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drug scare doesn't scare

Ask a kid why he takes drugs, and he'll say, "because it makes me feel good." Now it's up to the schools to get to the question, "What makes you feel bad?"

So states an article in the March issue of the Pennsylvania School Journal, "Drugs and Schools: Monkey on the Backs of Education," by Rozanne Weissman.

Through the Journal, educators and the public are warned that an about-face will have to be taken in drug abuse education if schools are to be successful in combatting the use of drugs.

The "scare 'em to death" approach just isn't working, the author states. She quotes Martin Levy, director of a drug abuse education project, who rejects that method.

"Students growing up in today's atmosphere take risk for granted and say the astronauts wouldn't take off if they were afraid of taking a chance."

Neither will the "it's illegal" or the "give 'em the facts" approach do the trick, says Mr. Levy. All these methods have been used in health education classes without lessening VD, smoking or alcoholism. New methods have to be found.

Convinced that we must forget the moralizing, preaching and propagandizing, Mr. Levy says, "Instead of being critical about student drug abuse, educators will have to demonstrate that there are better ways to experience the richness of living and make life more exciting—ways more meaningful and less dangerous than mind expansion by ingesting chemi-

icals," Mr. Levy warns. Schools must recognize that after all is said and done, the decision on drug use rests with the student alone.

The teacher is not a detective, psychiatrist, nurse or policeman. Instead he is "a catalyst in the learning situation because learning occurs in the learner."

Therefore the teacher must "present all sides of the issue so that students can make the decisions best for them."

"Drugs and Schools" underlines the necessity for obtaining the "understanding, sanction and cooperation of the local school board" for a drug abuse

education program as well as close articulation between the school and the community. Drug education must be directed by "open, honest and equipped teachers who can handle small group process technique," he says.

only yesterday

FORTY YEARS AGO

For the convenience of motorists, Jim Oliver installed the latest thing in air pumps at his garage on Main Street. The pump not only inflated tires, it showed the exact pressure, a saving of time and effort. Jim had spring-time specials on the front page. Tube repair kits were 35 cents.

O. H. Aurand was handling the Lehman High School news: Calvin McHose, Lake Township; Z. R. Howell, Kingston Township; Harry Doll, Dallas Borough; Maurice J. Girton, Dallas Township. All the men were supervising principals.

Thieves were apprehended at Archie Woolbert's store in Trucksville.

The old Goss School was robbed.

Advise to those who had broody hens was to tether the hen by a long cord to her coop, so she wouldn't make a mistake and start sitting on some other hen's eggs when she returned from a trip to the bushes.

Eli Parrish, veteran of the Civil War, bid in a flagpole and flag at the Rice homestead venue, succeeding after heavy competition.

Cars looked pretty funny. Advertisements showed the squared-off backs, running boards, and unbelievably large wheels, artillery style.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Valley newspapers were preparing to publish again after suspension of publication for over five months. The bitterly contested quarrel with the Guild was at an end.

First Christian Church in Sweet Valley was about to burn its mortgage, a final note of \$2,000. The original building was destroyed by fire in 1926. Rev. Ira Button was the pastor. The debt incurred when the congregation erected the brick edifice was \$7,000, paid off in installments.

Annoyed water consumers in the area proposed a municipally owned plant. James Franklin, Howell Reese and Mrs. Joseph Schmeier spearheaded the move.

A car crash on the wide curve at Birch Grove took the life of an Alderson man, Peter Davis. Seriously injured were Geraldine Herson, Berkley Herson and Mary Hubbell.

Blue Cross was launched. Cost, two and one half cents a day. First subscriber, Governor Arthur James. George T. Bell Jr. was executive director.

Died: Mrs. Elizabeth Beahm, 81, Noxen. Mrs. William Rousher, 70, Shavertown.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Howell E. Reese, former editor of the Dallas Post, was leaving Nassau after an eight-year hitch of duty as public relations man in that island paradise.

A horse died in a barn blaze at the Abraham Simon place. Rev. Henry Kraft, Noxen Lutheran pastor, was in critical condition after a car crash.

Dedication of eighteen windows at Dallas Methodist Church. The widow of Theodore Meyers, who presented the windows in his memory, recollected that as a boy he had pumped the organ in the church.

Married: Joan Kester to Robert Evans. Joan Mennell Powell to Charles Flack.

Died: James Perry, 83, a recluse living on Demunds Road, by his own hand.

TEN YEARS AGO

College Misericordia was planning a \$3 million expansion program, with seven new buildings to be constructed during a ten year period.

Back Mountain was contributing liberally to a fund for establishing an infant's isolation ward and nurse's station at General. The idea was started by the Dallas Post, which asked all "babies" delivered by Dr. Sherman Schooley, to stand up and be counted, bringing with them substantial checks. It was later expanded in scope to in-

From Pillar To Post

By HIX



Space shots are becoming old hat these days with Cape Kennedy erupting all over the place, pad after pad hurling men or machines into the atmosphere.

