

EDITORIAL *the "old Nixon" once again*

by GENE and MIRIAM GOFFIN

ballot within a ballot

□ Voters in the November election will be confronted by a "ballot within a ballot."

The new Judiciary Article of the Pennsylvania Constitution calls for a separate ballot to handle voting on those judges who have served an elective term and are seeking retention in office.

In those districts where voting is done on machines there is a special line for the retention election. On paper ballots the judicial retention section is set off from the regular political contests.

The most unusual feature of the "ballot within a ballot" is the absence of political opposition. Voters are required simply to indicate on a "yes" or "no" basis whether they want to see the particular judge retained in office.

The "yes-no" retention balloting applies only to those judges who have completed an elective term. Judges currently serving by gubernatorial appointment—as is the case with Justice Thomas W. Pomeroy Jr.—and those seeking a seat on the bench for the first time—as Mr. Louis L. Manderino is doing—are listed among the contestants in the regular portion of the ballot or vote machine. Thus voters are asked to choose between Mr. Pomeroy, a Republican, and Mr. Manderino, a Democrat, for the position of Supreme Court Judge.

One state-wide jurist, Judge Harry M. Montgomery of the Superior Court, has completed a ten-year term on the appellate bench and is seeking retention under provisions of the constitutional provision.

Locally, Common Pleas Judge Bernard Curtis Prominski also is submitting his record, asking for retention on a "yes" or "no" vote.

We feel that each voter would do a great disservice to himself and to his community by ignoring the special retention ballot. We urge all voters to give serious and thoughtful consideration to the "ballot within a ballot."

trick or treat

□ Witches on broomsticks fly through the sky. Ghosts and goblins slip through the streets. Grinning jack o'lanterns light the way. It's Halloween and there is magic in the air.

Much of the magic perpetrated at Halloween time is the doing of Back Mountain youngsters who carry orange and black cartons labeled Trick or Treat for UNICEF. Collecting pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters from generous adults, these costumed magicians are instrumental in turning the coins into real tools to help the millions of needy children in the developing countries.

Each penny that is dropped into their containers will provide vaccine to protect a youngster in South America from tuberculosis, or five cups of milk for a hungry baby in Asia. One penny can provide the vaccine to protect a child against smallpox, and five cents can mean the antibiotics to cure a child from trachoma, a disease which can cause blindness. For a single dollar 16 children can be protected from malaria for one year, or one child can receive four years of leprosy treatment.

Tomorrow evening, proclaimed National UNICEF Day by the President of the United States, Americans across the country will have an opportunity to set this magic into action. Every coin you can spare will make Halloween a magic time for children everywhere, and our ghosts and goblins can become the magicians bringing health and hope to the sick and needy children around the world through UNICEF.

the right to write

To THE POST:

May I comment that in losing Mrs. T.M.B. Hicks, The Dallas Post is losing its one contact with the reality that is this community. Mrs. Hicks has given joy and pathos and good common sense to all of us for more years than any of us care to remember. She has kept this community on an even keel and made life more understandable across all the generations. Her words are young—even though they have been drawn from a

heart and mind that have seen many seasons change. Mrs. Hicks has kept us in perspective—even when you have looked at our community, (as a newcomer), with a jaundiced eye.

Without Mrs. Hicks as a part of your staff—keeping you relevant to this community—I, for one, won't care if I ever read another Dallas Post. I shall let my subscription expire.

ELEANOR K. RODDA
316 Pioneer Ave.
Dallas, Pa.

THE DALLAS POST

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Editor emeritus, Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks; assistant editor, Doris R. Mallin; editor of the editorial page, Shawn Murphy; advertising manager, Annabell Selingo.

