

EDITORIAL

a time of your life

And now, brought to you by the same folks who brought you the burning of the books three years ago—a genuine crusade against sex education in the schools.

Enraged by the scrupulous honesty and meticulous accuracy of the last five segments of "A Time of Your Life," thirteen Back Mountain ministers and an uncertain number of area citizens (not all of them parents) have demanded that Lake-Lehman school authorities cancel the film series.

Disregarding the fact that parents have had, from the very beginning of the series thirteen weeks ago, the prerogative of deciding whether or not their children may view the films, the irate clergymen are determined to foist their own points of view on everyone else. That their beliefs may not be—indeed, are not—tenable to a large number of parents who believe the school can and should take an active part in the total education of their children is completely ignored.

The charges leveled against the educational program take several forms:

"They're pornographic!" the crusaders wail, despite the fact that the film series has won plaudits from organizations as diverse as the national Parent-Teacher Association and the U.S. Department of Health.

"They're immoral!" they cry, reasoning that sex education cannot be taught apart from morality and that morality cannot be found outside the scriptures. Is morality, then, an exclusively Christian privilege? Included in the program's vocabulary are the words "sharing," "trust," "mutual," responsibility, "closeness" and "love." Are these words immoral simply because they are not quoted within a Biblical context?

"They're communistic!" they shout, weaving distortions and half-truths into a mosaic that would condemn the Lake-Lehman school directors as unwitting dupes of a communist plot to seduce the minds and morals of little children.

"The children are too young!" they argue, speaking of the 11 and 12-year old children for whom the films are planned. Too young? When virtually every television program, every movie, every magazine and every billboard they see from the time they are born thrusts sexual images at them? Our children will get a sex education one way or another; parents, clergymen and educators might better work together to see that it is a healthy, wholesome, positive experience rather than an education learned from dubious sources and in undesirable circumstances.

"Sex education is the job of parents and church!" the ministers clamor, admitting on the one hand that parents often neglect this responsibility and conceding on the other that their own churches offer no sex education classes for young people.

Three years ago another group of zealots succeeded in having Ernest Hemingway's book, "To Have and Have Not," removed from the shelves of the high school library because it contained a number of words and phrases they found offensive.

We can only hope that current efforts to vilify Lake-Lehman's school directors and intimidate the parents of youngsters permitted to view the films do not meet with a similar success.

only yesterday

FORTY YEARS AGO

Warm weather was bringing out the catfish, and many fishermen were reporting better-than-usual catches.

G. Harold Wagner was making property assessments in Dallas Township.

The Tunkhannock-Dallas Highway was being re-surfaced.

Elwood Swingle represented Kingston Township high school in Troy, when he took part in an interscholastic field meet. Morgan Rowlands accompanied him.

Sergeant James B. Norris, Trucksville, was buried with full military honors Monday afternoon as the 109th fired the salute.

The Rev. J. J. O'Leary, pastor of St. Therese's, returned from an extended stay in the South, much improved in health.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Max Gelb's summer home on Point Breeze was destroyed by fire during the early hours of the morning. Losses were estimated at \$6,500.

Making way for the new highway which would follow the old trolley right-of-way, workmen were removing overhead trolley wires from Dallas to Harveys Lake. Buses had replaced trolleys during the previous spring.

Expenses for Dallas Borough school district for the coming year were estimated at \$2,545, with millage at 29.

Appointment of Irvin Davis as postmaster at Shavertown was confirmed. Mr. Davis had been acting postmaster for a number of years.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

The Harveys Lake Light Company planned to spend \$50,000 in this area to increase service to Idetown. The new Idetown substation, which required levelling of a large plot between Harveys Lake and Sgarlat Lakes, was to have four 500 KVA transformers.

The scarlet fever scare proved groundless. One child, Dorothy Tibus, presumably picked up an infection at the special school she attended in Kingston. There was no scarlet fever at Dallas Borough, Dallas Township, Lehman or Lake schools. Shavertown had one case, but it was soon out of quarantine.

Russell Uhl said the driving range near the Castle Inn would be ready for use shortly. Extensive grading had just been completed.

Dallas Township supervisors gave \$300 to Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company and \$200 to Kunkle volunteers. The Harry S. Smith Company would handle grass and brush fires with special equipment. Dallas volunteers have recently purchased an asbestos suit and suction apparatus for drawing water from ponds and streams.

TEN YEARS AGO

Thirty markers—many of them weighing as much as 2000 pounds—were overturned in the Warden Cemetery by an unknown number of vandals. Located along Lake Street, the cemetery dates back to the 1880's.

A gala dinner was held at the Irem Temple Country Club as testimonial to James A. Martin, retiring supervising principal of Dallas Schools. Over 200 persons gathered to honor the school administrator who was retiring after 27 years of service.