But there was something about the flight of Apollo 9 that brought back that first occasion when a man in a capsule braved the upper reaches of the atmosphere and plummeted into the Atlantic Ocean, a pioneer in the Space Age.

This recent space shot involved something which no other flight had done. The thought of two men in a spider-like craft, leaving the parent ship, and disappearing into the far reaches of space, was something which caused the spine to tingle with foreboding.

Suppose the craft were not recovered? Suppose any number of things?

There will inevitably be a loss in deep space, sometime in the future. There will inevitably come a time when radio and TV audiences will hear a news flash of disaster, just as horrified listeners heard the news over a year ago that three astronauts had been burned to death in their capsule during a practice exercise.

There will be losses in space just as there are airplane crashes, train crashes, highway crashes, all of them involving far more people than a crew pioneering a trip to the moon.

The idea of an astronaut, lost forever, orbiting the moon or the earth or the sun, waiting out the last hours before certain death, is even more horrifying than the thought of a man relentlessly entombed in a coal mine, starving to death in the all-encircling darkness.

We can accept the loss of a jet plane with all its passengers. We can accept the highway crashes.

They occur in our own known orbit. We can relate to them. The bodies return to the earth from whence they came.

We find it impossible to accept the loss of a submarine on a routine trip, or a traveller in outer space.

The depths of the sea, we distrust. We are earthbound creatures.

A catastrophe involving thousands is too large for us to understand. A catastrophe involving one astronaut is something which we can understand to the very core of our being.

We are all alone, in the last analysis, unique from the moment of birth and in the hour of death.

It was a chilling thought, during the period when the landing craft left the mother ship, that something could go wrong.

The marriage of the two

fireman Coombs

Fireman Barry W. Coombs, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert F. Coombs of RD 2, Dallas, is serving aboard the guided missile cruiser USS Albany, presently undergoing extensive modernization at the Naval Shipyard, Boston.

His ship will employ the TALOS missile, capable of knocking down enemy aircraft at ranges in excess of 65 miles, as well as the homing TARTAR missile for medium range support.

aboard Ozark

Boatswain's Mate Third Class Frank J. O'Hara, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. O'Hara of 156 Beech St., Shavertown, is serving aboard the mine countermeasures support ship USS Ozark at Norfolk, Va.

His ship has recently returned from a three-month cruise to the Mediterranean. The main ports of call were Naples, Italy and Gibraltar, B.C.C.

club other doctors.

Heavy snow blocked traffic, ten inches.

Mrs. Stanley Davies was honored as first president of the first P-TA founded in the Back Mountain, Dallas Borough.

Overcrowding of Back Mountain Memorial Library made imperative use of the new Annex as a children's library.

Birth's Esso was celebrating its third birthday with a full page ad.

Birthday: Mrs. Rebecca Jane Moss, 92.

Died: Lloyd A. McHenry, 64, Dallas. Mrs. Elizabeth Walters, 64, Harveys Lake. Mrs. Hazel Baer, Piles Creek. Mrs. Loretta O. Love, 69, Shavertown. Arthur R. Montross, 63, Idetown. Harry Blessing, 72, Fernbrook.

the anti-anti-anti race

President Nixon's decision to consider the sentinel anti-anti-missile proposal as a possible reality is not a matter to be ignored by the man-in-the-street, nor is it to be considered as too lofty a subject for editors far removed from the Washington Scene. The proposal to spend billions and billions of tax dollars on another weapon is fraught with long and short term dangers, physical as well as mental. It is a senseless and useless step that serves no purpose. On a simple level it is like Mr. America continuously trying to add muscle to muscle only to find the extra muscle more of a load to bear. The industry turning out missiles will certainly benefit but the American taxpayer will not. Although it would cost each man, woman and child in the nation only \$25, the effects of such a move, if adopted by President Nixon, would create an incalculable amount of tension. If we build such a defense, the Russians—and eventually the Chinese—will have to build one too. Nothing is gained by this, since we would then have to come up with another tougher and more expensive system to overcome them. They in turn would come up with something to best us, and it would go on and on and on. We wonder why, all of a sudden, there is such a renewed interest in arms. Could it be one of profit? Hasn't there been a lessening in tension between East and West? Wasn't the United States nearer, lately, to at least talks on curtailing these needless expenditures for weapons of destruction? Why now this furor over a new missile system? \$5 billion could do so much good, why waste it on weapons?

