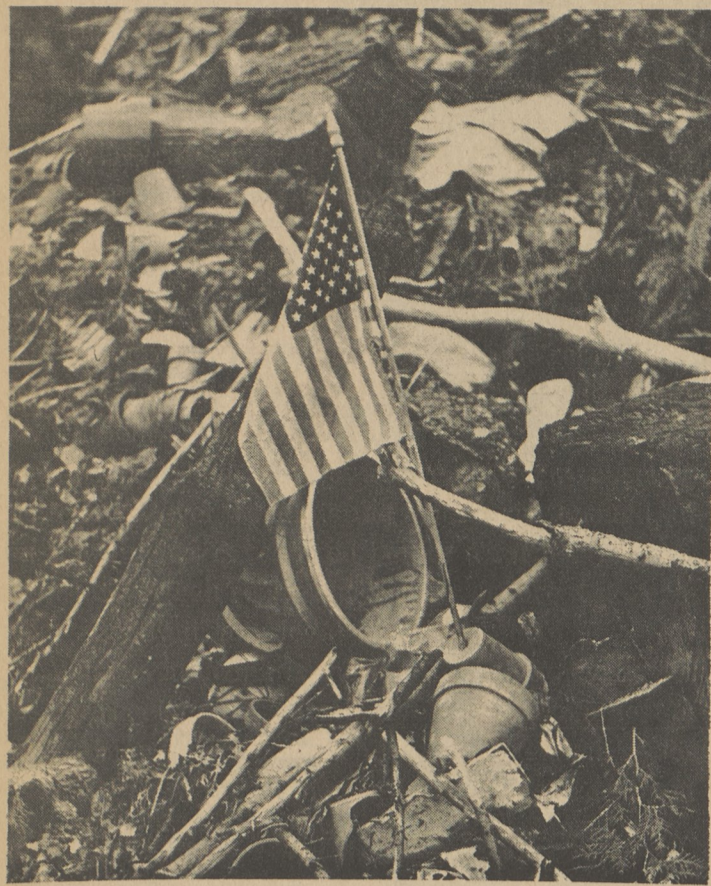


# EDITORIAL

## America the Beautiful



Northeastern Newspapers Inc. (Rich Cooper)

### Earth Day, April 22

#### beg your pardon

The series of articles published in this newspaper regarding the operation of public utilities in Northeastern Pennsylvania, written by news director J. R. Freeman, has brought mostly praise from our readers.

However, one who isn't pleased is Charles E. Thomas Sr. of Harrisburg, a former chief legal counsel of the Pennsylvania Public Utility Commission, and more recently a lawyer for Pennsylvania Gas & Water Co. Mr. Thomas has recently argued for rate hikes for PG&W before the PUC.

Mr. Thomas telephoned to point out Mr. Freeman's charge of "conflict of interest" was erroneous in his case, at least, in that it has been 19 years since Mr. Thomas was affiliated with the PUC. He was insistent that he had violated no conflict of interest laws, and we readily agree. Mr. Freeman should have said it was years since Mr. Thomas was associated in an official capacity with the PUC instead of "only months."

In dealing with conflict of interest, however, it is law in the case of the Federal Government that some lawyers may never again in their lifetime represent a member of the private sector before the same government agency he formerly represented, a fact perhaps Mr. Thomas is not aware of. In any case, on the federal level, which is far from strict enough, at least two years is required before a former government lawyer can represent a client before a government agency in any legal capacity.

What is amazing is the fact that this newspaper has not received any substantive rebuttal to a host of more serious charges launched in the Freeman series against PG&W and other utilities and government agencies—neither from Mr. Thomas nor anyone else.

J.R.F.

#### a good example

The Massachusetts Legislature has set a fine example in its law that instructs the attorney general of Massachusetts to defend any boy from that state who refuses to fight in Vietnam. The law tests the constitutional statement giving Congress the sole right to declare wars as opposed to presidential powers developed from court precedents that give the President the right to act in foreign policy.

What is best about the law is its political motivation. For the first time a state is telling the Federal government in effect, "we don't like your lousy war and won't permit our residents to fight in it until the war has at least some legitimacy in terms of national approval."

The Pennsylvania Legislature should follow suit

H.H.N.

## THE DALLAS POST

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

## 1,2,3 o'clock, 4 o'clock rock

by Gene and Miriam Goffin

Kleinhaus Music Hall went dark and a voice boomed: "We'd like to say hello, welcome and oo-poppa-doo!" The Rock and Roll Revival had hit Buffalo.

