

SECOND THOUGHTS

By javie aiche

QUOTE: It is one of the elements of our strength that nobody has ever yet been able to buy an American newspaperman.—(From a speech of William Bullitt, formerly Ambassador to France).

It was a miscalculation of coincidence that made Bill Bullitt say that just on the eve of the jailing of Einar Barford. By permission of Bill Barford is out of jail, but quite as certainly the cat is out of the bag. It happens that Einar Barford was the greatest newspaperman that Pennsylvania's world of the press could ever boast.

Bill Bullitt would know Einar Barford, because Bullitt himself was in newspaper work only a few blocks away from the editorial room in which the star of Barford was at its zenith. Indeed, both men rose from reporting to politics about the same time, Bullitt to the diplomatic service because he was rich and could afford it, and Barford to the office of Commissioner of Insurance under Gifford Pinchot because he had been able to do the governor-forester many a good turn.

If your correspondent read the charges correctly Barford was involved in what the Commonwealth calls fraud, and to a profit of a quarter million dollars if the case makes good in the courts. That close has Bullitt come to having proved to his own discomfiture that newspapermen can, indeed, be bought. But, who other than Bullitt ever doubted that they could be? If they differ from any other type of the genus American it is only in the fact that in the long run the susceptibility to purchase of the scribe is more pronounced for the simple reason that he gets more chances to sell.

Your correspondent would ask Bullitt if, as a rich man, his approach to ambassadorial honor was through the power of that portion of the press wielded by Dave Stern? And hasn't Stern himself taken over a lion's share of appointments, all the way from the courts down, by using his newspapers on the side that happens to have retained power?

It is told of President Abraham Lincoln that once in the Civil War and in the Department of the Potomac he had need of a liaison officer whom he could regard as safe against all temptation of worldly gain. Further it is told that the man in question rebuffed a score of efforts to have him relax vigilance at a crucial juncture. And then Old Abe got this message from the trusted one: "It's time to relieve me from duty. They're getting pretty close to my price."

There are all kinds of prices that refute the Bullitt declaration that nobody can buy an American newspaperman. Some of them are amenable to the sell-out that looks perfectly innocent, being swayed by the cajolery of friendships and confidences in high places. Try, for instance, to get a Wilkes-Barre newspaper to enlarge on the dissenting opinion of Judge Fine anent the surprising upgrading of appointments and salaries under the county courts.

Try to get a bank-board director in control of any publication to lift the curtain on innumerable cases at law, if it should happen that one or all affect the status of a present or former colleague whose embarrassment would impugn humiliation to all his associates. Why, the press was of the mind to ignore the John Williamson case and would have ignored it excepting for the radio.

Oldsters of the press remember that in the days of the good theatre there was never a bad play on the stage if it played more than one night. Season passes took care of a good review that prevented empty seats for the repeat performance. And prize fights are put into the good graces at a known price to the gentlemen who control sports publicity.

American newspapermen can't be bought? Sign up a few checks, Mr. Bullitt, and you can have them by the roomful.—J. V. H.

On Being Auto-mobilious

You buy a car; most people buy a car.
You pay a tax upon the purchase price.
The factories are all a distance far.
You pay the freight; ah, that's a neat device.
You must have tags to prove the car is yours.
And once each year renew your ownership.
Each quart of oil or gas more tax assures,
Collectors follow you on every trip.
You drive your car; to prove you have the right,
You buy each year an operator's card.
You rest at curbs odd times by day or night,
You can't be always near your own backyard.
Along the curbs the parkometers stand,
To claim their toll, else plain signs declare
In words that never beg, but do command,
That only briefly may you linger there.
You have an urge to buy accessories.
You have the need to buy a couple tires,
On each and all are levied extra fees;
The horse and buggy of your sainted sires

THE LOW DOWN FROM HICKORY GROVE

Folks living in states where their U. S. Senator is just a so-so kind of person and has no opinion of his own—they got nobody to find fault with, except themselves. They elected the gent. It is their own funeral if the fellow they sent down there can't read too good, or maybe even write much, and has to let somebody tell him what it is all about and how he is to vote.