Dallas stands alone

It is essential to establish priorities in education. The demand for funds to initiate new projects as well as to carry out the work-a-day reading and writing and arithmetic programs has never been greater. Beset at every turn by anxious pleas and urgent requests, school boards must of necessity establish priorities. It would seem apparent that the very first priority of any school board would be to make certain that opportunities exist to educate each child to the fullest of his potential. This is, after all, what education is all about. Yet there are young children living in the Dallas school district, mentally retarded but capable of being trained and taught, whose educational needs are not being met. These children are pre-school students, too young to benefit from classes funded by the county but eligible for enrollment at the Custer Street School in Wilkes-Barre. A \$1275 per child tuition fee charged by that school is paid by eight neighboring communities; Dallas alone does not pay the full tuition. We would suggest that the Dallas School Board, in formulating its 1969-70 budget, might consider whether this omission is not inconsistent with the primary obligation of any educational system.

children service

Allied Services recently received word of a federal grant of about \$500,000, some of which was earmarked for expanding the children's service there. That is a good thing and hopefully most of the money will go for the things that can help handicapped children. Ordinarily, a newspaper comment on such a matter would sound a little like a motherhood editorial. However Allied Service in the past two years has become a captive of the U.S. welfare system, whose greatest spending is for, adults, and over-65 adults at that. Thus Allied, which began as an umbrella agency to help people of all ages, has had its limitations with children. Yet the same limitations do not apply to the elderly because of Medicare and the U.S. government policies that subsidize medical costs to old people (who still vote) but not to children (who don't vote). There is merit in helping old people, of course. But when it is done so disproportionately that the children's program either suffers or is non-existent, then that is an unfair government policy. The trouble with Allied is that it doesn't mind promoting an unfair policy, so long as the money is there. Thus the new grant will be welcome, as a chance to rectify the inequities at Allied, but the big change would have to come as a policy that looks or more general funding than it has in the past. The ideal of equal medical opportunity for all ages should be important to the medical center as an institutional policy. Favoritism for dollars should be above that institution.

Guest editorials

A column reprinting editorials from other weekly newspapers in the world.

(From the Baxter Bulletin, Mountain Home, Ark.)

The speech rendered by Al Capp at the Arkansas Press Association convention in Hot Springs last Saturday was the best of its kind heard by Land of Opportunity editors since George C. Wallace addressed the group year before last.

The trouble is, of course, that its kind is not very good. And Al's fell a bit short of George's in quality, by reason of being heavily laden with seamy jokes.

Like Wallace, though, Capp emits a high-voltage rage, which his heavy jocularity cannot mask. He applied the needle to the poverty program, intellectuals, the militant young, revolutionary "idealists" blacks who cause trouble and the United Nations. Of the latter he said, "Where else could a cannibal or a communist get the right to park his Cadillac in front of a fire hydrant?" (Hardly a chap to be considered for the diplomatic corps. If the UN finally collapses, possibly he will be able to ask about that locality, "Where else can you find a radioactive crater 600 feet deep?")

And the war on poverty, he asserted, is "the only thing we invest billions in that's set up specifically to lose money." (We're still awaiting a profit-and-loss statement on the space program and the Vietnam War.)

Should students be given more voice in the running of a university? "Sure, it's time we let the lunatics run the asylum." He also said that the student who merely wishes to make a good living will be a better citizen than one who tries to effect big changes in a world he hasn't been in long enough to know much about. (The trouble is that some of them are taking literally the high values they read about in books but do not see practiced in a society where the prime interest is in "making it.")

We join him in condemning black militants who abuse white teachers in the North, but hope the country at last approaches the urban upheaval with more analysis and constructive concern than his speech afforded. No doubt that some heads need to be knocked here and there among the unruly, but that won't cure the deep urban cancer.

Capp was affirmative on at least one subject—Orval E. Faubus, who was hired last week to run Dogpatch, U.S.A., a tourist facility near Harrison in which Capp, the creator of Li'l Abner, has an interest. Faubus's trouble, Capp said, was that he "was prematurely right" years back when this state was going through its racial turmoil. Segregation is a bad word, he said, but black militants in the cities are going for it. And he urged parents to keep the Walker Report on the Chicago riots away from children because it contains some bad words of the "young intellectuals."

We don't know how much he was joshing, but there seemed to be high bile content in the dissertation. Pardon us if we differ with his definition of intellectuals, his estimate of Faubusian wisdom and his rustic treatment of the poverty and UN questions. This is a time in which speakers, should try to give some answers to the dilemmas.

off the cuff stuff

By BRUCE HOPKINS

The Lost Weekend—Part Two. When we last left our brave hero (namely me), I was riding in an elevator in a New York City hotel with four snarling bulldogs, who were there for a convention. As the snow outside fell in large chunks, I, fearless hero, was wondering what the day would bring to me and the 36 college students I was chaperoning.

What the day brought was more snow. By 5 p.m., it was reported that all normal transportation systems were closed. New York was stranded—buses were not coming in or going out, trains, planes and bulldogs were at a standstill. Cute, really cute.

