

GIMME A MATCH

By FRED M. KIEFER

The leaves in fancy dress are down and the Cold One from the North, having laid them prone and lifeless, spreads his frosty sheets across the meadow grasses. It means that he has come to keep the winter guard.

The pheasant nervously, with high lifted foot, treads among the corn shocks waiting uncertainly for that first boom on a tragic November morning.

In the stone-walls and in the empty trunks of trees—in the caves of the hillsides the Seven Sleepers make final preparations for a full larder and a safe place to bed themselves. Here they sleep and here they stay 'till one, the groundhog—perhaps graver than the rest—steps forth to catch his shadow in a far away spring day.

The country dance halls are festooned with colored leaves and corn-stalks. Bright orange pumpkins adorn the shelves and windowsills. In many this evidence of autumn's end is compromised by political banners and the printed physiognomies of hopeful candidates.

The harvest is over. The farm cellars bulging full. Recess bells ring daily at the schoolhouse. Election is around the corner. Dammit—winter's here!

And along with the summer and fall we're going to miss a friend. Summer will be back next year but I wonder whether Howell Rees will ever return to Dallas. Howell is headed for broader fields in a sunnier clime. There'll be no blustery, ice-laden winds for him this winter. There'll be no need of crowding the radiator or blowing on frost-nipped hands or wiping steamed glasses on entering a warm room as far as Howell is concerned. No need, nor desire, for hot chocolate or a Christmas Tom and Jerry. No sir! It's linen suits and polo shirts. It's belled sails on a careening boat and breezes rustling on a tropic shore. It's plunges in the Caribbean and tall, clinking Planter's Punches for Howell.

There'll be, for us, no more of that incomparable writing and delightful reading in Postscripts. We'll have to turn back the files to catch again the laughter between the lines concerning the Tally Ho Cat, the committee of Grasshoppers that called on Howell some years ago. He brought to light the fact that not far away lived and fought a great pioneer, Col. Franklin, in days gone by. He covered the Fu Manchu menace with a reportorial style as thrilling as it was his own. But most of all we'll miss the octoplastic visits of that tough, old, unkillable ghost, Eph McCoy. To some of us his wistful Pedro and the Scripture quoting Rio Kid will ever stalk the boards of memory.

There'll be no one to help fill my third floor library with tobacco smoke and read to me Edwin Markham's lines,

"And when he fell in whirlwind,
he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green
with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout
upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place
against the sky."

because he understood my reverence for Old Abe. Only Howell could sit and listen, and enjoy it, when I read my favorite passages from the lips of Americans of a big and by-gone day.

Though I never rode the river with you Howell, nor climbed the mountain trails, nor breasted the wilderness bush, nor sloughed the hilltop muskug I offer you this hunter's tribute—You're a plenty skookum fella, Howell, and may the mountain chinook ever blow the muskwa-hiyah to your bag.

There's many a man that I know and like
From pavement to sun-lazy beach,
Where life is smooth and the lights
are bright
With nary a whim beyond reach.

But out in the bush where the day's
pack ends
'Neath a great big moon that's
mellow,
You want on the trail—not one of
those friends—
But a plenty skookum fellow!

Far out in the night when nothing
goes right
And trouble lies merely fallow
You're gonna need help when you
put up your fight.
You'd best have a skookum fellow!

To hoggie your troubles you'll need
a tight loop;
And here's something else I can tell
you,
You'll not always have a fair moun-
tain chinook—
So pair with a skookum fellow!

Those who stand by when the last
spark would die
And keep on pumping the bellows;
Those who get hurt just by boosting
your try—
Those are the skookum fellows!

When it's my turn to go at the end
of the way
I don't think that I could turn yel-
low.
I couldn't bear dying if they couldn't
say
"He was a plenty skookum fellow!"

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

This idea that there is anybody in this country or elsewhere who is indispensable, don't check up so good—and is mostly talk.

You take it under the Pharaohs, there in Egypt, when they were putting up the pyramids, it was about like it is here, now. They grape-vined the idea around that they could not get along without old Rameses. And some of the big dams we been building on the Columbia and all over the country, and the wide and high buildings on our rolling Potomac, they will be hard to explain 3000 years hence, like the pyramids are a problem to-day.

But the Pharaohs of Egypt and our own Big Folks here at home, they had to be doing something big—they figured—and they did so.

And old Rameses, he kept on being Pharaoh—and he kept on the payroll. But in the end, the pyramids got him—he is buried thereunder.

Claiming to be indispensable is taking in a lotta territory. A pinch-hitter for the great Casey could have done no worse than Casey, himself.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

THE SAFETY VALVE

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

ROOT HOLLOW

Mr. Editor:

Well, sir, I knowed it was goin' to happen. I see by the papers where Golden Boy—him with the croonin' voice—isn't goin' to wait for the draft to get him. At last he's volunteered to fight before he's drafted—for obscurity. I says to Liz it's goin' to be kinda hard on Delano swappin' from that old spavined horse, "Defense Tours" to a spanking young mare like "Political Speeches" and right in the middle of the stream. But she says, "Tain't the first time he's pulled a fancy trick like that." That women's got confidence in Delano, she remembers how he summersaulted off the Democratic platform. He can do them things without battin' an eyelash.

