

EDITORIAL

Sen. Casey endorsed

The Dallas Post recommends Sen. Robert Casey as the choice candidate for Democrats in the May 19 primary election. The reason is personality, since both men are backing similar programs. Both are liberal Democrats who see the state's revenue-problems being solved by an income tax. Mr. Shapp would like the income tax to take effect a little sooner than Mr. Casey, but on this—the most important issue—the candidates differ very little from each other.

This newspaper's feeling about the candidates is based on having met both and watched each at public appearances both in this election year and in the primary two years ago. Mr. Casey is by far the more stable personality of the two; is more predictable than Milton Shapp. During the campaign, Mr. Casey's positions were often explained on the spur of the moment; that is, without an organization working a year at research on every conceivable issue.

The point is not that Mr. Shapp acted badly, but that his explanations often did not reveal his personality at work, while Mr. Casey's answers did.

At times where he was called upon for immediate responses, and when hostile questions were asked, Mr. Shapp would get angry and lose the cool he spent so much time and money trying to convince voters he had. Sen. Casey remained cool under fire in his encounters with hostile questioners, and the man generally exhibited a thoughtful approach to issues while his opponent has been, in some cases, wild and irresponsible.

The personality test between candidates is legitimate because visibility was one of the iceberg issues of the campaign. Both men ran unusually dull campaigns. Mr. Shapp, though, more than his opponent, expressed himself from behind press releases written by others, from television spots that selected the best of him, and as a matter of design his public appearances were kept to a minimum. For Mr. Shapp, it was a don't-rock-the-boat campaign to shield him from voters. Mr. Casey, meanwhile, was much more visible and certainly available to most who wanted to see him. His availability thus brought out a truer personality picture than the Shapp media campaign brought out of Mr. Shapp.

Mr. Casey is from northeastern Pennsylvania and this should count for something in the choice of a candidate by local Democrats. But a stable personality would, in the newspaper's opinion, be the main reason for voting for Mr. Casey rather than Mr. Shapp.

slow down!

"Spring," the old saying goes, "and a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love."

Not in Dallas, though. We'd be tempted to rewrite the adage like this: "Spring, and a young man's fancy turns to cars. And motorcycles. And speeding up and down the streets of Dallas." No, we really don't think it'll sell a million copies, but we sure do wish the young speedsters would remember that most of the residential avenues in Dallas are populated by little children who—in the youthful exuberance that spring fosters in just about all of us—forget to stop, look or listen before darting out into the road.

Slow down!

Library Auction time

For those who plan ahead, keep on your calendar July 9, 10 and 11. Those are the dates of the Back Mountain Library Auction. Plan to be there and or contact the committee with items to be auctioned.

off the cuff stuff:

by Bruce Hopkins

My Senior English teacher had a baby. That, I suppose, wouldn't be particularly significant except that after she was my Senior English teacher, she became my sis-in-law. And that makes me Uncle Bruce.

"Say hello to your Uncle Bruce."
"Hello, Uncle Bruce."
Heh, heh. That sounds kinda neat doesn't it? Yes, here I am a full-fledged, honest-to-goodness, in-the-flesh uncle. Uncle Bruce. Have a cigar. (They're bubble gum cigars—they don't give you anything except cavities). Just like that, I'm an uncle. And I didn't feel a thing!

Of course, it really didn't come as a surprise. I knew I was going to be. As a matter of fact, I've known about it for quite some time now. In fact, I'd known about it entirely too long. Every time the phone rang for the past month, I'd answer it with, "Hello, is this Uncle Bruce speaking?" My roommates' girlfriends thought I was out of my mind. Every time they called, I'd answer the phone thinking someone was going to tell me I was an uncle. After a month of this, I gave up. Actually, I'm not all surprised the kid was late—he gets it from his grandmother Hopkins.

Let's face it, you can't blame him for not being anxious to enter the world what with the situation the way it is. And, besides, his hair had to get long enough to be fashionable. I figured that he was probably waiting for the weather to break. The weather broke on May 1st.

Ta da! The pudgy little kid arrived on the scene. He took one look around, and spoke his very first words: "To be or not to be, that is the question." Oh, wow, he's got theatrical blood in him—you can tell! Well how could he help it, what with his heritage what it is? And I really think that with all of this drama imbedded in his system, they should have named him something theatrical sounding—like Bruce. Or even Hamlet. Hamlet Hopkins. Now there's a theatrical name if I ever heard one! No, but really, I did inform the proud parents that they needn't feel obligated to name the child after his nearest and dearest uncle. And they took my advice. They named him Donald James Hopkins. And we're going to call him D.J. Or at least that's what I'm going to call him because it kind of has a theatrical ring to it. D.J. Hopkins. Terribly impressive, wouldn't you say?

I don't know. I really feel as if I ought to be settling down, now that I have all of this responsibility. I mean, it's important to a kid that his uncle be around. You know what I mean?

