

# THE DALLAS POST

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## to the moon

□ Barring mishap or delay, the first man to step foot on the moon will do so this month. This man will be an American astronaut and, as is part of the tradition of exploration and discovery, he will implant on the moon's surface his country's flag. It is a custom as old as the ship in which Magellan sailed the seas and, we feel, as old-fashioned. For as proud as we are of our country's accomplishment in achieving this much coveted victory in the space race, we must realize that the world—or the solar system, or even the universe—is no longer our oyster. As members of an electronic age which has made possible the space flights, we must also understand that we have become members of what Marshall McLuhan calls the "global village." Nations can no longer claim impregnable defenses or impenetrable borders; in conquering time and space we can no longer be remote nor can we be out of touch. For better or worse, we are a world without boundaries. How much more significant our moon landing would be if, perceiving the unique opportunity and responsibility which is ours, we would implant on that lunar landscape a symbol of the world community, a United Nations' flag.

## smoke screen?

□ The constant cry from out of Washington to control advertisements of tobacco products raises many questions as to why such a concentrated attack is really being made at all. There is very little doubt left in the mind of tobacco users that tobacco can be harmful to their health, so why so much persistence in getting the message across? The government and certain health societies are spending millions of dollars to discourage the use of tobacco. In getting this message to young people, and non-smokers, a service is being done. But to spend so much time and money to reach those who do use—and who certainly know the dangers of tobacco, seems such a useless effort. A cigarette smoker, for example, who donates money to the American Cancer Society, does so in hopes that the money will be used in research and not used in expensive and fancy advertising—a program that has created a lot of business for a lot of people, and all at the public's expense. Besides, does the public really want its officials to guard them from themselves? If so, isn't it about time that the government and all these various firms that are so concerned with our welfare look at other industries? We suspect that alcohol has killed more people, wrecked more lives and homes, than tobacco. We feel that this ever increasing need of outside influences to protect us from ourselves could easily grow to the point where John Doe, day in and day out, will be bombarded with messages from Big Brother. Big Brother, meanwhile, will continue to grow fatter and richer.

## citizen's panels

□ Citizens' panels to advise local communities and school districts in the preparation of programs are now an accepted method in many areas throughout the nation. By selecting dedicated men and women from within the community, a township, borough, or school district can accomplish much in creating and carrying through with practically any program desirable for the betterment of the community. Last year the Lackawanna Trail School District for example, which includes parts of Wyoming and Lackawanna Counties, completed a state mandated 10-year, long-range development program for the school district entirely by utilizing the skills of its area citizens. Many school districts paid anywhere from five to ten thousand dollars to private consultants to do this study. Some school districts set up citizens' panels to study recreation programs, make surveys, develop curriculums and other projects. Townships and boroughs could easily do the same. Not only does this give administrators more time to administer but it also gives citizens an opportunity to participate directly in creating a better community—without adding to the tax burden of themselves. Best of all is the fact that the people have a direct bearing on the direction they wish their community to take.

# only yesterday

## FORTY YEARS AGO

The Wild Cat roller coaster at Fernbrook claimed a victim, when a 40-year old man from Larksville stood up in the car at the crest of the incline. Emery Smith was dragged to the bottom, dead on arrival at General Hospital.

Hairbreadth rescue, movie style, saved the life of a 2-year old child on the Trucksville trestle. The gasoline powered work car bore down upon her as she sat between the tracks. She was scooped up by a railway employee who was riding on the car. Brakes screamed, the car stopped at the end of the trestle. Names? None given. H. L. Fortner, newly arrived to take charge of Inland Water Company, said the water supply was low. Consumers said Amen.

## THE DALLAS POST, JULY 10, 1969

Melvin Mosier, secretary of the Dallas Township school district, was informed from headquarters that a vacation school for that district was in the wind. Dry weather was injuring crops.

Cal McHose nearly lost his new Auburn car on Main Street, when a couple of girls coasted it downhill, but found they could not unlock the transmission. They left it on the trolley track.

