

EDITORIAL

a first step

We won't kid you: We're not exactly overjoyed by the decision to abandon the police cooperation agreement so painstakingly worked out by Dr. Hugo V. Mailey and the Institute of Regional Affairs. Quite frankly, we don't think the officials of Dallas Township, Dallas Borough and Kingston Township have quite the experience or expertise in formulating consolidated public service operations that Dr. Mailey has, and we are inclined to think that sooner or later, they'll come to the same conclusion.

Still, we're not about to condemn the efforts currently being made to provide the Back Mountain area with better police service before they've had a fair chance. Without a doubt, police communications on a 24-hour basis is a big improvement over the on again-off again answering service which has existed till now. But we're not about to be lulled into thinking that a single round-the-clock communications system will solve all the problems encountered now by our inadequate, under-staffed police departments. We agree with Dallas Borough councilman Bill Berti when he says that it's a "first step" in achieving a joint police force. But that's all it is . . . a first step.

We have been assured by Dallas Borough council president Ed Delaney that a true merged police force will be a reality by next year, that the "first step" will indeed be followed by other steps. We understand that Dallas Borough mayor Stephen Hartman, Kingston Township supervisor Richard Mathers and Dallas Township supervisor Philip Walter will be meeting together to hammer out an agreement to provide consolidated police service for the Back Mountain community.

We'll keep you posted.

on the last day. . .

(The following was written by an unknown author and carries no title. It was first found in the back of a small rural church, and there was no date.)

In the end, there was the Earth, and it was with form and beauty. And man dwelt upon the lands of the Earth, and he said, "Let us build our dwellings in this land of beauty." And he built cities and covered the Earth with concrete and steel. And the meadows and the trees were gone and man said, "It is good."

On the second day, man looked upon the waters of the Earth and man said, "Let us put our waste in our waters and the dirt will be washed away." And man did. And the waters, the rivers and the lakes, became polluted and foul in their color and smell. And man said, "It is good."

On the third day, man looked upon the forests of the Earth and saw that they were beautiful. And man said, "Let us cut the timber for our homes and grind the wood for our use." And man did. And the lands became barren and the trees were gone. And man said, "It is good."

On the fourth day, man saw that the animals were in abundance and ran in the fields and played in the sun. And man said, "Let us cage these animals for our amusement and kill them for our sport." And man did. And there were no more animals on the face of the Earth. And man said, "It is good."

On the fifth day, man breathed the air of the Earth. And man said, "Let us dispose of our wastes in the air for the winds shall blow them away." And man did. And the air became heavy with smoke and dust. The sun could not be seen and the winters became long and cold. And man said, "It is good."

On the sixth day, man saw himself; and seeing the many peoples, their languages, their colors, he feared and hated. And man said, "Let us build great machines and bombs;" and the Earth was fired with the rage of great wars. And man said, "It is good."

On the seventh day, man rested from his labors and the Earth was still, for man no longer dwelt upon the Earth. And it was good.

thissa 'n thatta:

Nader vs. G.M.

by The Gaffer

I can't find my clipping about a gal who died at the age of 100 years up around Forest City not very long ago, but I still have the one about Mrs. Gertrude Powell who died at home in Milwaukee in her 101st year and a very recent one about Mrs. John Barrett, who celebrated her 100th birthday over in White Valley and who is still going strong.

This makes at least 10 local centenarians in the last year since all the hullabaloo about pollution from automobiles and smoke and junked cars and chewing gum wrappers became a good subject for the hysterical and the politicians to shout about.

I agree with the unsightliness of all these including diesel smoke billowing from one of the road behemoths and the black exhaust from a car that needs a ring job, but the procession of citizens passing the hundred year mark makes me a little skeptical about the deleterious effect on human life of an empty beer bottle along the road.

Clean things up and maintain them, sure, but let us not get all worked up about it scaring everybody into thinking their days are numbered. All I ask is a little calmness.

Leading all of this hysteria is Ralph Nasser or Nader or whatever it is, who periodically tells us what is wrong with industry and our government and everything else about it.

