

GIMME A MATCH

By JOE MACVEIGH
(Pinch-Hitting For Fred M. Kiefer)

(While Mr. Kiefer, the regular conductor of "Gimme A Match" is chasing grizzlies in the Canadian Rockies, guest columnists will keep his department going. This week Councilman MacVeigh takes time out from running the Last Chance Trading Post, to discuss some pertinent issues.)

Captain Chris Rice, National Chairman,
Buckskin Party,
Blue Skunk Holler, Penna.
My Dear Cap:

A few weeks ago one of the traders stopped in the store and told me I had been elected a Delegate, or Committeeman-at-large, of the Buckskin party, digging you up from the grave to revive, if possible, the old spirit of 1776.

Rite there at that moment I accepted, but up to the present time I have been busy to notify you of my acceptance. Business ain't been so hot this summer, 'till all of a sudden Edna and Fred Kiefer decided to go up in the wiles of Canada to hunt big bears or suthin, so I have been busy as a bee, outfitting them with a list that includes everything from needles to red underwear.

If I missed selling them anything I have either lost my art as a salesman, or jes getting durn careless. Sold him that old bear trap that we had around the store sinst your time and a hard number to move, sinst the boys around here have been going after smaller game and doing more fooling.

Then too, the Dallas Rotary Club erected a sign along the main road, using your pitcher, standing there telling the folks about the advantages of the back mountain region. Along side of you Captain, they is an Indian and the wagon drivers tells me that the pitcher of you is good, but that the Indian is there for no good purpose. I posed for the pitcher of the Indian, the hole thing being a clever advertising ruse of Howell Rees.

I jes locked up the store for the nite when they come a knock at the door and who comes in but "Lumpy" Lapp, one of our National Committeemen, who had jes come back from a Tri-State School Presidents' meeting, which is held annually at the Jacktown Fair in West Virginia.

Well, Lump set down, gets out his knife and starts whittling and I notice the cracker barrel is sorter handy.

Lump has been going to this Fair for many years and in the West Virginia hills is considered a smart trader and in years gone by held the record for swapping. Once, years ago, Lump went to the fair with a blind horse and a jack-knife, stayed three days and came back with four good horses, a wagon, a barrel of cider, ten bushel of apples and two black eyes—and not a dime changed hands.

Up to this time Lump had sed nuthin but I knew he wuz doing a powerful lot of thinking.

Well, he finally whittles a long thin sliver and puts it in his mouth and then I new that the time had come, so I settles back in my chair to listen to a man who speaks words of wisdom. "Joe," he sez, "the folks down in West Virginia are doing little talking, but a lot of thinking. You know they kinder like the good ole U. S. A. like we do, but they are gettin' awful sick and tired letting a bunch of guys run this country of ours who are in it for only what they kin get out of it. They doan even take time to look around and see the wonderful things we have here and try and make it nicer and easier for folks, but jes plan and scheme to see how much they kin get without workin' for it, at the expense of the fellows who work and pay the taxes. The boys down there no this can't last forever and feel that it's durn near time we put a halt to this raid on Government and put men in office who are honest, regardless of the party."

"Lumpy," I sez, "I have been doing a lot of thinking too and I figured it this way. If you kin keep things clean and honest in a small town and the right sort of red-blooded men get behind the movement all over the country, it wouldn't be long before the six outen every 10 men who are working for the government, would be replaced by six men who were helping the government and the people and that every dollar spent would be for a good and worth-while purpose."

"Folks come in the store and I talk to them and they are all in sympathy with us and the principles of the Buckskin party. Take fer instance your ole district, Cap. It votes all one way and the big boys are sure of it, so they don't get nuthin'. But take another district where they ain't so sure, they go in and select a man who can get votes. Maybe he can't read or write, but that makes no difference. All they want is votes and to that district go all the gravy and the boys in the district that are loyal jes set and twirl their thumbs. No, it's all rong and rotten to the core and iffen we doan do suthin about it soon, they woz be anything left to do suthin with."

Lump jes set and nodded his head in approval and we were jest sorter hoping someone would come in when Burgess Smith come in the door, kinder tired after a hard day at a Sunday school picnic, shaking hands and kissing all the babies. Bert is goan to run agin for Burgess without opposition, but he ain't taking no chances and don't have time to take a vacation, although he would love to go to the shore.

