

EDITORIAL

we're in trouble

□ We're in real trouble. With all the hullabaloo over cleaning up the nation's streams, lakes and rivers, and the Federal Government's \$5 billion expense on the effort over the last 12 years, we are still polluting our waterways faster than we are cleaning them up.

Most industry spokesmen, particularly from those industries which are known polluters, agree that something must be done quickly, else we find more Ohio Rivers and Lake Eries, which are now eutrophic. But few industries are willing to foot the bill to clean up their effluents to any great extent.

Enforcement efforts initiated by state and federal agencies are hampered by bureaucratic boondoggling and legal loopholes to the point of being rendered ineffective. In fact, it is not uncommon that such agencies as the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration and the Army Corps of Engineers have actually helped the polluters more than they have acted to stop them.

Legislation now pending in the U.S. Congress would tax known polluters for their mess to the extent that their operations would become uneconomic if they did not clean up their effluents. But whether such a measure becomes law, the nation's fresh water resources will not improve unless and until the polluter and not the government becomes ultimately responsible for the cost of cleaning up the environment.

for whom do you work?

□ Who do you work for—and why do you work? The obvious answer, of course, is that you work for your employer or for yourself, and that the reason you work is to provide the wherewithal of living.

However, that answer is an oversimplification nowadays. If you are an average citizen—and most of us are—more than a quarter of your eight-hour working day is done on behalf of the government. In essence, government is your employer during that period and takes all of your earnings.

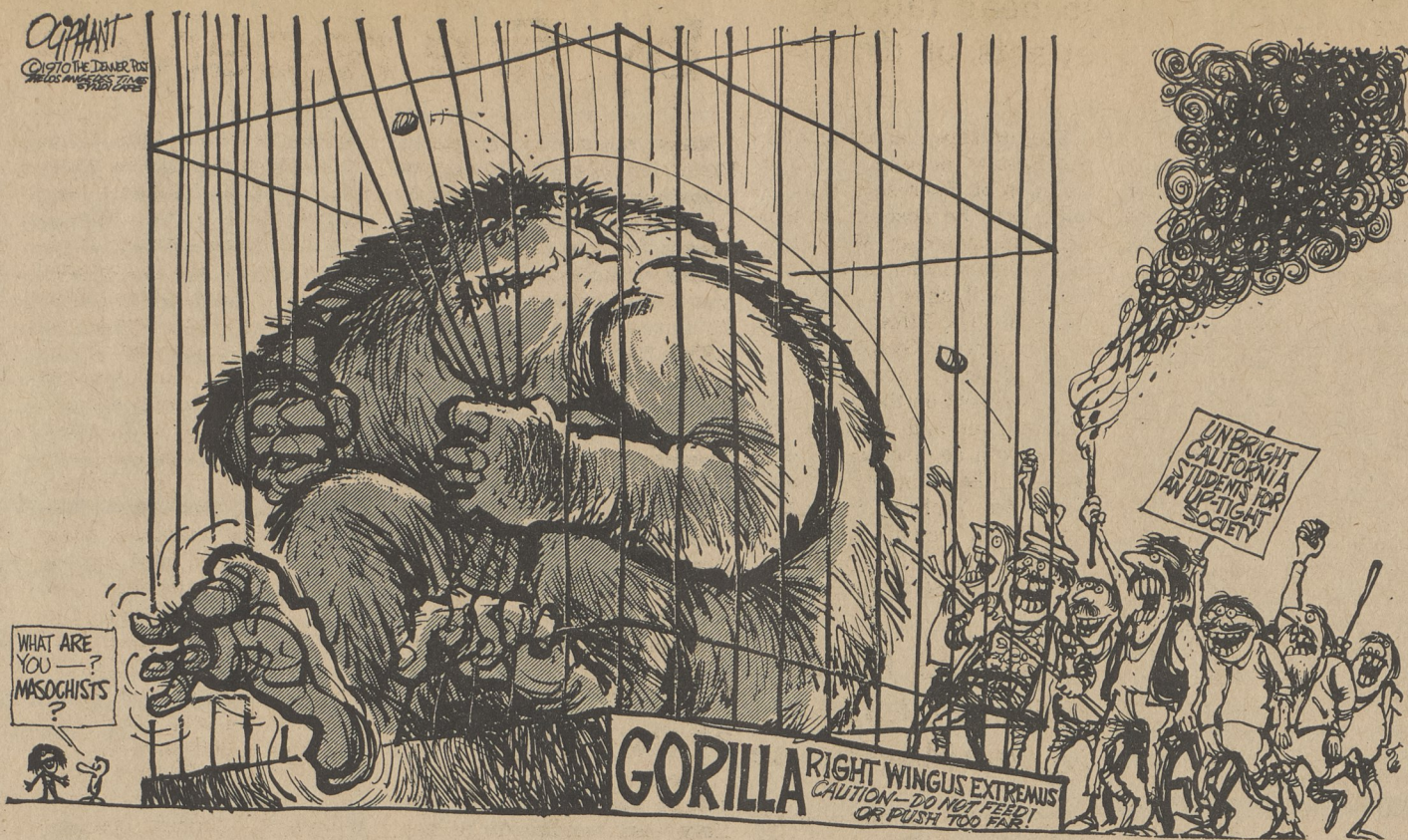
Government figures indicate that taxes take two hours and 45 minutes of your working time each day. By way of contrast, food and tobacco together demand only 1 hour 28 minutes, household and household operations 1 hour and 30 minutes, and so on down the list.

