

GIMME A MATCH

By FRED M. KIEFER

Benjamin Franklin was quickly learning to wipe his own nose, up or down as you prefer, in Boston at the impressionable age of four when certain German-speaking Swiss emigrants were settling in and around Lancaster, a frugal little town on the banks of the Conestoga Strand, a feeder of, and not far distant at this point from, the Susquehanna.

Records of these men are slim in that year of 1710. That they were early termed as "Pennsylvania Dutch" and that they are so referred to in our day, we know. Probably the name is derived from the two-fold fact that the word "Deutch" meaning German was extensively used in their conversation and when they left Europe they sailed from Dutch ports.

Among them we have the names of several who have a bearing on this part of our story—names to whose memory monuments of granite and permanence, at least, should have been erected since this is the world's manner of rewarding the benefactors of mankind after they have passed to their real reward, we hope, in heaven.

They were gunsmiths. Those few of whom we are accorded a slight knowledge were men named Henry, Allbright, Lehman, Terree, Tolecht, and Strugel. For the next decade they experimented on a gun which was to go down in history, due to the prominence no doubt of a local boy who made good with the Kentucky rifle—one Daniel Boone. We do not know whether Boone was carrying a Pennsylvania made gun when he carved on the beech tree in the valley of Boone's creek his famous inscription, "D. Boone cilled a bar on (this) tree in the year 1760". Certainly Kentuckians worked upon the arm and probably made improvements. Sufficient to say our friends from Lancaster were the daddys. The Pennsylvania Rifle was born. A weapon that played a large part, not only in the history of Mr. Coffin's KENNEBEC, Mr. Carmer's HUDSON and Mr. Wilson's WABASH but many another river, as well as the wars and feeding of the young nation.

It is of passing interest to know that John Joseph Henry, a son of its inventor, carried one of his father's guns with Arnold up the Kennebec, across the Height of Land, down the boiling Chaudiere and to the very gates of Quebec. He was as he wrote in his "Journal" years later, "too young to enjoy any other honor than that of exposing himself in the character of a cadet, to every danger."

Two of Henry's companions, also Susquehanna men, on this epic undertaking were Matthew Smith, one time leader of the vicious "Paxton Boys", not an enviable character, of whom more anon, and Captain William Hendricks from Cumberland county. While some of these fighters were of the calm settlements of the Quakers, the average backwoodsman had little, indeed, in common with the non-resisting sects. There were other Pennsylvanians on this march. We know the names of some, and that the majority were equipped with the new rifle. The arm at this time however, had not penetrated to any extent along the coast line of New England.

In the westward movement the two indispensable weapons of the American pioneer were the axe and the rifle and no other class of national builders were as expert in their use. The axe played its magnificent part but what concerns us here is the rifle.

Ungainly and clumsy though it appears to us today, the gun was constructed in that manner with considerable thought behind it. Thought prompted by experience, trial and error. It was not merely a heavy piece of iron with a hole through the center for a round ball to pass; not made so long in barrel because there happened to be a piece of metal of that length around the shop; not short-butted because of the scarcity of maple wood. Nor was it loaded with a patch atop the ball to help fill the opening alone. Neither one, nor all of these apparently hasty designs were embodied in its make-up without a substantial reason. Behind each lay a definite, proven answer.

The round ball was so because lead in spherical shape, with the greased patch in the rifled barrel, was the only kind that could be shot consistently without great variations of powder. And powder, the best of which was French, was expensive and hard to get. The conical bullet of today is loaded with the same powder charge, depending on the grain weight of the lead, but must be resighted at various distances. The early rifleman, therefore, controlled his powder supply economically. Shooting at close range the charge was slight—greater as the distance increased—and leave it to the hunter to know how little or how much powder he must use.

At first the ball was slightly larger than the barrel which was cup-shaped at the end to start the entrance. It was, when being loaded, forced in by a stout hickory ramrod so as to take the twist of rifling, which gave it a whirling momentum upon exit and increased its trajectory. Some genius, probably one Farrell, discovered that a ball cast a trifle smaller than the bore could be rolled in without pressure and with the added application of a greased piece of linen made to stay at the proper end of the gun. The patch also plugged up the gases behind the bullet, accentuating the explosive action in the rear.

