

THIS COCKEYED WORLD

By RIVES MATTHEWS

FRANK E. GIMLETT, a prospector from Salida, Colo., is in Washington trying to find out what the Government is going to use for money. "They have things in such a mess now that only a wizard can solve it. Prospectors dig gold out of the ground, sell it to the Treasury, and they turn around and bury it in another hole in Kentucky and hire soldiers to guard it." Mr. Gimlett wants us to return to gold and silver currency because "we would get rid of them germ-carrying dollar bills. There are 1,014 germs on every dollar bill. Silver and gold are allergic to germs." And most people find dollars of any variety allergic to them.

KING IBN SAUD of Arabia is credited with the strength of forty men. It is reliably reported that he has forty sons, which suggests that he used a saud-off shot-gun more than once in his matrimonial career.

THE POPE'S Swiss Guards have scrapped their halberds and are now sporting 1840 muzzle-loaders, now as rusty as Ronald Firbank's Old Maid's pearl handled revolver. The change of weapons is interpreted as the Pope's contribution to disarmament.

A HEADLINE writer, who has long been annoyed by the spelling of Bette Davis' name, captioned her recent marriage as follows: "BETTE PRETTE HAPPE TODAY."

U. S. COTTON is being shipped to Russia at a great rate these days, although Russia, herself, grows cotton. Now word comes via Switzerland that Russia is shipping 100,000 bales a month to Germany. Cotton is used for making bandages—and high explosives—and clothes. The more cotton we sell for munitions, the more bandages we'll sell, and the fewer clothes. But the bandage market is better. There is more cotton in an abdominal dressing than there is in a modern evening gown, and bandages must be changed more often. Who called them "smiling fields of cotton," anyway?

HOWARD HOPSON, utility magnate, on trial for gigantic figure juggling, is said to have lost his mind. The court stenographer also admitted his "mind had lost its continuity," after eight weeks of taking evidence. Crazy, like a fox, is what we'd call the man who was "convicted of stealing more money than anyone in modern times."

CLARK GABLE and wife, Carole Lombard, after stopping off at the White House to be present at an historic Fireside Chat, journeyed to famed Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, where he-man Gable, taking no risks, wanted to find out what was the matter with a broad but aching shoulder. Next day dental surgeons yanked one of the Gable molars, now destined for a place in the Hall of Fame alongside those of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's, the world's most famous, and of Duchess Wally Windsor, who recently parted with a few at Miami, Florida.

TIM MEDDLIN of the News-Messenger, Marshall, Tex., says: "People who claim the home town newspaper doesn't print all the news should be glad that it doesn't."

SCIENTISTS recently tried to find out the cause of chronic drunkenness and so the Dallas Morning News headlined the story as follows: "SCIENCE TO TAKE DRUNK APART TO FIND WHAT MAKES HIM HIC."

DON'T FISH HEAR? Of course they do, because, according to a Department of Interior bulletin just issued, they are capable of making sounds. "Contrary to the widespread belief that fishes possess no voices and therefore must lead a life of perpetual silence, many fish are quite noisy creatures." The grunt, for example, makes a loud, grunting noise, and a school of them "playing around the bottom of an anchored boat on a still, tropical night will make enough noise to awaken the sleeping crew." Good Lord, deliver us from ghoulish and ghosties, and things that go grunt in the night!

PAUL MCNUTT has been named the ninth best dressed man in the world by U. S. tailors. "One is rather embarrassed by all this, and I think the less said the better." McNutt hates publicity as much as Lindbergh does—at least that's what we're supposed to believe.

REC's Mr. Jones, addressing some Manhattan big shots recently, said: "We have no boom, and I hope we never have another. Prosperity is hard to stand." A boom is a boom-erang, in other words.

TOMATOES were long considered poisonous because they belong to the same botanical family as the deadly nightshade and the Jimson weed. In Germany they are taboed as "a Jewish fruit," because, of course, they must be imported, and Hitler has a horror of spending money outside of Germany for food-stuffs.

DARWIN reports seeing the antlers of a stag shot by Frederick I which showed sixty points. Wonder if that's where the expression comes from? Can't you see the old stag concluding with: "I guess that'll show you a few pointers, young buckeroo!"

