

EDITORIAL

"what's the matter with kids today?"

"Kids . . ." the song from a popular Broadway show goes, "Why can't they be like we were, perfect in every way . . . oh what's the matter with kids today?"

The lyricist who wrote those words should come to Dallas.

He'd find kids who are as perfect as we ever were, kids who are working their hearts out for the Library Auction.

Their ages range from pre-school to young adult, and they've taken on tasks that astound their elders. They're planning and operating booths traditionally staffed by adults; they're selling chances; they're providing much-needed man power in carrying, carting, lugging and dragging anything that needs to be carried, carted, lugged or dragged from one place to another; they're acting as liaison agents between committee chairmen and committee members. In short, they're doing everything they're asked to do and then some.

Everyone has favorite stories to tell of the youngsters' willingness to help out.

"Would you like to come swimming?" one mother asked a 10-year old boy last week. "No thanks," was the reply, "I've got to get down to the Auction barn to help out."

And barn supervisor Bill Moss says they do help—really.

"When we were rearranging new goods," Bill recalls, "this one little fella kept giving me so many good ideas on how to do it I thought I was working with a midget! I couldn't believe it when he told me he was only six!"

Girl Scouts of Troop 712 are staffing the plant booth; members of the Rotaract Club are manning the fun booth; Boy Scout Troop 232 is supplying the auction runners; Key Club members have been working for weeks on solicitation of goods and recently spent hours erecting the booth frames; youthful queen candidates have been busy selling chances on the electronic stove; junior and senior high school students have signed up to work at the book booth and antiques table. The list goes on and on.

Who can doubt it: Our hard-working kids are the un-sung heroes of the Library Auction.

in time of need

To truly appreciate the top-notch work performed by members of the Dr. Henry M. Laing Fire Company and the Dallas Ambulance Association, one must see them in action. We had a chance to do just that one day last week when two cars collided on a busy Dallas highway, and we were greatly impressed.

The fire sirens howled shortly after noon, and cars with frantically blinking headlights were soon racing down the streets of Dallas carrying volunteer fire fighters and ambulance crew members to the scene of the wreck. Skilled ambulance workers gently lifted the injured persons into the Dallas ambulance and transported them to Nesbitt Hospital, offering expert first aid enroute.

At the scene, traffic was held up and had to be guided around the damaged automobiles to avoid dangerous jamming; assistant fire chief Bill Berti jumped to the job and soon had the snarled traffic moving smoothly. The wrecked cars had to be dragged from the highway; volunteers worked with the wrecking crews to see that this was done promptly and efficiently. When it was all over, the volunteer firemen drifted back to work, relieved that—despite their preparedness—there had been no need for their services.

The second and final letter of solicitation for both the fire company and the ambulance association will be mailed July 15 to Dallas residents who have not yet contributed to the support of these volunteer units. If you are among those who have not responded to the earlier request, don't wait any longer—your donation, large or small, is needed to maintain these organizations.

thissa 'n thatta :

by The Gaffer

When I was a lad in the fair borough of Greensburg (now a third-class city with lots of traffic lights and parking meters) I learned to read.

I don't remember that there was much difficulty about it, probably because I had comprehended that there was much to know about a world in which I found myself and reading was a good way to enlightenment.

I recall clearly that the first printed sentence I learned to identify was "Willy Has A Slate" and the second one was "Has Willy A Slate?" It seemed kind of silly to ask the second question right after stating badly that Willy did have a slate, but I suppose the idea was to get declarative and interrogative sentences into the young mind as quickly as possible.

Well, I took to reading like a hippy takes to a mustache and before you could say "Zip Code" I was reading just about anything printed I could comprehend. That is, if it seemed to hold a little interest.

Little could be said for our household library. There was a reasonably good encyclopedia and dictionary; the complete works of Hawthorne and Thackeray and Dickens; Stoddard's Lectures, a shelf of International Textbook Co. volumes on coal mining and the rest of it was pretty much classifiable as miscellaneous.

When I visited my grandparents in Allentown, there were a great many shelves of books and I would spend much of a summer, flat on my stomach reading Ridpath's History of The World. This work had colored illustrations, of which I clearly remember an Aztec high priest holding aloft the bleeding heart of a sacrificial victim while standing atop a pyramid with thousands of the faithful gathered in the distance.

This picture would give me bad dreams for a while, but I always returned to it and finally got to the point that I had taken in every detail and was surfeited to the extent that my dreams were no longer invaded by it.

I guess that proves something or other; for instance, that one gets used to the sight and presence of evil; still, I never got to the point where I condoned that high priest, just to the point that it stopped terrifying me. I learned to face evil without fear, but I didn't forget how to recognize it.