Nor was it to give added effectiveness to a weapon in a hand to hand

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Rambling around in the dictionary is not a bad idea. Now and then you will pick up a word which you can maybe use to wake 'em up with, at the lunch club, or some place.

And here recently I was over in the A pages and I ran across ambidextrous. It looked pretty good, so to get a little practice I says to Jack Bamlage—Jack is my neighbor and a contractor, and a pretty good one—Jack, I says, these carpenters you got working here sure are ambidextrous.

Ambidextrous, he says kinda querisome-like. Sure, I says, ambidextrous means being good with both hands—as good with one hand as the other. Like the President, I With one hand he signs a says, he is ambidextrous. bill to increase production in a cannon factory, and with the other he signs one which limits the hours you can work in the same factory—which cuts down production.

Jack looked kinda dubious. I don't quite savvy, he says—it don't look so hot to me. And I says, pardner, you got nothing on me—I am in the same boat.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA.

FLYING LEAVES

In masquerade of red and gold, The woods of fall are gay and bold; They sift "confetti" down the lane To celebrate the summer's wane.

With brightest leaves, the wind plays ball; He tosses them with shout and call. I like to catch them as he blows— But, Jack Frost comes to nip my nose.

Helen Maring

IT WOULD

The river ran headlong toward the town; The willows tried to stay it, The dam tried to stay it, The rushes tried to stay it, The bathers tried to stay it, But it would rush headlong to town And there suffer the indignity of being piped to houses.

Helen Eckert

A RHYME OF TAILS

Like monkeys sitting on a tree, The letters g and j and p All hang their tails below the line Which like a branch, is very fine To sit upon—with q, and y. The other letters passing by All think that they would like tails too.

So here's a pretty how d'ye do!

Margaret Louise Sutcliffe

struggle, nor to extend the length so that all the powder would find room to burn, that the long and heavy barrel was appended. In the thick and darker woodland, where the arm saw most of its service, it was necessary to see clearly the crotch of the rear sight and the bone or knife splinter at the front in as clear a manner as possible. Very often the success, or lack of success, of the first shot spelled the difference between a longer life and a terminal of existence. Since this type of sight had a tendency to blur, either at the front or rear, the closer they remained to the other, the more the long barrel became a plane over which the eye gained in clarity between the extension of the sights. Barrels were often as lengthy as four feet or better. Again economy of powder and lead became a factor. If the hunter saw better—he shot better. He was frequently not home from the hill for a twelve-month and the Winchesters, Remingtons and du Ponts were far in the future.

While the barrel gained the magnitude of four feet the butt held to a length of from twelve to fifteen inches. There were times aplenty when health and peace of mind depended on snap shooting from behind a tree or in a quick twist across the chest. The short stock permitted it.

There, technically and abbreviated, we have the outline of the famous "Long Rifle", a weapon influenced by the Susquehanna River and influencing in its turn the Revolutionary War and the building of America.

(Continued next week)

A GAME FIGHTER



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SECOND THOUGHTS

by javie aiche

After all, what do I care? Other than to say: Saluto, Senor Presidentia; bon jour, monsieur; prosit, yocsi maszc, and hello. Now that you got it, what you gonna do with it?

There's tough going ahead and he's going to need everything from a cant-hook to an alpenstock, plus a donkey engine and an elephant hitch on the off-side of the climb.

What's been worrying your correspondent is Pierre Laval in France and the chain-market around the corner. The one can talk and does talk, with prophecy. The other can't, but it stands for the same thing. Laval says that democracy has reached journey's end. If the chain-market is aught but confirmation, will some one please elucidate?

Discussion such as this is what comes of attending a forum of conflicting opinion and finding not even approach to agreement on whether last Tuesday we added the caboose to our train of presidents or set up the siren on the locomotive that is going down the long way of regimentation.