OYSTERS can hear, or, at least, are sensitive to vibration, according

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

It is a different story if it is your own horse that is gored. We been paying too little attention to what is happening to the other guy.

We read, kinda casual-like, about what the Govt. is doing to one outfit or another outfit, and we give out a ho-hum, and turn over to the funnies or the fashions. Until the lightning strikes us personal, we snooze.

And one thing I got in mind is out in Oregon and Washington and Idaho. The folks there, they stood by and watched the Govt. harpoon the light company—and didn't bat an eye. But now today, with the light company's hide half-way on the fence, the Government has begun crackin' down on the citizens thereabout, and saying what they gotta do, and where they will get their lights, and the price, etc. The folks there are not liking it so good. They laid down the funnies too late.

But with over one million persons on the Govt. payroll and all of 'em scraping around trying to stir up something to make 'em look busy, anybody's horse may be next—whether you live in Idaho or Kalamazoo, or elsewhere.

Yours with the low down,
JO SERRA

THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

One of the greatest needs today is consecrated conversation. An excuse is a mental ghost. A crowd is not company. It is never the mob that matters in the end.

THE CROSS

A Cross? That? That shapely, smooth-wrought thing of shimmering gold, That lovely, polished mass so finely tooled,

Clean, straight, symmetrical, beautiful, In the dim, religious light upon the altar— That, a cross?

The cross? Against a darkened sky, three crosses; Rough hewn, sharp edged, splintery; No studded elegance there, nor smoothness,

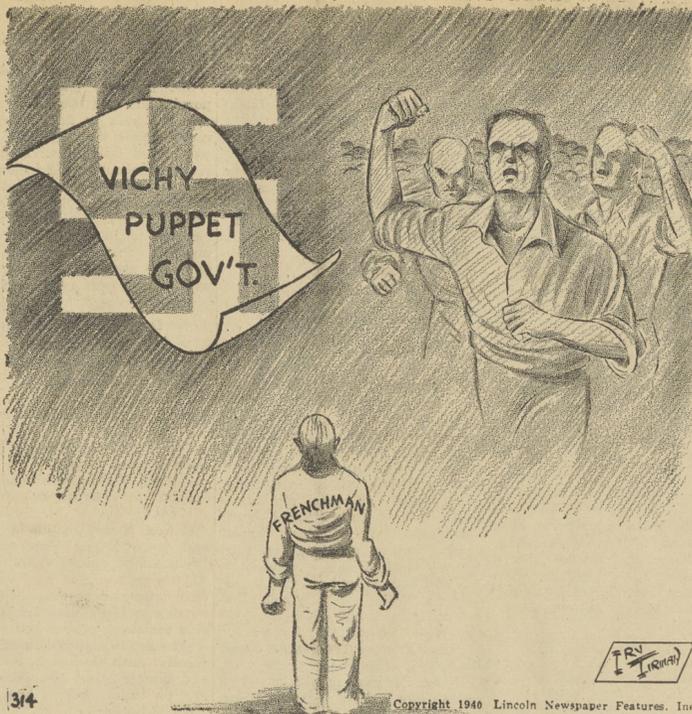
But nails, and tearing flesh, and blood! Ah, God, blood, and agony, and death!

The cross—beautiful?? THAT—A CROSS?? —Charles S. Braden

We may repeat high-sounding words and phrases about our neutrality in the present war, but when we deliberately help one side to defeat the other, are we neutral? When we give money and arms for one portion of Europe to slay the other portion, can we say we are neutral? Is it either Christian or American to take part in such a devilish scheme as this present war? Haven't we enough to do to defend our own land against the enemy without lending the supplies we need to other nations? Our first, greatest and only defense should be in America, then no foe, however strong, could dare to attack us. More power to the No Foreign War Committee, which tries to teach the true principles of American democracy to us Americans.

to what we've been told by a Manokin River oysterman. Seems one of his city clients claimed his oysters weren't fresh, because the ones on top of the barrel showed their ruffles and appeared dried out. So our friend, coming to inspect them, merely stamped on the floor a couple of times, then dumped the oysters out of their barrel onto the floor. The city man was unable to find "either oyster" less tight than the proverbial clam.

WILL OF THE PEOPLE—OR WILL THE PEOPLE?