Well, now that the ordeal is over with, the grandparents are relaxed and resting comfortably. As for the parents they're comfortably not resting. As for me, I'm doing pretty well. I still wake up in the middle of the night wondering if they know how to change his diapers and that sort of thing. But I guess he's in pretty good hands. His mother was a good English teacher and his father's the son of a nurse. I don't know what that proves, but it makes me feel a little better. But even so, I wake up sometimes in the middle of the night, I think it's probably some sort of instinctive thing. He's probably crying, and I just wake up. But being one hundred and some miles away, I don't know that there's much I can do. I was rather proud of the fact that my nephew, D.J. Hopkins, was born with a great deal of hair. He takes after his Uncle Bruce in that respect.

Babies are really a lot of fun. They're kind of like puppies and kittens. I'm looking forward to being an uncle. It's so much easier than being a father, if you know what I mean.

Welcome to the world, Donald James. It's nice to have you with us. If there's ever anything you want to know, you just ask your Uncle Bruce—he'll show you the ropes!



Pillar to Post: my arbutus lady



by Hix

My Arbutus Lady phoned the other day to say that she had a small bunch of arbutus for me, lovelier than ever because of the abundant moisture in the woods this year.

Each year she calls me in early spring to say that she has found the flowers in bloom again. She is very vague in giving directions as to their location, but she lets me in on the secret. It would be so dreadful, she says, if she should move away and nobody should be left to find the hidden spot and carefully snip four or five little sprigs with a pair of scissors. But she knows, and I know, that people are greedy, and that instead of taking only a few, they would ruthlessly pull the lovely things up by the roots and then let the waxy little pink flowers dry out in the overheated atmosphere of the modern home.

The best way to keep the cut flowers moist and fragrant is to use for a container a bite-size fishbowl, fill it only a quarter of the

way up with rain water, then float the little sprigs on the surface, supported by their leaves and taking care that the blossoms themselves are above the surface. This protects them from dry air and drafts. Lean over the bowl, and the scent of sunshine and piney woods is all about you. There is nothing quite so delicate as the scent of arbutus.

There used to be banks clad in arbutus in the early spring, woodland spots pink with them, just as there used to be pink ladiyslippers in such prodigious numbers that it was impossible to walk without crushing them. There are still places where they can be found, but the bulldozers are on the move.

Developers care nothing about topsoil or century-old stores of humus, or pine needles underfoot or greening thickets where hermit thrushes sing. Where are the bluebirds? One of the most beautiful things I ever saw in my life was a pair of bluebirds mating, blue wings flashing in the sunlight, sheer ecstasy in every lifting motion, the very embodiment of Spring, a trembling surge of joy.

My Arbutus Lady wishes to remain anonymous. Last year I was in Japan when the arbutus bloomed, and the year before that I was unable, heaven forgive me for being too busy to heed the essentials of living, to go to her home and accept my little bunch of flowers. Some perfectly unnecessary project interfered.

So I wasn't really expecting that telephone call, but there it was, "This is your Arbutus Lady speaking, and it's more beauti-

ful than ever this year, can you come down to get it?"

With a glance out the window into the gathering dusk, I temporized, "Should you possibly keep them until morning? I don't drive at night if I can avoid it since I had my eye operated on. You won't give them to anybody else will you?"

The Arbutus Lady cringes when a tree is cut down, or when a bulldozer attacks a grassy knoll to level it for construction of another filling station, or when a purring little brook vanishes from the changing landscape as more and more houses are built side by side where once was pleasant pastureland, stone walls, gracious spreading oaks, a panorama of peace.

Before the term Ecology caught the popular imagination, the Arbutus Lady was a dedicated conservationist.

She still is. She does not share her knowledge of the hidden places of the countryside, because to do so would invite disaster. The treasures of the vanishing woodlands are hers, because she loves them and understands them, and remembers how her father took her when she was a small child to places in the woods where the arbutus and the ladiyslippers grew, and pointed them out to her.

We share this remembrance, for, too, as a small child, walked in the woods with my father and mother, found the ladiyslippers and the arbutus, saw the ferns unfolding against a stone wall, set leaves afloat in a little brook, and revelled in the soft clean scent of spring.

the right to write

To THE POST:

We highly commend the Lake-Lehman School District for having foresight to allow their students to view the program "A Time Of Your Life" on Channel 44.

We, as students of Lake-Lehman, find nothing objectionable about these programs. In fact we truly wish that we would have been lucky enough to view these ourselves when we were younger.

We feel that Channel 44 is doing a favor for some parents who can't tell their children; by showing these films, erasing all doubts, fears and questions that may arise.

Naturally young children become curious about these phenomenon and if they have a knowledge of sex and reproduction there

would be less worry of unwanted children, rushed teenage marriages and also less venereal disease.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Let's have more knowledge.

CONCERNED TEENAGERS
(Name withheld upon request)

To THE POST:

Hurrah for your editorial about sex education in the schools, Thursday, May 7! It's about time someone had an answer for these people who think the children of today can afford to remain ignorant about sex until early high school years.

This is a program that should have been started in our schools years ago. Any start is

better than none. The children are more than ready for it and would treat it like any other course in biology. It's the parents that must catch up with the times.

