

**not a prank**

□ The apprehension of the 15-year old girl who placed a telephone call to Dallas Junior High School and lied about a bomb being placed there is welcome news. Local and state police are to be commended for discovering this prankster, who, apparently, did not understand the seriousness of her crime. While it may be written off as just a school-kid prank, it must be understood that there is always a chance that a real bomb could be planted in any public place and a secretive warning ignored because authorities considered it false. We are all familiar with the swimming prank whereby someone shouts "Help! I'm drowning," so often that the person is ignored when really drowning. Not too long ago there were many such bomb scares, all across the nation. In order not to give impetus to the situation, many were not reported for fear other pranksters would take up the matter. We are sure the young lady regrets what she has done. Our hope is that those who influenced her realize the enormity of such actions.

**tax time again**

□ In this age of computers, many people are wondering whether their tax return will be checked. The answer is 100 percent affirmative. The former Commissioner of Internal Revenue says that every one of the 75 million separate returns will be subjected to computer surveillance. In addition, about 3 million returns will be selected for detailed audit. And, of course, the more money you make, the better your chance of receiving a visit from an IRS examiner. The IRS stresses that the 65,000 employees of the service endeavor to be fair. Apparently they are mindful that in the final analysis the majority of U. S. taxpayers recognize and willingly accept the obligation of citizens to pay taxes. Survival of the tax system and orderly government rests upon citizen cooperation. Computerization may make tax collecting more efficient, but it is unlikely that it will change to an important degree the need for citizen cooperation to make the system work. That is why taxes must be kept within the ability of the people to pay and why officials have expressed fear of a taxpayer revolt in recent months. Taxes of all kinds are becoming excessive as the cost of government rises faster than productivity. Human brains, not electronic brains, are needed to solve this problem.

*the right to write*

In these days, when so many feel that the changing times are running away with us that the world is getting to be a "lousy" place to live, I would like to share with those who may read this a brighter look about our beautiful world and a wonderful Back Mountain!

On Saturday, March 15, I suffered a deep loss, the sudden death of my brother-in-law Joseph T. Harris.

Joe leaves behind a special wife, and lovely family of eight, the youngest only four. Those who knew Joe, and they are numerous know how much he will be missed. So there is no need to try to pay tribute to Joe, who did all he could, whenever he could, even though, as an amputee, his services were limited.

I would, at this time, like to pay tribute to someone else, those who have been all about the Harris family in their grief. Many who themselves, are still in a period of mourning.

I cannot think ever again, of this being a "rotten" world, as the expression is so often used because in the past five days, I have seen only the good, "old-fashioned" togetherness that will always be about.

The good friends and relatives that "took over"—the neighbors, the church members, the ambulance crew, the Natona Mills employees of Dallas and New York, the school children, all those who came from out-of-town to "be there" and help and all those I can't think of at this time!

I speak for the entire family of Joseph T. Harris, thanks and God Bless You all!

On the lighter side—just a thought to all the parents who are disappointed because their boys are (temporarily) letting their hair grow.

Thomas the eldest son of the Harris family, is a member of the Kings Players, a very good

dramatic class at Kings College.

This aunt (also, his God-mother) couldn't adjust to his long hair, even though he wears it this way, to add to his role in the play.

However, never have any young men, long hair, beards and sideburns too, looked better to me, than the Kings players and college friends, who did all they could, during, and after, paying their respects to the Harris family.

It's really the same old world, moving much faster, but the majority of the people are the same—we will adjust.

MRS. GEORGE JORDA  
46 Yeager Ave.  
Dallas

To THE POST:

The Girl Scouts of Troop 653, of Lehman wish to thank the Dallas Post for our tour of your building.

PATRICIA McGRATH  
Troop Scribe

**watershed**

Watershed Association, sponsored by Departments of Forest and Waters, Agriculture, and Health, will hold regional meetings this spring.

A meeting is scheduled for April 8, Dallas area. More details will be forthcoming.

Slide presentation of problems facing farmers and conservationists will be highlighted in all meetings.

Drainage, flood control, fresh water supply, pollution control, irrigation erosion, silt, will be discussed, along with the growing emphasis on recreational promotion in proper uses of natural resources.

**only yesterday**

**FORTY YEARS AGO**

Howard W. Risley became editor and manager of the Dallas Post, beginning a newspaper career that was to span thirty-two years and see the Post grow from a four page weekly to a twelve page newspaper.