Richard Nixon has not been known to accept defeat or criticism with grace. His concession to John Kennedy in 1960 was slow in coming and graceful in form more than content. His loss to Pat Brown in 1962 is easily remembered. Nixon's reaction to the National Moratorium is hardly a surprise, therefore. Last year, much was made of the "New Nixon," a sort of concession that the "Old Nixon" had something wrong with it. Now a new book, "The Selling of the President" by Joe Mc-

Ginnis, tells how Nixon was repackaged by Madison Avenue. Only in half-hour television plays and B movies do people make quick, radical changes in their personality; Nixon's new package does not entirely hide the original contents. Nixon should recall Lyndon Johnson's problems with reputation. Johnson was not known to accept defeat or criticism with grace either; he, as Nixon will, also antagonized many people. Johnson came into office with high reputation as consummate politician—later we found his reputation was true in Congress and Texas, but Johnson knew little about national politics. Nixon proved himself able at politics among Republican party regulars, but has not yet proved himself nationally. A minority president and leader of minority party, Nixon doesn't even read the newspapers. Like Eisenhower, Nixon gets things predigesting from aides who insulate him from the country and the world. Eisenhower at least read a few papers, yet still found himself intellectually isolated from his constituency too often. Nixon, like Johnson, likes to do everything himself. No man can run any organization of reasonable size without help. Obviously Nixon and Johnson don't trust people or they



A jet streaks across a dusky sky above Huntsville Reservoir.

off the cuff stuff

by BRUCE HOPKINS

It was my first flat tire. Yeah, it was a really momentous occasion. My first flat. Oct. 18, 1969, 11:30 p.m., Route 11 between Bloomsburg and Berwick. Fortunately I had someone with me to share in the excitement. I knew I had a flat tire because Michelle said to me, "Bruce, do you have a flat tire?"

It seemed like a logical conclusion because the car was limping as if it had the gout. With great defensive driving skill, I pulled my little Fiat Spider (Antonio, by name) over to the side of the road. I hopped out, looked at the left front tire (knowing that it had been plagued with a slow leak) and as I saw it sitting there in the gravel I remarked, "Yep it sure looks flat to me."

Never let it be said that I am not organized when changing a tire. The very first thing I did was to reach into the glove compartment and pull out the driver's manual on Fiats.

I looked under "t" for tire. Then I opened the trunk and got out all of the equipment. I'd never seen a jack like that in my life. It looked undernourished. But then so does my car. Michelle stood there reading off the directions as I followed them. Except I couldn't figure out where to put the jack. Since it was my front tire that looked flat, I assumed that the jack should be placed under the front of the car on the side nearest the afflicted tire. Except when I raised the jack high enough to reach the bottom of the front of the car, I discovered that the jack didn't raise up any further. Hmmm. Faulty thinking on my part. The idea is to put the jack in this little spot provided for it on the side of the car. Then when you raise the jack, the entire side of the car lifts up into the air so that both of the wheels on that side are off of the ground. Aha!

When I accomplished this step, I walked up to the afflicted tire, called it a nasty name, and kicked it with my foot. It hurt. I kicked it again. It hurt again. I took a very close look at the tire. It wasn't flat. It wasn't flat? It had to be flat. But no matter how hard I kicked it, all of the signs seemed to indicate that the tire was indeed not flat. "What do I do now?" I asked Michelle.

She checked the manual. It didn't say anything about what to do if the flat tire wasn't flat. Gees, what kind of a manual was that? Michelle suggested I check the other tires since one of them might have been causing the trouble. Deep down inside, I knew that this was impossible because it had been that particular tire that had a slow leak in it. I knew the other tires were in perfect condition.

I checked the rear tire on the same side. When I kicked it, my foot sank. I placed my hand on the tire, and my hand sank into the rubber. Something told me that this might indeed be the cause of the limping. At least my efforts in raising that side of the car were not in vain.

Michelle was getting nervous. She had to be back in the dorm in an hour and a half, and since it would take a good five minutes to drive back to the dorm, I was left with only one hour and twenty-five minutes to change the tire. Talk about working against time!

With amazing speed and dexterity, I began the changing process, and in no less than ten minutes, I had managed to remove the hubcap. I then looked into my trusty Fiat Spider tool kit, and tried to figure out which of the gadgets to use in removing those four hexagonal threaded things that held the wheel in place. Immediately I ruled out the screwdriver. I knew that a screwdriver would not do the trick (I had used a screwdriver earlier in my life so I know what they were for).

