

A non-partisan, liberal, and progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning by Northeastern Newspapers Inc. from 41 Lehman Ave., Dallas, Pa. 19612.
Entered as second class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription within county, \$5 a year. Out-of-county subscriptions, \$5.50 a year. Call 674-5656 or 674-7676 for subscriptions.

National advertising representatives, American Newspaper Representatives Inc., 106 Joralein St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

publisher Henry H. Null 4th general manager John L. Allen editor Mrs. T.M.B. Hicks advertising manager Doris Mallin

worse than guns

"Upon contact with the facial skin, the formulation causes a stunning and subduing physiological and psychological effect which is incapacitating for 10 to 15 minutes." That is one manner in which chemical mace is now being offered for sale, publicly. This strange, new, missile-looking device is being sold to civilians for "personal protection." Buy a small container and carry it in purse or pocket and when you are attacked (or even bothered by someone you don't like) well, just give him one of the eight, one-second blasts from the can and pow! the offender is incapacitated. But don't worry, the effects last no more than 20 minutes. Thousands of police departments now use mace, and as a recent advertisement in a Wilkes-Barre paper said, it is rapidly becoming popular among civilians. We hope not. In the hands of a mugger, rapist, killer, kidnapper, robber, thief or maniac, chemical mace would be the most useful weapon since the invention of the pistol. It will not be the average citizen who will be purchasing mace. It will be the criminal element, the neurotic and frightened souls unable to cope with society that will be lugging mace around. We feel that the recent furor over guns won't be able to hold a candle to the menace that mace will unleash.

get with it

If anyone has noticed, the field of sociology, while becoming increasingly important to modern day problems-solving, has also developed tendencies to omit the relevant priorities the science started out to study. For instance, sociologists have started studying a brand new field, one of human behavior during conversations. Thus the little gestures that people make with their hands, the uneasiness of their feet, and way the eye always seems to avoid another person—all these things mean something, the sociologists say. What do they mean? Well they are not too sure of that, but the roving eyes, nervous twitches and the hands in the pocket supposedly could tell us new things about the field of nonverbal communication or what people say to each other when they don't say anything. We would be the last to deny the value of this or to pooh-pooh the implications that findings in this field might have on increasing the effectiveness of communications. Our point is that while such studies have their merit, the sociologists don't study or at least don't emphasize to the public, the studies that ought to be going on concerning more important fields. Like for instance, why do people smoke? All kinds of medical research (not the kind recommended by the doctor who would walk a mile for a Camel) go into the effects of smoking but not much is ever said about the reasons people smoke in the first place. Get with it sociologists.

the right to write

To THE POST:

As a subscriber and interested reader of your paper, I am totally against your unfavorable article relating to Director Kozemchak. Let me remind you, the U.S. Supreme Court decision on School Prayers was predicted on action instituted by four or five dissenters. Of this insignificant few, two were atheists, one a non-christian. Do you think the Supreme Court justly represented the vast majority of Americans by rendering a decision in favor of a mere five protesters? To apply the same reasoning to your own line of endeavor—suppose five anti-war characters protested your "Men in Uniform" column! Or, suppose five atheists protested your publishing a "Church Bulletin Board" item! Would you agree with them, or with a court

ruling ordering you to discontinue same?

Your article has done a disservice to a good American as well as to the community you serve.

THOMAS M. COSGROVE
Harveys Lake

loving tribute

A very real person has succumbed to the ravages of time. Nicholas A. Staub was a veteran of life. He lived for 85 years and enriched his community.

It was our privilege to know him in these last years, and he did indeed enrich our life experience. His kindness and wisdom were accepted by the young of our neighborhood. His humor and advice were enjoyed by all generations. The Staub family has been contributing to the growth of our Back Mountain since the Indians raised corn on these hills. Mr. Staub embodied all the culture and love of the generations behind him. He acquired the years with a grace that should be an example to all who knew him. A young child said, "Now who will tend his garden?" The time is gone, life moves on, and we thank him for being.

Anne Glenn

Army Nurse (Second Lieutenant) Anne E. Glenn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Glenn, 56 W. Center St., Shavertown, completed the Nurse Corps officer basic course Dec. 20 at the U.S. Army Medical Field Service School. Lt. Glenn received her B.S. degree in 1968 from Misericordia College, Dallas.

only yesterday

FORTY YEARS AGO

Dr. George K. Swartz purchased the Rice home on the corner of Main Street and Huntsville Road, planning to make a number of renovations in the frame house and use part of the main floor for his offices.