Well, I do care; because, I already have two generations following after me. Maybe Laval is as bad as he's painted. But how often has he made a wrong guess? And since America has taken regimentation in everything else, in business, in unions, in industry and in politics, how much longer can it escape the trend in government?

It seems as though it was in another lifetime, but this scrivener re-

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

members having sat on the porch of the old Kingston Corners grocery. And astride a sugar barrel in the Ruggles store near Pike's Creek. He can't forget the debating group that munched cheese and gingersnaps at Bill Rosser's, in the back room where the customers wouldn't be disturbed, nor yet barred if they wanted to get in on the palaver.

Yes, it did seem as though it was in another lifetime, the contrast of going down to the chain market. No friendly proprietor there. The multiple owner is a bunch of stockholders stemming out of Chicago, or Philadelphia, or New York.

No old time clerks. Nothing but automatons. Not a barrel in sight, nothing on view excepting package goods. Instead of a chair there was at this old-timer's disposal a kind of go-cart thing, with wicker baskets top and bottom. Maybe it's American to push the damn thing around and help yourself, but if the implication is that business is full of faith and confidence in average honesty, don't forget that the way out is barred, with chains, until the boys at the adding-machine cash registers have totted your taking and made you pay on the line.

There's a nice hunk of the American way of life crushed in the system of profits. And what's left of the corner grocery can't contend against cut rates and cut costs with what congeniality has been left over from being scared stiff.

First the blacksmith shop, then the postoffice, now the grocery store. All gone out of the easy habits of the people. If the lunchroom is the last stand, then how long before it evolves into the automat? It's half-way there now with the cafeteria.

In the great industries they no longer make mechanics. They make human accessories to the trams, the conveyors, the parts lines, so that one man in a working career learns no more than the fitting of a single part.

Meanwhile, we of the forum looked over the costs of democracy, setting them up against what might be the expenditures of four more years of war. We estimated how we might reduce to half every function of our happy-go-lucky local, county, State and national systems. Meaning, of course, that if the money-using nations continue to spend and borrow against the fundamental opposition of barter, then there's going to come a point at which government must take its cue from the Ford prompting of getting the most from the least.

And there, it would seem, is where democracy goes out.

Your correspondent envies many men. One he does not envy is the very great man we just elected to the world's highest office.

tations which corrupted Benedict Arnold; but Allen raged indignantly at his would-be bribers and remained a proud, loyal patriot. The book, like Ethan Allen himself, is strong in its simplicity.

"Drovers East" also concerns a vitally important period in our nation's history; 1810, when the Ohio settlements were separated from the eastern seaboard by great mountains and difficult rivers. The story opens with Andy O'Farrell, a lad of sixteen, helping to drive a herd of cattle from the then Western frontier to market in Baltimore. This was a singularly difficult task and accomplished only once before in history. Complications appear rapidly; a mysterious stranger steps into the scene when things might otherwise be dull. This all blends together nicely to make the plot pulse quickening; the way boys like their plots.

"Wings over West Point" polishes up a pretty well worn theme—the boy who is deflated and made into a man by West Point, Annapolis, Notre Dame, or whatever the case may be. However, Captain Emery, U. S. A., the author uses a very satisfactory brand of old theme polish, and most boys won't realize that this witty, quick paced story was written for anyone but the red blooded, 1940 edition, All-American boy. There are also the full quota of adventures and perplexities. There is one humorous incident when the hero, Don Moore finds that his father is principally opposed to West Point because it is a Federal Project and his family never had anything to do with the WPA or the FHA.

"Bold of Heart" is also carried along mainly by witty dialogue. Elen Herrick, a cheerful but sensitive girl of sixteen, agrees to stay with an aunt and uncle while recovering from a serious back and knee injury. There is not much trouble, however, until a chance remark by one of the male characters reveals a very exciting mystery—

known of this almost legendary hero of the American Revolution. To most of us his life begins and ends when he stepped up to Fort Ticonderoga and demanded that Fort's surrender in the name of "the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The real Ethan Allen began his fight for freedom long before the revolution was conceived. For years he had been fighting the Royal Governor of New York Colony in defiance of the claim that Vermont came under the jurisdiction of Albany.

