!"

"The chances are the guide will stop him or if he doesn't he'll become the bear's objective. There won't be any trees, so don't give that a thought. Grizzlies climb, anyhow. Another thing, your horse won't be anywhere around by this time so don't bother stopping to look. Just keep on going. If you and your guide, together, can't kill a grizzly you had better spend the time in Atlantic City."

"I thought this was to be a pleasure trip," she accused.

"The pleasure comes when you get home."

"Why are you taking this cow-girl?"

"She can do a lot of little things for you. One thing, she can protect you from the curious male eye, at times."

"How?"

"Darned if I know, but remember when we get above timber-line there will be no trees or bushes. She'll find a way. She's lived in that country all her life."

"Is that what your friend javie aiche meant in his column a couple of weeks ago?"

"It's hard to say just what Johnny means sometimes, but I guess so."

"Did he ever do any hunting?"

"Plenty, years ago. Along the waterfront in Philadelphia."

"You're sure I can kill those animals you mentioned?"

"Moose, caribou and deer? Absolutely. Anyone who can shoot can kill those fellows out there. No doubt, you'll get goats, too. And, if you're lucky, a grizzly."

"Maybe I'm not so anxious to get a grizzly," she mused.

"A bear hide'll look swell on the floor," I countered.

"I wasn't thinking of the bear's hide—I had in mind my own."

"Well, I'll be with you on the bear hunts."

"I heard Dr. Hill tell of your taking five shots to kill a little nanny goat."

"It wasn't a nanny—it was a billy and it wasn't little," I growled, "I've seen Hill do some trick shooting without bringing anything home, too."

"But did it take five shots? It seems to me that if it was a big bear and it took five shots—"

"Listen, Edna, you know Hill as well as I do and that's beside the point anyhow. I always came home in pretty good health, didn't I?"

The Lady Who Pals With Me admitted this a little grudgingly. With so many important details to cover I can't understand why a woman will take up so much time over a mere incident.

"I take?" came next.

"What kind of decent clothes shall I take?" came next.

"You'll need a coat-suit for travelling and that's all besides your outdoor stuff."

"Won't we stop somewhere?" hopefully.

"We will not."

"I thought maybe at Banff and Chicago on the way home?"

"Banff is out of the way 'n' you saw it once. After the Democratic convention I don't want to see Chicago again for years."

"Fred," she jumped into this one with determination. "I will not wear that horrid long underwear. Why, I'd look like a baseball player!"

"Listen," says I, "The only people that are going to see you in your long underwear are the Indian guides and they think that's the only kind of underwear there is, so calm yourself. Want to freeze?"

"No. Of course not. But I didn't expect the Indians to see me that way either."

"They won't if this cow-gal is on the job."

After a few moments the Lady Who Pals With Me said, "Well, I'm going all right!"

My God! She'd decided that four weeks ago.

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

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

I just picked up a paper where it says, in Sacramento, Cal., that the new SRA boss there is gonna keep the traveling expenses of his men down to 6 bits for breakfast, and 6 bits for lunch, and one dollar for dinner.

Boy, I wonder what they been getting under the old boss. That SRA must be an eatin' outfit. They should be a big help to this Mr. Wallace, in cleaning up the surplus which he keeps being excited about.

But Mr. Wallace, I reckon, will not be stewing so much now about surpluses or vice versa. Since he got to running for vice-president he is too busy elsewhere. And especially in Louisiana.

I see where they are oiling up their shootin' irons for him. I would not crave to be in his shoes. He ruined the sugar-cane farmer, they say—also nearly all other farmers.

But to get back to our SRA — it sure has got me intrigued — especially those 6 bit breakfasts, and 6 bit lunches and one buck dinners—oh boy!

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

Reflections

On javie aiche's Reverie

At Sweet Valley

To contemplate the beauty of the Spring

Is the prerogative of poet's great.

In reverie our javie aiche may sing.

From dawn to gloaming, where there is no hate.

But other men such visions can not have.

From tiring work they know no interlude.

Although the Zephyr's gentle kiss may halve

The drops of sweat, their sole beatitude.

"The masterpiece of Summer is enhanced

By brilliant overtones and nether shares"

Says javie aiche with rhyming pen, entranced

By nature's shady nooks and sylvan glades.

But other men see not the picture there.

Much less conceive its many varied hues.

For fribble seems to be their only care

And their unseemly song is "War-Time Blues."

The scene of Autumn most exalts the soul

Of man, says javie aiche in words divine.

What pity there are men who pig-eeon-hole

Such thoughts sublime in minds always supine.

Though two men trod the same delightful path,

One's soul at Nature's charm is set afire,

The other, sightlessly, in scornful wrath

Feels just the pricking of a thorny briar.