You take those old Illinois Suckers and this Mr. Brooks they just sent to Washington—they took the bull by the horns and got themselves a Senator they can be proud of. And to do so, they had to overcome as jaunty and slippery a crew as you ever saw—there in Chicago.

My neighbor Henry, he says, Jo, where do you get the idea, it is just maybe some U. S. senators who can't read or write? How about the voters, he says. You know, Henry surprises me sometimes—he gets off some pretty good ones.

Yours with the low down,
JOE SERRA

Knew no such laws, when bought the things stayed bought,
Nor called for traffic courts and road police,
They drove them in accordance with sane thought
And found them no disturbers of their peace.
By tax and fee the State builds up a fund
Of crowded millions pledged to highway use,
A ransom that would astate a plunderbund,
And often plundered, too, by law's abuse;
For year by year the motorists know grief,
To see State loans made up of what they pay,
Their fees and taxes used to staff Relief.
While roads depend on Double-U-P.A.

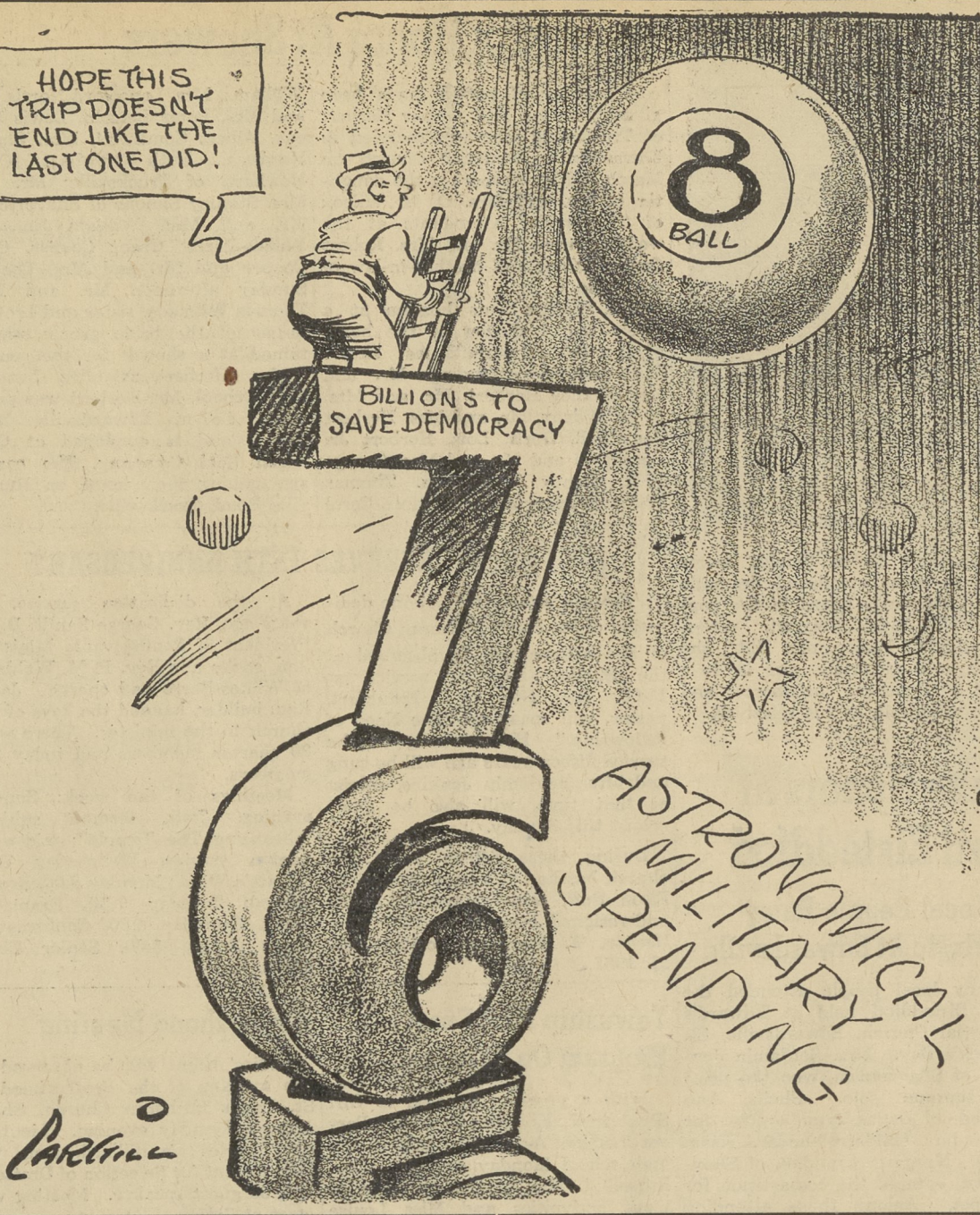
Heigh-ho, the car! The steed of whim and mood,
Of partial payments that we must engage,
The mad devourer of the liquid food,
That takes so much of salary and wage,
It's high to buy, it's hard to answer Whoa,
To driving impulse racing past our means;
How does it happen that we come to know
A world so over-crowded with machines?
Discounting The Future
A few more billions of government spending and where the frugal citizen is going to invest a couple of loose dollars, excepting in more government, he will never know.
It's all-out for a great principle now-a-days and if that doesn't interest you, then there's no percentage elsewhere.