The new school in Dallas was nearly ready for occupancy, the heat already turned on, and all furniture in place except for teachers desks, not yet delivered. Construction took only a little over six months.

Usual spring round-up of dogs running loose, love in their hearts.

Dallas Rotary held an inter-club session with Mt. Greenwood Kiwanis.

A view of Huntsville dam showed an enormous building on the shore. Could be an ice house. Inquire Dan Waters.

Mrs. Marvin Bronson of Loyalty died.

Bank announcement that a charge would be made for checking accounts running below a specified amount, caused heated discussion.

Big news: the inaugural of President-elect Herbert Hoover was to be broadcast over WG-BI, Scranton, March 4. Folks were dusting off their crystal sets.

If they were lucky, they had Atwater-Kent tube sets.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

The M. E. Church was about to drop the E from its name, become the Methodist instead of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Three Methodist denominations were to unify in April of 1939: M. W. North, M. E. South, and Methodist Protestant.

Earle administration was accused of payroll padding in ringing headlines.

Sherman W. Hildebrand enjoyed his first plane ride in Florida at 72.

Community Center was dragging its heels, Borough Council and Township supervisors failing to take action. PWA funds might be available, Burgess Smith was to inquire.

Newspaper strike still on in the Valley, except for Sunday Independent.

Real estate, though not booming, was showing consistent growth in sales and values, compared with the rest of Lutzerne County.

Another full page of Sheriff sales.

Mrs. Kate Wilson of Alderson died aged 87.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Kozemchak cousins were born within 15 minutes of each other, Karen and David.

Bowman's restaurant was advertising opening of its new dining room. On Main Street where Sneak a Snack now caters to the public.

Dr. Crompton moved his office from Carverton Road to the main drag in Trucksville.

Consumers League was seeking rate reduction from Harveys Lake Light and Power.

Lt. Peter Skopic, serving with the Berlin Airlift operation, flew a worn-out C-54 back from Germany, visited his folks in Huntsville while waiting for a replacement.

Married: Mary Drumm to Donald C. Smith. Elsie Williams to Arthur Parrish. Died: Richard Warmouth, 17, in Ithaca, car crash.

TEN YEARS AGO

Carol Ann Williams, senior at Westmoreland High School, was featured in a story which said she would meet her classmates for the first time at Commencement. The crippled girl had been tutored at home. Gwenn Weaver, 14, Sutton Road, remained unconscious after a car crash.

Another fire chief's funeral cortege was headed by his fire truck. Lehman chief Herbert Milton Kemmerer's procession came six months after Nort Bert's of Dallas.

Heavy snowfall, March lion ready to roar. Dallas Ambulance Association okayed proposal to throw in with firemen in the annual fund drive.

Married: Marian J. Shea to Joseph Cigarski.

Died: Chief Herbert Kemmerer, while fighting a blaze at the sawmill. Thomas H. Dickinson, 86, Tunkhannock Rd 3. Mrs. Mary Montross, 58, Noxen. Mrs. Alice Albeck, 62, Trucksville. Boleslow Savickas, 70, Harveys Lake, of exposure.

THE DALLAS POST, FEB. 27, 1969
lesson from prohibition

By ZAY SMITH

With Alberto Capone, brother to the late Alphonse, now lending his festive presence to the southwest suburbs, perhaps it is time we took another look at crime.

Anyone who turned on his television set between March and November of 1968 knows that crime was a major issue in the presidential campaign. George Wallace raved at length on the subject, and both Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey spent many words making it clear that they too, were against criminals.

But somehow, I think, we missed the mark throughout that year. Discussions of crime invariably began in praise of J. Edgar Hoover and other police officials, and then moved on to a cataloging of those elements thought to be chiefly responsible for our country's disorders; the Syndicate, the rioters, the protesters—everyone had his favorite.

And then came the usual conclusion. To end the crime problem, we must clamp down harder, beef up our police units, enforce the law with new determination.

Americans are fond of treating symptoms instead of causes. The teen-ager troubled by acne, smears his face with some cover-up and then wonders why the pimples keep coming back. They keep coming back, of course, because

applications are only good for treating the symptoms, each blemish as it arises. To stop the problem, or to curtail it, a young person has to wash his face constantly and stop eating junk, but few do.

As for crime, we can clamp down all we want, but the problem won't go away. Even if we were to station soldiers 30 feet apart in our cities, which was one of Wallace's sterling suggestions, we would only be applying a cover-up. The causes would remain.

