

# EDITORIAL

## a "good news" newspaper

"Reporters, editors and subscribers wanted for a new newspaper that prints only good news."

"Time" magazine wrote that Spiro Agnew's office fell for this gag and sent the newspaper editor who had printed it a note wishing him success. We have learned that Dallas has its own advocates of a "good news" newspaper: "If you can't print good news," one irate Dallas Borough Councilman recently demanded of The Dallas Post, "don't print anything."

Well. This is certainly an interesting reversal of the "no news is good news" school of thought—now it's "all news is good news . . . or else!"

Needless to say, we don't agree. A newspaper prints news, it doesn't create news. Because we print an obituary it does not follow that we were responsible for the person's demise.

Nor do we agree with that same councilman's assertion that The Dallas Post doesn't care about Dallas or the Back Mountain community. To the contrary: We care enough to print the truth, and the truth—as the old saying goes—sometimes hurts.

Thus while it is true that the Back Mountain community is a great place to live—and we write plenty about just how great it is (why not try reading us and find out)—it is also true that there is inadequate police protection for residents living here. And it is also true that the budget for the Dallas School district was initially less than realistic and did not accurately reflect the desires of the citizens who foot the bills for education. And it is true, too, that the sewage problem has been out of control for years, with sewage seeping out of the ground not only on the lot designated as Phase II of the new park but virtually EVERYWHERE throughout the Back Mountain area.

We do not think that any of these problems are insurmountable; we know, too, that council members, township supervisors, school board members and public-minded citizens have worked diligently in the past and continue to work diligently now to find solutions to them. But none of us—least of all an honest newspaper—can become an ostrich with his head in the sand and squawk that the Back Mountain Community has no problems. Or that these problems will go away if only we don't talk—or write—about them.

A "good news" newspaper is—fortunately or unfortunately, depending on your point of view—as mythical a beast as the unicorn if one is also talking about the truth.

## Flood nixes reactor

It was good to hear that Congressman Daniel J. Flood, (D-Pa.) has joined conservationists and concerned citizens who oppose the installation of a nuclear power plant on the upper Susquehanna River near Meshoppen in Wyoming County.

Rep. Flood told newsmen last week that after discussing the proposed installation of the largest fast breeder nuclear reactor in the United States with technical experts, he had concluded that the Susquehanna proposal "would be very dangerous and not in the best interests of area residents." He continued that the hazards involved with the project include pollution, radiation and the possibility of an explosion.

Bluntly, Rep. Flood said that he was concerned that an accident might occur which would poison the water supply of all the towns and cities from Meshoppen to Baltimore, Md.

Congressman Flood thus joined the anti-nuclear reactor positions of Sen. Richard Schweiker (R-Pa.) and Democratic gubernatorial candidate Milton Shapp, lending power to the position taken by local citizens groups such as HELP and the Citizens Committee for Environmental Concern.

## thissa 'n thatta:

by The Gaffer

In pondering the wisdom of extending the voting right to 18-year-old Americans, it strikes me that one way of guessing how much good sense will be injected into the direction of our affairs is to think back and recall just how much good sense I enjoyed at that age. Granting that I still do not distinguish myself in that respect and granting that I may well have been below the norm, honesty compels me to say that I was far from bright on Aug. 24, 1917, when I would have been eligible to cast a vote if the law recently passed by Congress had been in effect.

I recall registering about that time for the draft in World War I and congratulating myself on having, in a manner of speaking, reached man's estate. I also recall that the thought didn't take up much of my time because I was working in the coal mines during my summer vacation and I was learning the words of the poet who told us to "learn to labor and to wait." I felt pretty sure he meant wait for payday, which came twice a month and provided me with fine clothing, admission to dances and pipe tobacco as well as a little addition to the sum being laid away toward a Model T Ford. Voting never occurred to me as being any of my damned business.

I was pretty vague on local government; knew practically nothing about national government and as for state government, I knew only that Harrisburg was the capitol, the governor's name was Tener and that my grandfather had once ran for the "legislator," only to have been defeated. I read the newspapers after a fashion but was mostly attracted to "Mutt and Jeff," "Life With Father" and the league standing of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Although I was interested in the war and duly hated and despised the Kaiser and his cohorts I just couldn't make head or tail of anything else and I didn't try to.

Maybe my gentle readers will think from all this reminiscing that I am leading up to the dictum that because I wasn't fit to vote at 18 nobody else could possibly be. Not so at all, because, as I pointed out, I was probably below the norm and my thinking that girls and unaccustomed possession of specie was out of the ordinary 18-year-old method of ratiocination and was just plain stupid. Furthermore 50 years of evolution could well have produced a much more competent 18-year-old citizen than the average bumpkin of 1918.

