

EDITORIAL

AEC out of hand

□ The AEC has gone too far.

With planning talks now going on regionally regarding a fast breeder type nuclear reactor to be built on the upper Susquehanna River, it might be well to first consider the economics of the situation.

There is little question that more power is going to be needed in coming years. But is that point to outweigh all others regarding the installation of these type facilities, other than the trivia about safety?

The theory of the Atomic Energy Commission some years back was that if a nuclear power plant could be built, even at taxpayers' expense, and though costly, the second one would be cheaper. The third one should be even more economical, they figured, and so on. But that theory has not proven true.

The first plant was built almost completely with government money. Then the second, the third and fourth, all heavily subsidized by Uncle Sam. Now, however, we've come to a rude awakening. Everytime we build one, it is more costly than the last, with the consumer and taxpayer taking the gouging, if not through high power rates, as is usually the case, then certainly through tax dollars going into electric power subsidies.

Now the whole situation is out of control.

The AEC, to maintain its very existence, has insisted that nuclear power plants are the thing to have around. Little or no consideration is given to the idea of direct conversion of coal to electricity, or the use of the vast oil shale deposits, or even the prospects of geothermal steam. Nuclear power is the only way to fly, the money-grubbing power boys tell us.

We are in a bind to produce enough electricity to meet future demands partly because the power companies have failed in past years to spend any substantial amounts on research and development. But no one seems to care as long as Uncle Sam continues to pick up the tab.

Milton Shaw, AEC's reactor development director, has said that the government has already spent \$400 million on the new-type fast breeder reactor, with an additional \$2 billion yet to go into research and development before these reactors are perfected.

Thus shouldn't some discussion be prompted to ask just how much those first batch of kilowatts from the Susquehanna reactor are going to cost?

... and a uranium trespass

□ Meanwhile, out on the vast open stretches of public domain on the Colorado Plateau, a gigantic uranium steal is being perpetrated against the American people.

Thousands of acres of uranium rich land, still in public ownership, and under the administration of the U.S. Interior Department, are in jeopardy or have already been lost to a group of powerful private interests.

Some years ago when the uranium boom began to create havoc in the West, many phony and illegal mineral claims were staked by speculators on lands which had been withdrawn from mineral entry with AEC sanction.

Later, however, various mineral corporations, including Union Carbide and Chemical, Vadium Corporation of America and American Metals Climax, acquired some of these old phony claims, and began extracting the rich uranium ore from Mother Earth, in an obvious trespass. The situation still exists today.

Thus far at least \$20 million worth of the rare material has been extracted, in obvious violation of the law. And some of the uranium has been sold right back to Uncle Sam. But the problem is that Interior is hampered in getting the Justice Department to bring legal action against the companies, when the AEC opposes such a move, and continues to condone such a trespass while hiding behind the hue and cry of national defense.

Our entire economy and the American way of life, it seems, is based upon waste and obsolescence. This will have to be changed in the years ahead to assure a quality environment, with emphasis on protection of the public interests.

J.R.F.

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'DON'T WORRY—THIS TIME WE'RE GOING TO DO IT RIGHT!'



TRB

from Washington

Lyndon Johnson was about to break his year's silence and we all sat or squatted in the Columbia TV studio for the advance showing, 30 or more, and most of us had journeyed with LBJ to the wars.

Some liked him and some loathed him, but all now had exquisite curiosity.

The larger-than-life figure appeared with Walter Cronkite and from our group came gasps and ejaculations and simple, stunned silence.

He had never wanted to be president? He knew he was unfit for the job? It was funny, really to watch this special, strangled audience.

Then the next broadcast about the Vietnam decision, and peevish attacks at critics and sneers at advisers! The final seance with Cronkite comes May 2, on the Dallas assassination. Heaven help us.

And so I fished out my notes of five years ago, jotted as Johnson pleaded for a voting rights bill to a joint night session of Congress, March 15, 1965.

Yes, here is where I toted up applause, with a stroke for each interruption and a cross-bar for five, 40 times in all.

He was making a tremendous moral appeal and his fervor projected to the audience and the country. It was magnificent.

"And these enemies, too," he said, "Poverty, disease and ignorance—weshalovercome." History, remember that. High-

ho! Somehow we had thought that he might come out of his years silence simpler and quieter, to be perhaps a moral factor. It is long since the nation had a politically-conscious ex-president capable of moving crowds; there was Harry Truman for a while, and the books tell of Teddy.

