

THE DALLAS POST

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for the good of all

As has been observed, it is impossible to please all the people all the time, and so it is with the planned sewer system for the Back Mountain. Many residents, most on fixed income, are either flatly against it or have reservations. Their complaints center chiefly around the cost to them as homeowners, for installation and rental. There is no denying that in numerous cases these costs will work a hardship. On the other hand, no system means no progress for the Back Mountain communities. Some will say "Who needs it?" The answer is that the millions of human beings to come need it. If each individual land owner continues to put in his version of a sewage disposal system, the good earth will soon become one huge sewer. Years ago life was much simpler insofar as governmental intervention was concerned. In the good old days, streams ran clear and clean and each man could afford enough land to take care of his needs. But not anymore. Our streams are horribly filthy, and we must be reminded that water is life. The Back Mountain air is fresh and clean and pure, but at one time so was Los Angeles, New York, and Chicago. Super highways are clearing wide swaths of greenery from the land, but with all the millions of people now on the face of this earth, it is impossible to walk to work or to do business by trading with a neighbor as was done 50 years ago. It is a basic law of life that in order for man to survive he must continue to progress. Unfortunately, progress quite often does mean a loss of individual freedom to some, but its many imperfections must not be allowed to overshadow the promoting of the general welfare for all.

clean-up, fix-up

The Back Mountain area has been blessed with landscape which in terms of sheer beauty rivals that of any other part of the United States. Dallas and the surrounding rural communities snuggle against a panorama of matchless splendor; chameleon-like forests change color with the seasons, lush meadows slope gently into hills, and glittering streams ripple through fields. Visitors to this community often remark on the magnificent scenery, seeing through new eyes what we sometimes take for granted. Visitors also see, however, the more brutal marks of our improper care-taking of the land entrusted to us. The gouges of strip mining are always apparent, of course, but less dramatic examples of the mistreatment of our land abound. Empty bottles and cans strewn about the roadsides are evidence of this neglect, as are the massive auto junk yards which disgrace our hillsides. Abandoned shacks, weed-choked lots and discarded appliances add little to the appearance of our community. The first Back Mountain Clean-up Panit-up Fix-up Campaign will be launched May 1, and we all have an obligation to help. Look around; what do you see that you can do?

poetry corner

He walks through his world
 With slow, trembling steps
 Rounding each corner with arms reaching wide
 This boy of great courage, with unseeing eyes

We meet in a classroom
 Piled high with braille books,
 He asks many questions of how the world looks
 His hunger for knowledge is grasping but wise,
 This boy of great courage, with unseeing eyes

He's not to be pitied, admired's the word
 He talks of the rainbows, the song of the bird
 I tell him of moonbeams and sun-burnished skies
 This boy of great courage, with unseeing eyes

I leave him and walk out into the air
 And marvel at grass with dew much too clear
 At pure lacy snow-flakes
 At hazy gray mist

I see things around me
 With my God-given gift
 Of sight and awareness I hope will not die
 My vision devours, my heart fairly cries

Would I have such courage, with unseeing eyes?

ELINOR ROSEN
 Clarks Green

SERENITY

If I can find a loveliness in sunset's afterglow
 Or hear a low, sweet sympathy whenever
 treetops blow
 And if, for me, there's splendor in each season's
 changing scene—
 Have I not wealth of mind and heart, as well
 as soul serene?

CHARLOTTE ELLA NEULS

the passing by of Brotherhood Week

By ZAY SMITH JR.

only yesterday

FORTY YEARS AGO

Work was progressing at such a rapid rate on the Trucksville-Luzerne highway that officials of the Kersteen Construction Company expressed belief that one side of the road would be completed by June 1.

A five-room cottage at Harveys Lake owned by Clifford Edwards of Courtdale was completely destroyed by fire during an early morning blaze.

The rural baseball league opened its season with strengthened teams. Beaumont and Dallas were scheduled to play the season's opening game.

Two local men, Joe Miller and Ray Harris, were involved in an auto accident at the Junction of Fernbrook, Dallas and Upper Trucksville Road. Miller received severe cuts and Harris was badly shaken.