F. P. Oberst, 48, died of a bullet wound at his home in Shavertown where he was cleaning his rifle.

## THIRTY YEARS AGO

Prolonged dry weather brought rattlesnakes down toward Bowmans Creek. Lee Tracy was on his way to the South Pacific in his yacht. His mother lived in Shavertown.

Water service was improving in Dallas, customers were not pushing the edict of the PUC.

C. W. Space was testifying at the inquiry into milk prices. Higher price for milk was the goal. Low prices in neighboring states meant unfair competition for local herdsmen. Judge W. A. Valentine con-

sented to run again for judge.

Two Hunlock Creek men went to court, one of them having wielded a two-bit axe against the other in a scrap over a boundary line. Sounds like old time Kentucky at its feudingest.

Beekeepers in the area were battling foul-brood.

A French dahlia grower named a new variety for Dolly Sawyer of Dallas.

You could get 10 tall cans of evaporated milk for 59 cents, and bread was a bargain at two loaves for 15 cents, and little neck clams were 100 for 55 cents.

## TWENTY YEARS AGO

It was the Library Auction issue. The auction has grown from a one day in the rain affair to two full days. (And often a mop-up session Monday night.) Mary Weir was arranging for good weather, to be delivered along with the load of home-grown manure. A new feature was a booth for plants and produce.

Louis Banta and Francis McCarty proposed to lock horns in the September primaries for the office of Kingston Township constable.

Pfc. Donald Malkemes, killed in World War II, was buried here.

Noxen was ahead in the League, Harding second, Shavertown trailing.

Final plans for erection of Prince of Peace edifice were laid, the ground to be broken in August.

Clarence J. Covert of Loyallville died. Mrs. Fred Whitesell and Miss Bess Klinebong sang "The Old Rugged Cross," and "Shall We Meet Beyond The River."

## TEN YEARS AGO

Two year old Barbara Lawry modeled a doll bassinet made by Robert M. Scott, appearing on the front page as part of the publicity for the 13th Library Auction.

Bill Robbins had made up a mess of trout flies, using hair from the heads of Hollywood stars. Autographs of the actresses went with the flies, the whole business to be sold at the Library Auction at whatever price the traffic would bear.

Tent caterpillars were on the way out, according to Maurice Goddard, authority on wildlife in the Commonwealth. They

were infected with a virus which was lethal to them. Report did not state whether they were infected by accident or design.

Mrs. Lemuel Troster headed Women of Rotary.

Rotary men were pouring concrete foundations for erection of auction tents. Men were

hurrying the job of finishing the stitching at Dallas Junior High School, where sewing machines whirred, and Rotarians did not lift their eyes from their work.

Died: John Kava, 49, Jackson Township. Michael Tomko, 62, Noxen. Charles W. Hoppes, 79, Lake native. Harry A. McAdam, 49, Huntsville Road.

# From Pillar To Post

By HIX



If you have been with the Library Auction from the first, you probably have something which you bought at that time, some sort of a souvenir of a historic occasion.

All of us took our own treasures to be sold over the block, and bought our neighbors' treasures. It was the most folksy sale you can imagine, with people opening umbrellas when the gentle drizzle turned into a sharper shower. Rain dripped off the umbrellas and down the neck of the spectator sitting alongside, but nobody dreamed of going home.

A small white ironstone pitcher from the first Auction holds a quart of milk in my refrigerator. It has been holding a quart of milk ever since that first Auction, nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The auctioneer held it up, and the pitcher was mine. For a thin dime. Goodness knows what it would bring nowadays, with the growing interest in ironstone.

A woman standing next me was shocked, "I'd have given a whole quarter for that pitcher," she expostulated, "will you sell it to me for a quarter?"

"Of course I won't sell it. I want it. It is just what I need for a quart of milk. You have to speak up at an auction, or wave your hand, or do something to attract attention."

In five minutes, she was not only waving her hands and shouting, she was leaping up and down, for there was another pitcher, companion piece to the one I was holding, and by grim force of will I kept myself from bidding against her. She got her wish. It cost her just exactly a quarter, and if she reads this she will know that she got a bargain. I saw a pitcher like it listed for \$10 in an antique store recently.

