

EDITORIAL

Wrap And now, here's the sweet boy himself— here's MIRV in.

lunar technology

□ The fact that man has landed on the moon for the second time in four months is enough to stagger the imagination. The money, the time, the work, and the thought put into accomplishing this feat by thousands of people over many years is too much for the human mind to digest, and the significance of what has been done defies immediate analysis.

Putting a man on the moon is beginning to look easy. The whole Apollo 11 and 12 have been given such coverage and have been dwelled upon for so long that we are beginning to become incapable of amazement. Countless television hours and lines of newspaper have been devoted to profound analysis of what we, as contemporaries, cannot yet understand. We can only accept what has been done, and wonder what will happen next. It is very difficult to relate to anything so spectacularly technological as the space program.

Now that we know we are capable of transporting ourselves to the moon, debate within the scientific community has arisen as to whether it would be more profitable to substitute machines for man in the exploration of lunar phenomena. Much can be said for both sides of this issue, but as time passes we will probably see greater use of specialized machinery for probing the moon. This might make the job easier for the scientific community as a whole, but just think how much more difficult it will be to identify with wire and metal than with Armstrong and Conrad.

We can applaud the astronauts as extensions of ourselves, but computers are a whole different story.

they also serve

□ A word must be said against the use of "silent majorities" as a reason or as an influence to support someone's cause. This newspaper has serious reservations about President Nixon's admiration for the silent and apathetic part of the population. He should have rested his case for Vietnam upon the idea that people in America can make informed and independent judgments based on facts and that they can explain themselves afterwards. The usual characteristics of those who remain silent are indifference, insensitivity and ignorance. To see these applauded in high places is astonishing.

The fact that people don't speak up or that they remain uncommitted to one idea or another has nothing to do with which side of a controversy is right and which side is wrong. Mr. Nixon, however, places a high value on avoiding learning about it, as seen recently in his personal identification with the "silent majority." This is to undermine much that is being fought for in the billions of dollars spent in this country on education. Certainly one goal of education is to deliver an informed people who can think for themselves and value the expression with which they communicate their thoughts.

To deny this—by support praising his claimed non-speaking and non-active following—Mr. Nixon becomes a poor example of educational leadership, a man who admires a blind faith in the unexpressed; as it may or may not apply as a promotion of his continuing the distasteful war in Vietnam. Thus they also serve who only stand and wait. It is a far different standing and waiting game, however, from that played by Mr. Nixon's very unsilent partner, Mr. Agnew.

tiptoe through the tube

□ December 18 might well be the biggest day for show business since the night Ed Sullivan said "Let's hear it for the Lord's Prayer." The world of television has been hard pressed for a follow-up to that one, but they have finally come up with an act that should remain unmatched for years to come. We refer, of course, to the wedding of Tiny Tim which will be brought to you in living color that night on the Johnny Carson Show. If you choose to opt for the latter half of Mr. Ripley's famous alternative to this one, tune in. Who knows, it might really happen.

by WILLIAM SCRANTON 3rd

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, don't be shy. What I am about to show you is guaranteed to revolutionize your life with no effort on your part.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. America—step a little closer so those in the back can see—let me reach down into my little bag of tricks and see what we have for you today.

Oh boy, ladies and gentlemen, today is truly your lucky day. I have right here in my hand theeeeeee last word in peace keeping devices. What you are looking at, ladies and gentlemen, is Uncle Sam's latest and greatest elixir for the relief of pain and tension due to extreme worry over today's spiraling arms race. With this little gadget, ladies and gentlemen, all your worries are over.

This little all in one package

will be a cure all for whatever ails you. We call it MIRV, and it comes in easy-to-use missile form. Yessir, folks, MIRV—multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicle, and all you have to do is press a simple button and your headaches are gone.

This little baby that I have right here contains not one, not two, but three, four, and MORE nuclear warheads' all within a single nosecone.

It is what we like to refer to as the shotgun of the international security game. With this little gadget it is now possible to hit five or six of your enemies' cities with one missile ALONE while permanently confusing his defenses.

YESSIREEE, folks, with this new and improved model it will be possible to double the overkill with only a fraction of the expense. No mess, no fuss,

and simple enough for even a child to use.