Well, Bert lit his old pipe and set down and we tole him about what we wuz discussing.

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

The very latest is to investigate the SEC. SEC is the Security Exchange Commission.

It is one of the bureaux that was gonna make it safe to invest. And they have done so. They have made it so safe and sure that there is nothing left to invest in except a horse-race. And I just been reading about Santa Anita, a race-track in California, and boy is money changing hands there!

But betting on a horse-race where you have one chance maybe in a hundred, and you can lose your shirt on either the favorite or a long-shot, it is O. K. with the Govt.

There is no SEC on horse-races, but if you have a share of stock in an electric company the SEC will show up and make a rule that it is a holding company and undesirable and should be eliminated. You, also, are eliminated.

Congress is getting suspicious. The horse is gone, so it is time to investigate Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

"Yep," he sez, "You boys are right. Suthin has to be done and done in a hurry. There jes ain't no sense to the whole thing. The people want reform, but they doan know how to get it, so it's up to all he men who place country before self to get behind the Buckskin party and the principles for which it stands." "Joe," he sez, "before I forget I want to tell you that you have been elected a director of the Old Hickory Club Gun."

"What does that mean," I sez. "It means," sez Bert, "that you pay five dollars a year instead of two dollars a year that the regular members pay."

Well, I sorter let that sink in, but it dint make no cents, but as we had other things to talk about I went over to the till and got a five spot and paid in full. Fred Kiefer had paid me and for the time being I wuz in the dough.

"Suthin got to be done and done in a hurry," sez Bert. "Take fer instance our efficient police department. Well, they arrests a guy for violation of the law—maybe one, maybe two, it doan make no difference—and what happens? They all go scot free, jes cuz they no someone or have an uncle or aunt that knows someone an if you fine them they appeal it, and the durn thing is lost in the scuffle before it gets to court. So what kin I do?"

Well, we couldn't tell him, so I seen the hole thing wuz gettin' sorter complicated, so I set up a lunch for the boys.

