

GIMME A MATCH

By FRED M. KIEFER

This is a story of a broomstick.

The Doctor had met and been entertained by a famous big-game hunter who, in displaying his outdoor equipment, came across a homemade gun rest.

When first I saw the thing it was while packing our duffle at my companion's home preparatory to expressing our stuff to Alberta. Primarily it appeared to be nothing more than a handle from any ordinary broom but upon closer inspection I saw that it was, albeit, a true broomstick, evenly split up the center and loosely bolted about eight inches from the top.

"What's this business?" I naturally asked.

"That's my sighting rest," the Doctor explained, and proudly exhibited, in pantomime, how a gun should be lain across the vertex of the upper V when the thing was opened up.

"I ain't goin' 3,000 miles, spend \$1000 an' have a grizzly step up in front of me when I'm all out of wind an' shakin' and miss him. Yo' damn right I ain't! I open this, set 'er on the ground, put my rifle through here and pop that bar!" He demonstrated accordingly.

As I remember I made no reply. It does no earthly good to open an argument of any kind with the Doctor. What he lacks in factual evidence he more than overcomes with vocal ponderosity. In easy language, he shouts you down.

So I let it go and forgot about it entirely until, after several days of train riding and three additional days in the saddle, we found ourselves sufficiently deep into the mountains to do some heavy hunting.

NEEDLESS TO SAY, no matter how heavily burdened by necessities, the broomstick ever accompanied the Doctor. Rifle slung over shoulder, binoculars, cartridge case and moving picture camera dangling at belt he moved off in the morning. Returning by starlight in heavy, sweat-soaked woollens he carefully stood the "crutch" against the tent wall before removing his high and weighty boots.

Occasionally I wondered would he ever become discouraged? The puzzle held the added incentive that the Doctor had already killed a mule deer, a bull caribou and a bull moose and, to the best of my knowledge, without resorting to the use of the broomstick.

It must be, I finally muttered to myself, "specifically for grizzly bear hunting."

Came the day of the goat confusion.

We had, with our guides, climbed to an estimated elevation of 7,500 feet and so placed ourselves that the mountaineers, visible on the steep northern slope of the basin spread out below us, had to take one of three courses when the Indians moved them. One, low and to our facing left, led to the valley we had crossed that morning and the chances of the animals going that way were highly improbable. Two, also to our left, was a passage about 60 feet wide and not over 70 yards from our perch though somewhat below us. There was a deep, wide gorge to our right, where the best range afforded would exceed 200 yards.

AFTER THE GUIDES had moved to the rear of the goats by traveling unseen behind the northern rim and had startled them by rolling rocks, the white climbers split up into several groups and one of these, consisting of eight animals, approached quickly, surely and unswervingly to the pass on our immediate left, thereby offering the easiest shooting available.

The Doctor fired, killing the large Billy leading the group, while the second in line fell to my shot.

The broomstick somewhere about the Doctor's person, or not far out of reach, was definitely not brought into action in this instance. Now entered confusion.

One guide standing on the eminence behind us shouted, "Shut! Shut agin', Doctor!"

As the hunter raised his gun to sight one of the remaining and undecided goats the voice of the other Indian, somewhere out of view below the ledge, rang out, "Bigger one down here—bigger one down here!"

The Doctor quickly switched his tactics and rushed towards the latter voice but the first guide again bellowed, "Shut, Shut!" and Doc swung about to continue what he had originally planned.

Then a gorgeous crescendo of blistering swearing, intermingled with the wail, "Bigger one here!" settled things as far as the Doctor was concerned. Without further ado he left, unmolested, the remaining animals that were a sure thing and plunged down the shale slide on a pure gamble for the "bigger ones."

I distinctly recall seeing the broomstick not far away on the ledge at this time.

IT MAY BE of interest to note that my enjoyment of this sky-high waltz was one of the most hilarious (while sober) moments of my entire career.

Of course the "bigger ones" were not there when the Doctor arrived beneath the overhang nor, of course, were our first batch of goats when he had pantingly returned to my side. However, five minutes had not passed until we saw the game once more, united now, and this time contentedly grazing rock moss

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Susie and I are getting ready to build a house. Two people in a big house rattle around like in a barn, so we decided on one that is kinda small—along simple lines. But our idea of simple architecture got us into difficulty. You can't find a simple design—you only find them chrome plated and ivory trimmed.

But we wanted something with less glare—so we had to skirmish. And also we had to scare up more coin. And that is what I want to tell you about.