Of course, folks, I'm not asking you to take my word for all of this. Step right up and look for yourself. Look closely and you will see that old MIRV here comes with nothing less than the Pentagon's Peace-keeping Seal of Approval.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, you are probably saying to yourselves "Why do I need one of these newfangled gadgets when I already own some 2400 strategic warheads and I need the money for schools, houses, food, and clothing." That, of course, is a very good question that deserves to be asked. But, ladies and gentlemen, there is more you ought to know.

Now I don't want to alarm you, friends, but I happen to know that your enemies across the pond are buying these things

up like they are going out of style, and you know what that means. Better be safe than sorry, I always say. Sure would hate to see you kind people left holding the bag if your neighbors start pushing their weight around.

Naturally, ladies and gentlemen, my company doesn't recommend that you go using this thing except for last ditch defensive purposes. In fact, we are in the process of sitting down and talking with our competitors about the idea of limiting production on all our nuclear products. But, kind people, just to let you know that I'm not about to let you sink your hard earned money into a product that will be illegal in a few months, I can almost guarantee you that we are not about to sell this little baby down the river just for a few signatures on a piece of paper. NOSIREEE, folks, you can rest assured that your investment will be protected for many years to come.

Now, kind folks, before I start taking your orders for this little gadget, let me tell you that MIRV comes with interchangeable warheads, each with a different megaton rating. This way it is easy for you to choose the megatonage to fit your personal need. Can you imagine how convenient that will be, folks?

Because I know you are beginning to get a little touchy about your pocketbooks, let me tell you what I'm going to do. My company has arranged it so that you can pay for your new MIRV in easy yearly installments taken right from your income tax. In fact, ladies and gentlemen, you have, almost without knowing it, been paying for this little gadget since 1964 when we first decided to develop old MIRV. We knew of course you would want to be among the first to benefit from this marvelous invention, so we took the liberty to . . .

movie ratings: protection or prohibition?

by GENE AND MIRIAM GOFFIN

We love to go to the movies. We see movies on an average of twice a week, sometimes seeing double and triple features.

The new rating system, however, disturbs us. With many other people we question the validity of a system which seems to be based solely on the sexual content of the film in question.

Under this system, there is no differentiation between a movie like "Vixen" and one like "Midnight Cowboy," both of which received an X rating. Few people left the theater after viewing "Vixen" with tears in their eyes; but many movie-goers found themselves profoundly moved by the superior performances of Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight in "Midnight Cowboy."

In many areas of the country there is agitation against X movies. Newspapers have refused to accept advertising for motion pictures which have X ratings. Theaters have been picketed by citizens' groups opposed to their showing.

It appears to us that we are dealing with a basic right of Americans—the right to see a picture whose content they are well aware of.

We want no newspaper editor nor citizens' group deciding for us whether or not we may view a movie.

If motion pictures are rated, the theater management has the responsibility of seeing to it that those to whom that picture is restricted will not see it.

There have been complaints to the effect that the movie-makers are not living up to their responsibilities in producing a sufficient number of films for general audiences. Of late, however, there have been many high-budget films for the general public.

Katharine Hepburn's latest epic has received a G rating; the movie version of "Paint Your Wagon" is another example; the continual outpouring of John Wayne films are G, and finally, there is even a new movie starring that imitable star Wayne Newton. How could anything with Wayne Newton not have a G rating?

We are disturbed, however, by what appears to be a new tendency among distributors—the tendency to take a first-run X movie and, after making a few

judicious cuts—or sometimes injudicious ones—releasing it to the national theaters as an R picture.

The example which comes readily to mind is the Frank Perry production of "Last Summer."

This film was an excellently conceived and executed analysis of young people and an X-rated movie when we saw it last year in New York City.

It is currently playing in the Buffalo-Niagara Falls area with an R rating. We believe the change has come because of the cutting of one expletive from the original. Is this artistic integrity?

Further, we feel there is little in this particular movie about today's teenagers that would shock the average young person. Most of it is old hat to the 14 to 18 age-group.

Why then should these very people be prevented from seeing a motion picture which might give them some beneficial insight into their own generation?

