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From Pillar To Post

by HIX



It was probably the homeliest little pug dog in the world, but it was the darling of the three maiden ladies of uncertain age who pampered it with daily baths of cashmere bouquet toilet soap, cut down their own intake of protein so that it might have ground meat, held it in their laps, turn and turn about, and told it in loving tones that it was the most beautiful dog in Old Baltimore.

It wheezed, it was sadly crippled, its dripping pink plush tongue lolled from its mouth, its eyes bulged, its toenails went click-click-click on the floor when it left the comfort of its satin cushion or a warm lap, and headed for the kitchen where its handmaidens awaited its pleasure.

Each Christmas, the three maiden ladies decorated a Christmas tree. The little dog was the only child they would ever have, and for him they made merry. The three elderly gentlemen who paid gentle court on Tuesday and Friday evenings, sitting sedately in the parlor and leaving promptly at ten o'clock, assisted in the rite for they felt a family interest in the little pug dog.

Mounting the stepladder, they garnished the cedar tree with tinsel and twinkling stars and brightly colored balls, attaching them to the branches with trembling hands.

They dropped to their knees and smoothed the green sawdust about the base of the tree, brushing it gently from the surface of the mirror lake, placing the tiny white swans in a row, making a place where the three little metal deer could drink from the still waters.

Small houses clustered in the background. Under the lifted roof of each little house, a tiny candle waited for the taper which would, for one brief moment, bring the village to life. It was the privilege of the eldest sister to light the candles, and of the eldest suitor to enclose the Christmas garden with the little green fence.

To the younger sister of the family was accorded the honor of holding the little pug dog up to the tree to admire the sparkling ornaments. To the middle sister, her accustomed place on the organ stool, primed to play "Joy to the World" as the long taper touched the little candles and the houses glowed.

The eldest suitor guarded the bucket of water which might be

called into action. The next to eldest gentleman turned the pages of the tattered book of carols. The youngest looked with restrained affection upon the youngest sister and the little dog.

Love warmed the room, folding in its embrace the rubber plant, the crayon portraits, the crocheted antimacassars on the rigid sofa and the black walnut chairs.

The candles guttered and extinguished themselves in pools of melted wax, and the clock struck ten.

There came a time when even love could not keep the little dog alive. He was gasping now, his eyes rolling and his whole quivering little body begging for release.

For the last time the familiar ritual took place, for hope is hard to abandon. He was held up to the Christmas tree in tender arms as the candles burst into their tiny flames and Joy to the World wheezed from the parlor organ.

After he died, life was no longer worth living for the three maiden ladies. They withered quietly away, one after the other, until only the youngest was left. Only one suitor called on Tuesdays and Fridays, a desolate couple in the Victorian parlor haunted by memories of two other genteel couples and a little dog with clicking toenails.

On Christmas Eve, the little lady quietly closed her eyes, said she was very tired, and never opened them again.

Ten o'clock chimed from the mantel clock, and the suitor rose to leave as was his custom. Habit was strong, but he could not leave Miss Ella sleeping on the sofa. He waited with her for what he knew was to come. It was the hour of midnight, and Christmas bells floated in the frosty air, when he realized that she was no longer with him.

He was alone in the world, and his eighty-eight year weighed heavily upon him. He closed the door gently behind him for the last time, and stumbled down the white marble steps.

the concept of containment: outdated and dangerous

by GENE AND MIRIAM GOFFIN

Do you ever wonder what our foreign policy is all about?

Surprisingly, it's not all that hard to find out about. Just turn to the July 1947 issue of "Foreign Affairs" and look up an article called "The Sources of Soviet Conduct."

This article, written some 22 years ago, was by one George Kennan, then head of the State Department Policy Planning staff. Since the idea of the article was to begin the reeducation of the American people to a new foreign policy, Kennan signed the article "X."

It would not have done for a trial balloon to have had the name of one of the top policy planners in the Truman administration attached to it. Trial balloons almost invariably are attributed to "a high government source."

The first problem one comes up against in studying the world of containment is that it mistakes centuries-old Russian expansionism for Communist expansionism. Throughout Russian history, to expand has always been considered defensive. How else could she protect the vast expanses of Mother Russia?

Our foreign policy planners, however, assumed that the expansion was part of the "international communist conspiracy."

When China became a Communist nation, we immediately began applying the same principles of containment to her. When any communist state attempts to expand, we will not permit that expansion as a matter of principle.