SECOND THOUGHTS

by javie aiche

At long last I have caught up with Stephen Collins Foster. I, too, dream of Jeanie with the light-brown hair; in fact, she has become a night mare. Nightly, when sleep has lowered the curtains of my eyes and raised the blinds from my subconscious, Jeanie and Old Black Joe cavort about the Kentucky Home; Susanna looks up from Louisiana to hear her lover plunking his banjo; the Swanee River plashes down a channel midway of the phantasmagoria, and I know I am the victim of the ASCAP boycott and the ineptitude of Broadcast Music, Incorporated.

Certainly I agree with Westbrook Pegler that what had been our customary radio fare was far from satisfactory. That is most of it. But, you could turn the dial over a wide range of selection; and most times you finally came up with a program that was not an abortive rendition of some old song to a new set of words, silly words, and with the music itself tortured to conform to what is supposed to be the popular conception of the majority's liking for what confusedly is called harmony.

But, why the concentration on Stephen Collins Foster and the nostalgia he put into the notes and words? I mean: Why, other than that BMI can get the stuff for nothing? My complaint goes out against all but a very few exceptions among the radio stations. Chicago has one of those exceptions, so that if you tune it on Sunday night at ten o'clock you hear an hour of condensation of one of those light operas and comic operas that men and women in middle life remember as the prime favorites a quarter century ago.

And what a blessing is Saturday afternoon! And the Texas Company's broadcast of the complete Metropolitan opera. It does, of course, seem a little too much of penance to do, this listening to a whole week of Stephen Collins Foster just to arrive at Saturday afternoon! And the full of the grand music of the Metropolitan stage, along with the Opera Quiz entre acte, the speaking of Mrs. August Belmont and her aides, and the soothing translation to English of

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H. W. Risley, Editor and Publisher H. J. Price, Mech. Supt.

Editor, The Post: The letter in Safety Valve last week signed by Mrs. M. K., to my minds needs correction in so far as it concerns our stores. Mrs. M. K. advocates a campaign to compel our merchants to install telephones. I am sure Mrs. M. K. can get telephone information from any one of our leading stores without exception.

Our three leading grocery stores, our two restaurants, our three garages, two clothing stores and every business place, with one exception have phone service. Let me suggest to Mrs. M. K. in all friendly spirit, that if our local merchants were patronized, she and all others would receive the prompt and courteous service that our merchants can and will extend. Let me add that money spent with local merchants, stays here in Dallas, is paid out for wages and goes toward a prosperous community, whereas the store without phone service which is evidently the one Mrs. M. K. patronizes, or she would know the others have phones, has no connection whatever with the development of the Back Mountain area. No money stays here, no contributions are made to local affairs, not even to our fire company which protects all property. I suggest to Mrs. M. K. that she spend her money where it will help to make a "better community," and where "phone service" is free for the asking.

H. A. Smith

May Broadcast Poem It may interest you to know that John V. Heffernan's poem "I Love the United States," which first appeared in The Dallas Post, has been given favorable consideration by David F. Merriman, director in charge of program selections for Broadcast Music, Incorporated. Mr. Heffernan's poem is now being set to music and if acceptable to B. M. I. will be used on one or all three of the National radio chains.

George May

THE SAFETY VALVE

by The Post's Readers

Bad Leadership Alderson, Pa. The Post: It is high time some one began talking about one of the greatest menaces this country faces today—and that is organized labor. No one with an ounce of brains will deny that unprincipled individuals and soulless corporations kept the laboring man in a pitiable condition for years. That being so, no one can deny that labor unions were a necessity. They were conceived and fostered by unselfish men with high ideals who persevered and finally won out against almost unsurmountable opposition. The memory of these pioneers in the labor movement is revered and loved by thousands of laboring men. But this movement that started out to be a great boon to mankind has attracted selfish and unprincipled men to its ranks who have wormed their way into its very core.

Today we find these men at or near the top directing the course of labor. Its ranks and leadership are stuffed with zealots who are either out and out communists or poisoned with some other foreign ideology. Some have succeeded in getting huge salaries which they do not earn, while others are satisfied to use labor as a vehicle to spread insidious foreign isms that engender class hatred and lead eventually to revolution. Labor with such leaders is in the saddle and riding whip and spur to a fall, not alone for themselves, but our beloved nation as well.