I finally found the proper instrument, and in no time at all I had removed the tire from that whojigger that it fits on. I placed the spare tire on the whojigger, put the four hexagonal threaded things back on, and lowered the car to its normal driving position. I tightened up the threaded things, replaced the hubcap, and stepped back to examine the work of art I had just accomplished.

"That's that," I said to Michelle wiping my hands together. "You can get back in the car now."

"Don't you think you ought to put the jack, flat tire, and those other things back in the trunk?" she asked. "I don't know," I replied. "Does it say anything about that in the manual?"

would seek more aid, and seek it more openly. People who do not trust people, find trust is not reciprocated. Johnson was elected with an aura of great new accomplishments on the near horizon; no man could deliver what Johnson seemed to promise. The public became embittered at not getting the Great Society; then at being fooled. Nixon's public relations men created the image of an omniscient, omnipotent Nixon. The television show the night before the election showed Nixon sitting on a chair which resembled a throne, bathed in a single spotlight answering carefully checked questions. It resembled an Orwellian concept of a multi-media dictator; certainly, Nixon was given the image Johnson was saddled with in 1964.

Yet, Nixon has moved slowly (many Washington commentators say not at all) and the promises of his image will not come to pass either. Nixon's statements on the moratorium alone will not ruin him, but his actions here are indicative of the one-way street he is travelling. He alienated everyone associated with or sympathetic to the moratorium when he said at his press conference (the first press conference in months) that no matter how many people participated, he didn't care. He showed his contempt for peaceful protest when he wrote a Georgetown University student that no public demonstration would alter his policy on Vietnam. Nixon demonstrated he doesn't know the difference between members of the public disagreeing openly and peacefully with him and revolution. His statements on the moratorium read as those of a South American dictator fearful of a mob.

Democracies have always had a hard time with effective foreign policies—one reason is because some people don't agree with the policies of the government. This fact makes it especially hard for leaders of democracies to make foreign policy and one cannot blame them for occasionally wishing they had no public to oppose them, but the essence of democracy is that every elected and appointed official is subject to criticism by the public. Without that criticism—constructive, one hopes—democracy collapses. Whether or not one supports the moratorium, if one supports the rationale of democracy, one must support the right of the moratorium to exist. Richard Nixon does not support existence of the moratorium, and one must seriously wonder whether, therefore, he understands or even supports democracy.

Is he an ill-tempered man intent on doing what he thinks he can get away with? Does he look good most of the time because a bevy of advertising specialists sell him like toothpaste or soap? Because he shall be president until January, 1973—and no longer, we predict—we must consider his attitudes. Nixon may not appreciate the value of opposition, but he must learn he is not perfect.

They were pretty astonished, those self-assured young things with the world at their feet and a career in the newspaper business opening before them. I had sat down at their table at Nittany Lion Inn at the invitation of the Pennsylvania Newswomen, a complete greenhorn in the newspaper world, but with a secret to buoy me up. The girls sized me up, conferred in whispers, and then gave tongue. "You know," one sweet young thing said to another, "we don't have a single person on our staff over 25 years old."

"We go in for the younger type of newswoman too," announced her neighbor, "but we do have one elderly woman in the office. She must be around 45. Too old to do real newspapering, of course, but she answers the telephone and sometimes we let her take classified ads. She enjoys it, and it makes her feel like one of us."

And at that moment, the high award of the year was read out, and Hix rose to her feet and took a bow, wearing her white hair and her 60 years like a halo. There was a headline in the PNPA mag, "Grandma makes a killing," or words to that effect, with a picture of grandma, caught off guard with her mouth wide open, split in the widest of grins, and enjoying the situation enormously. The sistren nearly fell over. I was inspired to make a speech. The award was a two-weeks scholarship at Columbia University, an interlude which amounted to an entirely unexpected bonus, what with cocktail parties and gala dinners and a chance to observe interesting reactions on the part of women who were making a career of the newspaper biz.