The then borough had no public library and the only one to which I had access was operated by the First Presbyterian Sunday School. It was in the basement of a church, torn down many years since, and consisted of a small room with a few shelves of books, safely guarded behind glass panes, where they could be seen but not touched. Between the panes was a small window, where the librarian could be found immediately after Sunday School ended. I don't remember any door and I never have been able to figure out how that Sunday morning librarian got in there.

Anyhow, they were the duller lot of books ever assembled, mostly treating of Presbyterian doctrine and I never gave the place much of my patronage. I was interested in the doings of the Rover Boys, Tom Swift and the Motor Boys, who drove a fictional automobile right across the plains long before the trip was made by a real live automobile and crew. I guess this was primitive science fiction, although Jules Verne antedated them by some years. The Presbyterians didn't think much of such folderol and didn't put these volumes in their closely guarded shelves.

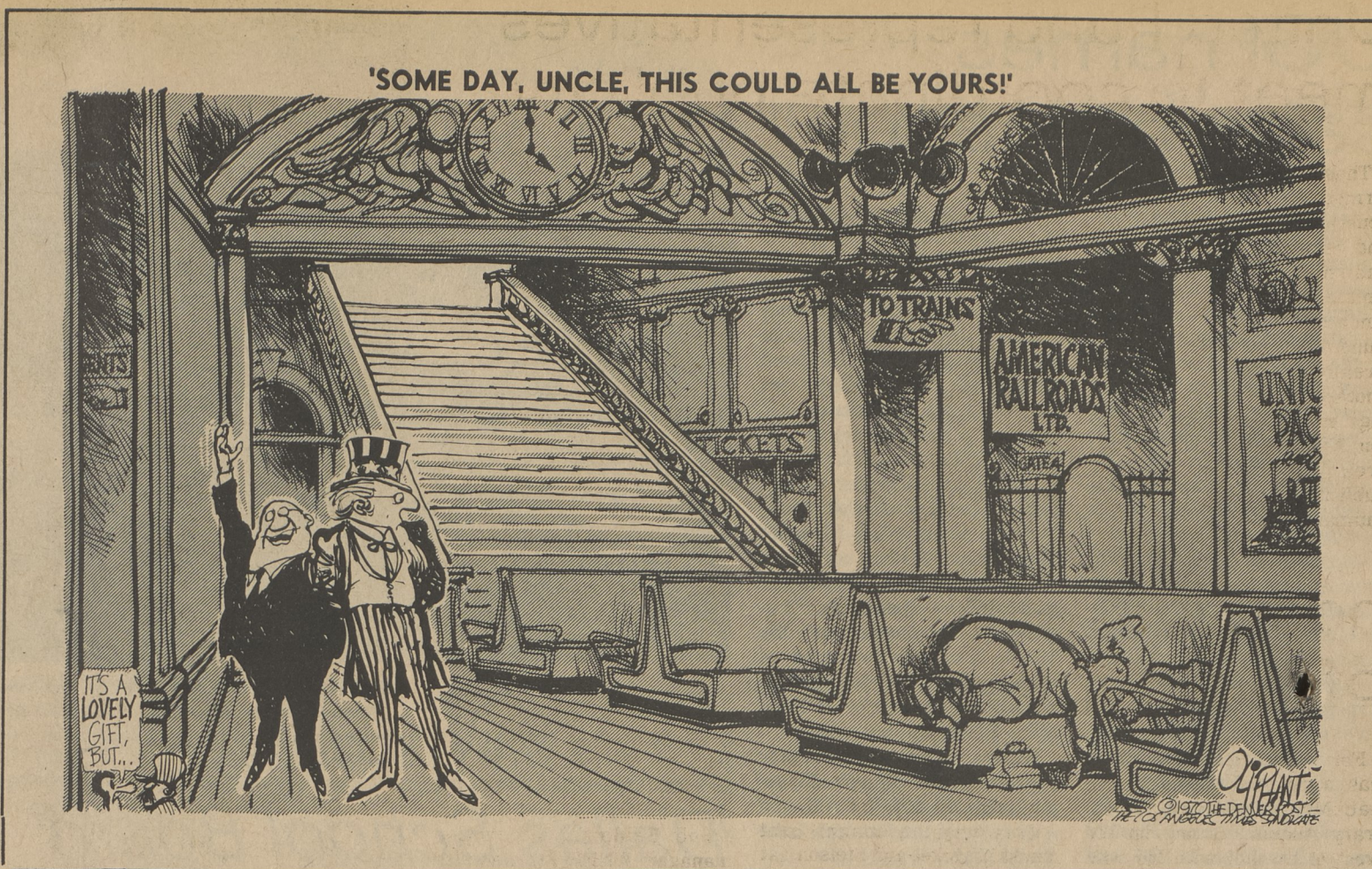
It was a good introduction to reading and I followed it up with the works of Washington Irving, by which time I had aged sufficiently to leave the halls of Greensburg High School.