Mine, I may remark, is not for sale. It is the one thing from the first Auction that I have managed to keep. The baby crib came back to a later Auction after it had outlived its usefulness at the Pump House. Grandchildren have a way of sprouting long legs and outgrowing cribs.

I've only one crib left, out of the number that I used to have, and it is probably going to be given away if I can ever bear to part with it. It has on its pillow the impress of many small heads.

The rule of a crib or a cradle in every room has been relaxed of recent years, and the high-chair population has diminished almost to the vanishing point.

A Library Auction some years ago fell heir to a tiger maple cradle with a hood, the kind you find in pictures of pioneer days, low to the floor, with sturdy rockers. A beautiful young woman with the thickest braid of hair I have ever seen, bid it in.

A mahogany cradle, equally low to the floor but with a more sophisticated type of rocker, was elevated to the auction block the following year. It was very old mahogany, the wood rich and dark. It, too, had served as a bed for the newborn, its stout sides shielding the babies from drafts. It had a patchwork quilt, now transferred to the one remaining cradle. Every tiny stitch had been lovingly made by hand, by a grandmother now long dead.

It is ridiculous to wonder what has happened to the cradles, but when a treasure passes into other hands, the mind follows it.

There was a highchair offered at one of the early Auctions, a beautiful chair, newly caned. This, I can vouch for, as I caned it myself, expecting to bid it in when it was sold. I was just half a second too late with my bid, and Harry Ohlman knocked it down to another buyer for a perfectly unbelievable sum, something like four dollars. There was four dollar's worth of caning in it, to say nothing of the lovely frame.

So there, again, somebody got a fantastic bargain.

And it all goes to prove that if you don't screech like mad when something you want is offered over the block, somebody is going to beat you to it.

A small parlor organ got

# needed: a new policy Part 2

By GENE and MARIAM GOFFIN

(Continued from last week)

With war a threat and conflict a certainty between China and Russia, the United States must weigh the relative strength of each nation in setting her own foreign policy.

Last week we discussed the ideological strength of each power—here, China appears to have the strongest position in the world. She supports revolutionary change from poverty in

the nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America with most commitment.

One must also consider balance of power politics—the relative military and civil value of the Soviets and Chinese.

Russia has far fewer people, but her people are far better soldiers and better industrial producers. Soviet technology is also far advanced. Russian centers of power are farther from China than China's centers are from Russia.

Russia has disadvantages too. Because she is technologically more advanced, she is more susceptible to disruption through bombing. A complex nation can fall apart more easily because everything is so interrelated.

Bombing an agricultural nation like China—or, for that matter, North Vietnam—accomplishes little. However, one can assume Russia would control

the air because of the superiority of her air force.

Russia would strive to avoid nuclear confrontation because she fears her own complete destruction. Thus, her great superiority here would be neutralized.

China has advantage of revolutionary fervor and almost unlimited supplies of manpower for her army.

It is difficult to estimate who would win in this war, but we would bet on superior technology. Even if no war were to occur, the guesses as to who would win must be weighed in foreign policy formation.

When the United States is added to the equation, it appears China is by far the lesser threat to this nation. China is without a navy worth consideration, without sophisticated nuclear weapons systems, without industrial depth. United States

and Russian power seem greater than China's power for similar reasons.

Yet we face a greater danger than Russia does—getting bogged down in a land war in China—here China may well be undefeatable. We would be handicapped with longer supply lines and less manpower than Russia.

Thus, although Russia could probably beat China because China would have the same difficulty occupying Russian territory that Russia would have holding Chinese territory, neither the United States nor China could beat each other.

But, China does not have to attain anything more than a standoff versus the United States to enhance her prestige and lessen ours. We must, therefore, avoid war with China.

For the United States to defeat China in a long, drawn-out land war would mean turning this country into a garrison state comparable to ancient Sparta or the worst of Hitlerian Germany. If we opted for nuclear war, Russia might be drawn in meaning the end of the world.

In terms of balance of power theory, it is to our advantage that Chinese strength is maintained—even increased.