What is more, he has gathered about him a parcel of apostles, who look on him as the saviour of our national health and who spread his gospel to the uttermost reaches of our land.

Nader and his "raiders" are simply great at telling us what is wrong with us. They also tell us how to correct it, except that they don't tell us where the money is coming from to make the changes they advocate.

Why, might I ask, do they not design a safe automobile and put it on the market or again, why do they not open up a coal mine and mine it according to their ideas of mine safety?

That is the American way of doing things. Henry Ford got some ideas about designing and manufacturing automobiles and Tom Edison had some notions about improving our lighting, so they went to work and made a fortune in the process of showing the world that they knew what they were talking about.

The field is wide open to Ralph and his apostles to start a company and prove that they can make a fortune by putting their critical ideas into a new product.

Well, I am willing to bet a hundred dollars to an empty beer bottle that they don't and won't even try.

It is more sensible to work away at pollution on a day to day basis, doing what we can afford to do and trying to keep one's own environment as clean and presentable as possible, rather than getting all stirred up about it and listening to the phonies like Nader who are unable to do themselves what they scream for everyone else to do.

Certainly the corporations are imperfect, being made up of people, but Nader and his apostles are also people and just as liable to imperfections.

In my view there is less imperfection in the man or men who have put America on wheels than there is in the man who simply bellows that they didn't do it right.

An example of this silly nonsense recently took place when the zealots got hold of a few shares of General Motors stock and proposed that the giant corporation give board membership to three "representatives of the public" and set up a shareholders committee to "monitor the management in the areas of GM's corporate responsibility to society as a whole."

There were also some representatives of labor who demanded places on the board to represent labor and a colored student who wanted to know why there were no black directors on the board.

The chairman of the meeting told her that no blacks had ever been nominated, which to the average guy would sound like a pretty good reason.

This meeting was dragged out for 6 1/2 hours and would be going on yet if every radical had been given unlimited time to express his views.

John Gilbert and some of the other sensible critics of corporate manners was on hand, but these people spoke in favor of the way GM is being managed with exception of making an effort to cut down some of the salaries.

The top man draws down over 1/4 of a million dollars per year and it seems to me that John has a point there; however John is working for the stockholders and not for the transformation of the USA into a socialism.

Plainly, that is what the troublemakers in this country are trying to accomplish, helped by a multitude of idiotic dupes who do not see what is in the wind.

As Winston Churchill once said "Democracy is the worst form of government in the world; except all of the others."

'...ER, CLAMP... NO, ER, SUTURES... NO, ER, SWAB... ER, NO, ER, WAGE-PRICE FREEZE... ER, NO, ER...'



TRB

the locust epidemic

The 17-year locusts began emerging in my rosebushes about the time Mr. Nixon told the nation he would go into Cambodia. At first it was hard to identify what was happening; a series of round holes appeared in the clay—scores of them, and I had no idea what they were. Then the drone started and has gone on ever since. Individually the locusts are small and insignificant but there are thousands and millions of them; collectively every Washington suburb (and up and down the East coast) hears the strange vibrant monotone.

At first your ear isn't attuned; you don't hear it; then you ask why the odd quiet uproar doesn't go away—sometimes the pulsating undertone becomes ominous. As boys, we put our ear to the rail and could hear the train a mile away; not a note but a kind of vibration; a warning. It is like that now.

A strange thing is that people coming out of air-conditioned homes, like apartment buildings or maybe the White House, haven't heard the sound at all. It is inaudible in the city; they wonder when you tell them about it. But it is there, all right.

There is another ominous undertone in the Washington atmosphere these days besides the locusts' hum; it is, to change the metaphor, bad news for America. One tries to be cool and objective about it; this is too serious for spite, or exaggeration. But the fact is evident everywhere that the Nixon Administration is in bad trouble and that is grave news for all of us. The matter can be put in various ways, the Administration has lost touch with parts of the public; it has miscalculated; it is out of tune; it has a tin ear—yes, that's it, it has missed the sound of the locust.