We also object most vehemently to a perverted system which permits movies loaded with gory violence to receive G or M ratings while those with the slightest glimpse of bare anatomy automatically receive R or X ratings.

Which, we ask you, is more harmful—glorifications of violence or a one-second flash of a beautiful woman's bare breast? Is watching Indians falling bleeding from horses really less reprehensible than watching a simulated sexual act? We think not.

We firmly believe that violence should be included as a reason for giving a film an X rating.

The difference we have discovered between X and R movies generally has been that R movies have people covering themselves in bed with sheets, while there are no sheets be-

spotlighting illegal after midnight

Pennsylvania Game Commission officials this week reminded the public that the spotlighting of big game between midnight and sunrise is illegal.

Spotlighting of deer is a popular practice in the state, being enjoyed by the non-hunting public as well as sportsmen. The practice may be enjoyed during the evening, but to do so after midnight is a violation of the game law.

tween the actor and the camera in X films. This seems rather arbitrary.

We propose that people be given the basic freedom to see what movies they like. The Supreme Court recently ruled that a man could not be prosecuted for watching pornographic films in the privacy of his own home.

The natural extension of this does not call for stag films in the neighborhood theater, but must we deny to Americans the basic right to go out and see a realistic movie if they wish.

Keep the children home from such films; they were not made for them; but do not prohibit them to adults. That is un-American.

Guest editorials

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

From St. Louis (Mo.) Sentinel

many states which bar assistance where an employable father is in the home.

The Nixon plan strives to encourage work through incentives. We have no quarrel with this premise so long as the federal government moves to see that those who really desire to work are not barred by reason other than qualifications. The fact that the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission is finding something less than full support on Capital Hill heightened the dangers built into the plan. With a reduced budget and without cease and desist orders, the EEOC, can do little toward shoring up the provisions of this innovative program.

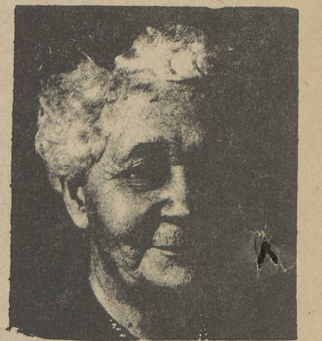
The various private agencies whose thrust in behalf of the poor have already raised some of the questions. We are confident that they will remain vigilant as it is structured into a viable program.

We weep no tears for the abolition of welfare as we have come to know it. It served a purpose for a while, but it had, by and large, grown into a horrendous structure, held in contempt by those who administered it; castigated by the people whose taxes supported it and hated by its recipients.

The Nixon plan turns the corner and establishes new guidelines. For this we view it with optimism.

From Pillar To Post

by HIX



The clock ticks inexorably, beat after beat, the days pass and are gone forever, the weeks pass, the months pass, and the day you have been waiting for, or praying for, or dreading, is upon you.

"Tomorrow," a comforting distance in the future, is now today, and there is no turning back the clock.

The hospital calls: "We are sorry, but there is no bed available."

Reprieve. There are so many things to do, and here are twenty-four more golden hours in which to do them. Change the sheets on the bed while you are still able to bend over safely. Use a damp mop on the upper hall, freshen up the flagstone floor in the kitchen. There'll be a baby visiting here in a week or so, a delightful little creature who is just beginning to creep. And remember that you smashed a glass jar on that floor a few days ago. You may not have retrieved all the splinters, no matter how carefully you used the brush and dustpan. Take no chances. A great-grandchild is too precious a person to be subjected to a possible gash in the knee.

Get out the flour and the lard for piecrust and make the first mince pies of the season. There are two or three people who have been lying in wait, knowing that the mincecraze has been made, that the roaster is filled to the brim with it, chilling on the back porch, and that the Christmas pies are on the agenda.

The kitchen is fragrant with the baking pies and the pies cooling on the porcelain topped table. The eye registers the time on the clock, and there is still a blessed interval in which to deliver them.

One more night in which to luxuriate in bed with a book from the library and two caramels, a full moon riding overhead. The astronauts are now on their way back to earth. A sudden snow squall veils the moon, but the astronauts will not be hindered. Where they are flying, there are no snow squalls and no clouds, only limitless space, as their frail capsule plummets toward the welcoming earth.