Well, sir, it's kind of an inspiration to our Olif, him being twenty-five and just registered. Olif's kinda thinkin' he won't wait around to be drafted either—just help the army out and volunteer right now. Olif ain't one to let Delano set no example for nothin'! That ain't my idea, no sir, if Delano has got time to go trapsin' 'round the country making political speeches what's goin' to happen to our foreign policy? I says to "Liz" Delano might better have one of them debates with this Mr. Willkie right in Washington where he won't have to be away from home more than a few minutes. It'd be right nice to have a whispering tenor and a crooner like Delano on the same program. Much as I like Delano he's kind of a hard boy to watch. You hardly ever know where he is. Now you take this draft business. I always thought a fellow who was drafted did something sorta against his will like, like being drafted in the army where you gotta go whether you want to or not and where mostly you'd rather not. Now if Delano ain't anxious for a third term and the people is a draftin' him again his will I don't think it would do no hurt if he'd shut up and sit quiet. Leastwavs folks might not notice him a settin' there on the sidelines and forget all about draftin' him after all. Sometimes I wonder whether Delano is as smart as Liz thinks he is.

Lemuel



SECOND THOUGHTS

by javie aiche

As one of the umpity thousands who greeted Wendell L. Willkie at Wilkes-Barre, from the best vantage-point a position with the press could confer, let your scrivener confess forthwith that the candidate of the Republican party is the most magnetic personality yet encountered. But it is to be regretted that his real power is lost when once he begins to speak.

An analogy will be pardoned, since Mr. Willkie came to fame as the directing genius of a holding company in the field of electric utilities. Magnets also are electric-powered. They gather up all and sundry, hold all tight to their bosom so long as the current is confined in their cores; but, give them the impulse of release, and everything goes ker-plunk.

Your correspondent pursued matters a little farther than did others. He left the pressbox and accompanied Mr. Willkie to his limousine. By the way, if you had an idea that the closed-car presentation of the candidate was a blunder of the Republican committee, you're wrong. Mr. Willkie asked for it. He didn't ask for it because he was afraid of any hoodlumism. He asked for it because his throat was raw and he feared the damp air. He said that much, in a moment's indulgence of a cigarette.

And with the people of this part of Pennsylvania he was certain that hospitality carries the enthusiasm of affection. Still, it is sad to remember that his ride to and from the armory had to be under shield from the throngs that had lined the streets to visually feed upon a phenomenon in American politics.

That this admirer of the man believes he cannot win is beside the point. Admiration is based upon his personality, remember, not upon

leге friends. And he fell in love with the sister of his best chum. By the devious ways of the stage play it was made possible for the Indian and the girl to be left alone in the living room of the latter's home. There Strongheart proposed. The girl forgot the Strongheart of the football field; she saw only the aborigine, asking her to become his squaw.

She ran from the room, crying her fright. And Strongheart, desolate in his loneliness, took stage-center in exactly the pose that Wendell Willkie uses to capture all his holders. With arms upraised and eyes to the heavens Strongheart pleaded to his traditional diety:

"Great Spirit of My Fathers, I am in the midst of the desert—alone!" Is the captain of the utility field wooing that which he cannot win? Can his new best chum, John L. Lewis, put into captivating words that upon which the charming Mr. Willkie is mute? Or will the public say to the intermediary, remembering that he might have been promised appointment as Secretary of Labor:

"You speak only for yourself, John." Your scrivener doesn't know. Sometimes it seems that by sheer force of charm by exposure to most grueling campaign and speech schedule, Wendell L. Willkie may survive to what in other considerations seems impossible. But, out of his appearance here comes a thought. It is doubly impressive in the fact of being able to walk beside the man, to clasp his shoulder, to speak to him—without being clubbed over the noggin by one of a hundred policemen.

It's great to be an American.

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

Or does anybody care about all that?

All through the armory meeting something bothered your correspondent. The same something was behind a closed curtain of consciousness in the intimate contact with Wendell L. Willkie. It wasn't until final departure was taken from the man, it wasn't until half of the distance home had been walked that memory converted the something into its proper entity.

Wendell L. Willkie is a "Strongheart." And Strongheart was the Indian hero of a college play, current thirty-five years ago with Robert Edson as star. The Indian had become the all-American fullback. His fine physical make-up, his friendliness, his ability to run the field made him the focal center, the cynosure, and upon him came the adulation of the young people who believe for a time that glory in one endeavor is the justification of existence.

It came about that Strongheart was taken to the hearths of his col-

THE BOOK SHELF

"Total Defense". By Clark Foreman and John Raushenbush. Doubleday Doran & Co., Inc. \$1.25.