When the Revolution began, Ethan Allen was only too eager to expand his fight for freedom. Capturing Ticonderoga merely whetted his appetite. Allen decided to lead 110 followers against Montreal. For the first time the brave Vermont met with reverses, and nearly perished in various British military prisons. When Ethan Allen did gain his freedom, he found that his sacrifices for his country were woefully unappreciated. As Brigadier General of the Vermont Militia, he was offered the same lucrative temp-

THE BOOK SHELF

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

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

"He Fought for Freedom." A Boy's Life of Ethan Allen. By Sidney W. Dean. Macrae-Smith Company, Philadelphia. \$2.50. 284 pages.

"Drovers East." By Pitt L. Fitzgerald. Macrae-Smith Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00. 352 pages.

"Wings Over West Point." By R. G. Emery. Macrae-Smith Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00. 297 pages.

"Bold of Heart." By Helen Elmira Waite. Macrae-Smith Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00. 250 pages.

(Reviewed by Larry Brennan)

Patriotism will probably set the theme for this winter's juvenile reading list, but at least one good mystery story for girls does manage to push forward and demand our recognition.

Of the four new books recently released by Macrae-Smith Company, three are completely concerned with patriotism, while the other, although it is primarily a light, mystery story, does center its plot around the disappearance of a Paul Revere christening bowl.

"He Fought for Freedom," a biography of Ethan Allen, written with the charm of a novel, is probably the best of the three patriotic themes. Although the book is factual all of the way, it does hold more suspense than "Drovers East" which is fiction based on a historical pattern, or "Wings over West Point" which is also fiction but takes a few liberties with fact. "Bold of Heart" is gay and wholesome with a few dire forebodings.

Perhaps it is the character of Ethan Allen which makes his biography most interesting. Too little is

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

The New Young Lady in our house has suddenly developed an unusual interest in the opposite sex. We expected that it would come sooner than this, and we haven't been looking forward to it, but we are sorely afraid that this is one of the worst stages in our very varied career as a mother! Saturday evening there was a dinner party at our house. Guests were all older people and our fair daughter had been shooed off to her Aunt's for dinner. It happened that dinner at her Aunt's house was earlier than usual and the mud at the football game had been very bad, so that our fair daughter had been sent home to change her shoes. Consequently in the middle of the dinner party our New Young Lady made a very muddy appearance!

There was an extra guest at the dinner party. It happened that he was just seventeen and in uniform! His father had picked him up at Camp Dix and brought him along. When our fair daughter saw the uniform and the quite attractive boy we had our hands quite full! We were plenty busy. After we served dinner we planned to attend the performance of the local little theatre group here in town, and our New Young Lady was going with us. After she had met the guests our fair daughter disappeared upstairs to dress.

Just when we were occupied with two colored people in the kitchen, and twelve guests in the dining room we could hear a stage whisper at the head of the stairs. "Mother, what shall I wear? Aren't there any clean stockings? I simply can't wear socks tonight. Mother, what will the people downstairs think when they see me in socks? Gee, Mother, why didn't you tell me that boy was coming? Can't he go to the play with us? Gee—he's neat—isn't he? How old is he? Ask him to go to the play with us? Mother, please ask him to go to the play with us? How does his hair look?" When we insisted that the bathroom be put into some sort of order the New Young Lady didn't hear one word we said. She was making the round of the mirrors on the second floor. You know about those mirrors on our second floor, the mirrors which take such a terrific beating each time our fair daughter gets dressed to go anywhere very special!

We asked the young man to go to the play with us and he accepted, much to our fair daughter's almost insane delight. On the way over we managed to get in one small sentence and we wish you could have heard our fair daughter apologizing for the smallness of our village. She hoped the young man wouldn't be too bored with the play because it was only small town talent!

We enjoyed the play and we really didn't pay much attention to our fair daughter and her heartthrob until we suddenly realized that our New Young Lady was having a marvelous time. Some of the girls in her crowd, in the audience, were practically breaking their silly heads trying to see our fair daughter's escort. Several times we passed a comment about the people on the stage or in the audience but she heard absolutely nothing, she was in some crazy kind of seventh heaven where all the boys wear uniforms and all the girls are green with envy!