Meanwhile, there I was trying to figure out if chartered buses were stranded. I mean, our bus was already in New York somewhere—all we had to do was leave. And since it was now 6 p.m., and the bus company hadn't contacted the hotel to say they wouldn't be there, I figured I'd better get everyone ready to go. The bus was to pick us up at six.

So there we were. Thirty-six of us standing in the hotel lobby with all of our luggage, driving the bellboys crazy. I called every blasted bus company in New York, and finally found the one that took care of the schedules for this little company we had hired locally. I talked to the switchboard operator who gave me the supervisor who gave me the dispatcher who gave me Port Authority, which couldn't help me with a charter problem.

I set up a worrying schedule. From 6:30 to 7:00 a certain number of students were assigned to worry; 7:00 to 7:15 another group would worry. At seven-thirty, we'd all worry.

At 8 p.m. I calmed everyone down, and stuffed four cigarettes into my mouth.

"What's to worry about?" I said. "So the bus is two hours late." Someone tapped on my shoulder. When I turned around I saw this vaguely familiar face. It was the bus driver.

"Ahhh, you're here. You're really here. There you are, here." I tried not to seem excited.

"Yeah, I'm here, but we're not going anywhere. We can't get out of New York tonight. I'm not even sure we can get out tomorrow," he chuckled.

Cute, really cute. Now all I had to do was find a place for 36 kids with no money to spend the night. I walked over to the desk clerk.

"Say," (I thought that was a clever beginning.) "We have this little problem, called poverty, and I wondered if you could help us out." Let's face it—if the hotel could handle all those bulldogs, they could put up with us (or is it put us up?)

Anyway, we got our rooms back for another night. Everything was ginger peachy. I gave everyone explicit instructions not to wander beyond about four blocks of the premises. There was a blizzard outside, and everything was closed anyway. Even the dirty book stores.

Next step was to call the Dean of Women at the college and inform her that I was keeping 25 girls out all night. That's probably some kind of record.

Of course, everything worked out alright. Several of us went out for a cup of coffee about 11 p.m., and when we got back we discovered some kids had come to Greenwich Village. I didn't get upset—that's not much more than four blocks from the hotel—only about 60.

Since I didn't know what the bus situation would be until the driver called in the morning, I felt it my duty to make sure everyone was back in their rooms before I went to bed. This took no time at all, and I was in bed easily by 4:00 a.m.

The bus driver called at 7 a.m. Cute, really cute.

"We're leaving in an hour, Mr. Hopkins."

I was going to tell him to leave without me, but I changed my mind. So it was—out of bed, and get everyone up and down into the lobby by 8:00 a.m. There we were, thirty six of us, standing in the lobby with all of our luggage, driving the bellboys crazy. At 8:30, I set up a worrying schedule.

However, at 9 a.m. sharp, the bus arrived, and we were on our way. It was the first time I was ever glad to be leaving New York City.

As I look back on the experience, it was rather humorous. About as humorous as your mother-in-law in a bikini. But whatever you do, when you go to New York City, make sure you take an extra supply of insulin syringes. If you try to buy them in a drug store, they think you're a drug addict. But that's another story . . .

P.S. I sent my Christmas card from the bus company back to them. That'll show them!

SEE YA!

The Empty Pew

By W. JENE MILLER

One of the imperative issues facing our culture is fencing in religion.

Some kind of legal, social and educational constraints must be erected around the religious world. The standards by which organizations and individuals may claim tax-exemption, rights and authority need to be developed.

However, the reason is not to gag the theological voice in our world. It is to keep the nuts and crackpots out!

In the mid-west, there is a draft-dodging, college drop-out who passes himself off as an authority in the field of theology. He has never earned an academic degree, yet he bilks thousands and thousands of dollars out of people. He gets on the air waves and passes judgment upon those who have spent lifetimes in disciplined study.

Also, down in Texas there is a quack who had the temerity to try to blackmail people into sending him money. He promised great riches if they complied and dire consequences if they did not. He has the approval of absolutely no qualified scholars or religious groups, yet he claims the same tax status and academic authority as Harvard University School of Theology!

But, perhaps the most damnable charlatan of all is Mr. Hershey! Never before in America's history has a military man had the unmitigated gall to dictate what is orthodox (correct) theology! Never has a man employed to defend freedom dared to define what religious freedom is.

But old Candy-bar is doing it. He is telling your sons what they may and may not believe in the name of Christianity. He is telling them whether they may or may not object to his conduct. And he is ready to send every mother's son in America to die on some battlefield if they cross him.

A Communist can wave the American flag and an atheist can quote the Bible. What makes a nation free and strong is citizens who rule themselves, rather than generals who deny the right of dissent.

If the military can "make men," how come they don't go to work on the hippies, yuppies, etc., etc.? It was a military leader who said the only way to "save" a town was to destroy it! Figure that one out.