This one, too, had attributes of greatness.

And here, over the tube, was a man living in the embittered past, seeking only self-justification.

The crowd of reporters came out into the night hardly knowing what to say. But being journalists they covered it with a veil of jokes and cynicism.

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And on school desegregation its enemies have taken another scalp, Leon Panetta, resigned head of HEW's Office of Civil Rights, the enforcement section.

An odd strain runs through Mr. Nixon's long political career. We were reminded of it the other day in a letter to The Washington Post by William Rehnquist, assistant Attorney General, replying to two anti-Carswell editorials.

Rehnquist asked if The Post wanted a restoration of the Warren Court's "liberal majority" with "further expansion of the constitutional rights of criminal defendants, of pornographers and of demonstrators."

An attack on Carswell, you see, implied that you favored pornographers. Rather far-fetched, of course, but with practice you get the trick.

It traces back a long way. Find the thing the public hates most and then associate your opponent with it.

The technique was instituted by Murray Chotiner, who managed Mr. Nixon's Senate campaign in 1950 and created the "Pink Sheet" that linked the Democrat to Communism.

Mr. Chotiner, whose private lobbying for two clients in 1956 brought a Senate investigation, is back in the picture again, a \$36,000-a-year government lawyer, who traveled to San Clemente recently, and is one of Mr. Nixon's few intimates.

Mr. Nixon used the technique

on various platforms; against Adlai Stevenson ("a Ph. D. all right, from the Acheson college of Cowardly Communist Containment"); or Truman ("When the Eisenhower Administration came to Washington we found in the files a blueprint for socializing America.")

War opponents, intellectuals, Eastern Establishment, NY Times, young people, authors of "dirty movies," permissive parents, "supercilious sophisticates," colleges that give quota admissions to blacks, anyone different from you and me, and particularly me. Deepening unemployment may stoke the hate. Who will bring us together again?

Guest editorials

A column reprinting editorials from other weekly newspapers in the world.

(From Vineyard Gazette, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.)

One reads in the city newspapers now about happenings, and the word apparently describes one more phase of the negativism of the new far-out cult that has succeeded the previous far-out cults. A happening is really a non-event out of which some non-importance is strung on a thin thread of circumstance.

A happening of much interest to us this past week has been the blooming of the buttercups. In the context of modern life and pre-occupation this might be classed as a non-event, but nature's progression will not be so easily dismissed. Apparently the technologically oriented and sharpened interests of most people have gone beyond the evolutionary stage at which buttercups could be appreciated. To face the matter squarely, all of us are in some respects or in some degree far out, even children. Show the average child a buttercup and he knows already that it really isn't anything.

But it really is something. Long gone is the simple time when, every June, it was traditional to hold buttercups under the chin of some companion to observe the reflected glow that would mean he or she liked butter. We would not press for a revival of this practice, but the buttercups in the uncut fields are as decorative as they always were, especially if cows stand knee deep among them.

To some passers-by these fields communicate as always, conveying the warmth and the familiar greeting of early summer. To others they should at least suggest a glowing irresponsibility, and here there may be a link to those more modern happenings which have the irresponsibility without the gold.

(From the Plaindealer, Sparta, Ill.)

HIGH COST OF PAPERWORK

A recent survey has indicated that it costs businessmen some \$1,750,000 per year to do the paperwork required by government. As an example, the average time required for filling out forms for federal reports alone was found to be 33 minutes per month per employe. State forms required 24 minutes.

Red tape is the inevitable result of big government. There seems to be some thought that we may be getting more government than we have time for or can afford.

From

Pillar To Post



Pretty nice, having the Library open on Mondays, as well as Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Longer hours too, starting at 9:30 instead of 12:30, with of course open house on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Newcomers to the area cannot be expected to understand the giant step forward which this new schedule signifies, for they have not taken part in the struggle, twenty-five years ago, to get a library started in an area which had none, where book lovers had to go to Kingston or Wilkes-Barre to borrow books.

There was the most tremendous enthusiasm when the Library, through the pages of the Dallas Post, was first proposed. It had been the goal of a growing community for a number of years before it became a reality. Residents realized that a library would add status to the area, real estate dealers hailed it as one more talking point in the sale of building lots and homes in the hills, school systems were enthusiastic.

Almost at once the borough school seized upon the opportunity to instill during the early years of education the habit of going to the Library, of looking it up in the dictionary, of laying the foundations for broader cultural horizons.