Possibly so, but on the other hand, possibly not. I am not so certain that evolution moves that quickly and I am even more uncertain that the pedagogical giants of today have so improved educational methods that Mr. and Miss Eighteen are ready to have an important voice in the nation's affairs as of the year 1971.

The principal reason for lowering the voting age seems to be the slogan that "if they are young enough to fight our wars they are young enough to vote," but I never did see the logic of that remark. Last week's "Life" magazine had as cover picture a group of Arab guerrillas armed to the teeth with sub-machine guns and other weapons, which I would guess posed a danger to everyone nearby, friend or foe. The average age of these kids must have been about 12 but I'm pretty sure that Arafat or whoever directed their activities hadn't the slightest idea of offering them a voice in council. This is, of course, a reductio ad absurdum, but it does point out that old enough to fight doesn't necessarily mean old enough to think straight.

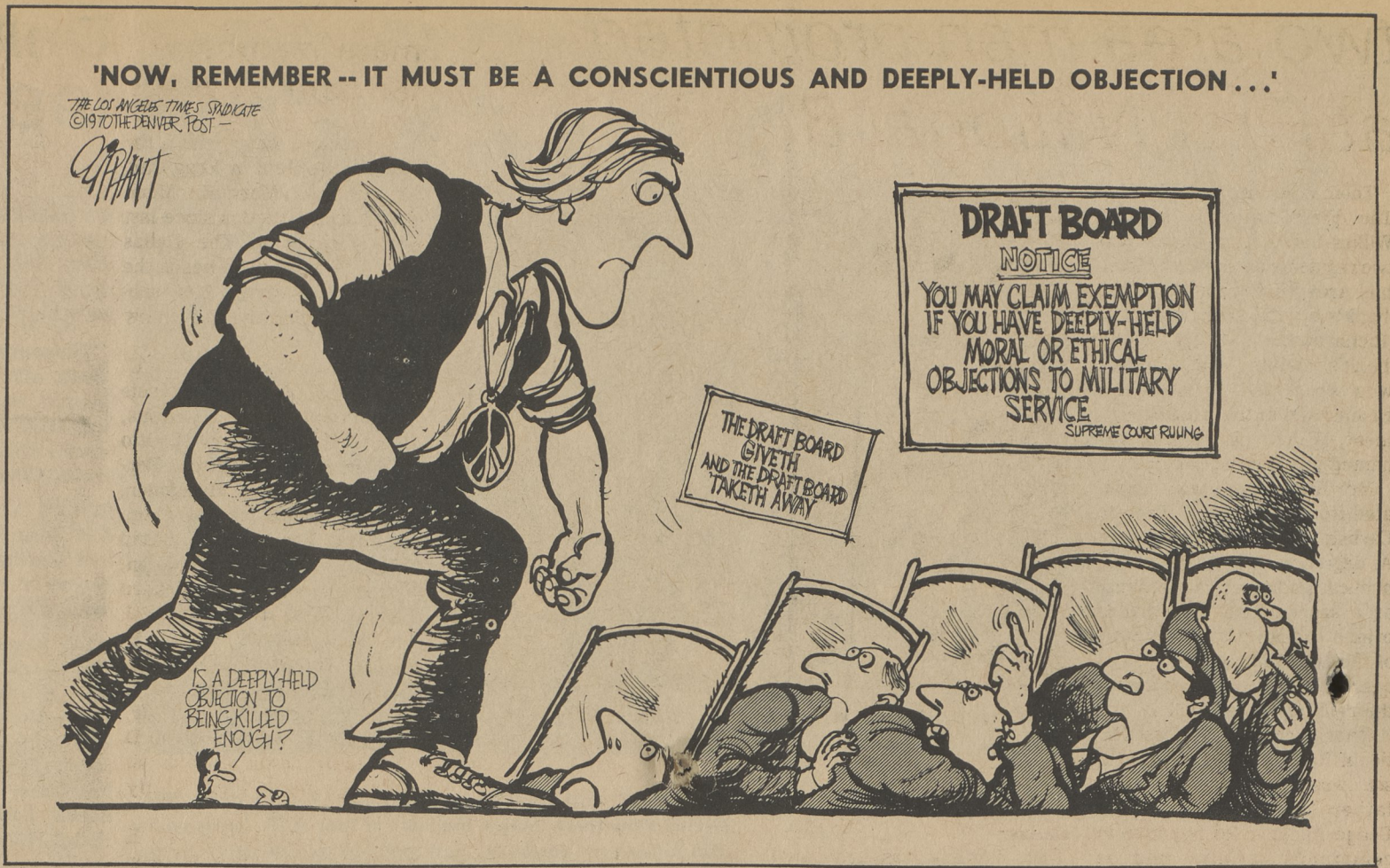
A better argument is that citizens over 21 haven't made such a bang-up job of running things and so 18-year-olds cannot possibly do much worse. Perhaps I could be convinced of that but it flies in the face of a common belief that experience is of some value. Even the makers of our constitution seemed to think that it is because they made a minimum age requisite for holding a number of federal offices, that of president being, I think I recall properly, 35 years.