Sex is not a dirty word; but a fact of life! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DALLAS SCHOOLS??? Learned in the classroom instead of half done at home or worse yet in church or in the street. It can be one of the most wonderful experiences in life. Certainly these medias can enrich on what is started in class. The sole educator—NO!

The wonder of life! Dirty? Let's hear more from some of the people who are for this program. The silent majority.

A hopeful mother,
MRS. ALICIA ZIEGLER
Dallas

junior will have window shades

by Pat Gregory

I visited the Dallas school board meeting last week and it was a "budget" meeting. We were given yellow copies of the school budget so we could have some detailed information on it. The original budget in more detail will be available for anyone to see up at the Senior High. The school directors had a blue copy which was more detailed than ours. But no matter what your favorite color happens to be, each one had the same fact that there will be a four mill increase in our school tax this year.

Now my question of the month is "WHAT JUSTIFIES A FOUR MILL INCREASE, WHERE WILL THE EXTRA MONIES BE SPENT? OR IN WORDS OF THE AVERAGE TAXPAYER, IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?"

I thought to myself, at last they must be going to resolve the transportation problem that we have been concerned about (like kids standing on the buses for lack of enough room). But this is not the case. As far as I can

find out this problem will remain the same as last year.

Oh boy, I thought to myself, at last they realize that the heat at the Trucksville Elementary School is not right and they are going to remedy that situation. Imagine, our little ones at Trucksville will be cozy and warm all next winter. But as the president of the school board told me, "We will look into it," and I told him quickly (because he was about to shut the door on my nose) it had been reported since last October. So I realized that this situation would be the same.

Oh, I thought, maybe it will go into the school lunch program, but this was not so because they had just passed a resolution to raise the price of the school lunches 5 cents per day.

The school enrollment will not increase that much over last year and we have no new building program going on.

Then I had it tracked down to library expenses but after looking at the budget I found

that it cost \$27,962 for the salaries of librarians to look after the books but we were only going to spend \$9,000 on new books (which doesn't buy many books). But, I thought to myself as I looked around the library, at least the books we have here will be well taken care of. We are making a \$1,000 contribution to the Dallas Memorial Library which says to me for the beautiful library we have at school it must not have all that the students need.

One surprise came during the meeting when a resolution to buy band and mojerette uniforms for the senior high to the tune of \$8,657 was defeated, yet it popped up in the budget. This \$8,657 was for a total of about 80 uniforms.

It just has to be in the Health Services of which the total is \$40,644. Now I don't know about you, but I just received a notice from school that no medication would be given to a youngster from now on as they had some difficulties with children with allergies, etc. And

any time my youngsters got sick I'd get a call from the school to go pick them up, so I knew that I wouldn't be getting more services from that category.

So I am very sorry about that as I complete this little dialogue with you I cannot find the answer for you. All I know is that we are going to pay. And I for one would like to know for WHAT.

I did see that we had budgeted \$500 for piano tuning which is important; Heaven forbid that my child sing off key while freezing in the classroom.

And we also have \$200 budgeted for window shades. This is good too, for I would not want the sun in Junior's eyes, providing he doesn't get mangled on the bus or the road getting to school. Earl Fritzges, Bernard Novicki, and Harry Lefko voted against the budget. I wholeheartedly support their views. Thanks guys, for a nice try. In the meantime, IF I find out where that extra money is going I'll let you know.

EDWARD DeCOURCY

THE DALLAS POST

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guest editorial: the Army becomes domestic snoopers

One of the most frightening stories in many years appeared Jan. 25 in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. The United States Army has a staff of 1,000 investigators probing into the political opinions of law-abiding civilians. Not only that, but the unverified, unedited file of their diggings is available to any agency of the government for whatever purpose it chooses.

The information is contained in an article by Capt. Christopher H. Pyle, who recently completed two years' service as a captain in

Army Intelligence, and comes from briefings he received at the headquarters of the United States Army Intelligence Command and from observations of friends and acquaintances who served in intelligence units throughout the U.S. and Europe. None of it carried a security classification of any kind.

No one can deny the Army's need for intelligence of any plans for conspiracy, for attack on an Army installation, airport, railway, water system. No one can deny the Army's need for information bearing validly

on the competence or loyalty of persons about to be appointed to positions of trust.

But the Army's sending 1,000 plain clothes investigators snooping into the political opinions of law-abiding citizens is repugnant to the very principle on which the United States of America is built—freedom of thought.

Army snooping into personal opinion is only one short step away from intimidation, and intimidation is only one short step away from dictatorship.

To the plain clothes agent of CONUS Intelligence branch, Operations IV responsible for the Newport-Lake Sunapee area: I hereby proudly proclaim that I wrote the above editorial, that it accurately reflects my views. To make it easy to complete your dossier, I am attaching my fingerprints. There is a set that has been kicking around down there for nearly 30 years, but they're in Washington, and I thought it would be easier if you could have these right there at Fort Halabird in Baltimore.

EDWARD DeCOURCY