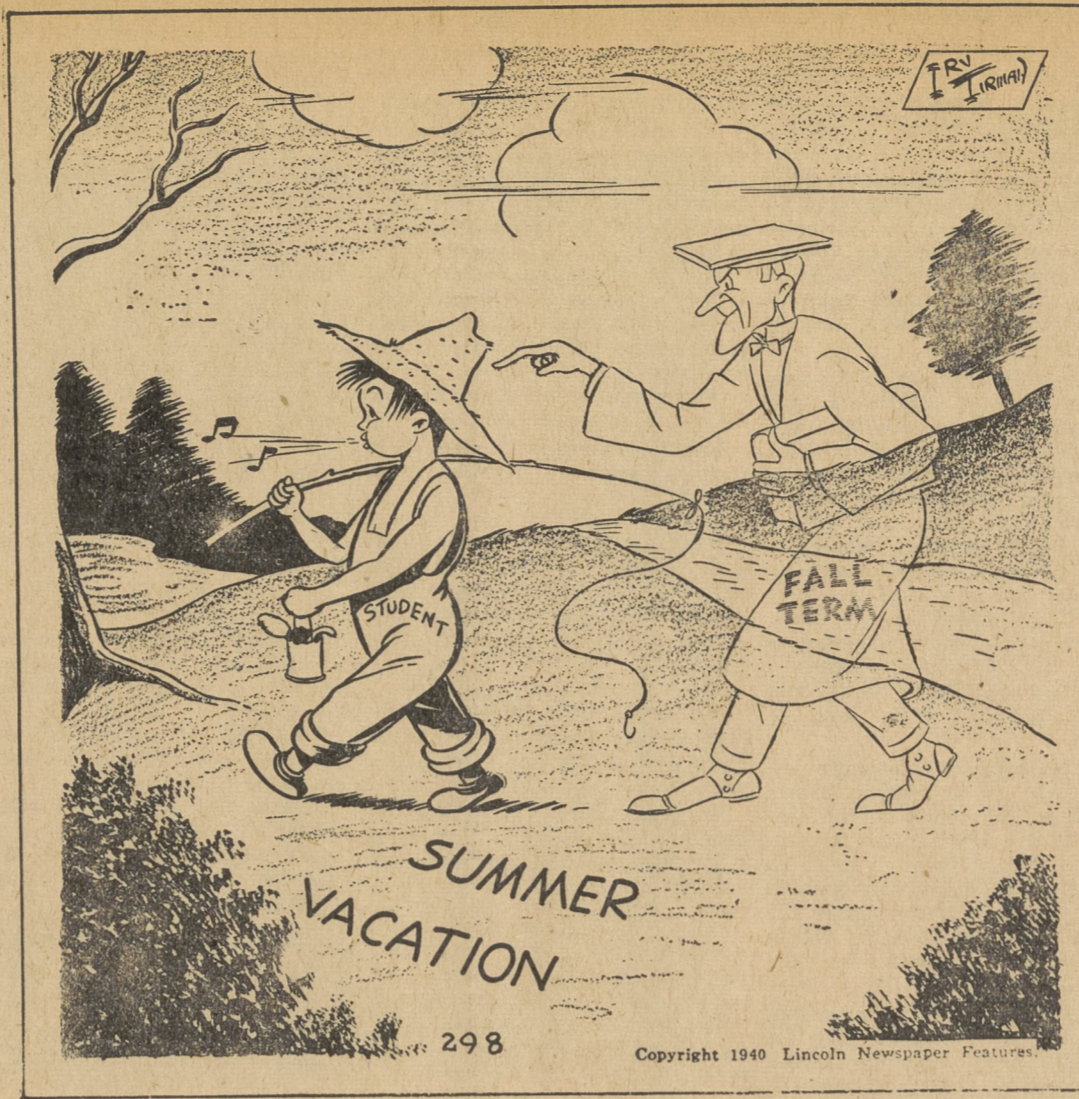
One thing, Cap'n Chris, we got a good man running for President this fall, who is honest and a red blooded American and I no that the Buckskin party will be 100 per cent behind this man Wilkie. Maybe some of the other candidates ain't so hot and maybe we wont have time to weed them out on such short notice, but you woz hate us for trying and we will do the best we can to try and select the kind of men we want and the kind you depended on in your day.

Maybe we wozan elect our men now, but if we keep on trying and fighting with fire in our eye, an' talking good government to the plain folks—the real Americans—maybe we will get a foothold, or at least get a change by throwing a scare into the gang who are now in the saddle, but who sure as shooting are riding to a fall.

Bert, Lumpy and I decided to call a special meeting of all National Committeemen jes as soon as Fred gets back from Canada and I will keep you informed as to our program.

Sincerely,
Joe MacVeigh,
National Committeeman,
Buckskin Party.

LOOK WHO'S BEHIND YOU, SON!



SECOND THOUGHTS

by
javie aiche

The children played in the city street

Where death and injury dogged their feet,

The children challenged the traffic fleet

In the right-of-way of peace And no one bade them to hie away To great green lands that were made for play

And no one offered the price to pay For the summertime release. The laissez faire of the human hive Decees that only the fit survive, The wary flourish, the cunning thrive,

For peace has the pride of pelf And each man's castle is that man's home

Be it walls of logs, its roof of loam, Or porticoed and with lofty dome, And it's each man for himself.

Let them romp and run In their childhood games,

In the wind and sun, Let them have their fun.

If it be that one Meets mishap that maims Or mischance that lames,

What is done is done.

With laissez faire as the law of peace

The kith and kin of the poor increase.

But wartime's children know better fates,

They're hidden out through the city gates

To share the shelter of great estates

Away from the strife of arms, The world discloses the world's great heart

With each man ready to play his part

And brotherhood of the mill and mart

Points children off to the farms,

They're treasured there as the flowers they are,

Secure from dangers that blight and mar,

They know that above them moon and star

Shine not on the death-bird's wings,

THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

Greetings:

True love cannot die. Although efforts may be made to suppress it, oppose it, persecute it, it will, under all manifest itself. Regardless of what may oppose it, it will blossom forth and spring from the ground in greater beauty than ever before. Like the rose, its fragrance is sweetest when crushed.