But that can all be changed, of course. Just as the voting age is being lowered, the office-holding age can be lowered and all of the legal requirements which include age can be dropped. It seems pretty silly to allow a Pennsylvanian to vote at age 18 and not be able to buy a drink until he or she is 21. Or buy cigarettes and smoke. Or go to dirty movies.

Thinking it all over, I'm afraid that the value of experience must be taken into account as something pretty conclusively proven throughout the ages and the corollary is that by lowering the voting age, the average experience of the voter is diluted, leaving our nation to be guided by somewhat less of wisdom than it now obtains.

I'm more inclined to consider that raising the voting age to say 30 years would bring about better national judgment and I also believe that a reasonable intelligence test of voters should be required even at that age.

The national thinking seems to be just the opposite to mine, but there you are! After all, I'm just one old gaffer sitting in his ivory tower and looking at ancient, medieval and modern history with the possibly wrong idea that such knowledge is important.



## off the cuff: the way the thunder roars

by Bruce Hopkins

The thunderstorm was at its peak, and we couldn't find an extension cord. We ran desperately into the office of the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival, and started pulling out all of the extension cords we could find.

"Hurry, hurry," Sally Cotton yelled from the end of the hall, "you're missing some tremendous thunder."

Judy Noble and I charged down the hall of the second floor of the hotel which houses the theatre. Lugging the tape recorder and extension cords, we were trying to tape the thunderstorm because we are currently in production of *The Tempest*, and needed tempest sounds. And at that very moment, there was a tempest raging outside.

Sally Cotton sat on the window sill with the curtains blowing around her, holding the microphones out of the window. She looked like something out of a Boris Karloff flick. "Ready, Sally?" we asked as we finally got everything hooked up.

"I'm ready, I'm ready," she replied. We began recording, and the storm began dying. We stood there mouthing words to each other, trying to decide what to do. Judy charged down to the other end of the hall and flung open the window.

"Ooooh, ooooh," she shouted, "the surf, the surf. You can hear the surf and everything from down here."

Sally and I grabbed the tape recorder, pulled out the extensions and headed for the surf at the other end of the hall. We plugged in the machine and stuck the microphones out the window. I pushed the record button, and nothing happened.

"No power, we don't have any," I shouted.

"Awooooh," Sally cried as if her life was at stake. "hurry, the thunder is beautiful but it's moving away." She began jumping up and down on the window sill.

"Aha," Peter Earhart shouted, "another socket up there."

We all looked up and saw the socket he referred to. Plugged into it was a small grey box with a red light on it. I inquired as to what would happen if we unplugged the grey box. We decided the fire department would probably show up, and we'd have the entire hotel out in the storm in a panic. However, we noticed another empty socket above the grey box. Peter hoisted me on his shoulders while Sally continued having a spasm on the window sill and yelling about how the thunder was getting more and more distant. But the

lightning looked fantastic on the ocean if we wanted to tape record that.

Finally we were recording. We mouthed off to each other that the storm was dying and we kept doing silent rain dances to bring about more noise.

Just as things were beginning to look hopeful, two little old ladies came down the hall.

"What are you people doing," she said in her I'm-a-friendly-old-lady-talking-to-young-people voice.

"Shhhhhhhh," we winced. "We're taping the thunderstorm."

"Oh, of course," she said to the other little lady, "they're taping the thunderstorm."

"Isn't that nice," responded her friend who was holding on to the first lady's arm to keep herself upright.

"Why are you recording the thunderstorm?" she asked.

"We're from the theatre," we whispered, "and we need thunder sounds for a play."

Oh, actors, my how nice. Yes, of course. They're actors. Well, that's a clever idea taping a thunderstorm. What won't they think of next." She chattered on down the hall to her friend.

Meanwhile the storm had just about died. But the surf was still going strong, so we caught a bit of that on the tape.

The next thing we had to work on was an electrical zap. Sally Cotton and I were sent to the penny arcade on the boardwalk to listen for possible sounds. It was a rather interesting mission. We kept stealthily roaming from one machine to another listening to the noises. In the end, we came up with a great explosion, but very few really decent zaps. Most of the zaps at the penny arcade are kind of fizzles. And a fizzle would just never do.

We still need a few more sounds—you know, underwater sounds and collision sounds and splintering wood. The one thing that bothers me is that whenever all talk about collision sounds, everyone looks strangely at my car.

Oh well, that's the way the thunder roars.