Down on the rolling Potomac they been saying that a banker is not such a hot citizen, but I dropped in at our bank anyway. And I sidled over and I says to the feller there, I am building a house and need 12 hundred dollars. And Mr. Paston—he is the banker—he says, Come right in, and couldn't you use, he says 24 hundred versus 12 hundred? It almost floored me. And also, he says, do you know anybody else, wanting money?

This talk about bankers being hard citizens is baloney—and not so. Anyway it is not so with Joe Paston, here at our bank.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

THE SAFETY VALVE

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

One Way To Save

Editor:

Everybody is anxious to save taxes, yet nobody does anything about it. I notice a lot of school boards in this area are now paying their treasurers 2% of all expenditures for keeping their check book balances in order. Now there is a tough job for you. For years Dallas National Bank has done this work for nothing. Now school directors have got the brilliant idea that it's worth \$700 to do a job the bank did for nothing. They call it "spreading the gravy around". This year John Doe has the job; next year Richard Doe will have it and so on until each one of the directors will have had a chance to lick his chops on some of the gravy. Directors know that their are non-paying jobs. If the jobs take too much of their time—let them quit.

Don't misunderstand me. This procedure is legal. My point is that here is a way to save money for the schools if the directors really want to save for the schools and not for themselves.

Taxpayer

about 1,000 feet higher on a continuation of our mountain.

Since I had killed my first goat the evening before I had now reached my legal limit but the Doctor, not to be outdone and I must say, undiscouraged, took up his broomstick and rifle, followed his guide and soon passed from sight on the trail of the lofty targets.

After dark, when my Indian and myself had been in camp for hours, the two men dragged in with the second goat and a wondrous tale of long-distance shooting.

Being tired we zipped into our sleeping bags and so it was not until after breakfast the following morning, while preparing for the trip to the base camp, that I became aware of the absence of the broomstick.

In exceedingly polite tones and in my softest manner I timidly mentioned the fact.

"Say, Doc," I asked, "Where the hell is that crutch you've been lugging around since we left New York?"

The Doctor rose to his full and dignified six feet and cast upon me a glance of mingled scorn and disgust. Growled he: "Hoddam, son, I trun it a fur piece!"



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SECOND THOUGHTS

by javie aiche

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*

It was a nice flight out to Elwood, Indiana, in Tommy Richardson's Taylor Cub plane, and your correspondent is duly grateful to Cy Slapnicka of the Cleveland Indians for having arranged standing room for him on the Elwood High School Boys' Band. The parachute drop was something new and exciting, but next time we go to an acceptance ceremony we shall go the night before and take along a sleeping-bag. We are that much assured that Uncle Sam isn't going to do as he should do. He isn't going to take the old men first, so we are in no need of parachute practice. And the speeches were, indeed, soporific.

This far away from last Saturday it is difficult to remember that the objective of the flight was conversion to the wisdom of Willkie. That is because we were subjected instead to a conviction that George Gwilliam isn't the only man in public life who murders the King's English. There really was no need that Senator Jim Davis was imported from Pennsylvania to commit that kind of butchery in his pundit's way. Joe Martin did a fine job of it, and so did the presidential candidate. For a time it seemed that we understood how he came to be christened Lewis Wendell Willkie and then turned up as Wendell Lewis Willkie. He distorted many of his sentences that way—and all of his platitudes.

Chairman Joe Martin told us how we were going to "perpetrate" something or other, but Mr. Willkie said "simmer" for similar, "enemy" for enmity, "disintegration" for disintegration, "peaches" for teaches and insisted on throwing in the super-numerary indefinite article by promising that he is going to change matters so that we shall no longer live in "that kind of 'A' America." Imagine him, then, daring to offer debate from the same platform with the mellifluous Franklin Roosevelt, with him whose voice and purity of diction impinge on the senses with the soft approach of frankincense and the downy caress of myrrh!

In a detached kind of way your correspondent is glad of having heard Willkie, but far more glad that he isn't the fatuous gentleman who thought our left ear was a microphone and belloyed into it his Republican loyalty with a mouth

as big as Joe Brown's and a tonal quality as profound as the patience of our friend Sam Jones, who for eight years has been awaiting appointment under a Republican administration.

Three times the annotated hero recently borrowed from the Democratic party pronounced as "sacrific" the willingness of his newly found partisans to get back on the payroll. We liked that. But what's this office he's running for? Our notebook shows that once at the beginning, once in the middle and once near the close of his peroration his aspirations were for what he called elevation to the honored place of "Prezident of the United States." He said, too, that something ought to be done about preservation of the "British feet" in the Atlantic. We didn't know our overseas cousins had started to wade out yet.