The evidence of a jittery nation are everywhere, no use to go through the list again. Student unrest, racial unrest, economic disturbance—and war continues. Whatever Mr. Nixon thought to do with the economy, it hasn't worked. There has been an erosion of \$250 billions in paper values on the stock market since he took over.

This sounds like a partisan attack on the Administration but it is not so intended. Mr. Nixon didn't start the war—he inherited it. He didn't start the inflation, either. That began when Congress and President Johnson failed to raise taxes adequate to pay for the war. More recently, it is the Democratic Congress that turned a "tax reform" bill into a tax-cutting spree. Now some Democrats are gleefully rubbing their hands over the whole mess.

The Administration's confusion is indicated by backbiting and infighting among its very members. Secretary Finch is undercut and humiliated. Secretary Hickel can't see the President. Secretaries Rogers and Laird are caught by surprise by Cambodia. Secretary Romney and Arthur Burns of the Fed., on economic controls disagree with Treasury Secretary Kennedy and Attorney General Mitchell (who somehow gets into everything).

Meanwhile, there are continuing resignations, and a really quite extraordinary number of protests from civil servant groups inside federal departments, roused out of their customary sheep-like docility by a kind of locust drone of anxiety. What would headline writers of 17 years ago make of this?—250 State Department employees protest Cambodia; 65 civil rights lawyers in the Justice Department protest softening of school desegregation; 2000 Health, Education and Welfare employees petition Secretary Finch to take a firmer stand on civil rights. No, these are not normal times; Congress fairly crawls with pleading undergraduates . . . these are very extraordinary times indeed.

This is no blanket indictment of an Administration; for example, so far as I am concerned, Mr. Nixon's drive for a guaranteed national income through his Family Assistance Plan is still splendid and astonishing. The Nixon Administration is the only boat we have for the next 30 months, anyway. If it founders we all drown. And yet there are certain things which I would not have expected from an ordinary politician, attuned to his era. I would not have expected him to watch football on television while 250,000 war protesters milled outside. I would not have expected him to drop the use of moral suasion as a tool to halt excessive inflationary wage-price increases ("jaw-boning"). I would not resentment at a time of crisis. I would not have supposed that he would send troops into Cambodia at this juncture and crisis without consulting the Senate in advance. Maybe one

or two of these things are explicable, but not all of them.

I expect Mr. Nixon is going to pull US troops out of Cambodia this month and claim to have believed he would have failed to make greater efforts to placate 20 million Blacks. I would not have supposed he would loose Mr. Agnew on the nation, to churn up anger and a great victory. He listened to military advisers, discounted civilian warnings, went into isolation and made his solitary decision. From the Pentagon viewpoint he may even be right. But at what a cost. Turning Vietnamese loose in rival Cambodia is like turning Arab guerrillas loose in Israel. He has spent a fortune of political capital. There is suspicion of vacillation even so, in limiting, after the stunning protest, the great "clean-up" to 21.7 miles and two months. We shall hear the locusts humming, I guess, for some time.

off the cuff:

the easy life

by Bruce Hopkins

Being an apprentice with the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival is one of those real snap jobs. For example, the working day doesn't even begin until 10 a.m. Imagine that, I never have to go to work until ten in the morning. That's when I have dancing class.

Yeah, dancing. I'm sure those of you who know me are now in hysterics. I mean can you just picture this big hunk of man, Bruce P. Hopkins, weighing in at a smashing 130 pounds, going through all those fascinating dance steps? Well, it's not really that funny. This dancing class has a great deal to do with muscle control. Although much of what we do is similar to what one would do in a normal dance class, much of it is meant to develop coordination. Actually, it's quite invigorating—especially first thing in the morning. You do really neat things. For example, follow the instructions as I give them to you:

Okay, ready? Sit down on the floor and put your heels and soles of your feet together. Now, keeping your back straight, bring the feet up to your (pardon the expression) crotch. Keep the heels and soles together at all times. Okay, now we get to the hard part. Keeping your back straight, press your knees down toward the floor. Concentrate on putting your knees all the way down to the floor. Now unless you're an experienced dancer, you are probably having a bit of trouble. You are also probably having a bit of pain. Well, see, you have to forget that the pain is there. Don't think about it. Ignore it. Just pretend it isn't there.