Harry B. Allen, The Bystander

Defends President Dallas, Pa. Editor, The Post: In last week's Post Harry B. Allen attacks our great president because he has the courage to tell us that we must give all possible aid to Britain. With the great burden Mr. Roosevelt carries during this crisis it seems to me pretty small of Mr. Allen and our Congressmen not

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

A Patriotic Citizen Takes Issue Editor, Dallas Post: May I correct in your paper an item published in the Sunday Independent under date of January 12, stating: "Herb Lehr was toying with the idea of rejoining the American Progressive League, Inc." I have no intention of doing so now or any other time while the present officers are at the head of the organization, as I am no "yes" man. In as far as the item stating that I had a bare knuckle fight with Paul Hughey before leaving the organization. It is a deliberate falsehood, but I feel this is a matter to be taken up with the writer of the article in the Independent and an apology and correction forthcoming from him as it is not the first misstatement which has been published in the Back Mountain notes about me. I am fed up with them and I still can stand on my own two feet.

Herbert Lehr

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

We enjoyed a pleasant, quiet holiday in our house, and were busy congratulating ourselves that things had gone along smoothly, until our fair daughter came down to breakfast on New Year's Day! New Year's Eve we went to bed in good season because we wanted to get up early and go into town to see the Mummies' parade. We did manage to get our fair daughter out of bed at a reasonable hour so we felt quite happy and successful that we were going to have a fine day, when our fair daughter at breakfast exclaimed: "Couldn't we do something about my hat before we go to town?"

Our heart fell the usual one hundred feet because we knew what was coming. The hat! The hat our fair daughter spends most of her waking hours trying to get onto her head!

The hat which will finely drive us insane had something on it which must be fixed! It couldn't have been fixed yesterday or the day before or any of those days when we were not going to see the biggest parade of the year. We mustered up a feeble smile and said, "What is wrong with the hat?" "The band is too tight and every time I try to get it on it won't stay where I want it."

We had just about time enough to get into town to see the beginning of the parade. We had never seen the beginning of the Mummies' parade and our fair daughter wanted us to stop and fix a hat which could have been fixed a week ago. From behind the morning paper we said, "No, we haven't time to fix any hat, if it needs fixing you will have to do it yourself." We went right on with our breakfast hoping we looked as if we meant what we said!

We didn't want any help with the dishes because we were in no mood to be trifled with. We knew exactly what was coming and we had to have a little time to get ourselves together. We knew our facial expression wasn't exactly pleasant. Fifteen minutes later we ventured upstairs, in one of the five tortured mirrors stood our fair daughter, still in her pajamas trying on the hat! The bureau was a sad collection of scissors, ribbons and pins. We went on with our dressing and when we came from the bathroom after delaying our bath as long as possible our fair daughter was scrambling into her clothes. From all appearances she wasn't much interested in what she was putting on, she was evidently saving time for the hat!

We waited what seemed hours while the new young lady, who causes so much confusion, paced back and forth a hundred times trying to decide at what angle the hat looked best. When she did finally come downstairs and we saw how the hat had been fixed we didn't say a word because we did want to see that Mummies' parade. Our fair daughter must believe that a pin will always do the trick, and if we could draw a little we would give you a picture of our fair daughter's hat after it's operation. Words just wouldn't do it justice! Poor child she has such worries and we aren't much help when we are in a hurry to see a parade!

I wonder if, when one of those little colored boys hears Scatterbrain again, he will think of the boy in the light tan overcoat carrying a hat awkwardly in his leather-covered hand, striding past the little farm.

Emmons Blake was born in California, and until last winter, spent his life there, never needing gloves, overcoat or hat—Editor.

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Little Stories of GREAT HYMNS

The occasion for the writing of this famous marching hymn was a union of the Sunday Schools of Yorkshire, England, in 1865. With banners waving, and crosses high, the children proceeded from one village to another, singing enthusiastically and forgetting the tiresome journey.

These "Little Stories of Hymns" are presented to you by HOWARD H. WOOLBERT FUNERAL DIRECTOR DALLAS 400 • SHAVERTOWN, PA.