When I had matriculated at college, I finally came upon a real library and I certainly was ready to appreciate it. Despite other demands on my time in those days of Flaming Youth, I used that library mostly for pure enjoyment, although I inevitably picked up a lot of information, some of it useful.

The children and youth of today are much better served in the matter of books and libraries and I am pretty sure that the ones who like to read are well aware of it. Recently I spent some time at the Back Mountain Memorial Library, around the hour that the kids were coming from school and using the library facilities on their way homeward.

It was fun, because I was able to visualize myself with one leg of my knickerbockers hanging down, due to a broken buckle, with pockets full of assorted trivia and with nothing on my mind, except getting a certain book from the school shelves before somebody else got it and reflecting that 25 years ago, the Back Mountain community didn't even have a library of this sort. The people who have made this all possible and are continuing their support probably know all of this as well as I do.

Pretty nearly everybody is library-minded.



jottings...

we kill our grandchildren

by Jane Wildoner

Pollution is never a very pretty subject to talk about, much less to do something about. But neither is it a pretty subject to see, smell, taste, step in, absorb or hear (noise is a form of pollution too, isn't it?).

We who are fortunate enough to live far enough away from the points of maximum pollution saturation seem to have a more acute awareness of its curse, but we, too, are guilty of fouling our once beautiful nests. In our grasp for the almighty dollar and our haste to grab a piece of the grandeur to brag about while the grabbing is still good, we sure

do a lot of messing up! We are messing up to the point where we are committing unpremeditated murder, involuntary manslaughter, negligent homicide and suicide!

In many current hassles over what some folks—daring to have the intestinal fortitude—declare is raw sewage and others—reluctant to mar their images of "friends of the people"—tend to sweep under the carpet, we are hurting ourselves and killing our grandchildren. Maybe it's the definition of "raw sewage" that we don't see eye to eye on. Maybe we figure that after sewage is run through a septic tank it has been "treated" and therefore is clean, harmless, fit for kids

to dam up and sail boats in. Well, we've got another figure coming!

Let that "treated sewage" saturate the soil to the point where it makes drain field swampy and watch, smell, step in or hear action.

In early spring when the frost first goes out of the ground, the first evidence is an odd smell, not really unpleasant, rather like a combination of baby powder and disinfectants. Then the sun shines longer, the grass and weeds grow greener and more lush over the saturated drain field than on the surrounding area, and the odor permeating the air gets stronger, more sour, drowning out the natural, earthy, spring time smells. The insect activity over the saturated area becomes a frenzy. Holding your breath and parting the lush, weedy growth to get a close-up view, what you see makes you sick—at stomach and at heart!

Grayish water surrounds a dump and is pooled in natural depressions with no place to drain. The surface undulates rhythmically, bobbing tin cans and bottles, you wonder why. Then you see ivory-colored larvae, maggots, thousands of them, wriggling through the awful-colored ooze and muck and you know why. The stench is overwhelming.

What to do! What to do! Well, first thing right off—as soon as we're done regurgitating—we read "He Brought a Stream Back To Life" in July issue of Reader's Digest so we realize something can be done. We postpone purchase of the color television and cancel plans for the vacation to "get away from it all." And we begin fighting for our lives.

Maybe, after a few years of denying ourselves the instant entertainment of modern technology and progress (?), we won't have to get away from it all. But we are going to have to start using artificial respiration on that part of our environment already drowning in our own filth—NOW!

the right to write

a meeting in New Delhi

To THE POST:

I thought you might be interested in the following coincidence relating to your article about Mr. Daniel P. Oleksiw in the June 17 Post.

When he arrived in New Delhi, India, our granddaughter, Molly Nicoll of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., and Arlington, Va., was staying with the family of the man he was replacing. They had an official reception to introduce Mr. Oleksiw and when Molly came to him she asked him where in the States he was from. He answered, "Wilkes-Barre, Pa." She said there was a huge crowd and they were hurrying the line along, so she just pointed to herself and said, "Dallas, Pa." He said that "back there is where I really come from."

She said they had a talk together later, and it was certainly a treat to meet that big, handsome, nice AMERICAN man.

Molly is the daughter of William Nicoll and the former Cynthia Poad of Dallas Township. They have a summer home here and since babyhood Molly has spent a lot of time with us.