We had come to recapture our teenage years—they looked so much better from 10 years' distance. We expected to see a crowd in their mid- and late-twenties there for the same reason; half-thought they'd have DA's and leather jackets.

While the warmup group was playing a medley of hits-of-groups-that-aren't-here, all the anachronisms started to hit us. Kleinhaus is one of the best halls in the world for acoustics and a clear view of the stage, but it's not the Brooklyn-Paramount. At the least, the Revival should have been at the Loew's Buffalo—rock and roll concerts belong in mouldering movie palaces.

The guy sitting in front of us actually did have a DA, but most of the audience was in their teens, well-dressed and respectfully exuberant. They had come to witness living history; to see acts they had only heard about. The producers could have marched anybody out there—this audience wouldn't have known it. Was this ancestor worship? Or, just possibly a funeral?

And then we saw what was missing in the audience. There must be more than 100,000 Blacks in Buffalo—we could see two in the entire balcony. This was supposed to be their music, but we guess they know the difference between the past and the present.

M.C. came out on the stage again—we don't know who he was; there wasn't any program. He reeled off a succession of fifties' phrases, but most of the audience was bored. They had never heard any of them before. M.C. announced, "And here's the bosses with the hot sauces—the Coasters!" The Coasters used to have a tight act—both in their singing and in those complex routines the backup singers were required to enact. Somebody in back of us said only two of the original Coasters were left. Those two must have undergone electroshock treatments, because these didn't look or sound like the Coasters we remembered.

This was M.C.'s night for the "boss with the hot sauce." We counted it five times—two for Chuck Berry alone. Bill Haley, the Man Who Started It All, had brought his Comets, curl and hot sauces. The curl sits further back on Haley's forehead than it used to, but there's little change. We have a theory that Haley recorded "Rock Around the Clock" thinking it was a novelty tune, and when he saw what was happening, decided to take it over. Now he's the captive.

The Comets came out in purple checked tuxedos and black pants; Haley had a yellow checked tux. All were wearing those hidden black bow ties the young hero always wore in Alan Freed movies. Haley and the Comets did a commendable job in giving the audience what it wanted, but real vitality was missing. How would you like to play "Shake, Rattle and Roll," "See You Later, Alligator" and "Rock Around the Clock" for 15 years?

During the intermission, M.C. tried to hawk some booklets on the "History of Rock and Roll" at a buck apiece. We wondered whether he would sell bon-bons next. He didn't.

The true troglodytes of the evening were the Drifters. They knew what to do. They came out in red velvet pants and vests. They still had the discipline—the routines in all their absurdity were perfect; the songs hadn't changed. Somehow, the Drifters have maintained their vitality—probably at the expense of creative musical development—but for it, they got a very sincere standing ovation.

We suppose part of the reason one goes to a rock and roll Revival is to laugh at it; to look for mistakes. It's easy music to laugh at. Most of it wasn't very good 10 years ago and it sounds worse now. It's music to be enjoyed, not analyzed, but 10 years has made us analytical. We couldn't change that.

## off the cuff stuff

by Bruce Hopkins

Spring is the time of year when a young man's fancy turns too. There's something about spring that makes me want to just hop into my little convertible and drive for 947½ miles. In any direction.

Unfortunately, when I got into my car today to drive all those miles, I had a flat tire. But you know, I didn't mind: It was a nice day for tire-changing. Well, I mean, there are some days when you really mind a flat tire, but not a day like today was. As a matter of fact, I even sang while I changed it. Then the tire and I were both flat.

Spring is the time of year when you can feel good because there's a new beginning. It's time to start over and try again.