Greta Garbo was starring in "A Woman of Affairs" at the Marinos Theater in Luzerne.

An editorial in the Post chided members of the Dallas School Board for spending time bickering among themselves when "it is time for the little boys to take off the boxing gloves and get down to business."

Married: Alvirida Harrison, Shavertown, to Walter Cooke, Wilkes-Barre.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

The Post applauded a Supreme Court decision which provided that officers and employees of the national and state governments should be taxed, and added that the decision had removed all legal obstacles in the way of a long awaited tax reform.

Asa Parker Shaver, last of the pioneer Shavers who figured so prominently in the growth of Shavertown, died at the age of 78.

Herbert A. Lundy, tax collector for Dallas Township, issued a warning that he would file liens against delinquent property taxpayers who had not paid by May 1.

Joseph H. MacVeigh of Center Hill Road was nominated president of the Wilkes-Barre Rotary Club at a luncheon, and later that same afternoon was made a director of the Wilkes-Barre Chamber of Commerce.

A large storeroom on Main Street in Dallas occupied by the B & B Hardware Company was leased by the American Stores. A new Acme market was scheduled to open there in May.

A three mile concrete link as far as Lutes' Corners was planned on Route 92 between Dallas and Tunkhannock.

Prospects for finishing the new Lehman High School building ahead of time became brighter as warmer temperatures permitted increased building activities.

Married: Mildred Isaacs, Shavertown, to Philip Cheney, Dallas.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Lord of Sweet Valley celebrated their 66th wedding anniversary.

A brilliant sun lit up an azure sky on Easter morning as area Churches were filled to overflowing with worshippers attending the Resurrection services.

Members of the Library Club voted to purchase a book each year in honor of the most outstanding citizen of the Back Mountain community.

The citizen would be selected by a special committee representing service clubs and churches throughout the area.

David Kunkle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Warden Kunkle, was elevated to Eagle Scout at services in the Dallas Methodist Church.

Shavertown purchased a new fire engine from the Woodbridge (Conn.) Fire Association at a cost of \$2,500. The new truck boasted a 1166 gallon booster tank and carried 200 gallons midship mounted.

Lehman's fifth annual Horse Show was scheduled for July 4 on the Lehman School grounds.

A parade was among the innovations planned for the oldest continuous horse show in Luzerne.

The Dallas Kiwanis Woman's Club held a reading, tea and bake sale at the Shavertown Methodist Church. Proceeds from the affair were to be used for work with underprivileged children.

Married: Jean Monk, Dallas, to Tex Wilson, Demunds Road.

Died: John Conney Jr., 3, Sweet Valley Mrs. Eleanor Jones Shannon, Dallas.

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Brotherhood week passed almost unnoticed this year. I have some friends who think that should be pointed out in big block letters or perhaps neon. Maybe it should be, but I'm starting to have my doubts.

Today it is fashionable to claim total empathy with everything, to starve along with the Biafrans, to feel the wounds our soldiers feel, to be oppressed along with the Czechoslovaks. The idea is that a person is somehow better if he can achieve a sort of constant, vicarious agony.

Let us all admit how rotten we are. Let us write. It is almost as if we could morally cleanse ourselves by showing that we can suffer along with those who have no choice in the matter.

A perverse state of nirvana can be reached in this way if the person making the try has a strong enough martyr complex.

off the cuff stuff

By BRUCE HOPKINS

The Hopkins' Forum
 A Final Word
 The argument, of course, could go on forever and never be completely resolved. There will never be total agreement, I'm sure. But there are a few things I feel I'd like to say in response to the letter which appeared in last week's Post concerning my recent outburst of anger. First of all, I am responding to the letter mainly because it is worthy of response. I was happy to see a rebuttal written in such an intelligent, open-minded manner. The letter was an excellent one. Although I don't know the gentleman who wrote it (at least I don't think I do), I would very much like to meet him, because from what I know of him through his letter, he is one of the people of the older generation for whom I have a great deal of respect (and you may be surprised to know he isn't one of few, but one of many). It was to people like Mr. Schilling that my editorial comment of two weeks ago was NOT addressed. However, I am also responding because I want to clarify a few things that Mr. Schilling seemed to have misunderstood about my article.