A lively Auction Kick-Off dinner was promised by James D. Hutchison, dinner chairman. He noted that the dinner would be limited to 200 persons and that the length of guest speakers' speeches would be limited too!

Andy Roan, Back Mountain beverage distributor, had his faith restored in human nature when he received payment for three cases of beer stolen some months before from one of his trucks. A letter accompanying the payment read, "I'm sorry; it won't happen again."



Pillar to Post : I try hard not to act natural



by Hix

It was fun making a tape for King's College, the tape moving silently along its appointed path, unwinding from one spool, winding up on another, bearing some thoughts about the changing aspect of the Back Mountain as its herds disappear and it takes on the complexion of a bedroom community.

What Miss Mary Barrett didn't know was that all the time she was interviewing me, I was interviewing her, devoting half of my mind to what I was putting on tape for posterity, subject the Back Mountain, and the other half to King's College librarian.

For one thing, she has two heads, something which is unique even for a librarian, who needs not only two heads but about four pairs of hands to keep abreast of the times and the recording thereof.

I didn't know that she had two heads until after the luncheon in the college dining room, where the first head twinkled at me through bright and observant eyes. I felt like an insect impaled on a pin, with my inner thoughts being catalogued and analyzed, but deftly and with empathy.

The second head appeared quite unexpectedly after we had returned to her office in the library. It had its eyes closed and looked entirely imperturbable. It was obviously ageless and priceless, nearly life-size, its expression that of a silent Buddha waiting out the centuries.

We discussed the head. It had been dug up on an archeological expedition, and for some unknown reason had been relegated to the garage of the digger where it rested quietly for a good many years after the return from the land of the Inca. It emerged from the rub-

ble of the dig completely unharmed, and remained unharmed under its potato sack. It would actually be very difficult to harm it, except perhaps with a pickaxe, as it is solid stone. Archeologists do not attack digs with a pickaxe but with gently strokes of a brush, a technique which leaves the surface of an object in its natural state. Many priceless bits of pre-history were destroyed by ruthless excavators intent on treasure before the present methods became standard and governments became aware of their heritage.

"Would you care to make a tape for the college library?" Miss Barrett had inquired a few days previously. "You could come in ahead of time and we could have lunch together to get acquainted. There's a faculty parking lot next to the library. All you have to do is to communicate over the telephone at the barrier, and the barrier will rise."

This sounded like apple pie. I decided to combine an appointment at the college library with a trip to the Court House to get my passport renewed. It would expire on July 21, and it would be humiliating to be refused admission to the land of my birth if the plane from Denmark should be delayed. Probably the authorities would let me in, but there would be a good bit of red tape to determine my exact status. It was difficult in the first place to establish the fact that I was a living and breathing human being, not an astral body. Folks who were born before 1906 have this recurrent problem. They are not on the birth records, so they do not exist. In a few more years the problem will no longer arise, because all of us will have been gathered to our reward, whatever that happens to be.

The application started on its way to Philadelphia, accompanied by a check for ten dollars. (The additional two and a half, in cash, was probably for beer for the boys in the back room.) One eye on the clock, I hotfooted it out of Luzerne County Courthouse parking lot and down the street to the library. The hornet colored barrier blocked the passage. The sign said trucks would be admitted, just telephone. A student said no, he didn't know which button to press or what number to dial but he would inquire. Which he did, bless his little pointed head.

And just about the time I was considering ramming the barricade, the hornet shot an antenna into the air and the path was clear for

the truck, which bugged through in a great hurry for fear the barrier might change its mind. The boy waved, said hurray for trucks, and there I was in sanctuary, on the exact dot of eleven forty-five. My motto is, never be late for a free meal. Some electronic gadget might cause it to vanish.

I haven't the remotest idea what went onto the tape. The only thing I know for certain is that I restrained myself nobly from dropping into newspaperese, a language which is at times somewhat earthy. But I did save one gem until after Miss Barrett had shut off the recording mechanism, because by that time I had concluded that she could take it without holding it against me. It was something which had endeared me to the hearts of the International Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors some years ago, but phrased in pithy terms not ordinarily found in print, or on a tape designed for the archives of King's College.

I keep bearing in mind my daughter's warning, on the occasion of the Open House back in January: "For heaven's sake, Mamma, don't act natural," and I make an effort not to act natural, but it is a strain.

poet corner

LADIES OF THE AFTERNOON

by Helen Villame

Ladies of the afternoon,
From their household cares immune,
Coiffured, ear-ringed, necklace-pearled
Set out for their secret world
Of bridge club, teas and fashion shows—
A secret world no husband knows.
There's salad ready to be tossed
And TV dinners on defrost.
Dessert will be some bit of fakery
Toted home from Mother's Bakery.
Off they go to shops or clubs
While husbands at the office drub.

off the cuff stuff : going ape at the Bronx Zoo

by Bruce Hopkins

It had been a long time since I'd been to the zoo. As a matter of fact, I couldn't remember when I'd been to the zoo last. But I do remember one time at the Bronx Zoo when I got lost. Very lost. And I am quite proud of the way I handled myself at that time. I really used my head. I discovered myself lost, decided I had to do something to find my parents, walked up to the first kind person I saw and began screaming hysterically. It worked.