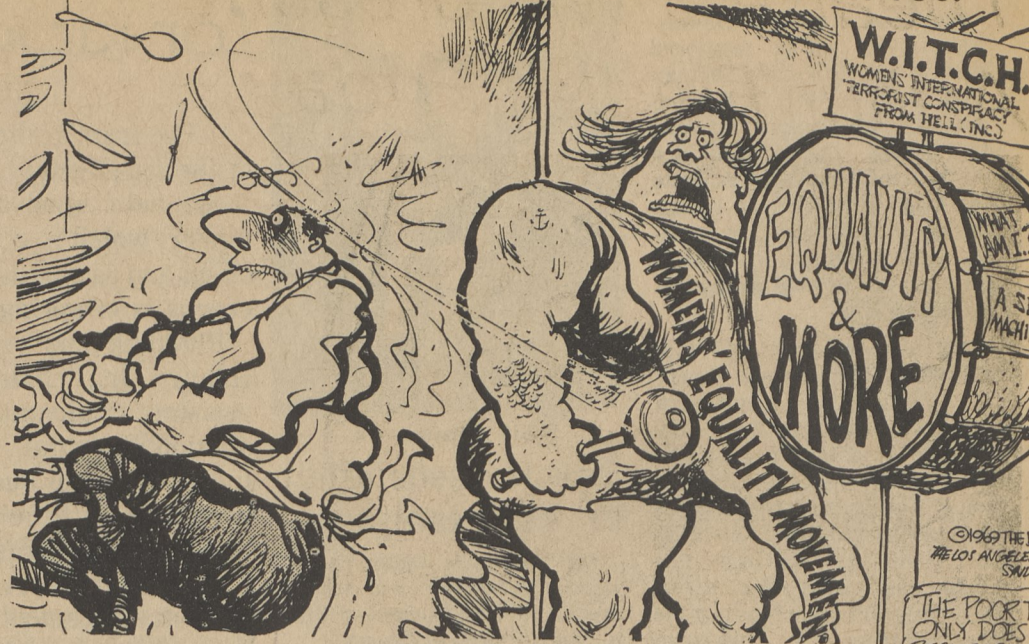
Spring is the time of year when things begin to bud. And buds bring blossoms. And blossoms always look hopeful. And hope springs eternal.

Spring is the time of year when you wake up feeling like you might actually make it through the day because the more days you make it through, the closer you'll be to summer. And you don't mind going outside in the morning because you can see and feel and smell the sunshine. And for a while you think that maybe there's not as much pollution in the world as everybody lets on.

Spring is the time of year when rain smells good. And it washes all the left-over crud off of your car. And out of your mind. And it leaves everything fresh.

Spring is the time of year when you ought to stick your head out of the hole in the ground in which you've got it, and get on your way. "Up, up, and away-ay . . ." Go find a field somewhere and lie down in the grass and listen to it growing. It's a great feeling. Take the time.

## IT'S TIME FOR MY MEETING--KISS ME GOODBYE, DAMN YOU!



Spring is the time of year when more than any other time of the year you think that maybe there just might be a possibility that people will come together and understand and love and live and laugh and as long as you don't go into my sixth period class you can go on believing it. Well, the faculty room would be a good place to avoid too.

Spring is a time of year when a sunset can make you think of terribly sensual things. Go ahead. And I sure hope there's someone around for you to share your sunsets with.

If not, run out and find someone quick. ("It doesn't matter who you love or how you love but that you love."—Rod McKuen).

Spring is the time of year when you like to get away from everyone and everything for a while and just celebrate your own self.

It's nicer at this time of year to be lonely alone than it is to be lonely with all those people around.

Spring is the time of year when it's nice to think about lettin' your hair grow down to your ankles.

Spring is the time of year when suddenly

the world begins to look brighter. But your students don't.

Spring is the time of year when I can remember coming home from elementary school and climbing to the top of the tallest evergreen tree and swaying back and forth and singing. I wonder if there are any evergreen trees anymore? It's spring again.

Spring is the time of year when I think of running, jumping, skipping, dancing, leaping, hopping, tumbling, tripping (the light fantastic), gliding, grooving, moving. And other verbs of action. Hey, could we maybe make peace an action? Spring would be a good time for everyone to go around peacing everybody. Let's go peace together, you wanna? I peace you peace he she or it peaces we peace you peace they peace. Bum, ba ba bum bum, ba bum.

Spring is the time of year when I think about how beautiful it all could be. And I try not to get depressed. If we could just not let spring go by without noticing it. It's here people. Spring is here. Don't let's ignore it. We need it. Desperately. Take the time. Peace.

## Pillar to Post: faith supercedes the astronauts

And again, in the eyes of the watching world, the country in which we are proud to live launches a space craft toward the moon. No veil of secrecy in case something should go wrong, nothing to conceal.

For the world has a right to know when events of such moment take place, it has a

paulted us into an alien world, far removed from the age of innocence, that we have passed the point of no return.

That nations must continue to expend their substance on keeping pace with a changing world, that the firmament is not as remote as it was in the days of the Psalmist, and that under control of the wrong ideology, it could well rain death and destruction upon us all, wiping what we are pleased to call civilization from the face of the earth.