High winds broke two window panels of the Dallas Borough's new high school.

Preliminary work on the open air swimming pool at Irem Temple Country Club was begun by A. J. Sordani. Cost of the pool was listed at \$50,000.

White angora rabbits were won by Martha Russ, Wayne Harvey, and Eva Jenkins for their participation in the Dallas Rotary's Easter Egg Hunt.

The Jones Act was lauded by the Post for putting teeth in the federal prohibition act. It carried a 30 to 90 day jail sentence for imbibing.

J. F. Besecker, local Good-year Tire dealer, was stocking up on new tires for the Spring trade.

**THIRTY YEARS AGO**

Charges of faulty water service continued to fan interest in a movement to establish a municipally-owned water system in the Dallas-Shavertown areas. The PUC intimated that a rate increase would follow any improvement program carried out by the water company.

A flood of letters from Luzerne civic leaders to Governor Arthur H. James protested that promised improvements of Main and Bennett Streets had not been made when the Route 309 by-pass was constructed.

The request of the International Typographical Union that its printers be protected against any merger among the Wilkes-Barre newspapers prolonged the city's six month newspaper tie-up.

A Lake Silkworth man, Corey Grey, was fatally injured when he was struck by an automobile on the main highway north of West Naticooke.

**Died: Herbert R. Culp, 62,** Huntsville. James VanTuyke, 72, Center Moreland. Mrs. Anna May Kelley, 54, Center Moreland.

**TWENTY YEARS AGO**

The Dallas Post named a Back Mountain all-star basketball team. Players honored were Edwin Jones, Jack Richards, Gene Strauss, Charles Frankfield and Danny Gultius.

Meade McMillen to head Dallas Rotary.

Future Farmers of America, Blue Ridge Chapter, held its eighth annual banquet at Lehman Township High School.

The Sandy Beach Drive-In Theater opened its season after completely renovating and landscaping its grounds.

**Died: Lewis Roushey, 57,** Trucksville.

**TEN YEARS AGO**

A mutilated, 400 pound safe containing a considerable sum of cash was stolen from Huston's Feed Service at Fernbrook and was recovered in an abandoned stolen Jeep on a little used road in the Bunker Hill section of Luzerne Borough.

Hats tossed in ring: Jack Stanley as Republican candidate for School Director and Bill Krimmel as Republican candidate for Supervisor in Dallas Township.

Commonwealth Telephone Co., planned to start plant improvements at Harveys Lake, Center Moreland, Noxen and Lake Winola.

Justice-of-the-Peace Leonard Harvey narrowly escaped serious injury when his car crashed into another auto parked on Columbia Avenue.

**Married: Doris Helen Varner** to George R. Stuart.

**Died: Frank Brennan, Harveys Lake.** Paul O. Kingsbury, 49, Red Rock. Mrs. Grace Hier, 59, Dallas. Mrs. Joseph A. Pooley, Sweet Valley native. Mrs. Ellen J. Meeker, 59, Lehman.

**how does your garbage grow?**

By NAT MESSIMER

Are we going to live on a never-ending sea of garbage? What happens when some future generation wants to dig a pond on one of our, then hidden, "sanitary" land fills?

What's to become of some of our beautiful woodlands and stream banks which are being turned into dumps, on the sly, and our fields and ravines which are springing up with junkyards and automobile graveyards?

When are people going to stop being selfish and realize that this is the only earth we've got.

When we've ruined this one, there's no other. Life on the moon is no alternative.

"But people have been dumping garbage for years," some will say.

Yes, but there have not been as many millions of people dumping garbage for all those years. The figures for one day's garbage in one of our major

cities like New York or Boston are staggering.

The attitude of people has always been "out of sight, out of mind"—if they put the garbage where they can't see it, that's all that matters. But I can see it.

I see it every time I walk down the road through the woods: dumps, a half mile of them bordering a lovely woodland stream, part of which has been chosen for a state park!

Our society is lazy; its slothfulness catered to be servile industry. Everything is made easy, disposable, so life becomes an effortless accumulation of waste: cans, bottles, cups, papers; everything to save time and energy.

What do we need all the extra time for; while the conserved energy is turned into fat.

As only one of innumerable conservation problems, the garbage crisis must be attacked on an individual basis. Everyone can do some-

thing about it. There are such things as compost piles, and there are even machines available to grind up organic garbage.

Paper can be used again. It must be saved and taken to the proper place where it can be reprocessed.