Balance of power works like a see-saw. If of two people balanced on a see-saw, one suddenly gains five pounds, the balance is upset. In nations that might mean a bigger army or an ABM system. When the balance collapses, war may well result.

In this kind of balance, the bi-polar balance, equilibrium is difficult; the balance is inherently unstable. It is the system we have suffered under for a quarter century of cold war and constant threat of instant annihilation.

The multiple balance of power is much safer. If a number of people sit on a multiple-sided see-saw, a weight gain by one is much less unlikely to upset the others.

In international politics the

continued on PAGE 10

## SEEDS OF SLUMS



# off the cuff stuff

By BRUCE HOPKINS

Young At Heart  
 From the first day, the experience has been a frightening, yet a fascinating one. The world of kids is a most interesting world. And when you are teaching them to use their imaginations, the world becomes that much more exciting.

At the present time I am teaching a course in Creative Dramatics to a group of kids ranging in age from first grade to sixth grade. And there is a world of difference between the two extremes. Basically a kid at heart, I'm finding the teaching experience quite rewarding and I think that I'm learning as much or more than they are.

One of the main objectives of creative dratics is to stimulate the imaginations of the students. The youngest ones, for the most part, have great imaginations. The older ones have unfortunately left the world of make-believe, and it seems to be a more difficult task to bring imagination back to them.

In order to stimulate their minds I often ask them questions dealing with their senses. Questions relating to sights,

sounds, taste, smells and touches. I ask them to describe the biggest or mallest or most beautiful thing they've seen. Or the odor that most reminds them of summer. Or the roughest thing they've ever felt, and so forth. Oneday in the first and second grade group, we were trying to name all of the things we could think of that were yellow.

They bega by mentioning bananas and lemons—obvious things. One little girl was frantically waving her hand, and when I asked her what she could think of that was yellow, she replied very quickly with, "Tea that you don't brush." Another young man remarked that one time Carol Burnett had breathed on a flower and: wilted and turned yellow.

The firstday was spent primarily withintroductions. Each of the stents was asked to stand, givehis name, tell about any pets he had, and tell me the one thing he dreams most about doing when he grows up. One littleboy stood up and informed th group, "My name is Arthur and when I grow up I want to be a policeman so I can lock up ll the bad people."

One of the fourth graders stood up and informed me that when she grew up she planned to be an oceanographer. Most of the kids stared at her in bewilder-

continued on PAGE 10

## The Right To Write

To THE POST:

The people of Kunkle and the Volunteer Fire Company of Kunkle wish to thank you for publicizing our first big auction June 21, 1969 for the purpose of raising funds to pay for a new fire engine.

Again, many thanks for mentioning it in your very fine newspaper.

KUNKLE VOLUNTEER FIRE COMPANY  
 Kunkle, Pa.

# men in Vietnam

- Ronald Bainbridge
- Gary Blaine
- John J. Bobeck
- Larry E. Butler
- Michael P. Casey
- Philip J. Cawley
- Claude C. Conart Jr.
- Robert F. Costigan
- Richard Michael Cummings
- Robert S. Detsick
- Daniel S. Dodd
- Richard Douglas Jr.
- Lee Eck
- John C. Eneboe
- Richard Engleman
- Edward Gensel
- Thomas J. Glenn Jr.
- Joseph J. Harris
- Dorwin C. Hicks
- Frank Hodle
- Ted M. Hopkins
- Colin Keefe
- Robert Kurtinitis
- Richard H. Long
- Richard McCuen
- Kenneth E. Macullach
- Breck L. Miller
- Arthur W. Parks
- Charles Patla
- Thomas H. Peirce
- Michael Repelski
- Michael Repitski
- Robert N. Rogers
- William C. Sarley
- Herbert Saxe
- Loren Schoonover
- Robert Schoonover
- Frederick Shupp
- George Siglin
- Joseph Simon
- William Sponseller Jr.
- Laurence Stearn
- Robert E. Stocker
- Joseph L. Turner
- James M. Wall
- Thomas P. Walter
- Ivor Williams
- Frank Gesky
- Ralph Peiffer