Considering these statistics, you might have second thoughts if you think that taxation and government spending aren't of top importance to you and your family.

less for Laos

□ President Nixon has revealed that American involvement in Laos has been represented as "grossly inaccurate" and that "only" 400 Americans have died there and "only" 400 planes have been lost there. It is no reason for us to be pacified. While he claims that only a few hundred Americans are acting in a military capacity, and that they have been doing so for the past six years, again that is no reason to be pacified. The president appears to be able to take comfort from his statement that "no GI's are fighting in a ground war" (later determined to be inaccurate). We cannot and must not permit the United States to be there in any capacity other than that of civilian.

It is almost too much to believe that we are there at all in any military role, yet we are. Ten years ago in Vietnam we had only a few hundred military "advisors," today we are engaged in a battle that has taken nearly 50,000 lives. Are we to be pacified because we are told that the only military action the United States is involved in in Laos is an "aerial" one? The president also takes relief from his statement that "U.S. personnel in Laos during the past year has not increased, while during the past few months, North Vietnam has sent over 13,000 additional combat ground troops into Laos." We should think, in light of the Vietnam tragedy, that the United States should care less if North Vietnam sent 13 million ground combat troops into Laos.



TRB

from Washington

the Smith experiment, what will happen?

We don't know his name so we shall call him Smith, and one day this man came to Smith and said, "You have been very fortunate; the government has selected you in a Sociological Experiment, and would you mind accepting a monthly check of \$150 for the next three years?" And Smith said, languidly, "G'wan, feller; I'll call the cops!"

And so to make a long story short, Smith now gets in his mail every month a nice check from the U.S. Office of Economic Opportunity, and his wife cashes it at the supermarket and since it began in 1969, it will continue in 1971. That's the story of Smith.

What I haven't said is that Smith has two children, and a menial job that brings him in just about \$1600 a year. And that, my friends, makes him a classic example of a family of four whose income is just half of the \$3600 which has been taken arbitrarily by the U.S. Government as the poverty line. It didn't just happen to Smith. He had to have the right income and live in the right place and be willing to go along with the experiment.

And if you don't believe me, I will say at once that there are over 2,000 "Smith" families all told, some in the country and some in the city.

The 1300 urban families live in four New Jersey cities, and in Scranton, Pa., and 835 country families live in North Carolina or Iowa. Many of them are what are called working poor; they have jobs, they strain

and sweat, but they are trapped.

There are an equal number of families who are mirror images of the first group, or "controls", and are watched carefully by the government officials, but they don't get any monthly check.

For that is the purpose of this experiment, which is surely one of the most extraordinary ever undertaken by any government anywhere, to find out what Smith and all the other Smiths do with their money as compared with like families who don't get it.

Will Smith spend his windfall on women and strong liquor? Will he put it in the bank? Will he run harder and harder round the squirrel cage, or will he slacken off and ease up on an incredible free ride at taxpayers' expense?

What really is being tested here is a something pretty important; it is a test of the moral fiber of a lot of humble people—and indeed, of you and me, too, because we are not too different.