In Winter's bold relief God's glory shines,

As javie aiche in scintillating style,

Successfully portrays. He who resigns

Himself to Nature's grace surmounts all, while

The man who looks upon the sparkling snow

In terms of shovelfuls and aching backs

Unfortunately does not see or know

The power of communion in God's acts.

Dear javie aiche I hope your masterpiece

Gives inspiration to all those who let

Such little things as flies and buzzing bees

Distract them from the grandeur Nature set

To re-invigorate the soul of man.

May those with troubled thoughts escape them all

In quiet contemplation of the span

Of beauty in your lines poetical.

Attorney Miner Aylesworth
Sweet Valley

P. S. You see the damn mosquito I ignore,
So let me quote the raven—
"Nevermore."

FASCIONABLE FRANCE (Previously spelled 'Fashionable')



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SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

God save Wyoming Valley, now that America is wholly blest.

Assumption of the hallowed state, from mountains to prairies and to the oceans white with foam, is based upon the premise of prayer, taking for granted that although Irving Berlin failed to mention the area, there still will be, from the domain of the Northwestern Mounted Police to the region South of the Border at least a consoling share of the bonus of benediction.

It wasn't America your correspondent was blessing at four o'clock this morning (Sunday morning) when wandering wastrels whanged the welkin with thunderous clamor of their devotion. In fact, we weren't praying, although many of the words were the same. You know how it is when you are trying to sleep and the rasp of whiskey tenor cuts your bonds with Morpheus.

The metric muse of the Tsar of Tin-Pan Alley takes all in its stride. The cadences of the song bounce from the peaks of pulchritude to the vales of venality, from the pulsant great to the pusillanimous ingrate, without let or hindrance. We'll take a little venom with the vin blanc of virtue. If Heaven will vouchsafe the vocal range we'll go on singing the "Star Spangled Banner" so as not to forget that blood is required to wipe out pollution, and to remember that those who shout loudest of their trust in God will hold in reserve their determination that for all others the terms are cash.

It is needful that God bless America. Only by magnificent mediation may we be swayed to the middle course between a patient Lindbergh and a shillelagh-swinging Senator Pepper, between a wishful Willie and a robustious Roosevelt, a con-ning Canada and a conglomerate South America of only remote consanguinity. If Winter comes with war not far behind, only the miracle of manna, a manna of munitions, can replace with steel and strength the wooden weapons of our woeful lack of defense and put tanks in the drill fields where ply toy trucks.

But, God save Wyoming Valley. Where else might you find a Muhlenberg telephone exchange? Where else can be had contact with such prime contention as ensues when you ring up on your community line and hear twenty-one clicks as that many receivers are taken down to listen in on what you have to say? Where but in a blessed America and a Wyoming Valley secure in salvation would it be permitted that you pay toll from your rural cabin to Muhlenberg, to Shickshinny, to Nanticoke, to Wilkes-Barre, when ten feet across the road the lines of the efficient Bell System could be tapped for privacy and a straightaway connection? Bless the freedom of enterprise, but be careful in your choice of words.

Love your neighbor while you are wondering how much longer it will be before an antiquated system can sell itself to a prime essential, with you and other telephone users pillaging your poke for the cost in unearned profit. It's hard to love your neighbor. A neighbor is the exchange girl who forgets about the line customers when there is good company on the porch, or loses you far from home by plugging your call to Berwick far off the route of already circuitous detour.

God save Wyoming Valley. To remain a valley it must have its guardian mountains where now the caterpillar tractor, the giant excavator, the monstrous dragline, are tearing away the blue hills to rip coal from the womb of earth, while mines lie idle and men waste on Relief. You must have freedom of enterprise to permit that, even if it starves you to death. Or makes Fifth columnists of three potential army divisions of unemployed colliers.

You read of unhappy Europe tearing out its vitals in fratricidal strife over possession of a river. And you

We're going to sing "God Bless America."

THE SAFETY VALVE

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

MY ACCEPTANCE

The Buckskin Party and Eph McCoy, With ghosts of men from ages past,
Will bring to us a world of joy,
And peace that will forever last.

Old Eph will have a "Prosper" plank,
His platform tells us so.
He'll come to us and ask us frank,
Boys; How will this thing go?

He'll say to us, if you don't think It's on the up and up,
We'll scrap it now right where we are,
And feed it to the pup.

Now Eph's a man of brawn and brain,
He's not a non-believer,
He picks his men; not for good looks,
So let's start out with Kiefer.

Fred's a man who can't be told.
As many a guy will remember;
He tells them what they have to do
As early as September.

Next we come to Big Clyde Lapp,
Who kicks at all elections,
He wont stay in and wont stay out,
Can he raise Hell? Perfection!