We don't have enough forests left to manufacture the acres of paper we use every day.

Perhaps someone will discover a method for making paper out of garbage—they make it with rags!

There are, still, returnable bottles. It may be more trouble to take them back, but there isn't enough room on our planet for millions of people to dump all their bottles.

Disintegrating bottles have been made, but they're not on the market yet.

Cans are another problem, especially the infernal aluminum ones which don't decay as the old "tin cans" eventually do.

This is a problem which container manufacturers must cope with.

Just because the garbage collector takes all your trash away doesn't mean there won't be a dump some where.

Only you can prevent dumps and restaurants for rats.

In 1903, Theodore Roosevelt expressed very cogently, but apparently to deaf ears, "We have gotten past the stage, my fellow citizens, when we are to be pardoned if we treat any part of our country as something to be skinned for two or three years for the use of the present generation, whether it be forest, the water, the scenery. Whatever it is, handle it so that your children's children will get the benefit of it."

From  
**Pillar To Post**  
By HIX



Twenty years ago, the death of the Saturday Evening Post would have been immortalized by the largest and most tearful wake in history but two months after the oldest magazine in the history of this country gasped its last the country has bothered to ask where it has gone.

For awhile there, people shed crocodile tears and remembered "the good old days." There were editorials about the death of the Saturday Evening Post, but nothing you could get your teeth into.

The fact is, it committed suicide by easy stages, and gave itself the final coup de grace when it reduced its mailing list to what it considered the hard core of urban dwellers.

Nobody ever acquainted the Curtis Publishing Company with the facts of life. It never occurred to the company that people on rural routes, with the advantages of a sub-post office located in a mailbox across the road, are frequently folks who have at long last realized the ambition of a lifetime by acquiring a bit of rural real estate, have moved out into the country, and have bought themselves a horse. They have paid heavy for the privilege of getting out of the city.

When the Saturday Evening Post struck off the subscription list, the people who might be supposed to be still living in the dark ages, groping their way about the kitchen by the faint flicker of a kerosene lamp, milking the cows by lantern light, driving to the village in the one-hoss-shay, it sounded its own death knell. This dodge to pare off the

surplus yokels in favor of subscribers who still steamed in urban jungles, annoyed the owners of swimming pools, members of the country club, and those lesser lights who simply had a few acres of improved land, who had been faithfully supporting the magazine for years, even after it started sliding downhill in the fifties.

You couldn't get along without the Saturday Evening Post. Even if its new format, an offense to the eye of people who had sworn by it since the time of the Spanish American War, the magazine still carried enough reading matter to keep a family going for a week, until the next issue bulged the mailbox.

And then it started to reduce its bulk. It grew skinner and skinner, and the reading matter changed along with changing times. Picture magazines crowded it off the stage. It was a lot easier to "read" an issue of Life than to read an issue of the Saturday Evening Post. Reading requires concentration, and anybody can look at a picture and get the message.

Besides, there wasn't too much to read in the steadily shrinking publication. It kept a householder entertained for only one small evening, and the TV was always there, crowding in on the reading period.

There came a time when the Saturday Evening Post fell to the floor as the good guys and the bad guys slugged it out on the screen. Silver tongued news commentators pre-empted the place formerly occupied by the editorials.

In case anybody thinks Hix was one of the folks who got bumped off the subscription list, forget it. Hix hasn't taken the Saturday Evening Post since it changed its spots right after the close of World War II. It used to be the one magazine nobody could do without, and it used to be obtainable for one nickel at any corner store, if you didn't happen to have a subscription.

When the price went up and quality went down, that's when the final curtain started to fall. Nobody minded a dime, nobody minded a quarter, but when the content was not matched by the soaring price, a lot of people took a good long look at what their subscription price was getting them, and cancelled out.

Watered down skim milk, that's what, masquerading as cream.

But if the company had not adopted that policy of cutting out what it considered excess baggage, Hix might be shedding a tear into the skimmed milk.

After all, the Saturday Evening Post has been around a long time, and it rated a few wreaths of remembrance.

But nobody, passing around the bier (no pun intended), could have gulped, "How natural it looks!"

**Girl Scouts**

Troop 656, Carverton, attended the 11 a.m. church service at the Carverton United Methodist Church on Girl Scout Sunday.

Along with their sister Brownie troop 635, they presented the flowers and church bulletins for the service.