That's just one of the more simple exercises we do. For an hour we do simple exercises like that. They really make you feel healthy, and they improve your posture, and they develop your muscles. It's really great.

Okay, so that's the first hour of the day. It is now 11 a.m. From 11 until 1 p.m. we work at little things that must be done before the first show opens June 30. One of these little things that we have to do is build the theatre. You see, the N.J. Shakespeare Festival is opening in a brand new theatre in the old ballroom of

the Hotel Lafayette. This new theatre is still being built. And we're building it. So until lunchtime in the morning we paint and hammer and saw and hang lights and build scenery. Then we have our lunch hour. Now from 2 p.m. until 6 p.m., we paint and hammer and saw and hang lights and build scenery. Then we eat supper until 7:30 p.m. Now from 7:30 p.m. until 10 p.m. we paint and hammer and saw and hang lights and build scenery. And at 10 p.m. we have acting class. This class lasts until 11 p.m., at which time our day is over. We can do anything we want with our time from then on just as long as we are ready for dance class at 10 the next morning.

Like I said, this is one of those really snap jobs. And it's going to get even more exciting when we start rehearsing the plays. We open with *The Tempest* on June 30. Shortly thereafter we open *Hamlet* and run both of those plays on alternating nights. Then we open *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, and run all three of them on an alternating schedule. Then we close *Tempest* and open *Man of La Mancha*, and run those three, and gradually we drop the other two and end with *Mancha* running alone for one week in September.

In between we do three children's plays and a number of special events—an evening of one-act plays, etc.

I suppose you're wondering what I do with my spare time, huh? Oh, I write columns and that sort of thing. You know, it keeps me off the streets.

But in spite of the hours and the energy, I'm loving every minute of it. It's really exciting to see everything pulling together, and everybody pulling it together. The people are fascinating. There are apprentices and actors from all the United States—all offering unusual ideas and viewpoints.

At any rate, it should prove to be an exciting summer. And I really hope I survive it. Ah well, as William Shakespeare once said, "there's no business like show business." Exit stage right.

SARA L. SMITH
Box 297, RD 1
Harveys Lake

THE DALLAS POST

A non-partisan, liberal, and progressive newspaper published every Thursday morning by Northeastern Newspapers Inc. from 41 Lehman Ave., Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription within county, \$5 a year. Out-of-county subscriptions, \$5.50 a year. Call 675-5211 for subscriptions.

The officers of Northeastern Newspapers Inc. are Henry H. Null 4th, president and publisher; John L. Allen, vice president, advertising; J. R. Freeman, vice president, news.

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

Guest editorials

To THE POST:

By now most people have forgotten about the census and are sick and tired of hearing about it. They aren't half as sick and tired as I am. I was a census enumerator.

In 1960 over five million people were missed by the census tally. I'm willing to bet about 50,000 will be missed in 1970 in the Northeastern Pa. (Scranton) district alone, due mainly to the inordinate stupidity of those in charge.

The area I was to cover had a large number of summer homes. Although all dwellings, vacant or not, were to be counted, half of them did not appear on the illegible excuse of a map I was given. My second supervisor (the first one had thrown in the towel) told me to pretend I hadn't seen them. For every question or problem I had, I was told, "Don't worry about it." Not only did I find it impossible to do a thorough and accurate job, but I was encouraged by my supervisor to "pad" my expense record on the theory that stealing

from the government was not the same as stealing from one's neighbors whose taxes paid our salaries.

Innumerable forms that were sent to the wrong district were simply pitched in the wastebasket instead of being forwarded to the right place. Many other families were prevailed upon to fill out two census forms because their addresses were duplicated in two districts.

The main reason for this tragicomedy of

errors was the fact that those in charge of the census in this area were chosen on the basis of their political know-who rather than any sort of know-how. The chaos of the census is one more vivid example of the mediocrity (!) of performance which occurs when political drones are put in charge.