

"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of Press" — The Constitution of the United States.

The Dallas Post is a youthful, liberal, aggressive weekly, dedicated to the highest ideals of the journalistic tradition and concerned primarily with the development of the rich rural-suburban area about Dallas. It strives constantly to be more than a newspaper, a community institution.

Subscription, \$2.00 per Year, payable in advance. Subscribers who send us changes of address are requested to include both new and old addresses with the notice of change. Advertising rates on request.

More Than A Newspaper—A Community Institution

The Dallas Post

Established 1889

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HOWARD W. RISLEY.....General Manager
HOWELL E. REES.....Managing Editor

THE POST'S CIVIC PROGRAM

1. A modern concrete highway leading from Dallas and connecting with the Sullivan Trail at Tunkhannock.
2. A greater development of community consciousness among residents of Dallas, Trucksville, Shavertown, and Fernbrook.
3. Centralization of local fire protection.
4. Sanitary sewage systems for local towns.
5. A centralized police force.
6. A consolidated high school eventually, and better co-operation between those that now exist.
7. Complete elimination of politics from local school affairs.
8. Construction of more sidewalks.

EDITORIALS

A Newspaper Pledge

This newspaper has seldom covered a news story which presented as many difficulties as the Martin murder case. Offhand, we cannot recall a case which gave birth to so many wild rumors, so many inaccurate radio and newspaper stories.

It has been only by good luck and the most painstaking analysis of each new angle that we have been able to keep our reports on developments free from inaccuracies. Only those who have been behind the scenes can appreciate the responsibility for disposing of fantastic rumor and at the same time preserving minute truths which may bear later upon the solution.

The Martin case will never echo through the history of journalism as a model of accurate reporting. Some of the wildest fantasies have been given serious attention on the front pages of metropolitan newspapers. There has been an irritating tendency on the part of newspapermen to fill in the gaps in official information with their own "fictionizing." The result has served only to confuse newspaper readers and heap criticism on all newspapers.

As do all newspapers, we live in dread of the day when we shall "miss" an important story. During the last three months, that feeling has been accentuated by the fact that, with many readers, we have been pinch-hitting, in our own limited way, for the suspended daily newspapers of Wyoming Valley. But recent weeks have taught us, if we never knew it, that there is something more important to a newspaper than having "smash" headlines.

We shall always be interested in relaying news to our readers as quickly as we can. That is a primary function of any newspaper. But when we are forced to make a choice between "sensational" and "accuracy" our vote will be always for "accuracy." We cannot promise that you will get the hottest news in The Post, but we do pledge that when you do read it here it will be true.

Giving Meaning To "Service"

The word "service" achieves its full significance in such activities as the work of Mt. Greenwood Kiwanis Club among underprivileged children.

Quietly, and without expecting praise, the Kiwanians have for some years been doing an invaluable piece of work among children in families which need assistance. The distribution of about \$200 worth of arctics, shoes and gloves at Christmas was typical of the club's public-spirited program.

Service clubs are often unjustly criticized because they stress the "social" phase more than the "service." Mt. Greenwood Kiwanis Club is one group which gives overwhelming evidence to the contrary. The men who make up the club have the sincere admiration of the community.

Back To The Old System

We hope there is truth behind the rumor that Governor-elect James intends to do something about returning the State Police and the Highway Patrol to the separate status they enjoyed before Governor Earle merged them to form the new State Motor Police and put an Ex-admiral in charge.

Governor Earle's highway safety program was a worth-while thing, and it has borne commendable results. It is unfortunate that, in saving lives, the Governor has almost destroyed a crack police force which, since the turn of the century, has held the highest respect throughout the nation — the Pennsylvania State Police.

Before Governor Earle's ukase, the State Police force had been traditionally an agency for only the most difficult crimes and disorders. Since its inception, it had attracted men of peculiar qualifications and trained them rigorously for their exacting duties. Through thirty-some years, the State Police had established a fine tradition of honesty, determination, fearlessness and ability seldom matched in police history. On the face of such a record, the State Police should have been one agency to be protected religiously against the fancies of amateur politicians. Instead, they were combined with the younger Highway Patrol, measured for musical comedy-uniforms, and set to traffic duty.