The classic example of a breakdown of respect for the law was during the 13 years of Prohibition. Alcoholic beverages were forbidden in 1920, but the people went right on drinking.

Gallons of bootleg flowed down otherwise law-abiding throats, and speakeasies flourished, though they had to flourish quietly. The amendment was a failure.

Hundreds of thousands of people didn't suddenly go bad in the 1920's, and few of them deserved to be thrown into jails. Really, the law wasn't respected then because it didn't merit any respect.

The government finally realized its error in 1933, and Prohibition was repealed. But we had stuck with a bad law for over a decade, trying to enforce it, clamping down harder each year, treating symptoms.

And all we had to show for

it in the end was a Syndicate. Organized crime developed its first big muscles as a direct result of the current lack of order in the United States may just be another mass reaction to a bad set of laws.

It is hard to ask a black man to have respect for our law framework while so many police officers still treat him as a sub-human, throwing obscenities at him, arresting him for walking along a sidewalk. Or while our government goes easy on the enforcement of open housing, school desegregation and the like.

When it comes to a breakdown of order and respect, it seems that those who make our laws and enforce them could do a little housecleaning on their own.

The Empty Pew

BY REV. W. JENE MILLER

Some economists and sociologists are already referring to the American system of economy as "military socialism."

Many different devices are used around the world to keep production, distribution and consumption going. In America, the primary way to keep factories running, goods utilized and people on pay rolls is the military establishment.

Money is collected in taxes by the government and re-distributed to create jobs through the military establishment.

Export trade is maintained by selling billions of dollars through arms to foreign governments. Check the percentage of federal dollars for military costs.

When foreign governments do not have enough money to purchase American guns and tanks, foreign aid is used to provide that money.

In fact, 85 percent of American "foreign aid" money is actually loaned to countries which in turn buy from American industries. And the more willing a nation is to buy military equipment (from America, of course) the easier it is for that nation to get "foreign aid."

Countries which reject our military involvement find it increasingly difficult to get American help. We call it helping those who help us, but those who do not want a military government find it almost impossible to get help.

Forbes Magazine reported that Defense Department figures between 1962-65 listed a total of 4 trillion, 67 million, 500 thousand dollars in military arms sales to foreign governments.

Add to this the cost of salaries and provisions for our own military establishments, the civilian employes at bases in America and abroad, the cost of our own military equipment, and the staggering responsibility of maintaining our economy becomes evident. This is the real burden we place on our armed forces.

Whether it will be possible for America to shift from a military socialism to a peace-time economic structure will be Mr. Nixon's major headache.

Many Democrats agree with the promised departures of the Nixon foreign policy. Senator Mike Mansfield, the Democratic Senate Majority Leader, recently reported to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on a fact-finding trip he had made recently to Europe, visiting cities as widely apart as Belgrade, Rome, Paris and London.

He had discussions with President de Gaulle and with Marshall Tito. He emphasized that President Nixon should give priority to talks with President de Gaulle in Paris.

To quote Senator Mansfield, "the beginning of a new administration should afford a unique opportunity to rectify the superficial irritants which have been allowed to plague U.S.—French relations for several years." It might also provide an opportunity for rounding off the frayed edges of North Atlantic community relations, neglected because of America's long pre-occupation with Vietnam.

After European consultations it is on the Presidential agenda to end the period of confrontation with the Russians and start a new era of negotiations.

China too will become prominent in United States concern. The Chinese themselves have already indicated that they would like more substantive talks to take place. Contact

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From
Pillar To Post

By HIX

What with all this hijacking of planes, it's reached the point where if you're headed for the Pacific Coast, you automatically allow an extra day in order to accommodate the hijacker and that free round trip to Cuba.

The airlines pick up the tab for overnight lodging in Havana on a ransom basis. No reimbursement, no return of passengers.

Recently, Castro has softened a bit, and is permitting passengers to return on the same plane in which they landed. This curtails the enforced vacation under Caribbean skies, but it saves a lot of time.

It was no surprise to get a letter from Barbara the other day, recommending a couple of days leeway in a proposed overseas trip.

"We'll have to allow for a side trip to Havana," she explained, "and you can't ever tell, we might be hijacked twice. So three days would be the safest. We'd better get our tickets for the weekend. That will give up plenty of time to reach the Pacific Coast. And if we don't get hijacked, we'll have time to explore Chinatown."

Might as well accept the inevitable, but why Cuba? There are so many more interesting places to visit. Australia, for instance, or New Zealand.

If somebody could just work up a brisk hijacking trade, goal Australia, it would be worthwhile being kidnapped in a nice new plane with plenty of food on board, hot and cold running stewardesses, the works.