## guest editorial:

(Steamboat Pilot, Steamboat Springs, Colo. January 29, 1970)

For years the greatest fear in a man's life was to be poor. It was about the worst thing that could happen. But gradually that's changing. In fact nowadays, you can get subsidized housing, health and dental care, university scholarships and various other welfare benefits, provided you're poor enough. All you need to enjoy many of the advantages of life is proof that you are disadvantaged.

Nobody can complain about that. It's human and kind. However, in curing poverty, society has created another problem group. And that's the middle class.

Nobody wants to be middle class anymore because the middle class has an awkward amount of money—too much to be eligible to live as well as the poor, too little to live as well as the rich. The middle class wage earner is caught in between.

Instead of living downtown (like the rich and the poor) the poor sap has to buy a crummy lot 35 miles from town because that's all he can afford. And then he spends the rest of his life trying to pay bills, educate the kids and meet the mortgage because nobody will help him out. If poverty gets any more attractive, this is the sort of thing we may run into at the office:

"It's about my salary, Mr. Goodie. I wonder if you could give me a decrease?"

"You had a decrease less than a year ago, Smedley."

"I know sir. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important, but I sure could use less money."

"What size decrease did you have in mind?"

"Twenty-five dollars! That's a big slice, Smedley. What have you done to merit it?"

"I've worked for the company 23 years, Mr. Goodie. And I've never let you down. My work has always been up to standard."

"I realize that, Smedley. But \$25! Wouldn't you be satisfied with a \$15 cut? We have a budget right now. We're already below last year's salary figures. And I hear the union is furious, tax-wise."

"Mr. Goodie, a \$15 cutback is better than nothing, but my wife and I had our hearts set on a \$25 decrease."

"How about \$20?"

## jottings... America is beautiful

by Jane Wildoner

Independence Day is coming up soon and, because I am a long-time admirer of America and things American, I am especially grateful to the Danes who celebrate our Fourth of July, too—on a much smaller scale, of course. When so many of our friends smile in our faces while picking our pockets with one hand and stabbing us in the back with the other, Hurray for Denmark!

The Dane's national holiday is Constitution Day which they recently celebrated on June 5. Danish national pride is obvious in their national anthem, "There is a Lovely Country." It doesn't give one the feeling they're trying to set Denmark above any other country but just that it's a pretty nice place to be proud of. We Americans could take a lesson from that. Personally, if for no other reason, I'd like Denmark for its lilting melody, "Wonderful, Wonderful Copenhagen," eulogizing its capital city.

Well, I don't wear a hat, but if I did, it would be off in gratitude to Denmark on July 4.

If ever we Americans have the dollar signs that are projected in front of our eyes eclipsed by the Conservation Pledge, maybe then we'll

put the brakes on our "popullution." One doesn't see the Pledge written or heard repeated often but, in my opinion, it is one of the basics—like prayers or the Pledge of Allegiance—that should be taught to our kids as soon as they are old enough to comprehend the meaning (which is surprisingly young when we take the time to teach). It goes: "I give my pledge as an American to save and faithfully defend from waste the natural resources of my country—its air, soil and minerals, its forests, waters and wildlife."

Strawberry pickin' time is in high gear. The young-uns and some not so young-uns are hurrying to the local patches to fill their baskets and collect their nickels and take some home to make into finger-lickin' good jams and jellies. The domesticated plants never seem to produce the good taste or the sweet smell of a wild strawberry; but then it doesn't take forever to fill a basket with them or forever and a day to clean them as it does the wild ones. The wild ones taste best as you rest at the top of the hill after hurrying up from swimming in the pond to get home before Dad comes home for supper, and the smell of new-mown hay is wafted over the stonewalls.

# THE DALLAS POST

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## the right to write

To THE POST:

I should like to express my views on the entrance of the United States into Cambodia to you. Many people have written to me and asked me what I thought about it and I would like to try to answer everyone's questions.

Many people know very little about the situation in Vietnam. Most people know only what they get from the news media. These

news releases tend to exaggerate or play down situations.

Right now Southeastern Asia is in the pre-monsoon season. Very shortly the rains will come. This monsoon season lasts for approximately three months, therefore the Vietnamese are building up supplies for this period of time as many people do for the winter months. If we destroy the supplies and break supply lines now the North Vietnamese

will not be as strong during the monsoon season and will not be able to engage in as much action. This gives us a chance to train and strengthen the South Vietnamese forces.

With stronger and better trained South Vietnamese forces the United States can pull a great majority of their troops out of Vietnam.

I believe that our entrance into Cambodia was the smartest move President Nixon could

have made and I praise him for it and I sincerely hope and pray that this war will end soon so other people's sons and relatives and friends won't have to serve in Vietnam.

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