There is more and more talk these days of putting a minimum income floor under everybody; in short, of abolishing poverty.

President Nixon, with a nudge from his White House leprechaun-in-residence, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, came up surprisingly last year with his own version of this, a proposed National Family Allowance Program with a \$1600 a year minimum for a family of four (supplemented by \$800 in food stamps).

Ideas for income maintenance systems are blossoming out all over. Pat Moynihan, before he came to the White House, was a backer of the Children's Allowance, which they have in Canada and 60 other nations.

Sen. George McGovern (D) of South Dakota last week proposed this for the U.S.

It's great virtue is that it practically administers itself, there is virtually no bureaucracy; the mothers take the check and use it as they see fit. (If you can't trust a mother to do what's right for her child, who can you trust?) The disadvantage is that it's a scatter-gun approach; a lot of money goes to middle income families and not the destitute, and only part is recovered in income tax.

The Nixon plan is now before the House Ways and Means Committee. It stunned many when he introduced it because it was like Herbert Hoover having a love affair with a Treasury deficit.

And yet, this shouldn't have seemed so surprising. America's present welfare system is almost collapsing; it's nearly as bad as the health-hospital-medical complex in America. You can feel in your bones that within four or five years both welfare and health will be nationalized in some way or other.

Gov. Rockefeller in 1967 got eminent American business leaders, the chairman of Xerox, of Inland Steel, Mobil Oil, Metropolitan Life, and so on, and they examined the unholly welfare mess and reported unanimously

that, "It should be replaced with an income maintenance system, possibly a negative income tax, which would bring all thirty million (poor) Americans up to at least the official Federal poverty line."

Now Sen. Fred Harris (D) of Oklahoma, (having broken free from being chairman of the near-bankrupt Democratic National Committee) comes forward with his own federal income maintenance proposal.

It's a lot like Nixon's except that it would pay more; the checks would be graduated to bring everybody up to the arbitrary poverty line. The cost would rise from \$7 billions the first year to \$20 billions the third. (The Nixon plan would cost around \$4 billion).

A lot of money. But it would be a substitute for a lot of money now spent on the incredibly inefficient welfare programs.

A recent study by Gilbert Steiner estimates that five assorted Federal programs cost \$13.25 billion a year, with heaven knows how much more from states and private charity. The distribution is a nightmare of inequity. Something must be done soon. . . . Oh, and by the way, Sen. Harris reports that the "Smiths" are doing admirably; at any rate they are plugging away under the goad of the old Puritan Ethic. They seem to be working harder than ever.

Notes: At a White House reception for Sen. Russell last week, Mr. Nixon explained that he checked information with a lot of people: "This is consistent with our policy of cross-ruffing everything," Judith Martin of the Washington Post quotes him as saying, "Rather than just getting the opinions of in-house people, we're checking with out-house people, too" . . . And we sympathize with Nigel Calder in the New Statesman (London) on the problem of England's change to the metric system: "It's better to know that 940-630-960 millimetres is a shapely figure than to stop and convert it to 37-25-38."

off the cuff stuff

by BRUCE HOPKINS

I had to share breakfast the other day with a cockroach. Yeah, it was terribly exciting. I had never seen one before. It just kind of wandered in during the night, I guess. Everyone in the apartment complex had been talking about them, but I had never seen one. In fact, I really didn't know what they looked like. Oh, occasionally I had killed a little bug and thought maybe it was a roach, but I didn't know for sure.

Then the other morning I was pushing the toaster button down, when I happened to glance into the garbage bag. There it sat, calmly munching on a piece of lettuce. I screamed.

"Chip, come here quick." I yelled. Chip came bounding around the corner and looked around frantically.

"Whatsa matter, whatsa matter?" He asked. I told him to look at the monster in the garbage bag.

"Oh, it's a cockroach." He said calmly.

"How can you be so calm?" I inquired nervously. "I mean look at it? It looks like a 1956 Cadillac. It's frightening."

At this point the roach had crawled underneath the lettuce for protection, and I asked Chip what he thought we ought to do. He thought we ought to ignore it.

"But, for God's sake, what if it demands that I share my eggs with it? We can't leave it there—it will eat us out of house and apartment."

Chip suggested that when we left for school, we could simply empty the garbage bag. I thought that was a good idea, and I suggested that he stand

guard at the bag, while I finished breakfast.