The service was opened by the presentation of the troop and American Flags by Jane Marstell, Debbie Casterline, Cindy Cobleigh, Nancy Voitek. Assisting Rev. Schalk in the pulpit were: Susan Richards, Call to Worship: Elsie Harris, Prayer: Debbie Wasserrott, Psalter: Sandy Perry. Scripture:

The troops sang "America the Beautiful" accompanied by Mrs. Faye Perry, organist.

The offering was taken by Lynn Wolfe and Donna Hoover. Troop committee: Mrs. Eleanor Richards, Mrs. Hildegard Wolfe, Mrs. Lois Perry, Leader Mrs. Joan Wasserrott.

*Guest editorials*

A COLUMN REPRINTING EDITORIALS FROM OTHER WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS IN THE WORLD.

(The Manteca (Calif.) Bulletin)

From time to time in this column we have commented on the tendency for people in government not keep the people fully informed about the operations of the public's own agencies. A prime example, of course, has been the tendency of the board of trustees of the Manteca Unified School District to run our school affairs along the lines of a board of directors of a private country club.

But what is probably the most shocking and flagrant abuse of the public's right to know what is going on in its own affairs was this week's action by the city council in suppressing a report on the use of drug and narcotics use in Manteca.

Briefly, the chief of police had sought an additional man to his staff in order to free another man for full-time work in the narcotics field. In support of his request, he submitted a "confidential report" to the city council.

The city council approved his request but is keeping the report locked in the archives of city hall. In saying why the report should be kept confidential, Mayor Cliff Parr said it was being done so as to "not unduly shock the citizens of Manteca."

In short, it's none of your damned business to find that your kids might be subjected to a massive drug problem.

Or maybe it isn't massive. And that's one of the problems in a case of this type—the mere fact that the report is suppressed will lead to many rumors and the rumors might be even worse than the truth.

Anyway, if the report is that "shocking" one would have to conclude that there has either been a marked increase in drug and narcotic use in Manteca or else the police have just discovered it in the past few months. According to the police reports, there was only one narcotic violation in all of 1967. In the first nine months of 1968 (the fourth quarter report of the police department hasn't been made yet) there were only 10 drug and narcotic cases listed. While this might be considered substantial, an average of one case a month doesn't indicate that every kid in town is on a marijuana binge.

We find it interesting that people in local government have somehow placed themselves on a pedestal far above the rest of us poor mortals.

The report, apparently is too shocking for public consumption. We are being asked to believe that the Messrs. Parr, Fuller, Stoker, Behrens and Bressiani, along with the chief of police and other city staffers, have all somehow reached a pinnacle of wisdom, combined with an intestinal fortitude that the rest of us don't enjoy, and thus we can't be trusted to know what's going on in our community lest we come unglued.

Obviously, there are factors in drug cases which shouldn't be divulged. Any information which would hamper effective police investigation is entitled to be withheld until the case is over. But here, apparently, we are dealing with

statistics. So what has happened in the final quarter of the year? Has the previous 10 cases jumped to 50? Or 100? Or 500? One can only speculate.

And speculation can only lead to wild rumors. In the first place, it is inevitable that some city councilman or city staffer, after a few highballs at a cocktail party, will leak some of the figures.

There simply is no such thing as a completely confidential report when a sizeable number of people have had access to it. But information that is "leaked" is often twisted through numerous retellings and is less reliable than an official public record of the affair.

We can appreciate the city council's and the city officials' reluctance to face the unpleasant publicity. This has happened in many cities.

The city council of the city of Manteca is not the American counterpart of the Politburo. Nor is the Manteca Police Department an arm of the Central Intelligence Agency. Both are public agencies and should transact their business, as much as possible, in public.

We hope that the citizens of Manteca will remind them of this at the first opportunity.

**Nicholson Sales**

<b>EGGS</b>	
Large white	45-53
Brown	43-50
Medium	39-44
<b>POULTRY</b>	
Roosters	15-17
<b>MISCELLANEOUS</b>	
Lambs	13.50-17.75
Sheep	8.50-10.75
Butcher hogs	23.50-23.75
Heavy	14.50-16.00
<b>CALVES</b>	
70-80	24.50-26.00
80-90	26.25-27.50
90-100	27.75-28.00
100-110	28.75-31.25
110-125	32.00-34.00
125-175	34.25-42.50
200-250	43.00
<b>COWS</b>	
800-1000	17.75-18.75
1000-1500	19.00-22.00
Heifers	17.50-26.75
Bulls	23.00-26.25
Steer	20.75-22.75
<b>NUMBER OF ANIMALS SOLD</b>	
Eggs	45 cases
Roosters	18
Lambs	3
Sheep	3
Little Pigs	3
Hogs	4
Calves	353
Cows	118
Heifers	14
Bulls	7
Steer	2

**make a hat**

If you're interested in hat-making, send \$2.65 to Hat-making, Agricultural Education Building, Room 202, University Park, Pennsylvania 16802. Make your check or money order payable to The Pennsylvania State University. Your copy of the course will be sent promptly.