THE SAFETY VALVE

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

Success To 'Postscripts'

Dallas, Pa.
The Post:
I'm sorry I couldn't be around to say "goodbye" to Postscripts, but I hope he has much success in his venture.

Mrs. Ralph G. Eipper

Another Republican

Kingston, Pa.
The Post:
Let me congratulate the man who wrote the editorial in last Friday's Post. It was the best I have read in any newspaper—anywhere, on the subject.

L. A. McHenry

No Question

Dallas, Pa.
The Post:
There have been years when there was some question where The Post stood on political issues. Not so this year. There has been no doubt in your editorial column . . . and your last one rang the bell.

G. T. K.

Liked Editorial

Wyoming Seminary
Office of the President
The Post:
It has just been my privilege to read the editorial in the November 1 issue under the caption "Though He Speak With The Tongues of Men

the disappearance of a Paul Revere christening bowl. Not being Ethan Allen with his sinewy limbs to help him battle his way through the problems which arise, nor being Andy O'Farrell with his pioneer ruggedness, nor Don Moore, with his trusted airplane, Elen must apply distinctly feminine to all the little cob webs of mystery. Her results are nevertheless breathtaking and deserving of the applause of multitudes of little feminine readers' hands.

THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

Hi!
Hope you're keeping happy, even if your man wasn't elected. After all, they both couldn't have been.

A wild goose never laid a tame egg.
Ignorance never settles a question.
No one can measure the depths of another's love.

A missionary in India had the hymn, "Rock of Ages", translated into Hindoostan. On retranslation into English by a student, the first two lines bore this inspiring thought: "Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me absent myself under your fragments".

"A PEOPLE'S PRAYER"

Oh, God in the heavens far up above,
Who looks down on this world who forgot how to love,
That love which is needed more than ever before
Because nations refused peace and accepted this war.
Look down on Your children who need You today,
Their love has grown cold, they forgot how to pray.
They learned from experience many times before
That they who fail are men of war.
Still in this age progressing so fast,
They selected war, a thing of the past.
They tell the world they are fighting for right,
When the world really knows they are fighting for might.
They forgot the rule of right and wrong,
That wrong always fails for right is too strong;
Yet worse than this they make men slaves
To live in fear until they reach their graves.
Teach us, dear Father, from Thy throne above,
To think more of Thee, and Thy un-falling love.
Teach those who rule us to do what is right,
And to settle our problems without having to fight.

—Betty Cressman.

Someone had the privilege of spending a night with one of our great Bishops. Upon retiring, the visitor expected to hear some great display of piety and prayer. Instead, the Bishop bowed his head, knelt, and said simply, "Father, we are on the same relations."
Remember, nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.

COMES FOG

It twists with billowing curls
In from the sea
To mould the coastline bare
With imagery.

From swamp and river flats
Its mesh is spun,
And held in suppliant mood
Toward the sun.

And mountain crags above,
See puffed below;
Sun-filtered tossing banks
Of sifted snow.

Ethel Wilson

and of Angels". It was an editorial which equalled the best on the particular issue involved which it has been my privilege to read during the present campaign, and if it had appeared earlier I should have taken the liberty of mailing it to the National Republican Headquarters. It was carefully thought out and simply but clearly and forcefully expressed. Please convey my congratulations to the writer.

Very sincerely yours,
Wilbur H. Fleck

Brother's Address

Dallas R. D. 4
The Post:
The family of Mrs. Sallie Urbanovitch, Dallas, R. D. 4, express their appreciation for the article concerning their mother's death which appeared in last week's Post. Edward's address is P. F. C. Edward Urbanovitch, American Embassy Guard, Peiping, China.
Thanking you for your kindness,
Agnes Urbanovitch

What's The Post Without 'Postscripts'?

Dallas R. F. D. 4
The Post:
I am sorry "Postscripts" is gone, and wish Howell Rees all success, but if he must leave I'm glad we still have The Dallas Post.

Mrs. Laura Henson