Sunday came a bit earlier than usual since it was the set-your-clock-ahead-an-hour Sunday that we had chosen as zoo day. The exciting part was that we were three teachers and eight students going together as people. Heaven forbid, we actually went to the zoo as friends!

The zoo was serene when we got there. It was peaceful and happy, sunny and warm, just beginning to unfold its balloon, cracker jack and cotton candy plumage. It was a nice time to be there because there were more captive animals than captive people. And you could just enjoy the early morning drowsiness of an orangutang without fifty people shoving

you, stepping on your feet, and mucking up your hair with cotton candy.

We took our time wandering from exhibit to exhibit, reading the evolutionary history of each animal, learning so many interesting things, and remarking on how well-cared-for the animals were. We smiled at the poignancy of the sign reading, "The Philadelphia Zoo takes better care of its animals than some parents do of their children."

The rare mammals were perhaps the most fascinating group, probably because we felt as though we knew so many of them personally. The fat pompous baboon, sitting defiantly in his cage, arms folded over his chest, daring anyone to challenge his judgement and knowledge would make an awfully good administrator.

Each of us picked animals that we thought most resembled us, and then we picked them for each other. And we laughed because it was silly and fun and not far from the truth.

The sun filtered flippantly through the trees as we strolled through the awakening gardens inhabited with peacocks and flamingos and swans and other friends of princesses. One peacock nobly opened his

multi-colored tail and modeled for us, turning this way and that. Another cautiously pecked peanuts from our open palms.

The camels remained aloof to our smiles, either ignoring us or looking down their noses at us as if we were not of their class. And perhaps we're not.

By the time we reached the bear pit, our stomachs growled messages to the bears, who responded with snorts and grunts. The majesty and strength of the bears was awesome. I'd hate to meet one in a dark alley.

As we sat peacefully munching our nowhere-else-do-they-taste-like-this hot dogs, we noticed that the grounds were getting a bit crowded. We skeptically observed these new mammals arriving on the scene in their elaborate and varied plumes. The zoo became less enjoyable as the crowd increased. So many had come not to learn and appreciate, but rather to gawk and torment and aggravate. To prove their power over the animals. They throw things at the caged lion to make him roar for them. What power!

Probably the most disturbing moment came when we were enjoying the peace and serenity of three hippopotami. The father, mother, and baby hippos were huddled

warmly together; the baby with its head resting on its father's massive chin. They slept with only their enormous noses above the water, their bulging eyes closed to the group of gathered gawkers. It was a really touching scene. But the camera bugs wanted action. They were insulted that they had traveled so far to see these animals, and the animals had the gall to sleep. So they started throwing peanuts to awaken them. One mother humanely commanded her daughter to "Aim for his eyeballs, that ought to wake him." Feeling particularly friendly to animals, our little group took action. We reached into our bags of peanuts and began throwing a barrage at the people throwing a barrage at the hippos. It was an extremely satisfying feeling as they looked at us with their shocked expressions. We felt particularly warm when the papa hippo opened his eyes, looked at us, winked, and went back to sleep.

We left with hydrogen-filled balloons tied to our wrists. Some of us were so haggard looking that it appeared almost as if the balloons were holding us up. And in my case, I think it was true. But it had been a warm day and we were quiet and happy and friends. And we drove away to another kind of zoo.

guest editorial: human sexuality is a gift of God

(Interfaith Statement on Sex Education by the National Council of Churches; Synagogue Council of America; United States Catholic Conference. June 8, 1968)

Human sexuality is a gift of God, to be accepted with thanksgiving and used with reverence and joy. Sex is a dynamic urge or power, arising from one's basic maleness

or femaleness, and having complex physical, psychological and social dimensions.

Responsibility for sex education belongs primarily to the child's parents or guardians. A home permeated by justice and love is the seedbed of sound sexual development among family members. Healthy attitudes toward sex begin in the child's earliest years; they can best develop in an atmosphere that fos-

ters in him a deep sense of his own self-worth, bolstered by love and understanding.

We recognize that some parents desire supplementary assistance from church or synagogue and from other agencies. Each community of faith should provide resources, leadership and opportunities as appropriate for its young people to learn about their

development into manhood and womanhood, and for adults to grow in understanding of their roles as men and women in family and society in the light of their religious heritage.

In addition to parents and the religious community, the school and other community agencies can have a vital role in sex education.

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