Scanning our notebook, which we had fondly hoped would finally read us back into the Republican Party, there is discoverable little of argument vouchsafed from the Hoosier apostle of bad enunciation and worse rhetoric. He is for conscription—vaguely. We're for it strong, but we want it backwards, beginning at 65 years. The war needs brains, and old men can drive tanks as well as half-baked boys. Willkie is for aid to England, but that aid must not involve us in war. Hell's bells, how can you take part in a fight without expecting a poke in the nose? And he capped that absurdity by denouncing Roosevelt's policy as a meddling with "inflammatory" consequences. No wonder, then, that when he tried to quote a current aphorism about toil and sweat and blood and tears he got so mixed up as to say we'll take the tears and sweat but omit the blood and tears. Sure, he meant we'd take the toil, but he didn't say it. And what about condemning F.

D. R. for holding out hope to Europe when we can't back it up with deeds? Isn't England living on hope? Winston Churchill said it is, and if he isn't the hope of England, who is? How do you fit that negation into Mr. Willkie's following statement that "we are facing a terrible and brutal fact" and his other declaration that Americans "don't kid themselves" when they are "spectators to a great tragedy?" We noticed that the crowd, whose applause had cyclonic beginnings, piped down when Wendell joined his ideals to Teddy Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and the senior Lafollette. They're all dead ones. Nor was exaltation impelled by his promise of a peace in which the housewife would have to learn to plan more carefully and every man must needs lay himself open to the "sacrifics" of increased taxation.

Pennsylvania's deputation, noting the absence of Governor James, was acutely conscious of the presidential candidate's repeated reference to a Republican Party that henceforward is unalterably opposed to the "pass" doctrine. The breaker-boy must have had advance copy on the acceptance. It's no wonder he stayed away. How did Jim Davis and the other boys have the courage to be there to listen-in on that rebuke to the Keystone blunder of the Philadelphia convention?

Your correspondent sums matters up after this fashion: Willkie is a Liberal in the party of Joe Grundy and Joe Pew. He's for more production in a nation hogfat with machine-power and surplus. He would if his challenge is met, lure President Roosevelt from Washington and take him on a stump tour of America at a time when hell is popping at the very threshold of government. He would substitute politics for preparedness while World Democracy trembles on the edge of chaos.

Well, the crowd kept yelling "We want Willkie," but what we subconsciously heard from a quarter million Grand Old Partisan throats was a paraphrase. "We want milking" is what they really meant. And they'd like to go honeying too. So, it was most appropriate when the Elwood High School Band broke into the din with the musical transcription of what, in the final purview, you had to tell yourself. What the band played was: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." And HOW they were there!

And around the dear ruins each wish of my heart Will entwine itself verdantly still.

Example is always better than precept. The greatest fault is to be conscious of none. What loneliness is lonelier than distrust?

Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life. So said Auerbach. Did you ever try music to rest your tired body and weary mind? It's better than medicine. In fact, many people are being healed of serious illnesses by use of music. Well, well; radios instead of radium; music instead of morphine; songs instead of stitches. It's a great world.

Oh, it's easy to smile and be happy When life's like a beautiful rose; But the man worth while is the man who can smile While coiling a garden hose.

Remember: Live with the wolves, and you will soon learn to howl.

THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

Are you easily disturbed? Or are you the type who can sit snugly through any ordeal, any experience, and take it all with commonplace attitudes? You know, this business of being disturbed is an art. The Apostle Paul said, "To be zealously disturbed in a good thing is good."

Sir Thomas Moore and his wife lived in London. It happened that he must leave, and go without his beloved companion. While away, he received a telegram that she had contracted smallpox and did not wish him to see her. She only asked him to come and say goodbye in a dark room without seeing her face, once so beautiful. While on the train, he composed the following world-famous lines:

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms

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Howard W. Risley.....Manager
Howell E. Rees.....Editor

Which I gaze on so fondly today Were to change by tomorrow and flee from my arms Like fairy gifts fading away; Thou wouldn't still be adored, as this moment thou art, Let the loveliness fade as it will;

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

(Occasionally, Mrs. Blez, no grandmother, writes letters to her non-existent grandchildren, that they may, years from now, know what really was happening in 1940.)

August 17, 1940.