The merger has not been satisfactory in any way. On the contrary, it has confused both the State Policemen and the Highway Patrolmen in their work. It has been especially damaging to the morale of the troopers. It will be a popular move when Governor-Elect James revises Governor Earle's set-up and restores the State Police to their former prestige.

When Bills Come Due

It is about this time of year that the head of the family sits down and ponders over how much he owes. He collects all his bills and budgets his income accordingly. It is just a natural aftermath of Christmas giving.

It is not likely, though, that he will include in his debts a little item of several hundred dollars which he probably isn't conscious that he owes. Yet that debt does actually exist. It represents his share, and his family's share, of the I. O. U.'s that repose in the Federal Treasury. There is nearly forty billion dollars in I. O. U.'s there. They represent the Federal Government's deficit (the public debt).

Right now the per capita share of that debt is about \$303, so if the head of a family of five is figuring up his debts, he must add \$1,515.

That would be quite an item to have to include in the family budget. Yet, it is going to have to come out of every family budget in the form of taxes for many years to come.

Well, how much do you owe?



RIVES MATTHEWS

It is too bad there aren't more outstanding men like Robert Hutchins, president of Chicago University. Mr. Hutchins, you may recall, recently resigned from the Board of Governors of the Stock Exchange because his fellow governors did not agree with him. It was necessary to reopen the Whitney Case and discipline those members of the Stock Exchange who knew that Whitney was a crook long before he was exposed as one.

Obviously, the day has not yet arrived when we can expect to see Wall Street spanking any of the partners of the sacrosanct firm of Morgan & Co. And so Mr. Hutchins rightly interpreting how the public has long felt about the Whitney scandal, publicly resigned.

I was disappointed to learn that my young cousin, William McChesney Martin, Jr., did not stand with Mr. Hutchins, and, if need be, fall with him, too. He would have been in excellent company. But I suppose that a youngster in his early thirties, still not quite used to his high office and a salary of \$48,000 a year, would not willingly kiss all that good-by just to give the Morgan crowd a much deserved boot.

That's just one of the troubles with this country. It's too easy to buy men. For that reason there are too many people especially around New York, who are ready to shrug their shoulders at the exposure of such crooks as Whitney. In fact, I've met plenty who admire Whitney for confessing his sins so brazenly, and for "taking his punishment like a man," a mere three years in Sing Sing, though longer terms have been given to ignorant and uneducated holdup men who weren't able to go to Harvard and learn that guns went out with the James Brothers and gave place to fountain pens.

For several months I've been trying to find a newspaper I could buy with reasonable assurance that I could make myself a decent living from it. To my horror I've discovered that this same shrugging at strict truth and honesty goes on among those who have papers to sell and the brokers who represent them.

They lie about their circulation. They say they are selling for health reasons when it later turns out they are up to their ears in debt. They doctor up their books, if they keep them at all, and they pay their men with cash and checks so that checks make it appear their overhead is low and their net profits high.

What's more, these sellers, or their brokers, are allowed to advertise in the various trade journals serving editors, publishers and prospective purchasers of newspapers. It makes me so mad I sat myself down the other day and dashed off the following to the owner of one such trade journal.

It seems to me that a publication with as enviable a reputation to maintain as yours would not open its advertising columns to the dubious wares of newspaper brokers without first investigating them, if only to save your subscribers the time and expense.

Several weeks ago, one of these brokers advertised a weekly in Connecticut in terms glowing enough to capture my interest. So I got in touch with him and was sent a mimeographed report which stated that paid circulation was 650, that "income of the business is approximately \$11,000 per year, and expenses \$7,000, making for the owner approximately \$4,000." I asked for a more detailed financial picture and was sent one a few days later. It showed what was described as a "net profit" of 3,669.40 for 1937 and \$3,581.35

for 1938 although no allowance was made for owner's salary, sales expense or depreciation on machinery. Deducting these perfectly legitimate expenses, actual profit is really around \$500.