*off the cuff stuff*

By BRUCE HOPKINS

I was in a hurry. Things like this always happen when you're in a hurry. Fate must like people to take things slowly or something. Anyway, it was early in the morning, and I gathered all of my stuff together, and walked up to my car. When I approached the ominous yellow wonder bird (my car), I noticed that the grill seemed to have a nasty smile on it's face. I sat in the driver's seat, turned the key and pulled out the choke, just like I do every morning of my life, and I listened to the car trying to start. It sounded like it had just been struck by a bad case of pneumonia.

"Look, Albert," I spoke calmly and gently using the car's first name, "be nice, huh? Don't give me any trouble today—I don't have any Ex-cedrin." Albert kept on whirring.

Twice before, when I had been home, Albert had done this to me. And both times I had called the AAA, and they had come and ended up pushing me. This was the first time it had ever happened while I was at the trailer (my dwelling away from home).

"Okay, car," (it hates to be called "car"), "you've got me mad now. You've done it. You are just lucky I don't have a violent streak in me or I'd run you through the automatic car wash again." I got out and slammed the door. I was tempted to stick out my tongue, but the car is really pretty sensitive.

I didn't want to call the AAA. I mean, you know it's embarrassing. It's kind of like calling a baby sitter when you know you're kid is a real stubborn brat. So I did the only other thing I could do—I woke Tom, one of my roommates, who was still in bed.

I woke him as gently as possible.

"Whantimesitanow," he muttered.

"Oh about 8:30." I told him.

"Wellhymyouwakin me e noow?"

"Well, I'm sorry I had to wake you now, but I was wondering if you could give me a push to get me started." I told him.

Moaning and yawning, Tom got out of bed and began pushing me. "No, no, Tom, I mean I want you to push my car."

Tom told me he didn't think he had enough energy, and I explained to him that I meant for him to push me with his car. He began to understand, got dressed, and we walked out to the cars. We stood there and plotted the whole thing, planning to push the

car by hand over to the edge of the highway where Tom would pull up behind me and push me out and down the road. Simple. He instructed me to get in the car, and show him how it wouldn't start. I turned the key, pulled out the choke and the car started immediately.

I looked at Tom. Tom looked at me. There was this strange glint in his eyes. "Heh, heh," I chuckled nervously. "I'm sorry about that Tom."

"Hopkins," Tom said dryly, "go put yourself on a lost and found table." I told Tom I was really sorry. He said it was okay, because undoubtedly the Lord was punishing him for something drastic he must have done. He walked away muttering.

Unfortunately I was in a hurry the next morning too. In this closet-on-wheels that the three of us are inhabiting, I keep my insulin syringes on a shelf above my other roommate's (Dale's) bed. Every morning I pass by Baby Whale's trundle on my way to the sand-box (that's what we call the toilet), and I reach up on the shelf and grab an insulin syringe. Well, since everyone was still in bed on this particular morning, I was doing my best to remain quiet. As I passed by Dale's bed, I reached up, grabbed a syringe, knocked over the box, and 49 syringes fell down on top of Dale's face. This woke him up. He lay there staring up at me and frowning.

"Heh, heh, morning Whale," I said as I quickly gathered up the syringes. "See, you looked like you were having a terrible nightmare, and I thought I ought to wake you to save you from whatever horrors you were under-going."

"Hopkins," Dale said, "go to your room." He rolled over, screamed, reached under his stomach, and handed me an insulin syringe that I had missed.

"You know what, Hopkins," Dale muttered. "Life is a black tuxedo, and you're a pair of brown shoes." (Dale always was the philosopher of the group.)

Hey, listen, I hope you don't get the idea from this that my roommates don't love me. They do. Really they do. Why just the other day Tom said to me, "Bruce we're glad you're living here with us."

"Thanks Tom, I'm glad you're glad."

"To show our appreciation, Bruce, we're going to let you do the dishes tonight."

SEE YA!