First of all, Mr. Schilling asked why I was angry. He seemed to feel that I didn't have need to be. In his letter, he said that all references to him, would mean his generation. Unfortunately, this doesn't work. He cannot speak for his generation; only for himself and a part of his generation. Mr. Schilling agreed that the Bible-reading matter was trivial, and that the students of today need a more varied philosophical education if they are to grow into mature individuals. My anger was pointed at certain members of his generation who obviously don't agree with him. My anger was aimed at certain individuals, such as our friend the school director, who are hindering intellectual growth on the part of the students. Persons who would rather worry about their own image (this is, you know, an election year, and so let's inform the people of what a nice, moral, religious individual we are) than with what is needed and not needed in the schools. These are the people who think their ideals should be impressed upon everyone else. And I'm still angry at them.

Just as Mr. Schilling cannot speak for his generation, I cannot speak wholly for mine. I can only relate my opinion on the matter, and since I am a part of this generation, I think I have a better rapport than some who have been putting it down.

True, Mr. Schilling, we are the "pampered products" of your generation. Your term is an excellent one. True, we are more affluent than any previous generation. And our problems, then, may be similar to those of previous generations, but they are not the same. There are to many easy means of escape for this generation. It's not very hard anymore to become a social outcast (to some people anyone wearing bell bottoms is a social outcast). It's too easy to knock the Establishment, and get away with it. And some of the knocking is senseless and harmful. But some of it isn't. My point is that there are some members of the Establishment who make matters worse because they categorize, and say that this generation is going to you know where. They don't

listen to anybody whose hair is longer than theirs because he obviously is immature and not worth listening to. Immature, he may be (though not always), but he is often worth listening to.

You felt my reference to HAIR was irrelevant. I mentioned it, not only for shock value, but also because it is a play by and about the pampered products of your generation. It has a lot to say—some of it, granted, may be a bit extreme, but most of it has a very important, very urgent point. The extreme method used we will call poetic license. It has a lot to say about what's wrong with your generation. Unfortunately, it doesn't mention the things that are good about your generation, but you can only do so much in two hours. It has a lot to say about this generation too. Some of it is hidden under a facade of long hair, but we all wear facades. We all put up a front.

And as far as CHE being the logical sequel to HAIR, I have my doubts here. CHE received it's just rewards. It was basically a very dirty play, and I don't think it had all that much message. HAIR is basically not a filthy play. The nude scene was particularly not very sexy (this isn't just my opinion, many of the critics said this also). If you go to see HAIR for a cheap (cheap?) thrill, you will be disappointed. Better you should buy a copy of this month's Playboy magazine (if I may use a product of your generation as an example.)

You don't really know me, Mr. Schilling, but I assure you that I'm not a flower-smelling, pot-smoking hippie. I never will be. I can think of better ways to expand my mind and celebrate sensation than by smoking pot (and cheaper.) Some of these flower children are immature. But let's not categorize again. They aren't all immature. But I sympathize with a lot that these kids have to say. They aren't all bad. Freaky friends are sometimes the best friends.

You feel that my behavior (and by that I hope you meant the behavior of my generation) influences today's teenagers. True, it does. But I have more faith in today's teenagers than you do. The ones who are intelligent will be able to see what is good and what is bad about the example they are following. Those that aren't intelligent will follow somebody else's bad example if they don't follow mine. They will be the extremes. If you want to keep them locked up for the rest of their lives, you may prevent them from copying a bad example. And, speaking of extremes, what is a good example? A religious fanatic can be as dangerous as an atheist.

But perhaps there is another

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The Empty Pew

By W. JENE MILLER

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR ASTRONAUTS:
 Word continues to come our way that you received some complaints about reading Scripture on your magnificent Moon-flight.