It also showed that in 1937, \$103.75 was received for subscriptions, and \$366.75 from street sales, and for 1938 subscriptions totaled \$38.30 and street sales \$481.47. Any way you figure it, these sums show hardly more than 400 paid readers of the paper.

Furthermore the statement handed me by the broker offered the following terms: "Price of property is \$12,000, one half cash, and balance over 5 years. The business is being sold free clear." This last phrase was a neat way of putting it.

I was urged to make a trip up to this property, which I did. I found that its owner wasn't interested in all cash and in any reduction for all cash. As far as I was concerned my journey was time and money wasted. Shortly thereafter I received a reliable credit report on this property which showed that its present owner still owes around \$2,100 on the property, which was bought in April, 1936 for a consideration of \$7,000, \$3,000 of which he paid cash.

Briefly, after not quite three years, he is asking \$5,000 more for the paper than he agreed to pay for it. I don't blame him, if he can get it. There are no laws against a hound baying at the moon. But it seems to me that a broker who has the use of your columns should consider the interests of your subscribers a little more than he has. Since pointing out to him the absurdity of paying \$12,000, plus interest, for a business which actually yields a mere \$500 a year, I haven't even had the courtesy of a reply from him, and I now note that this same property, as far as I can tell, is again being advertised in your current issue.

Speaking generally, since I've been trying to find a paper to buy, I've come to the conclusion that almost every seller is either a liar or an incompetent bookkeeper. For example, one states that he's selling for health reasons, but that he makes in the neighborhood of \$7,000 a year for himself. Further investigation shows that he has court judgments of several years standing against him for \$10,000. What's he been doing with all those profits?

Why do trade journals let such fellows advertise without first saving their subscribers some of the preliminary investigation work that will show their claims to be unfounded? In short, can't you, as the publisher of a well respected journal, do something to correct this game of blind man's bluff? Isn't there some honest, upright newspaper broker in the business, or are they all gold-brick salesmen?

The Mail Bag

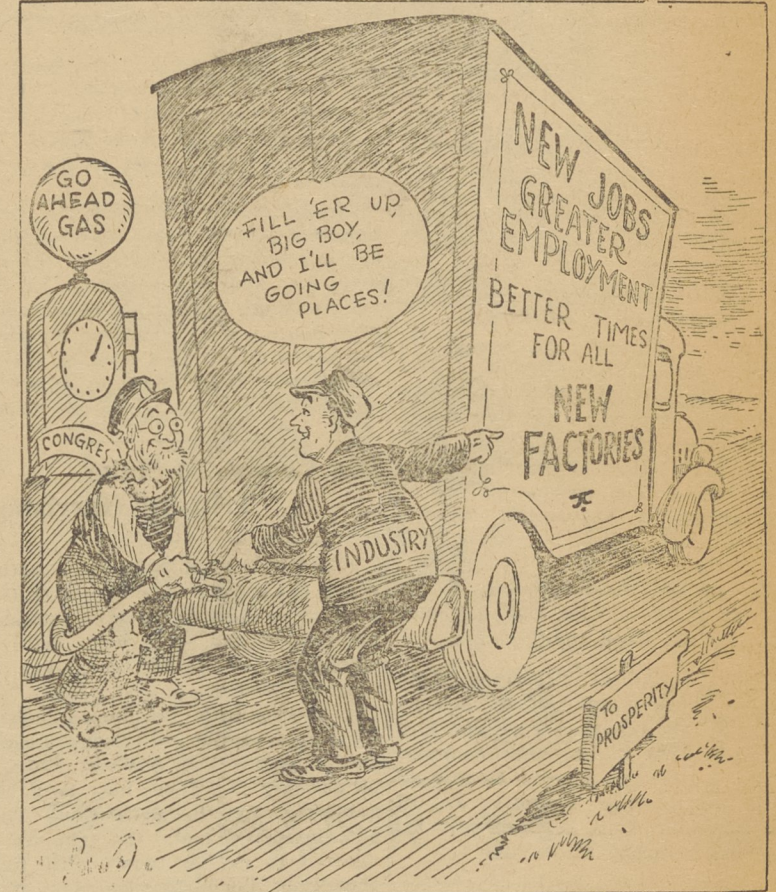
Editor: Why all this bellyaching about Mr. James not resigning from the bench when he ran for Governor?