Anyway, I sat there calmly eating and keeping an eye on the garbage, when Warren came around the corner. He remarked that there was something crawling out of the garbage bag. I jumped up and stood behind him, watching the roach crawl down the side of the bag.

"Kill it, Warren, kill it." I shouted. Warren said he'd have to go put his shoes on so he could step on it. He left. He actually walked away, and left me stranded in the kitchen with this elephantine cockroach. Some roommate. I backed up against the wall. The only choice I had was to make him think I wasn't afraid of him.

"Alright, roach, your days are over. I'm going to get you and get you good. Don't think you can scare me because you can't."

The roach, who for some reason seemed to be ignoring me, turned around and began heading toward the back of the refrigerator. By the time Warren would get back with his shoes, the cockroach could be in Philadelphia. I knew I had to make my move. There was one possibility. The roach was just passing an empty soda bottle, and if I acted quickly, I could trap him underneath it. But I had to act fast.

I took two steps forward, picked up the bottle, and went "Aha!" Listen, have you ever seen an excited cockroach? I mean, they travel faster than a speeding bullet. He kept running in circles, coming precariously close to my stockinged feet. Just as I was about to plop the bottle on his head, he scooted behind the refrigerator. I plopped the bottle on

my big toe. Oh, the pain. It crept up my ankle to my knee and back down again. I stood there cringing, and Warren came around the corner.

"Did you get him?" He asked.

"No, the score is 15—love, in favor of the roach."

Warren did his best to find him. He moved the refrigerator and everything, but there was no sign of the roach. And we haven't seen him since. Frankly, I hope we never do.

Of course, I keep getting encouragement from the ladies in the faculty room. "Oh my," said the home ec teacher, "if you've got one, you've got 30." Now, I ask you, how can I possibly be expected to feed 30 cockroaches? Can you imagine what might happen if they ever got together and formed a union?

Anyway, I never want to see one again. Everytime I enter the apartment, I play it safe. I open the door, turn on the lights and shout, "Well, here I am coming into my apartment." That let's them know I'm coming so they can get out of the way.

My other preventative measure concerns my roommates. I have instructed them not to let the garbage pile up beyond five bags full. The least we can do is offer the roaches a challenge. Ya know?

From Pillar To Post

by HIX



It's a little late this year, but the first crocuses are here, and the snowdrops, and in no time at all the first wave of frost-bitten robins will be hopping around in the front yard, freezing their feet in what remains of the snow covering.

Better the robins than the perch. There was an item on a newscast not too long ago, that land-roving perch had frosted their fins down in Florida, when they took off cross country from one stream to another. What's the country coming to, if the fish start walking? Isn't there anything at all that we can depend upon to stay put?

It would give me pause, a whole lot of pause, if I were curled in a sleeping bag somewhere near a stream, and a perch nudged in alongside, saying "Shove over, I'm friz, howzabout sharing the wealth?" It would be absolutely shattering. But I understand that it has happened. Hal Borland, in his compilation of stories about the great outdoors in "Our Natural World," cites an instance where a large catfish, frozen into a block of ice and completely immobile, stretched its fins, started breathing, and leaped out of its tub onto the floor, committing suicide in an attempt to reach a larger body of water. He might have made it, but the concrete floor of the garage gave him no life support.

Walking fish take you back to the beginning of time, and remind you that evolution is still going on, imperceptibly but steadily.

Robins, I can understand. There is something comforting about seeing the first flock of robins. They're here to stay for the duration, and one stupid set of parents is bound to try building a nest on the curving frame of the front door, sheltered by the porch. The straw keeps falling off before the mud cement can be applied to hold it in place, and the porch is a shambles. There is a small shelf designed for a robin's nest, over one of the windows, but the robin passes it up. Mamma built her nest over the door, so over the door it has to be according to family tradition, and eventually first one wisp and then another is cemented in place, and nest building progresses.

The lawn will need a ton of topsoil to conceal the scar where the submersible pump was hauled to the surface last fall. Pioneer Avenue, in common with the major portion of the Back Mountain, has a strata of water-bearing rock beneath it, and the soil is very thin. So thin, in fact, that in times of prolonged drought the trees suffer. One enormous oak was denied water for years on end,

and now is dead, dropping off one branch after another. It was a beautiful tree. It used to carry on a stout branch extending over the children's sandpile, a tall swing in which an airborne passenger could swing far out over the steep slope. As the tree gradually lost the breath of life, it put forth no more leaves, and now it stands, a skeleton. And beneath it, no longer shaded, the grass is growing.

