

# EDITORIAL

## a tribute

With the death of Myra, the name of Risley is no longer synonymous with that of the Dallas Post. Myra carried on the management of the newspaper until it changed hands in 1969, assuming a tremendous burden, but shouldering it with the determination which was her heritage from a father who was superintendent of the Wilkes-Barre Schools and a mother who was his mainstay through difficult times.

Myra and Howard between them had built the Dallas Post from a four page paper with patent insides to a publication which bore on its masthead "More than a newspaper, a community institution." A newspaper which was recognized in publication circles as something unique, a paper which consistently won awards for excellence. Without Myra's steady support, Howard could not have accomplished this.

It was Myra's ideas which made of the building a thing of beauty. She pored over garden catalogues and ordered the rose bushes which line the drive. She had a love of growing things and of small animals. Her garden was a thing of beauty, lusty vegetables ripening among the rows of flowers. The orchard was carefully cherished, a living picture in blossom time. There were always kittens on the back porch, enjoyed until they were old enough to give away, and always given with the provision that they could be returned if necessary, but that a good home was essential.

The annual Library Auction found a home in the Risley Barn and on the Risley grounds. The antiques department was her first love, but every booth knew that Myra would contribute something to it. Each year she parted with something which she would have preferred to keep in her own collection of glass, giving it wholeheartedly because it was for support of the library which had been one of Howard's cherished dreams.

Few people realized how very ill Myra had been for months. Few people knew that she was facing surgery. Myra was one of those intrepid souls who carried her own burdens, plotted her own course, and decided in her own mind what she was going to do, true to what she herself called her Pennsylvania Dutch inheritance.

Myra wore the valiant badge of courage to the last, asking no quarter, meeting life on its own terms.

## we believe

When South Vietnamese and American troops undertook their offensive into Laos we were told that the objective of the drive was to cut off supply lines on the Ho Chi Minh trail to insure the safety of American troops while we withdrew from Indochina. Since that time the drive has bogged down, 16,000 additional South Vietnamese troops have been sent to Laos, we have sustained heavy losses to personnel and equipment, North Vietnamese supply lines are still open, and the administration is backpeddling as fast as it can.

It is too early to call the invasion of Laos a failure, if we believe it can ever be a success. The Laotian drive is a step towards scaling down the war, if we believe the enemy isn't going to overrun Laos like it has Cambodia. We can disengage ourselves from Indochina if we believe the administration is willing to gamble that Cambodia and Laos will not fall under Communist control.

It would also be helpful to believe that Mao Tse Tung heeded Ron Zeigler's words when the latter stated that the invasion of Laos poses "absolutely no threat to Communist China," as if Soviet troops in Cuba would be construed as absolutely no threat to America.

Finally we should all believe that the lives of Americans are more valuable than the lives of Vietnamese, Laotians, and Cambodians, and that somehow we are miraculously exempt from the consequences of living by the sword.

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## Hix

by Mrs. T. M. B. Hix

There was a bray of sound from within the house, one which seemed to rise and swell and then subside again. This is normal for the average television broadcast, but disturbing when the house is locked and there is nobody home.

So Mrs. Dress paused on the doorstep before inserting her key in the lock. Could be, she reflected, that she'd left the television turned on instead of switching it off before she left the office that morning. A burglar would not announce his presence by turning on the set, he'd go unostentatiously in and out the back way. A burglar would catch up with his favorite soap opera at home, doubtless on a stolen TV; he wouldn't be likely to stop his prowling to get a load of what kind of a dust-up Aunt Mammie was having with the kids from next door.

## paws for station identification

But on the other hand... She turned the key and opened the door, armed with righteousness and about to speak firmly to the burglar.

The racket was coming from the bedroom where she had recently installed a new television set with all the fixings, and all in living color.

There on the bed, stretched full length and waving his tail in time with the music, lay Gus, one grey velvet paw on the remote control, eyes slitted rapturously, rousing momentarily and rumbling deep in his chest as a commercial interrupted the flow of music from the magic sound box, relaxing again as the drum beats came back on the air, and turning the volume just a mite higher. Fat cat, that's Gus.