It Happened In Hollywood
We, too, have been wondering why there has been no screening of "Citizen Kane" after such costly advertising as was used to give it a market. Well, the secret is out. William Randolph Hearst didn't like "Citizen Kane." It had in it too much that simulated his own career. So he passed along the word that if the picture was shown to his embarrassment, then he would present in the Hearst newspapers a series of motion picture stars and their producers. The stars and magnates looked at the current story of Joe Schenck and surrendered. Orson Welles as Citizen Kane is disfranchised.

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

TAXPAYER'S TRIP TO "MARS"



THE SAFETY VALVE

by
The Post's Readers

Editor of The Post:

In connection with your editorial this week it is suggested that you refer to your files and read "The Dallas Post" for January 1, 1932 in which issue you will find a whole page devoted to the audit of the five-year period which you mention. It might be in order to call attention to the fact that this publication is AFTER the completing of the audit. While it is customary for newspapers to break the news before it happens, this cannot be done with audits. If, "The small cost of publishing the audit would have clarified the matter and brought it to a head before it had been allowed to run five years," why didn't you do it?

Every good editor once in a while pulls a boner, particularly when writing about something with which he is not very familiar. You did this time. However, we have all done equally as badly, sometimes worse.

There are no less than three permanent and official places where audits for any number of past years may be at any time examined by anyone: namely—the records of the secretary of the school district; the court of common pleas; and the State Department of Public Instruction. The auditors themselves also retain an official copy and no doubt would permit examination, which would make four available sources of information before the publication question is raised at all.

The above are all "complete" copies of the audit, which in our district commonly runs to about 30 pages, size 8½x11, typed.

For publication purposes, the law requires that a "Summary" of the report, including the assets and liabilities, shall be published in a newspaper having general circulation in the district, once a week for three successive weeks, beginning the first week after filing the same, or be promptly posted by not less than six copies, in as many places in the district.

We are not literally complying with the law.
We are doing better than that.

We are posting the "Complete" audit for anyone who wants to see it.

However, if any of the copies are "smudged" or are posted on inaccessible "telephone poles", that should not be. The posting is usually left to the auditors themselves, the school district paying the expense for paper, etc. If they have not used good judgment in posting legible copies and in selecting locations, we will have to reprimand them.

Now no one would expect the Board of School Directors to print the complete audit for three weeks. It would cost more than paying a school teacher for the same period. Where you have said audit you everywhere should have said "Summary."

And there is a distinct difference in the amount of information which would be available to the taxpayers. Of all the school boards that were ever ousted in this county did you ever hear of a single one being charged with failing to publish a summary of the audit? Of course not. The best way for a school board to cover up would be to comply literally with the law, that is to publish for three weeks a "Summary." Why? Because the ordinary taxpayer would know nothing about

"More than a newspaper, a community institution"

THE DALLAS POST

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the business after he had read it. A complete audit amounts to something although it requires a little more effort to read it. The "Summary" required is always shown at the head of the audit, in the last one now posted on pages 2, 3, 4 and 5.