It has faith that the astronauts will land safely in the icy waters of the South Pacific, where the first winds of winter are blowing far below the equator, as spring comes on gentle feet to our own land, and fields are green with hope, buds swelling, the whole magnificent pageant of the renewal of life marching with banners, triumphant over the death of winter.

It has faith that the recovery ship will be in the right place at the right time, and that communication systems will hold out. On the recovery of these three astronauts may well depend the future of our space program. It will go forward, no matter what happens, as it went forward after three astronauts lost their lives in a flash fire when an actual landing on the moon was nothing more than a dream. It will go forward, but it will go forward haunted by memory, and by a chill realization that the vast reaches of the sky and the dark depths of the ocean are alien territory, lying in wait.

That man is exceedingly small in the cosmic scheme of things, and that there are more things on heaven and earth than our limited intelligence can compass, no matter how great the strides of science.



by Hix

right to stand aghast when there is malfunction, it has a right to hold its breath as three intrepid astronauts battle for their life far out in the frozen wastes of space.

It has a right to go thankfully to bed as the frail space vehicle fires its rockets at the appointed moment, heading it back toward earth after disappearing behind the moon and abandoning of necessity any thought of landing on that hostile surface. It hears that oxygen and water and fuel will hold out by a narrow margin if all goes well.

It has a right to feel deep concern. It has a right to stand silently and wonder, knowing full well that there is no turning back, that the bomb which fell on Hiroshima has cata-

## the right to write

To THE POST:

People in general are concerned and are taking a more active part in combating projects which contribute to environmental pollution than ever before. This is because they are told more of the truth in exactly what is going on than ever before.

This letter is not intended to frighten anyone, but simply to present some facts as well as to perhaps stimulate a desire to participate further and become better educated.

The Pennsylvania Electric Co., a subsidiary of the General Public Utilities Corp., plans to build a liquid metals fast breeder nuclear reactor for the generation of electrical energy near the Susquehanna River on a site in Wyoming County just above Meshoppen. There is no plant of this same design or size in operation in the United States. This is to be the largest reactor of its kind and is currently being designed by the North American Rockwell Corp. The Pennsylvania Electric Co. purchased the land some time ago and plans to start construction in late 1970 or early 1971.

There is a very active group formed in the area called the Citizens Committee on Environmental Concerns. This committee is chaired by Mrs. Sidney Daniels of 71 Warren St., Tunkhannock. Mrs. Daniels has a large file of information including books, lectures and articles pertinent to nuclear power reactors. This information is available to all who wish to avail themselves of it.

The basic purpose of the committee was and is to stimulate people to become concerned and to become knowledgeable of this field so that a united intelligent decision can be made to support or oppose the power project.

TRACY B. HIBBARD  
Meshoppen



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THE LOS ANGELES TIMES STADIUM DATE

## only yesterday

FORTY YEARS AGO

C. W. Kunkle and William Brace suffered a severe loss when their brooder house burned to the ground with 400 chicks.

Census figures showed that Dallas had increased in population by more than 100 percent during the previous ten years.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Dallas Methodist Church opened a drive to raise \$5700 to meet the proposed budget. The Rev. Francis Freeman was pastor.

Banks Construction Co. was awarded the contract for 5.61 miles of concrete between Kunkle and Lutes Corner. Price \$271,393.

The Red Cross Drive was over the top. Barbara Oliver reported the drive had netted \$215.40.

Fire warden's quarters were damaged as thieves smashed windows in the cottage at the base of the fire tower on Chestnut Ridge.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A Town and Country YMCA was planned

to serve the Back Mountain area. A centrally located place, possibly in Dallas, was being sought. Lewis LeGrand was chairman of the planning committee, assisted by Clyde Cooper, Harry Ohlman, Stephen Davies, Meade McMillen, and L. L. Richardson.

TEN YEARS AGO

A preliminary school budget for Dallas indicated a 70-mill school tax might be necessary.

The big question around town was

whether or not pari-mutuel betting should be permitted in Luzerne County and whether or not a race track should be permitted in the Back Mountain. When polled by The Dallas Post, residents seemed split 50-50 on the issue.

Word was received of the death of G. Harold Wagner, 59, former State treasurer and auditor, as well as a former Burgess of Dallas. He had been living in Ashville, N.C., at las. He had been living in Ashville, N.C., at the time of his death.