A trip to down under costs a mint, and the airline would be obliged to return the passengers after the hijacker had faded away into the land of the bush and the wallabies. It would be a paying proposition, with only the airlines suffering.

Castro must be making out pretty well. He's probably got an emissary who travels back and forth under different disguises, drawing a gun on the flight between Miami and Havana, merging imperceptibly with other passengers on the return trip, with instructions to board the next plane coming back and deliver another load of folks to help pass out the tourist season in the Havana hotels, which are probably feeling the pinch because of lack of voluntary patronage from well-heeled Americans.

Take a plane from Miami and see Cuba. Visit the hotel and catch up on the flea situation. Or take a plane from anywhere, and see Cuba.

And about that time, he treats me to another hole in the head.



Several suggestions have been made to eliminate this nuisance. They range from felling the hijacker with a shot of Mace, to installing a trapdoor in the floor of the plane and discharging the hijacker in mid-air.

Two trapdoors would be better, one leading to the snug compartment where the landing gear is folded, the second somewhere in between, giving access to a whole skyful of fresh air and a welcoming sea beneath for a soft landing.

I wouldn't want to give up the idea of a trip to Cuba, but to many people it must be a nuisance, even if it does provide for endless reminiscences beginning, "Let me tell you about being hijacked. There was this little man standing right in the middle of the cabin and waving this gun, and..."

And at that, it would be a welcome relief from the folks who tell you about their operations and offer to show you the scar.

It gives you a certain amount of status to be hijacked. The occurrence is still rare enough, relatively speaking, to enlist rapt attention from your audience.

But there will inevitably come a day when your ancient hijacking tale will bow to a newer and shinier hijacking, and you will have to sit back while Mrs. Whozit tells you exactly how it was.

"There was this little man standing right in the middle of the cabin and waving his gun, and..."

Somehow, I can't imagine being hijacked. I can see myself, right now, getting out the black copy pencil and the clipboard, and interviewing the hijacker. "Howabout putting down that gun, it makes me nervous. And now tell me how did you come to take the hijacking planes? Was it something in your early life? Did you hate your father and mother? And just why do you want to go to Cuba anyhow?"

And about that time, he treats me to another hole in the head.

why taxes demoralize us

By CORALIE COGSWELL

Right now everyone is talking about taxes of one kind or another or all of them put together.

It is not just that taxes are high, but that most people don't know just what they are paying for.

I, for one, would be happy to pay an extra \$5 a year if I knew that it would actually keep people from starving or would change some snake-pit mental hospital into a modern institution or would otherwise measurably benefit us.

But most of us don't know for sure what does happen to the money we pay in taxes. We tend to suspect that maybe \$4.50 of our \$5 goes to all sorts of middlemen, without solving the problems it is supposed to solve.

To remedy this situation, I'd like to revive an idea that appeared in Mad magazine a year or so ago. The magazine is, of course, satirical—but many a gem of truth is concealed in satire.

The Mad writers suggested that each taxpayer's contribution be earmarked for a particular project and that he be credited for it.

Thus a new highway would display a billboard with the names of all the taxpayers whose dollars contributed to its construction.

New schools, instead of being named after dead presidents, would be named after live taxpayers.

The battleship being christened with the traditional bottle of champagne would carry the names of Elmer T. Klunkle, Sadie Plutnick, and a

few hundred other taxpayers.

In actuality, of course, it would be impractical to earmark each person's tax in this way. Yet this idea points up what is most demoralizing about the tax situation.

Rather than a "tax bite," our present situation is more like a nibbling to death. We hardly know HOW it goes, much less WHERE.

Taxes are hidden in almost everything we buy or do, and we are not usually informed about what they support.

When I pay taxes on gasoline or phone bills or cigarettes or a garbage can or a ball-point pen—when I pay my income tax or property tax or wage tax—I want to know exactly how much was collected in this way from how many people and exactly what it went to pay for.

If I'm "paying till it hurts" I want to know why policemen aren't paid more, and why so many old people live on the edge of poverty, and why the Pennsylvania Turnpike isn't being widened from Pittsburgh to Harrisburg, and why so many ghetto schools are falling apart, and why we continue to pollute the air we breathe and the water we drink.

Obviously taxes must be streamlined and the loopholes plugged.

I deeply resent paying so much income tax when some millionaires pay nothing.

I resent paying any taxes that others are dodging. Yet if I felt that everyone else was contributing his share and that the money was really well-spent, I would not begrudge

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