Personally, I voted for and paid bills for, publishing the "Summary", not so much for the information of the public as to satisfy the newspapers which have always freely given a lot of space to worthwhile school and other public affairs. If you had written a column or two in that vein, it would have been more to the point.

As shown when the 1936 budget lawsuit was on, the average taxpayer pays too little attention to the public business. The ignorance of some of those who claim to be informed is very discouraging, not only as applied locally but also to the county, state, and national financial affairs. With the publication of your editorial some people will find out that there is such a thing as an audit. Your line of thought that the information is not easily available, and there might be a nigger in the woodpile somewhere may encourage some people to read it.

If such should be the result, you are to be commended.

D. D. WATERS.

Editor, The Post:

I wish to correct a statement in your editorial in last week's paper. I have a copy of the Dallas Post in which the Dallas Township Audit for the 39-40 school year was printed. However, last year was the first year in a long while that the taxpayers of Dallas Township did not have an opportunity to look over the budget. A former secretary made copies of the budget and placed them in the various business places in the Township so that we could look it over, but our new secretary, A. L. Jones, does not have the time to do that. Was he ashamed of his handiwork, or did the Board make provision for more employees, such as a Secretary for the Secretary, and did not want

the general public in on it? We have a right to know where our money is going to be spent and what for and if the Secretary does not have the time to let us know, then he should resign.

A Taxpayer.

Dallas Township

March 18, 1941

P. S. I am not signing this letter as I am not in politics but am one of the ten biggest taxpayers in Dallas Township and hold a responsible position in the business world. The best secretary we ever had was eliminated by two unscrupulous politicians who were very much afraid that he was going to win the election, so they used something that is now going to get them in trouble. I don't blame him one bit and will help him all I can as both of these gentlemen were at my home and smeared Eliper for all they were worth. The attorneys for Eliper want him to settle this out of court, but I hope he goes through with it and puts them both where they belong for doing a thing like that.

Editor, The Post

The purpose of this letter is to keep you informed as to the progress made in attempting to establish a cannery in the northern end of Luzerne County.

The results of the recent cannery survey were most gratifying and above all it definitely shows the needs and desire for such a cannery in this area. The results of the questionnaire were as follows:

No. Growers 141
No. Acres Tomatoes 435
No. Acres Sweet Corn 458
No. Acres Peas 221

98% of these farmers were general farmers and only 2% were commercial vegetable growers.

These 1,114 acres are more than sufficient to supply the needs of a good size cannery operation.

As soon as this data had been compiled, we immediately sent out letters to prospective canners such as Campbell Soup Co., Heinz; Musselman, Biglerville; American Can Co., Continental Can Co., G. L. F. Canning Company and others. We have not had returns from all the letters sent, but at present we have five answers. All of these answers have definitely stated that their companies would not consider further expansion at the present time, owing to the uncertain war conditions.

Nevertheless, I feel that we should not be discouraged and that every effort should be bent to secure a reliable canner in the future, if not this year.

It is my opinion that with our type of soil, we can grow high quality crops for the cannery and with the cannery acreage manifested by returned postals, we will eventually locate a cannery within this area, and that it will be a great asset to our local communities.

I wish to thank you for your interest and in the meantime I will make every attempt to secure a reliable canner, and keep you informed of any developments.

Very truly yours,
J. D. Hutchison
County Agricultural Agent
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
March 18, 1941

THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE

By EDITH BLEZ

For a long time I have been hesitating to write this particular column because I realize there are many people who are not at all interested in cats! So those of you who detest cats read no farther because from here on I am devoting my allotted space to my very good friend Mr. Fluffy. Mr. Fluffy is a very special cat, at least, one would assume he is very special by his haughty manners and the manner in which he carries his long bushy tail!