Now I'll ask one. Why did not Earle and Wilson both resign from their offices when they ran for U. S. Senator? If one man should have to resign from his job to run for an office, then all of them should without exception — but according to some people Democratic candidates can't do anything that is not ethical (Oh! yeah!)

What is wrong for one political crowd is just as wrong for the other side.

W. C.

"READY FOR HIGH GEAR"



City Symphony

By Edna Blez

The new young lady in our house is keeping a diary. It hasn't been until very recently that keeping a diary was considered very important. Many times diaries have been presented to fair daughter for birthdays and Christmas with the hope that she might become interested in writing the story of her life. The time seems to have arrived when she needs no urging and keeping a diary has become a major issue in our new young lady's varied career. Keeping a diary has become so important we aren't permitted in the same room when the daily chronicle is in the process of creation.

We have thought several times that we would steal glance at the closely written pages of our new young lady's diary but after due consideration we have decided against it. Of course we realize such a procedure would be in very bad taste and we do know that our daughter's daily chronicle is not being written for our curious eyes and we have thought, too, we might be sorry if we were ever tempted to read what has been put in that small book with such great secrecy.

We might be surprised to learn that our fair daughter has been having difficulties which we seem to know little about. We might not altogether enjoy her small heartaches. There is always the possibility that the things she tells her diary might shock us! We might be shocked to know that our daughter has really grown up and we are not as important in her scheme of things as we thought we were. We might discover that she has very definite ideas and that she has quite a mind of her own and, there is always the possibility that our daughter disapproves of some of the things we do.

It might not be the pleasantest thing in the world to discover we make very large mistakes. We might be surprised to find out that we aren't half the Mother we thought we were. Things we might find in our daughter's diary might be good for us but we are very much afraid we couldn't stand up under the knowledge of what our daughter really thinks of us. We might not like seeing herself from her viewpoint. We might find we are doing many bad things and we might find out things about our daughter of which we wouldn't quite approve.

We think we have our daughter's confidence and we have always felt she trusts our judgment but the diary might tell a very different story, and

it wouldn't be exactly comforting to discover in our fair daughter's handwriting that we have failed her when she thought she needed us the most. There are so many things we might find out in the story of our daughter's life that we are more than convinced that we should not even take a very small peek.

Fourteen-year-olds can many times see very clearly. They aren't very far away from the innocence of childhood and they aren't burdened with the indifference and intolerance of adults, consequently they are very apt to tell the truth — particularly if they keep a diary. So I am very much afraid I should not read the story of my daughter's trials and tribulations because I would rather go right on believing that I have been a fairly good Mother and if I have made too many very bad mistakes I would rather not see them in my daughter's handwriting!

THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Looks kinda odd to see the boys with the fancy jobs, down yonder at our Nation's Capital, gettin' up and leaving.

When a feller ups and leaves, when he is on the pay-roll at 10 thousand, you commence to squint an eye and wonder if there is maybe a leak in the old boat, or what is up.

But there is an old saying, that it pays to go when the going is good, so I reckon the boys down there, must sniff something in the wind. And if a person can get himself a new soft job elsewhere, like being mayor in some big city or get into the movies, or go back to practicing law or something, it is using your head.

After just about so long folks get tired of anybody's tricks—even if you are extra good—and want to see a new show.

I guess the boys there, who are pulling up stakes, they must hear Old Jumbo out there, crackling through the brush.

Yours, with the low down,
JO SERRA.