In that gathering, I stuck out like a sore thumb, but it was a lot of fun, and I got to write it up for the PNPA magazine. I was sort of a pet. There were some odd moments. Suitcase in hand, I reported to the desk in the dormitory at the end of the first week to say there wouldn't be anybody in my room for the next couple of days, I was going home to Dallas for the weekend.

I got a frosty response to that one. "Do you have a permission slip to be away over the weekend?" The correct answer would have been "You gotta be kidding!" but I smothered it and said I didn't need a permission slip. I'd be back late Sunday night, should I leave my key?

The receptionist looked dubious, but in the face of that frozen displeasure, I picked up my suitcase and was out the door, no hand cuffs, free as a bird. That is, free as anyone can be in New York in home-bound traffic on my way to the bus station. The suitcase weighed a ton, which is why I

From *Pillar To Post*

by HIX



switched to airplane luggage as soon as I was in the chair. At that point I was lucky to have bus fare. But Howard had done the handsome thing, had kept my salary going for the two weeks, so I was swimming in a sea of clover. It had come about because Howard's eye had lighted on a small item in the PNPA, inviting women who happened to be sitting behind newspaper desks to submit stuff in a contest. "Why don't you send something in?" he inquired. "And I'll even go so far as to pay your membership in the PNPA, it's only \$2.00, and how can we lose?" (That was quite some years ago, 1952 to be exact, before the price spiral began.)

A grandchild got lost on a back road at about that time, and the story was a tear-jerker. Which goes to prove you can't go wrong on stories about children and dogs, they're sure fire. Stacked up on a judge's desk in competition with stories about non-children and non-dogs, they are guaranteed to bring home the bacon. They brought it home, and I must say I have never been more astonished in my life. It was the first quart of rich red blood I ever drew from a contest, and the transfusion was remarkably invigorating. There've been a lot of awards since, but none of them with quite the flavor of the first.

And now I can't even find the certificate. After I'd gathered in a few, they didn't look quite so shiny. I'm sure the thing to do is to have them framed upon receipt, but after all, what do you do with a framed certificate? It got to be, around the office, "Another one, huh?" Sporadically, Howard would say, "Well, you'll never make a newspaperwoman, you know," so I kept on never making a newspaper woman, and kept on winning awards, and one day about ten years ago Howard pinned an acre of small pink rosebuds to my white suit, advised standing behind somebody when the class picture was taken, as a white suit brought out everything that was in it, and uttered a word of warning:

"Now, when you stand up to be counted at that 50th reunion of your class, don't ever admit you're a newspaper woman, it's the lowest form of animal life. Tell your doddering old classmates you're a fancy lady, tell them anything, but NEVER admit you're on a newspaper."

Then he grinned and I grinned. I had been given the accolade after all those years.

only yesterday

much interest in the upcoming election. A \$20,000 bond issue which would permit the construction of an addition to the high school seemed of more interest to voters than any of the candidates.

Died: Mrs. Dorman Wolfe, 52, Meeker.

Postmaster Joseph Polack announced that 65 families living in Maplewood Heights and along Route 309 between Goss Manor and the Memorial Highway intersection would receive rural free delivery service.

The Lehman Scotties copped the Back Mountain football championship by downing the Dallas Township Redskins, 7-0.

Work on the second lane of concrete on the relocation of Route 115 between Harveys Lake Highway and Lehman began.

Died: James A. Franklin, 78, Dallas; Laurence W. Bevan, 60, former Dallas resident; Margaret Czulegar, Dallas.

TEN YEARS AGO

A five year old Noxen child, Allen Singlin, suffered first and second degree burns when a newly kindled wood fire spiked with oil exploded in the room where he was playing.

The Back Mountain had 110 donors eligible to attend the Gallon Plus dinner given at the Kingston American Legion Home.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Pork butts were advertised at 21 cents a pound, with prime rib roasts selling for all of 25 cents a pound in the local A&P.

The police were enjoying a rest after the annual Halloween spate of mischief which included three false alarms and the placing of a "For Rent" sign on police chief Walter Covert's auto.

The possibility of a mild strike among local dairymen loomed as farmers charged the Milk Control Board had gone back on its promise to increase an increase in prices.

The area's traditional Republicanism left voters without