What we miss in life we should not deny to others. Shifting responsibility is no sign of intelligence.

Do you hear anyone say: "Nobody wants me"? It's a most pitiful condition. Oh, say some word of comfort to that heart; tell them that God wants and loves them; tell them you love them; let them know life is worth living because someone cares.

FACE THE SUN

Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success;

You'll find what you look for, don't look for distress.

If you see but your shadow, remember I pray,

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

THE DALLAS POST
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Howard W. Risley.....Manager
Howell E. Rees.....Editor

That nature is kind as allowed to be,

That happiness is simplicity

And making most of what's given free

Leaves nothing to envy kings.

Let them claim the land,

It is theirs by right,

Lend the guiding hand

And the kind command,

Keep them contraband

From the fear and fright

Of the lustful fight.

While the children stand

In peace at par with neglected weeds

War knows them as man's immortal seeds

AS YE SOW, SO SHALL YE REAP

This is the harvest, these the smiling fields,

Here are the laden boughs of melon fruit,

Ours are the husbandmen claiming their yields,

Peace blest by plenty in honest pursuit,

Tractors on catwalks plod the golden lanes,

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

That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream, and don't shirk;

Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.

The worries will vanish, the work will be done;

No man sees the shadow who faces the sun.

We're told that a kiss in the movies costs \$3,000. But that's a small amount compared to some kisses. The sorrow and heartache that has resulted from many a romance could never be paid with money. That first kiss can either spell happiness or ruin. Which it may be depends upon each one of the loving pair.

Have you noticed? Jesus always liked to heal the hardest cases. The more hopeless, the greater the healing.

Pickers and sorters gather at the trees,

Sun-ripened succulence, treasures of grains,

Triumphs of labor's sweaty victories

Fill up the granaries, burden the bins,

Thus earth surrenders, counting not a loss,

Rests from fruition 'till the Spring begins

Seasonal cycles all the year across.

Heigh ho, the harvest days,

Mowing and reaping,

High be the nation's praise,

Safe be its keeping,

Give us to understand

Blessings we're knowing:

All yielded by the land

Rests with the sowing.

There is the gleaming, there the holocaust,

Grim desolation, misery and woe,

Sowed was the hurricane, now tempest-tossed

Europe is grieving, wrongly did it sow,

Hate was the seedling, planted was distrust,

Envy and jealousy reared side by side,

Might spreads its branches, brutal and unjust,

Watered by weeping, tears that are a tide,

Fields were parade grounds for the boots of Mars,

Trampled were freedom and the love of God,

Dust is the harvest, dust torn deep by scars,

Dust of despair where refugees have trod.

God speed the dawn of peace,

Teach men its meaning:

Sow love for love's increase,

Blest then be gleaming,

Let pass the harvest dire,

Mourning and weeping,

They who have nurtured ire

Tire of the reaping.

ORCHARD IN THE MOONLIGHT

Who would believe by day that out of a crab-apple root this ebony tree could tower, burdened with silver fruit?

—Dorothy Hope McCroden

A Park For Dallas?

Editor: With completion of the new highway leading into Dallas this community will have a beautiful approach through a wooded area just at the town's outskirts. The other day I walked down over the new grade and was impressed with the beauty of this spot near where the old car barn stood.

I make a suggestion that Dallas borough council look over this spot with an idea of converting it into a public park. It may be too late even now for such a move. But I would seem to me almost a crime to let those beautiful trees become the background for hot dog stands and filling stations.

Reader: He's still in the same business. The more sinful soul, the more glorious the redemption. None need despair. There is life and hope for all.

Remember: "Life Can Be Beautiful."

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

The new young lady in our house is spending her summer reading! We would really be delighted with such a splendid activity if it didn't mean that we must answer a million questions during the course of the reading of each and every book! It doesn't seem to matter what we are doing or what part of the house we are in at the moment. We are shouted at the most unexpected times.

We must know the meaning of all the words our fair daughter doesn't know the meaning of, and this past week we have suffered more than usual, because our fair daughter is reading the life of Thoreau, and Thoreau, if you can remember, was a contemporary of Emerson and Longfellow and Bronson Alcott.