I, for one, am very grateful to you. Your selection of verses was excellent, and in perfect keeping with the Spirit which sent the first message across space: "What had God wrought"—another passage of Scripture.

The Creator does not need the approbation of men, but he can and does use it for the transformation of human society into a redemptive process. He is not limited by the acknowledgment of humanity, but he can and does use it to bring men before that Eternal Judgment which compels them to compassion, respect and reconciliation. He is not enhanced by the humility of mortals, but he can and does use that humility before Truth to bring forth responsible and creative use of history, freedom and nature which blesses mankind.

You who travel the vastness of space have used well the laws of life which man obeys (but does not establish). Your obedience to finitude has been a great service to our nation's Spirit, as well as its physical properties.

Your confidence does not need our approval, but it deserves the admiration of all of us whom you have served by being true. You did not create the freedom, power, and opportunity for that courageous trip, but you used them well as a tribute to the nation which expressed them, the hope which impelled them, and the faith which sustains them.

Other men, dedicated to other understandings of the value of human life, can use the laws of nature to invade outer space, but you have testified to the nobility of your purpose by calling to remembrance that we are a nation "Under God."

Faith always demands courage, whether for a trip to the Moon, or for a life in the Spirit of the Living God.

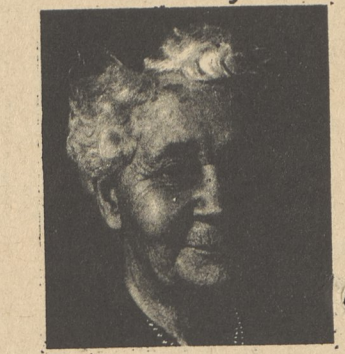
And I can assure you that Atheists do not get nearly so angry at hearing Scripture as some church members get at having to face up to its demands.

May the God who created all life bless yours. Amen.

MRS. HAROLD SAFFIAN Goss Manor Dallas

From Pillar To Post

By HIX



Well, at least they didn't get me out of bed at 6 a.m. this time to impart the glad tidings. They waited until a seemly hour, or maybe it was the stork that waited until a seemly hour. It wasn't exactly a surprise visit, as the fact that the stork was hovering had been obvious for some little time.

Another son of mine, a former editor of the Dallas Post, had called several years ago with similar news. "Thought you'd like to know you were a grandmother," a jaunty voice from the other end of the line announced.

I was standing there on the flagstone floor in the kitchen, having practically fallen down the back stairs to answer the ring, guiltless of bathrobe and slippers. Nobody, but nobody, rings me up before seven or after midnight unless in case of dire emergency.

It was chilly. The chill was reflected in my voice, which issued in a hoarse croak from a throat which had been tensed to reply to news of battle, murder, or sudden death.

"Let's stop playing games," the voice said in barely repressed fury, "I've been a grandmother 20 times, I'm still a grandmother 20 times, and it's no news to me. Are you drunk?"

"Hold up, Nonnie," came the reassurance from Lake Packanack, "you've lost count as of this morning. The score now stands at 21."

"Cut it out, you're dreaming. Had a tough night?"

"No kidding, you've got another grandchild. His name is Danny."

"Would you mind filling me in? Where has Mary been concealing it all these months?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. We didn't want to worry anybody..."

"It'll worry you plenty when I get pneumonia. This stone floor is cold, and you can now ring off so I can go back to bed and thaw out."

That was the ceremonious announcement of the twenty-first grandchild, goodness knows how many years ago. Eight, nine, ten? Who can keep track of time?

I closed the files on the grandchildren, but it appears that the action was premature, not to say downright hasty. Since that time, I've acquired, strictly by remote control, seven more grandchildren, three from ones and two from twos, four from another.

And now here comes a bona fide grandchild, in the same age group as the great-grand.

"Thought you'd like to know," said the masculine voice from Washington, "that she's here. About ten minutes ago. Haven't decided on a name yet."

"Nice of you to polish it off during daylight hours. Last time I listened to that song and dance, it was at six a.m. and I practically froze to death while Bebe burred. I've got a nice fire in the Franklin stove, I've got a cup of coffee in my hand, so I can listen to statistics. Give."