Another morning in which to enjoy orange juice and coffee in the warm glow of the Franklin stove. The suitcase is packed, the plants are watered, the winter birds are fed. The squirrels are greedy this season, denied their usual lavish crop of acorns. The big oak tree is dead. Last night it traced its branches on the full moon, casting an inky shadow on the thin snow. It looked like a Japanese print.

It is time now for the astronauts to make their entry into

the atmosphere, trailing clouds of fiery vapor.

And the phone rings. "We have a bed for you now, can you come in this evening fairly early?"

The sun is touching the high branches of the maple trees, the valley is already in shadow. The twigs are gilded. A few mornings ago they were frosted with an icy rime, and the windshield was an impenetrable mask. The grass crunched under foot, and the roofs smoked in the rising sun. There was in the air that cleanest of smells, that of fresh fallen snow, cold and pure.

They tell me it is a very simple operation, that there is nothing to fear. My mother used to say that the most beautiful word in the English language was "unafraid."

My mother set an impossibly high standard of thought and action. To put it in modern parlance, she was a hard act to follow. Will my children think, some day, that I am a hard act to follow?

I do not pretend to be anything but a complete and utter coward when it comes to lying down on a table and inviting the scalpel. Unafraid? I am scared to death, a poor frame of mind in which to anticipate an operation on an eye which has seen so much beauty in the course of a lifetime, which is even now noting that the sun has left the branches of the maple tree and that dusk is closing in.

None can possibly appreciate the beauty of the earth, the beauty of the sky, the clean sweep of the ocean, the purple of the hills, more deeply than I have done in the course of a long life.

I have had the inestimable advantage of having had a mother who pointed out cloud pictures in the sky, cobwebs glistening in the grass on a summer morning, windswept against the sand dunes, blue shadows on drifting snow, the terrifyingly beautiful flash of chain lightning in a storm, green waves lashing the shore, a delicate necklace of bleeding heart on its slender curving stem, a drift of white dogwood against a blue sky.

There is so little time, so very little time.

And the world is so wonderful. The sun has set.

only yesterday



FORTY YEARS AGO

Two young Tunkhannock girls—Pauline Emmons, 15, and Ruth Meyers, 14—were reported missing when they did not return home from the Tunkhannock library. State police feared they may have fallen into the clutches of the white slave network that was then active in Pennsylvania and New England.

Vitaphone equipment—the very latest in "talkie" picture equipment—was installed in Dallas' own Himmler Theatre. With the advent of this equipment, the theatre was able to show such never-to-be forgotten films as "Ship From Shanghai," "Navy Blues," and "Madame X."

The state's birth rate was showing a marked drop, and it seemed likely that the birth rate would fall below 20 per 1000 population for the first time in the history of birth registration in Pennsylvania.

Fowler, Dick and Walker advertised Arrow shirts for men at a "modest price—\$1.95."

THIRTY YEARS AGO

No new cases of scarlet fever were reported and the danger of an epidemic was officially pronounced over.

Dallas Township residents, hopeful of fireworks, were disappointed when the reorganization meeting went along peacefully, with Shad Goss elected president and George Gregson vice president.

Three more youths of the

Back Mountain community were seeking wings: George Apaliski and Paul Obert of Fernbrook, and Robert D. Henry, Shavertown.

Kingston Township High School had in process of construction an immense star to be erected before Christmas.

John Durbin resigned from Borough Council in order to assume duties as a school director.

Died: Frank Redmond, 80, Jackson.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Putting male companions to shame, MidgeSpaceJohns, wife of Richard Johns, shot a fine six-point, 165-pound buck while hunting on the hill beyond Parish Heights.

A fire left Mrs. David Traver, six grandchildren homeless when a chimney in the attic of their Buckwheat Hollow home burst into flame.

TEN YEARS AGO

Observance of the 18th anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor was marked by the wailing of sirens.

The Back Mountain YMCA launched a membership drive to help maintain its varied program.

Former Dallas Township football star end, Bob Coolbaugh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Coolbaugh, broke all University of Richmond records Thanksgiving Day by snaring in eight passes during the game Richmond won from William and Mary College.

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WELL THAT'S A START