An able man is Joe MacVeigh,
He's jolly and aggressive
He used to be a Democrat,
But now he's quite progressive.

Ralph Hazeltine knows what it takes,
To make the party function,
He always takes the Main Line through,
He don't stop at the Junction.

These two will serve the Party well,
They're never on the spot,
They work like sin; and get results,
Javie aiche and young Durelle Scott.

Doctor Schooley will do his bit,
For Sherman is no shirker,
He'll travel far without complaint,
And make a darn good worker.

Here's one who lives a quiet life,
He's tall and lean and handsome,
For Pete (Peterson) will get the ladies' vote,
As far up-state as Ransom.

We're down the list to dear Old Mike,
And now I'm stuck for rhythm,
For Kuchta won't rhyme with anything but
He'll knock hell out of isms.

So I accept the honored Post,
With the grand Old Buckskin Party,
For Eph McCoy is out for bear,
Or I'm a dam fool smart.

H. A. Smith

It's In The Bag!

Cap'n Chris Rice, Chairman,
Buckskin Party,
c/o The Post.

Dear Sir:
May I, in all humility, extend my thanks to you for the appointment as National Committeeman. I assume, too, that the appointment is not one of draft, a la Chicago, therefore, it is doubly appreciated.

The simple verbiage and thought of our new platform should inspire the ranks of those long accustomed to the straddling words of the aver-

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

"Only Home Can Make a Woman Truly Happy." That statement has been haunting me since I noticed it in the headlines of a Sunday supplement. I do not like that statement! In the first place it isn't true and furthermore I am firmly convinced that a home can make a woman unhappy as well as happy! I am not thinking of the woman who has a maid, a car at her disposal and a liberal spending account. I am thinking of Mrs. Average Housewife, the woman who must do all her own work, and in addition raise a family, and make a small amount of money do the work of a large sum.

What does Mrs. Average Housewife face each day? Can she look forward to an exciting day filled with new pleasures? In most cases, no, because Mrs. Average Housewife has her work cut out for her and each day she has routine tasks to perform which she certainly doesn't find intensely interesting after she has been doing them over a period of years. Her tasks seldom vary. There is always the washing, the ironing, and the cleaning and the mending to do. Then there are three meals a day to plan and prepare and the food budget, the clothes budget, and the recreation budget to work out if she is a careful housekeeper.

The difficulty with keeping house in the average household is not really the hard work, it is the dullness and the monotony of a job which seems to be the same, day after day, week after week. So much is expected of the woman who runs a household. In addition to all she must accomplish she is expected to have a sweet pleasant disposition and if she does fly off the handle and complains her family looks at her in amazement. They refuse to understand! If she insists that she gets tired of the same old routine and that she is worn out trying to keep the home running smoothly and that her days are monotonous the family console her with the thought that everyone has a job to do and why not be cheerful about it?

But the housekeeper's job is different from most jobs. The housekeeper's office is right in her own home. She seldom gets a change of scenery unless it is a rushed trip to town, or a week or two at the shore or the mountains in the summer. She seldom comes in contact with new people or new situations unless it is red ants in the kitchen or the new puppy having worms, or one of the children coming down with the measles or the whooping cough. It isn't every day Mrs. Average Housewife gets a quiet hour off for lunch and it is very seldom she gets out of the house for lunch. She can't stroll along the street and enjoy window shopping, her shopping is usually confined to the price of vegetables and where she can get the best food for the least money. Her chief conversation during the course of her day is with the milkman, the bread man or perhaps an occasional peddler. The average housekeeper has plenty to do but the days are long and the hours drag because her work is too much the same year in and year out. Don't try to tell Mrs. Average Housewife that "Only Home Can Make a Woman Truly Happy." She will give you a dozen reasons to refute that statement and she will be very emphatic about the dullness and monotony of keeping house. If you don't believe me, ask her!

There are flowers that grow in my garden,
Their beauty and fragrance is rare;
But there is one rose in my garden,
With whom there's no rose can compare.

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THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

Greetings:

Isn't it strange that the things we enjoy most are those which are occasional? The joy we receive from them is greater. The things we have every day become commonplace, but those which we enjoy most come only once in a while.

If we had more prayers we would have less cares!
Faith is worth nothing—unless you use it in the trying hour.

Fritz Kreisler, world famed violinist, has said: "I was born with music in my System. It was a gift of Providence. Music is too sacred to be sold. I never look upon the money I earn as my own. It is only a fund entrusted to my care for proper disbursement. I reduce all my needs to the minimum. In all these years of my so-called success we have never built a home for ourselves."

THE SWEETEST ROSE
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