No matter that we were denying the Chinese their traditional sphere of influence in Asia. No matter that to the masses of Asia our policy toward China was a test case—how would the United States react to a needed political,

social and economic revolution against the traditional feudalism of Asia, this time represented by Chiang Kai-Chek?

Our answer was clear. We are not interested in real revolution anywhere in the world if its leaders happen to be Marxist.

We are very busily applying a 22-year-old traditional foreign policy to situations where another answer may be called for.

In Europe, immediately after World War II, containment worked—there it was coupled with the social and economic answer of the Marshall Plan. In Asia we merely respond militarily.

In Asia, the real threat is not Russian military expansion. The true problem is communist ideology. We have never known of an army that could stop ideas.

We are very much frightened by the concept of an "international communist conspiracy." We do not recognize that the prime consideration in the new Marxist revolutions is not "communism" but nationalism.

Nationalism has got to be the single strongest force in the underdeveloped world today. If a nation believes that a Marxist economic system will help it advance, then it will adopt such a system.

The emerging nations of the

world are not interested in becoming the slave of any other nation—of following any other nation's political lead. These nations are only concerned with their own development.

They cannot develop national identity by becoming the tool of some great power, whether that power be the United States, the Soviet Union or (someday) China.

There are many problems inherent in our policy of containment.

It makes us appear to be insensitive to the necessity for real revolution in all the poor areas of the world. The poor people of the world are much more likely to relate positively to the struggle of underdog North Vietnam against the mammoth forces of the United States than to think that the United States is fighting for "freedom."

Containment is an inflexible policy. It has become tradition coated with emotion. We need the flexibility to change our minds in foreign policy. We have boxed ourselves into a corner.

The dividing line between which area of the world is "theirs" and which area is "ours" has become increasingly unclear. In the fifties such an unclear situation led to the Korean War.

No one knows just exactly

where the dividing line is in Asia and the Middle East any more. For example, the Russians have more ships in the Mediterranean Sea than the United States. The danger of a mistake is obvious.

China makes containment a dangerous policy. She does not play the game. She feels all the dividing lines were drawn before she has a chance to get her piece of the pie.

China is willing to risk nuclear war—after all, she has the least to lose. China is willing to take risks which bourgeois Russia will not.

Containment is composed of two elements—prevention and retaliation. The American public is much more likely to respond positively to the retaliation part. Prevention sounds too much like "another foreign aid give-away." It's not nearly so attractive as a positive military policy.

Lastly, containment does not recognize the possibility that the United States and the Soviet Union could come to some sort of agreement on world peace.

Containment used to maintain peace by maintaining tension between the two greatest powers. Today its main function is to maintain tension. We do not need a policy designed to maintain tension.

thissa 'n thatta: U.S. Army is giving itself a bad image

by THE GAFFER

It would seem that the U.S. Army is doing all that it can to destroy its own image as a body of clean cut Americans, risking lives on the battlefield to protect the defenseless.

Within a comparatively brief period of time, we have the Green Beret affair, in which members of that force, including the commanding officer, are charged with executing a Vietnamese who was suspected of

spying for the Viet Cong; then the alleged massacre at My Lai, when a large number of women and children were said to have been shot down while standing around their burning village; then a reported incident of pushing Viet Cong prisoners from a helicopter into thin air because they wouldn't immediately talk.

Meanwhile, safely in the United States, a U.S. general gathered up arms confiscated while criminals by various police forces and sold them to gun dealers, while a number of army sergeants, also in safe berths, rolled up huge fortunes for themselves by pocketing money from enlisted men's service clubs in various parts of the world.

Here in the United States, a civilian auditor turned up Air Force abuses which were corrected and saved the taxpayers millions of dollars, for which he was rewarded by getting fired from his job.

Choosing between the faults of soldiers at the front and those in bases removed from any danger, there is no doubt in my mind that the most indefensible are the sergeants and general who utilized their Army positions to prey on the taxpayers and on their fellow soldiers.

According to a recent news report these "conflicts of interest, bribery, kick-backs and other criminal actions or violations of regulations" may not even be punished.

The Green Berets, who did nothing but execute a man they were convinced was a dangerous spy who was telling the enemy how more Americans could be killed, were held up to disgrace and a blot was put on their future career.

The My Lai incident was less defensible, at least according to present allegations, but again whatever happened was in the heat of war and it is likely that the event would have a dampening effect on other villages friendly to the Viet Cong. Probably they would think awhile before setting out with their booby traps for American soldiers.