Just as we begin to believe that our new young lady has decided to call a halt on the never ending questions we are greeted with "Mother, what does it mean when it says Emerson was inhibited? Who was Bronson Alcott? Mother, did you know that all Thoreau's sisters were old maids, and all his brothers bachelors? Gee, wouldn't it be wonderful to live like the Concord people did, Mother? Mother, who was Carlyle?"

Usually by that time we are out of hearing, wishing most violently that the man who wrote the life of Thoreau had choked before he got to the first chapter!

Before our fair daughter got around to reading about Thoreau she read his book: "Walden." "Walden," if you remember, was the account Thoreau wrote of the life he lived in the wilderness alone. He tried it as an experiment, to prove to himself and his friends that he could live alone and like it. That sounds rather familiar!

We think it was a fine idea but we wish our fair daughter had never discovered "Walden" because now she has found proof that living out in the open alone is truly fascinating.

Before our new young lady discovered Walden she had often talked of the time when she would be able to live in the wide open spaces and now that she has discovered Thoreau you can imagine what we are up against! We are face to face with the proof that someone else wanted to live alone in the wide open spaces.

Frankly, we wish Thoreau had never come to our household. We could have gotten along very nicely without him.

Now we eat breakfast, lunch and dinner with Thoreau. We have him before we go to bed and all our conversation seems to begin and end with the author of Walden.

Our new young lady gets quite disgusted with us because we don't enthuse more about the books she reads. She insists on ready passages aloud and when she comes across something which is a little beyond her comprehension she is always called upon for an explanation. We have tried several times registering indifference but it simply doesn't work!

If we can't quite understand from our fair daughter's reading of the difficult passage she insists on handing over the book and permitting us to read for herself.

If we say that we do not understand, either we are told we are just trying to evade the issue, and we are being mean, and what kind of a mother are we that we can't explain a line or two.

We are always told we should know simply because we are old, and didn't we teach school once? After all what did we go to school for if we can't understand Thoreau?

We often wonder, too, what we really did go to school for, but we are sorely afraid our fair daughter wouldn't think that answer was very funny. She would just think we were being silly again, and our fair daughter doesn't quite understand us when we make a brave attempt to be humorous.

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RICOCHETS

By Rives Matthews

Of Wendell Willkie's sudden rise to G. O. P. leadership, the New Republic has this to say:

"The official theory about Wendell Willkie is that nobody wanted him to be the Republican candidate except the plain people. The machine politicians, when they came to Philadelphia, were all set to choose a machine politician like themselves, but the spontaneous and unrehearsed enthusiasm of the grass roots forced them into panic-stricken retreat.

"That is the theory, but we doubt whether it will continue to hold water much longer. People are beginning to realize that the Willkie campaign was one of the most skillful professional publicity jobs the country has ever seen.

"The current issue of Tide lists some of the experts who have worked and are working with Mr. Willkie. There is Russell Davenport, recently managing editor of Fortune, an able journalist. There is Robert L. Johnson, publisher of Promenade, a founder of Time, and another expert in promotional activities. There is Fred Smith of Selva & Smith, the publicity man who did the extremely clever job of putting Bruce Barton into Congress. There is Harry M. Shackelford, advertising manager of the Johns-Manville Corp. There is Steve Hannagan, another crack publicity man. There are Ned Stevenson and associates, councillors on radio relations, who looked after the radio end. There is Stanley Resor, president of the big advertising agency, the J. Walter Thompson Company now treasurer of the United Republican Finance Committee of New York.

"Tide says that the New York experts did their best to discourage the avalanche of telegrams addressed to delegates at Philadelphia, remembering previous scandals about telegrams on behalf of the public utilities, many of which turned out to be fakes. If this is true, some of the local clubs were both persistent and skillful; not only were many thousands of telegrams received, but large numbers of them went to the individual delegate with his hotel and room number correctly given. The New York experts also prevented the use of big newspaper advertising space on Willkie's behalf, on the ground that it would smell of too much money.

"All this is not to say that there was no genuine demand for Willkie throughout the country. He has an attractive personality; his appointments were pretty colorful, and Americans love new faces. This spontaneous demand, however, was built up carefully by a group of the smartest publicity experts in the country, and we hate to see their beautiful professional job unrecognized."

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