My Dear Grandchildren:

The war is still very much in evidence and it is this week that Hitler promised to take over England, but so far England has been holding her own against terrific air raids. For days German planes have been bombing the British Isles and to date there has been no real attempt really to invade the shores of Hitler's worst enemy. All we know is what we read in our newspapers and we have become quite skeptical about war dispatches. For instance, one morning this week the German dispatches insisted that London had been bombed and great damage done. The English dispatches on the same day said that no bomb whatsoever had reached London!

I really do not take much stock in the newspapers or the voices we hear so constantly over the radio. All the news is highly censored and the more I listen the more I am convinced that we know nothing whatsoever about the real conditions abroad. We do know that Hitler is aiming to destroy the English Empire. He has taken over most of the small countries surrounding Germany and France is now completely Nazi, which is still difficult to believe. Paris was not bombed because it was declared an open city and the Germans were permitted to march in and take it over. The general opinion here is that France was sold out to Germany by her own people but the truth will not be known in my time I feel sure. Perhaps you will be able to see the entire situation more clearly than those of us who are so close to it.

Right now in this country we are in the midst of a great political campaign. Roosevelt has declared himself a candidate for a third term and Wendell Willkie is the Republican nominee. Yesterday, Willkie accepted the nomination in his own home town surrounded by the usual shouting and circus-like procedure which always accompanies affairs of this sort in this country. I didn't listen to the speech, in fact, I haven't gotten around to reading it because all candidates for office seem to say more or less the same thing. The only thing he did say which interested me was his challenge to Roosevelt to enter into a series of debates before America goes to the polls in November. Sounds like the Lincoln-Douglas debates, doesn't it?

I wouldn't be at all surprised if Roosevelt accepted that challenge. Willkie, in fact, any man, is laboring under a handicap who must compete with Roosevelt in debate. Roosevelt, no matter what one's politics, is acknowledged to be a silver-tongued orator and I think Willkie is making a great mistake when he challenges our Number One radio orator to a series of debates.

I don't know how much you know about the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Douglas was a great orator, but Lincoln possessed a homeliness of expression which appealed more to the people than great oratory but I doubt very much if Willkie has that or even a substitute to offer. He looks like a big business man to me and because of conditions abroad the voting public is going to try to be satisfied with Roosevelt.

Of course Willkie will try very hard to tell the people that Roosevelt is trying to get us into the war and that Roosevelt is running the country into ruin and a million other things which his campaign managers will insist on his saying. He will promise this and promise that but I doubt if any of you will ever hear very much about Wendell Willkie and perhaps, when you read this letter you will wonder why your grandmother devoted so much space to a man you never heard of.

Well, the crowd kept yelling "We want Willkie," but what we subconsciously heard from a quarter million Grand Old Partisan throats was a paraphrase. "We want milking" is what they really meant. And they'd like to go honeying too. So, it was most appropriate when the Elwood High School Band broke into the din with the musical transcription of what, in the final purview, you had to tell yourself. What the band played was: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." And HOW they were there!

RICOCHETS

By Rives Matthews

A SURVEY of Harvard graduates just completed shows that members of the Class of 1915 averaged 2.3 children.

THE N. Y. TIMES holds this is encouraging because "we have been hearing so much about the high reproductive rate of the incompetent and the feeble minded."

WE HOLD the Times is too sanguine. First of all, we hardly believe a Harvard degree, or for that matter, any other collegiate degree these days, can be fairly used as a measure of ability and as a yardstick to the elite from an eugenic point of view.

RIGHT NOW some of us are beginning to see some of the evils for which the colleges are in part responsible. From what we can gather, American youths consider themselves the Number One Problem before the country. Maybe so!

BUT IT'S WRONG for a Problem Child to know he's a Problem Child. Every child is a problem to its parents, but when he knows it, then he pretty generally becomes a problem his parents will never solve, and he'll never solve it himself. He'll either become a genius, and make laws to suit himself or a misfit and one of society's failures.

ON ONE HAND we have U. S. youth clamoring for sympathy and better prospects than those with which they are presently faced. And on the other, we have many of these same young men loudly protesting against any sort of national conscription, although twelve or eighteen months of Army discipline and training probably wouldn't hurt many of them, and might teach a few the value of discipline, the value of a well ordered and well regulated life.

IN SHORT today's crop of youths wants the country for which they don't want to fight, or which they don't wish to defend, to hand them jobs, better pay, more security and more of a say-so in the conduct of national affairs.

FROM A READING of history, it would seem it has been ever thus, at least as far as what youth wants. But never before, it seems to us, have youths been so unwilling to give anything in return: to their faculties, to their employers or potential employers, to the community, to their nation.