DONNA STROSNIDER
133 Woodbine Road
Midway Manor

a motivating force

The death of Annette Evans closely affects this community, for Annette's influence for culture and wider horizons extended far beyond the confines of her native Wyoming Valley.

She was a motivating force, working of late years through Wilkes College, but long before the birth of that institution of higher learning, a one-woman team dedicated to advancement.

Belonging to one of the oldest families in the Valley, and endowed with this world's goods, she soberly assayed the duties and responsibilities which accompany status, and fulfilled what she considered her obligations.

Many women in her position withdraw into their own inner circle. Annette's interests were as wide as the sky, and as deep as the sea.

It is largely due to her efforts and her leadership that Wyoming Valley is considered a cultural center for northeastern Pennsylvania.

HIX

the right to write

To THE POST:

I just finished reading your editorial about the My Lai massacre.

The whole episode of the massacre is very sad. But darn it all, what about the massacres of the South Vietnamese, and at times, our soldiers by the Viet Cong? You don't see our press and television making a big thing out of those atrocities. I guess it's different, since our men were killed and didn't do the killing.

I don't think the men accused of the responsibility of the massacre have a chance. Some one is going to have to pay because the press has made such an issue out of it, and I'm afraid these men will have to pay the price.

How many of the writers and commentators giving their two cents worth were really there? How can they say who is right and who is wrong when they weren't there to actually witness the true facts. Isn't it possible the facts have become distorted?

If it is true the villagers were participating in the war by making booby traps, etc., shouldn't they be treated like the enemy, even if they are women and children? A grenade

only yesterday



FORTY YEARS AGO

The Dallas Rotary Club presented 17 Christmas baskets to needy families throughout the area.

Beginning Dec. 28, Wesley Himmeler announced, the Himmeler Theatre in Dallas would show all talking pictures. On the marquis for the current week was "The Girl in the Glass Cage," featuring Carroll Nye, and "Coconuts," with the Marx Brothers.

Ralph Gray planned to give his diminutive red bi-plane, "Sunny Boy," trial flights from Harveys Lake as soon as the ice was thick enough. In earlier tests, the pilot made several astonishing 600 feet hops with the plane.

The two young Tunkhannock girls feared victims of a white slave ring were picked up in Oklahoma City, Okla., by police there. Although two men with them were arrested and charged with violating the Mann White Slave Law, a grand jury failed to indict the men as the girls refused to testify against their abductors and claimed that they went with them of their own volition.

Another "Dollar dinner" which would serve four included in its menu tomato soup \$.09, fried sausage \$.30, red-hot apple sauce \$.10, bread and butter \$.20, mashed potatoes \$.10, peach and raisin pie \$.20, cafe noir \$.05. "Incidentals" were given as costing \$.06.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Rebecca Monk, who was born on Christmas Eve, 1858, died on Christmas Day. Mrs. Monk had lived in Dallas since 1888.

Approximately 3000 parcels of real estate were scheduled to be sold by the county treasurer on Feb. 1, in a move to force collection of delinquent taxes.

Far along the two-mile length of Overbrook Ave., who had complained about the State Highway Department's failure to ash or clear their highway were pleased: During a second snow storm, the crews had their roads cleared promptly.

A fire, believed to have been started by skaters who broke into the building to warm themselves, destroyed the summer home of Richard Horton, Nanticoke.

Married: Dorothy Karschner to Russell Steele.

Died: Mary Cragel, 79, Sweet Valley; Mrs. Andrew Race, Beaumont; Helen Gilroy, 28, Sweet Valley.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Babson's report called for further decline in business in 1950 with suburban real estate holding its own and perhaps rising in value.

Sweet Valley homes were blazing with Christmas lights, competing for \$100 in prizes offered by the business association.

Married: Margaret Mericle to Arthur B. Kitchen.

Died: Robert Coolbaugh, 86, Orange; Gertrude Smith, 66, Kunkle.

TEN YEARS AGO

Kingston Township held an open house in its new municipal building located in the defunct Veterans' Association Building.

Roy Bloom, Demunds Road, was stricken with a heart attack after summoning a minister for his dying friend, Charles Anton.

Two Sweet Valley ministers and their wives—the Rev. and Mrs. Kirby Jones and the Rev. and Mrs. W.B. Hughes—celebrated their wedding anniversaries after church services with a festive late dinner together.

continued on PAGE 7

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