FOOTNOTES

By EMMONS BLAKE

My brother David who is in the Army, got a week's furlough and came down from his camp to spend it at home. The Army phraseology and Army propaganda that is floating around here is really something to listen to. He starts out in the morning by asking me to do the policing in our room. It did not take me long to catch on that policing did not mean copping his best shirt. At breakfast he ate like a horse explaining that for the last two weeks he has been on field rations, which as I understand it consists of biscuits and corned beef hash. I told him that he should have joined the Marines because they always have thousands of things to eat. "Yea," he replied, "all beans."

Having been in the service for almost two years, Dave has little love for the draft boys and gets very peeved if he is not always identified with the regular Army. The draft camp on the outskirts of our town, with its 5000 marchers and homesick fence sitters is a great source of amusement to him. He is at his best when pointing out things wrong with the dress or mannerisms and even vocabularies of the selectees.

I got just a little fed up with the boasts Dave was handing out about how well guarded everything is at his camp and so I told of a little incident that occurred the last time I dropped in to visit him. It was during the trip I took a few weeks ago up to Reno by inland road, and back home again by the coast. Being near to David we decided to surprise him. We entered the camp grounds in a rather out of the way corner, a service road of some sort, that was not posted with a sentry. On traveling through the grounds we became lost and could not find the barracks that housed my brother. Finally we asked for directions to the barracks of a camp guide. He told us in a very military manner; not a word wasted and very precise. As we started to drive off I leaned out of the window and said, "By the way, we have a pistol and two cameras. Is it against the law?" Here our sentry lost his military manner, so startled was he. "I'll say it's against the law; it's practically a federal offence." "Well," I said, "what'll we do with them?" A puzzled expression came over the soldier's face; here was a problem wherein he had no jurisdiction. He leaned over still shaken and in a conspirator's voice breathed, "Hide 'em."

He has formed the habit of going upstairs when the family is on the way to bed. He enjoys the same routine every night: he waits until someone at the back of the house has opened his window and then he climbs on the radiator and pokes his nose through the curtains and from the constant motion of his tail he seems to thoroughly enjoy the night noises and whatever might be going on outside. He stays there just long enough for the occupant of the room to get settled in bed and with his usual squeak of warning he jumps to the center of the bed. He tries making himself very comfortable in the middle of the bed until he is informed that his place is far to the right and a very small corner. Mr. Fluffy gives the occupant of the bed a very nasty look and after a few minutes of deep concern whether he will leave or stay, goes to his corner and rolls himself into a ball of fur and it isn't many minutes until his purring can be heard quite distinctly.

I hope there are no cat-haters who have followed me thus far because they will certainly be most indignant that Mr. Fluffy is permitted to occupy even a corner of a perfectly good bed but Mr. Fluffy has very good manners and he is really an exceptional foot-warmer when the temperature is below freezing!

THE OLD SCRAPBOOK

By "Bob" Sutton

It is not cringing to reform
The heart by anger glorified;
The brave man stands against the storm
Of blind revenge and bristling pride.

Our God within His Wisdom knows
That tolerance alone can lend
Deep insight, and His power grows
The day when bitterness shall end.
—Maxwell Bodenheim

LENTHEN THOUGHT No. 4
Let the Christian who is discouraged concerning himself look to Jesus, see that in Him he is accepted of God, and let him trust in Christ at all times remembering His promise, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." And let the strong bear the infirmities of the weak.

—Ernest Williams

POEM OF PEACE
Let those who scorn the pacifist
Discern that unassuming love
Must spread in life, and not the fist
The arrogant, impulsive shove.

Too long the scavengers of death
On battle fields have piled their arts,
Stopped youthful heroes, and the breath
Of manhood, slain by poisoned darts.

In time we hate that which we often fear.
Modern civilization is all dressed up with nowhere to go.

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"O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED"

JOHN ERNEST BODE

O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end.
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

Little Stories of GREAT HYMNS

This hymn was written in 1863 for the Confirmation of the author's two sons and a daughter. It was inspired by the verse from St. John, "If any man serve me, let him follow me—and where I am, there shall also my servant be."

These "Little Stories of Hymns" are presented to you by—

HOWARD H. WOOLBERT

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