The heavy snows of this past winter should be restoring the water table. Melting has been so gradual that there has been, to date, no major run-off, and the danger of a flood in the valley is lessening day by day.

An advertisement in the Dallas Post brought a man with a truck, who says he can take down the eavespouts. Gutters become clogged with needles if a home owner has a grove of pine trees on the windward side. They form a mat which resists the passage of rain water, and freeze solid in zero weather.

This winter specialized in zero weather, and for a time there, the icicles were reaching almost to the ground. They never seemed to drip, but they lengthened day by day.

With the gutters removed, there's always the chance that the rain can drip down over the eaves and provide welcome moisture for the flowerbeds beneath, instead of sluicing down into the rain tub, overflowing, and washing the thin topsoil down onto the terrace.

That catfish. . . the man who had it in his garage had cut a solid block of ice containing the fish, out of a pond, and had taken it home with him just on general suspicion. He was amazed when the fish came to life, gulped deeply, rolled his eyes, and suggested a larger container where a fellow with fins and feelers could move about. Transferred from tub to tank, the catfish gathered his strength before making the supreme effort to follow his instincts and hunt more ambitious quarters. His ambition killed him.

There isn't any moral. How could a catfish be expected to trust a man to cart him back to his native element? Do-it-yourself is the law of nature. Do it or die.

only yesterday



FORTY YEARS AGO

Fire destroyed three cottages on the Idetown-Harveys Lake Road Wednesday morning, with an estimated loss of \$2500.

The Rev. Harry F. Henry, pastor of the Shavertown Methodist Church, received another threatening letter warning him to get out of town or "take what comes." The minister had been leading a campaign against bootleggers.

Harold Lloyd's Studebaker touring car was badly damaged by fire while he was driving to Wilkes-Barre.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

With the death of Mrs. Clara Cook, much of the early history of Dallas vanished. Mrs. Cook, 83, daughter of pioneer residents of the area, Mr. and Mrs. Ira D. Shaver, had innumerable tales of the early days at the tip of her tongue. Her husband Charles, who died in 1931, made valuable maps of the area during his long years as a surveyor. Mrs. Cook's father had the first post office in Dallas, on the location of Kuehn's drugstore (now Fino's).

Herman Sands, Carverton auctioneer, noted that he had more than 60 sales booked for the season. He had been in the business for 20 years. "It's getting harder and harder to make a living on a farm these days," he said, "and that might explain the spurt in farm sales. Take an old fashioned earthen vessel, especially one with a crocheted silencer on the lid; it always gets a laugh from the crowd but we sell 'em."

C. A. Frantz said he would retire from active business April 1, and his son-in-law Harold Titman was named to succeed him in operation of

his general store. Mr. Frantz, president of Dallas Bank, saw Dallas grow from an isolated hamlet.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Clifford Space, Huntsville Road, lost a huge section of his big barn when tons of wet snow collapsed the roof.

Geroge Frantz, 65, collapsed from a heart attack and died in the back seat of his car late Wednesday night. Mr. Frantz, on his way back to his home in Lehman from Wilkes-Barre, stopped in front of the Trucksville Post Office when he found the steep grade was slippery from still-falling snow.

A young boy assisted him in putting chains on his car. Mr. Frantz then stepped back into his car to rest for a time before battling the storm. William Parsons, walking his dog shortly after midnight, discovered the boy.

TEN YEARS AGO

A horrifying accident snuffed out the life of a 5-year old Shavertown boy when little Charles Misson slipped in an icy puddle and plunged under the rear wheels of a school bus directly across the street from his home on Main Road. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Misson.

A representative of a Harrisburg engineering firm met with representatives of Kingston Township, Dallas Township and Dallas Borough to explain the first steps necessary toward consideration of a sewage system for the Back Mountain area.

Goodleigh Farm, in the dairy business for nearly forty years, went out of business with the dispersal of 80 head of prize guernsey cows at a Lancaster sale.

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poetry corner

Morning mists,
Evening shadows,
frame the sunlit day
like bookends protecting volumes
of deeds and unread knowledge.