She spent her junior college year at the University of the Philippines and had a round-the-world trip from San Francisco to Japan, Taiwan, Hawaii, the Philippines and home through various countries including Thailand, India, Hong Kong, Greece, Isle of Cyprus, Italy, Spain, London to New York City.

MRS. S. H. Poad
East Dallas

Miss Williamson

To THE POST:

We did not know of the passing of Miss Helen C. Williamson until we read it in *The Dallas Post*. Thank you very much for printing it.

Just in case her friends and cousins around Dallas would like to know the details of her funeral, I received the following information from Lycoming House where she had been living and where she died:

Miss Williamson died peacefully in her sleep May 31. The funeral was conducted June 3 in Germantown by the Rev. Gordon L. Roberts of Westside Presbyterian Church, of which Helen was a member.

on second thought

nod, gaze, continue coolly

by Shawn Murphy

I've always prided myself on the way I greet celebrities. Not for me the swooning and ogling of teenyboppers; not for me the ridiculous clamor for an autograph "for my daughter, of course." No indeed. Whenever I meet a celebrity I nod my head ever so slightly, gaze coolly into his eyes, and continue calmly on my way.

As I say, I've always prided myself on the way I greet celebrities. Of course, I've never actually met any, but I've always known exactly how I'd act when the time came. Calm. Cool. Collected.

So last week when we were in New York City to fetch the Fresh Air Fund kids I had reviewed my celebrity-greeting policy and was all set for any and all comers. Liz Taylor? I'd simply check out her diamond (was it really as huge as it looked on the Emmy awards show?), nod, gaze golly into her eyes, and continue on my way. Rock Hudson? Again—nod, gaze, continue coolly.

When we learned that seven or eight tickets were still available for "Company," a new musical comedy about which my friend had read great deal and I had read nothing, we raced on increasingly blistered feet from our hotel on W. 44th St. to the theater on W. 52nd St. Ah! The box office was open and yes, the cashier was nodding, the tickets were still

available. Just step into that other line, please.

Panting from our eight block trek, I fell into line behind an elderly man who was also purchasing tickets for the show. Just an elderly gent, hair dyed brown but graying in places where the dye had worn off. Brownish suit jacket with a few specks of dandruff on the shoulders. Trousers a bit mussed. Shorter than I. Ho hum.

And as I stood behind him, trying to catch my breath, I thought it was just amazing how much this guy sounded like Jack Benny. But what was Jack Benny's voice doing coming out of this man. Unless . . . unless . . . JACK BENNY!!

"Jack Benny? MR. BENNY?!" I practically shouted into his face as he turned to leave the box office window. I couldn't believe it . . . right before my very eyes—JACK BENNY!

And in that oh-so-familiar Jack Benny voice of his he said "yes," nodded ever so slightly, gazed coolly into my eyes for a split second, and continued on his way.

JACK BENNY! I was shaking. JACK BENNY! Imagine! Right here in person!

As I said before, I've always prided myself on the way I greet celebrities. That is, ah, I ah, well . . . Well at least I didn't ask him for his autograph!

THE DALLAS POST

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guest editorial: everyone loves a fat lady

(The Suffolk County News, Sayville, New York)

The theory is that summertime is an excellent time for fatties to lose weight. These are called the salad days of the year. Heavy foods are for wintertime, as everyone knows.

Why is it that it just doesn't work out that way for this fatty? Why do friends and relations band together and plot the downfall of an erstwhile skinny Ginny?

What perverse reasoning causes them to throw huge cookouts, complete with homemade potato salad, luscious baked beans,

dripping fried chicken with French fries on the side?

What drives them to arrive at our house unannounced, six packs of beer under their arms, and bags of pretzels on hand for nibbling while the poker game progresses?

What ever happened to iced tea? Why do those people insist on inviting us over for ice cold martinis?

What is the point of us prominently displaying the weight watchers' diet guide on the

walls of the dining room, only to have teenagers descend upon us and demand pizza pie?

You might say, if you have a mean streak, that this is no fault to be laid at the doorstep of well-meaning friends and relatives. You might say that we must develop will power if we are ever to stop waddling down the street and intend to slither instead.

You might say that, but we say it is all a diabolical plot, because everyone loves a fat woman!

So how come Twiggy is so rich?

the right to write

To THE POST:

Because of my interest in the success of the Back Mountain Library and the Library Auction, I wish to join the Ham 'n Yegg Club.

Best wishes for a most successful Auction!

SISTER MIRIAM TERESA, R.S.M.

President

College Misericordia

SMT:jrg