It's disconcerting, that's what.

You start passing around pictures of the great-grand, and all of a sudden here's a grand, a month younger than the latest great-grand.

This poses a very pretty problem. This grand, having arrived on the great-grand schedule, does it rank as a great-grand and rate a sterling silver mug, engrave with name and date and wrapped in pink tissue paper, or does it classify among the grown-up grands, the grands in high school, or the lonesome grand still in the elementary school?

Does it get a sterling silver baby spoon with a curled handle to fit a chubby fist, or does it get a mug with which to dribble down its chin?

After having received the last bill for a brace of sterling silver mugs, one in masculine block lettering, the other in a more florid and feminine script, it has dawned upon Hix that this thing is adding up.

The way it's going to work out in future is the first great in any family rates a mug, the second a spoon, the third a pair of rubber pants or a carton of disposable diapers.

After all, I may carry a blind balance in my check book, a safeguard against emergencies, but not all that much of a balance.

As for a mere grand... I'm used to grands. I've tailored small plaid shirts for an army of grands, snow suits ditto, corduroy overalls, coat and helmet and legging sets, all rolling off over the faithful White sewing machine in wholesale lots. (It's a treadle job,

two foot power.)

I've even handstitched christening outfits with matching cream flannel coats and bonnets and slips with hand-whipped hems, all of them in the classic christening tradition, the kind where the godmother tries to find the baby in the outfit and the rector lifts the baby by the knees, under the impression that he's grasping it farther up. ("Watch it, bud," I've advised one such perturbed man of the cloth, "you're getting hold of the wrong end.")

Guest editorials
 A column reprinting editorials from other weekly newspapers in the world. (An editorial from The Catholic Light, the official newspaper of the Scranton Diocese of the Roman Catholic Church, represents that newspaper's point of view on the speech here of Dr. Alan F. Gutmacher and its subsequent publicity.)

On March 14, 1969, a Scranton television station, supposedly dedicated to educational TV, presented a panel discussion interview with Dr. Alton Gutmacher as the principal participant. The program served as a platform for Dr. Gutmacher, the world president of Planned Parenthood to give his extremely controversial and offensive views not only about contraceptive birth control as would be expected, but also about pre-marital sex; and there was no one present to refute him or to say that these were controversial views not held by a great many people. In fact, just the opposite impression was created because Dr. Gutmacher is a very forceful and convincing speaker and he insinuated by his manner and his words that his views were the only ones for intelligent people to hold.

The way the doctor appeared to write off the Catholic Church as innocuous and outmoded was found particularly offensive.

In brief, we feel this man has done a disservice to our community and WVIA-TV helped him. Equal time is not the answer—that would be like the arsonist saying it is all right to have a fireman nearby. We feel the station owes an explanation to the viewing public that the opinions of Dr. Gutmacher are not shared by a large segment of the population and that his oblique attack on the teaching of the Catholic Church was regrettable. It is to be hoped this station will learn from this incident and not repeat what we consider to be an error in judgment on their part.

(The following editorial was delivered on WNEP-TV.)

We find it hard to believe that one segment of this community is still so backward that it not only won't recognize a legitimate organization but none of its members will provide professional service to it, on a fee basis.

We're referring to the obvious boycott that the Lackawanna County Planned Parenthood Organization receives from the Lackawanna County Medical Association.

The organization president, Hamilton Winslow, said they have never been able to get a Lackawanna County doctor to serve in their clinic. Mr. Winslow said while no doctor from Lackawanna County will give them a definite refusal, none will serve. The doctors that do serve the Planned Parenthood Center in Scranton all come from outside of Lackawanna County. The County has the doubtful distinction of being one of two areas in the entire country that has adopted this attitude toward the Planned Parenthood Organization.

The statement made by Dr. Alan F. Gutmacher, president of Planned Parenthood, world population, on a Channel 16 news conference, is very appropriate. He said "...it is so anachronistic, it reminds me of America thirty years ago..."

We must agree.