Herr Hitler, as back blitzkreigs would indicate, wages total war on those who defy his fanaticisms. Assuming, as many do, that the United States will sooner or later get in Der Furher's line of fire the best thing for us is an invulnerable bulwark of defense. This is also the thought of Joan Raushenbush and Clark Foreman, authors and fellow members of the Committee on Economic Defense, who have compiled a lengthy memorandum outlining Nazi penetration in South America with recommendations for action in the western hemisphere by the American Nations led by the United States. This is to be action for the economic defense of the Americas. "Total Defense" is presented by the authors in two sections. The first in the form of a memorandum by imaginary Nazi agents describing to Herr Hitler the ease with which he may assume economic control and then political control of South America. This is to be followed by the relegating of the United States to the position of a Nazi vassal state. For where will she, hoarding the gold of the world, market her goods under a German barter economy? The authors have backed their case by presenting a picture of Turkey enmeshed in a commodity for commodity deal with Germany from which she can not break loose.

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Howard W. Risley.....Manager
H. J. Price.....Mech. Supt.

Mr. Foreman and Mrs. Raushenbush present the case of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The company desirous of removing assets from Germany was forced to accept in place of gold a supply of harmonicas large enough to provide every American boy with two on Christmas morning. But there will never be another Christmas morning complete with Santa Claus for United States economy once Hitler catches all South America in his nets. For with Europe engulfed by the Nazi sphere of influence, the United States will be isolated. A kind of isolation Senator Borah never looked for.

The authors outline a complete program for cooperation among the nations of this hemisphere which can yet save the new world. This plan constitutes the second memorandum of their book and it is addressed to the President, Congress and the American people. It is a

To bring their case to our doorstep

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

It seems to us that every week we go through some new nightmare with our New Young Lady! Tonight, one day after her sixteenth birthday, we are completely exhausted—not from physical effort, and not that we have been doing anything out of the ordinary. We are exhausted because our New Young Lady has just left the house to attend the Senior dance over at the high school. For one hour our fair daughter has been getting dressed and every light in every room on the second floor has been turned off and on so many times we wonder what would happen if there were rooms on the third floor! Every rug on the second floor is in a heap and every dressing table is in a state of turmoil. The bathroom looks as if a cyclone struck it and our New Young Lady's bedroom is such a sad mess, that Raggedy Anne and Raggedy Andy huddling in the small wicker chair look as if they are afraid of what will happen next!

We thought after all this preparation, and hours of pacing from one mirror to another, our fair daughter would look like something out of Vogue or Harper's Bazaar, but when we did get a good look at her we couldn't see that she looked much different than usual. The dance is to be a barn dance and the idea is to come in your old clothes. We have tried for weeks to get our fair daughter to wear something on her feet beside broken down white saddle shoes but the saddle shoes went to the dance, accompanied by a wild plaid shirt, and hair which is flowing in a dozen directions at one time!

After dinner we were anxious to read but we were forced into answering the door bell for the young swain who was taking our fair daughter to the dance, where there is evidently no formality whatsoever. The young man came early and we had to entertain him for forty-five minutes while our fair daughter paced back and forth from one mirror to another. When we asked her how much longer he would have to wait she informed us she was about ready to put her makeup on! Furthermore she warned us not to put any of the lights out because she wasn't half finished. When she came downstairs to put on her coat we felt quite certain her hair had been combed a hundred times but after she had gotten into her coat her hair had to be combed again.

At times like this we feel exactly like Gracie Allen—we just don't get it! We simply cannot understand what our New Young Lady does with her time. Why must she see herself in five different mirrors and why must every rug on the second floor be in the wrong place. Why must she comb hair so much and why, after all the preparation she goes through, does she insist on wearing her oldest clothes? If there is an old skirt or a mused blouse hanging in the closet our New Young Lady will be sure to have it on, particularly if she is going somewhere special! If we set up a howl of protest we get nowhere and if we sigh we get nowhere. We have discovered that finding fault defeats us in the very beginning—so like Gracie, we just don't get it! We have come to the very definite conclusion that this generation is far beyond our very feeble comprehension.

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THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

Many a man gets left because he didn't do right!

If you think you have your troubles, consider the poor cornstark, always having its "ears" pulled, or the potato, with its "eyes" full of dirt! Only cleanliness can understand the meaning of filth.

Here's some good advice: "There's only one way to do anything, that's the right way. It isn't doing as nearly right as we can; that's like saying, "My telephone number is approximately such and such." If it isn't all right, it's all wrong."

LOVE FOR A SEASON

Tell me not, my dear,
Your love is for a season;
Let me not believe
You kiss without a reason.
Whisper not to me
Of all your deep devotion,
If within your heart
You feel no true emotion.
Tell me not, my dear,
That our romance is ended;
Let me not believe
That our hearts haven't blended.
Whisper not to me
Of love given you no pleasure,
Take me far, my sweet
From love that lasts a season,
Let me not receive
A kiss without a reason.
Whisper dear, to me
You love me truly, only;
And within your heart
Give me that place supremely.

Where the speech is corrupted,
the mind is also,
At birth we cry—at death we see
why.

Remember—You can't keep the family circle on the square with a triangle.

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