Children visited the new library in classroom groups, were permitted to take home books, enjoyed the thrill of having their names entered as borrowers, learned how to take care of reading matter, returned to their classrooms after an enjoyable hour. They call it enrichment these days.

There were a great many one-room schools twenty-five years ago. These were not neglected. All over the countryside children were on the lookout for the "Library Lady," and when Miss Lathrop's car drew up outside, there was a concerted rush for the books, big boys battling for the honor of carrying in the heavy boxes to a beaming teacher. The books were almost literally devoured, passing from hand to hand before the next visit. The books came back to the library in a weak and run-down condition, but Miss Lathrop, now assisted by volunteer helpers, patched them up and readied them for a trip to another school out in the hinterlands.

It took a great deal of planning for proper selection of books for the one-room schools embraced all elementary grades, and children ranged in age from six years up to the late teens, before the day of the consolidated schools. So . . .

It was a labor of love. Miss Lathrop could have remained in the library building, waiting for the children to come to her, but she preferred to go to them, and build up, on their own home grounds, a love of books. The Story Hour flourished. On Saturday mornings the library was crowded with children. Dusty was a frequent visitor. Dusty was the huge St. Bernard dog, a dilapidated creature, but loving. His picture appeared periodically in the paper, lying at the feet of the small children in the front row. Every time he appeared in print, some child, now in high school, would dash in breathlessly to say she'd seen

new Acme store in central Dallas. When completed, it would be occupied by Bowman's Restaurant, now located on Main Street. A knotty-pine interior would carry out the Early American theme.



FORTY YEARS AGO

Frank Morris was displaying a giant egg measuring 9 1/4 by 7 1/4 inches. The egg had been laid by a hen belonging to Kirk McCarthy.

Thirty irate citizens of Noxen and Beaumont, enraged by road conditions in their areas were protesting to Wyoming County authorities.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Grocery prices were lovely; chuck roast cost 15 cents per lb.; lettuce cost 15 cents for two heads, and butter was two pounds for 63 cents.

"Woven in the Sky," a book of poetry written by Sister Miriam of the English department at College Misericordia, was published.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Excavation was begun for a new restaurant adjacent to the

Dusty, and wasn't it fun, those story hours, and could she ever have been so small, sitting there in the picture with her feet hanging?

A good many of the children of Dallas grew up in the library, regarding it as a second home. Those children are now bringing their own children to the Library. Dusty is long gone, and his picture no longer appears, but children, even grown-up children, have long memories, and they remember.

The Library grew up, just as the children did, and it expanded into two buildings instead of one. But it kept its atmosphere, a warm welcome, no tiptoeing, no classic tight-lipped librarian with a finger raised in admonition. This is a library where a child or an adult can feel completely at home, whether selecting a picture book or accumulating material for the term paper, hunting up a quotation, or catching up on the latest issue of Life.

With the new system of inter-library loans, Mrs. Davern is now able to order anything from participating libraries. If it isn't on hand, she can get it with the minimum of delay. There are tables where volumes can be spread out and a student can work at leisure.

There is no longer the necessity for carting books to rural schools. The one-room schools have disappeared, and yellow school buses take the children to consolidated schools. But all schools of the Back Mountain can still call upon the Back Mountain Memorial Library for additional books.

"It must be marvelous to have the kind of a job where you just sit at a desk and hand out books," a thought frequently expressed by the thoughtless, is a familiar myth. There is more to it than meets the eye. Who mends the books, who selects the books, who puts the books back on the shelves in the correct place? Who looks up quotations when some harried soul calls on the telephone?

"I've gotta book, what do I want with a library?" is a thought that is less frequently voiced these days, but it used to be standard.

A good library is the cornerstone of a good community. It is an institution to be jealously guarded and cherished. And supported.

It takes money to run a library, not all of it for books. There are salaries to be considered, maintenance, fuel, utilities. The annual Auction has been the mainstay ever since it was launched as a trial balloon in the mid-1930s, but it can no longer carry the load. The municipalities must now assume part of the burden, and this means millage. A very modest millage is all that is asked. The community must now face facts and responsibilities.



Thirty local people took civil service examinations at Dallas Borough High School, seeking appointment as enumerators for the 1950 census.

Mrs. Joseph Schmerer was appointed by the Book Club to head Library Auction solicitation.

Lee Tracy, an actor with relations living in the Back Mountain, opened in "Best Man," a play by Gore Vidal. According to The Post, reviews of the drama were "Exciting."