Fat and spoiled, enjoying a nightly brushing to discourage knots in his long grey fur, demanding and getting the best in cat food and tender loving care.

But nobody would have suspected that he needed a colored television set to keep him happy, one he could turn on at will by remote control.

He used to live on Pioneer Avenue, but that thoroughfare is now far too dangerous for household pets, especially late at night when a cat does his best prowling and catting. Cars shoot by at 70 m.p.h., along about midnight.

You have to understand cats to like them. Most people prefer the blind adoration of a puppy. A cat is a supercilious creature, turning his back and switching his tail in disdain if his environment is not to his liking. He makes

no compromises, takes no back-chat from the people he owns, demands his rights in no uncertain terms, turns his aristocratic nose at the horse-feathers ordinarily provided for felines, chasing meadow mice at his pleasure, and occupying the softest cushion in the house when he has completed his day's rounds of the territory to see what's cooking.

Gus is a changed character since leaving Dallas, where he hated the minimum of attention. He is expanding mightily in all directions, both emotionally and physically, accepting tender loving care as his due, and weighing close to 17 pounds.

He likes it out in Beaumont.

He never had it so good.

And that colored television is really the cats.

## TRB from Washington

The other day on a New Jersey highway two women stopped their car at a red light and the car behind crashed into them with terrific force. The first car caught on fire and the doors were bent and wouldn't open so the girls were dragged out through the windows. One of them was not severely burned but the other, the wife of a third year medical student, is still in the hospital. The cost of hospital care, room and board, now averages \$70 a day for the nation as a whole, but in big cities like New York it is \$100. One hundred dollars a day; think it over. Yes, there's some insurance; yes, they may collect damages from the yahoo who fell asleep but, even so, there is need at the hospital in this case for intensive care, medicine, skin grafts; the young husband of the girl will be lucky if he starts his medical practice with no greater burden of debt than \$50,000.

The problem is far greater than accidents, or catastrophic illness; it is national health in all aspects. The US is the only industrial country on earth that doesn't have some kind of national health insurance. Otto von Bismarck introduced health insurance in 1882

in Germany, almost 90 years ago, and the US doesn't have it yet.

The most powerful drive for national health insurance is the history of the country gets under way here this week in the Senate health subcommittee under Edward Kennedy. Presumably it will start with Administration testimony on the new Nixon program. Mr. Nixon has come a long way on the issue and many of his proposals are to be commended, but the difference between them and the comprehensive health insurance program backed by Kennedy and 22 other co-sponsors is the difference between a handful of aspirins and open heart surgery.

In the Senate Kennedy backs the program; in the House, the formidable Rep. Marth W. Griffiths of Michigan. Mrs. Griffiths' admirable sentiments are reinforced in moments of stress by a voice like a chain saw hitting a pine knot. She is a powerful sponsor. As for Ted Kennedy, he has a special role. We have watched him wonderingly. When he enters to take his place at a hearing everybody stops talking. There is a little pause. People crane. So that's Teddy! They think

about different things. Chappaquiddick. Jack Kennedy and Camelot. Bobby Kennedy and the murder in the hotel kitchen. And now this Kennedy, the last (It's digression, but somehow or other we have always felt that he did not really seek the presidency; that the role was being forced upon him by a kind of morbid national speculation. He could not reject it because, if he turned his back, he would feel he was somehow a traitor to his family like one of the royal pretenders in Europe. Now he's out of the race, at least for 1972, we think; his mortifying defeat for Senate whip by reactionary Robert Byrd, West Virginia, removes him for a time at least and he can get on with serious matters like health insurance. It may have been the best thing that ever happened to him. End digression.)

When it comes to health insurance, President Nixon is the prisoner of family tradition, too. Last week an acquaintance of ours, a well-known English newsman with the memorable name of Peregrine Worsthorpe left the White House after interviewing the president for two hours. Among many questions, he

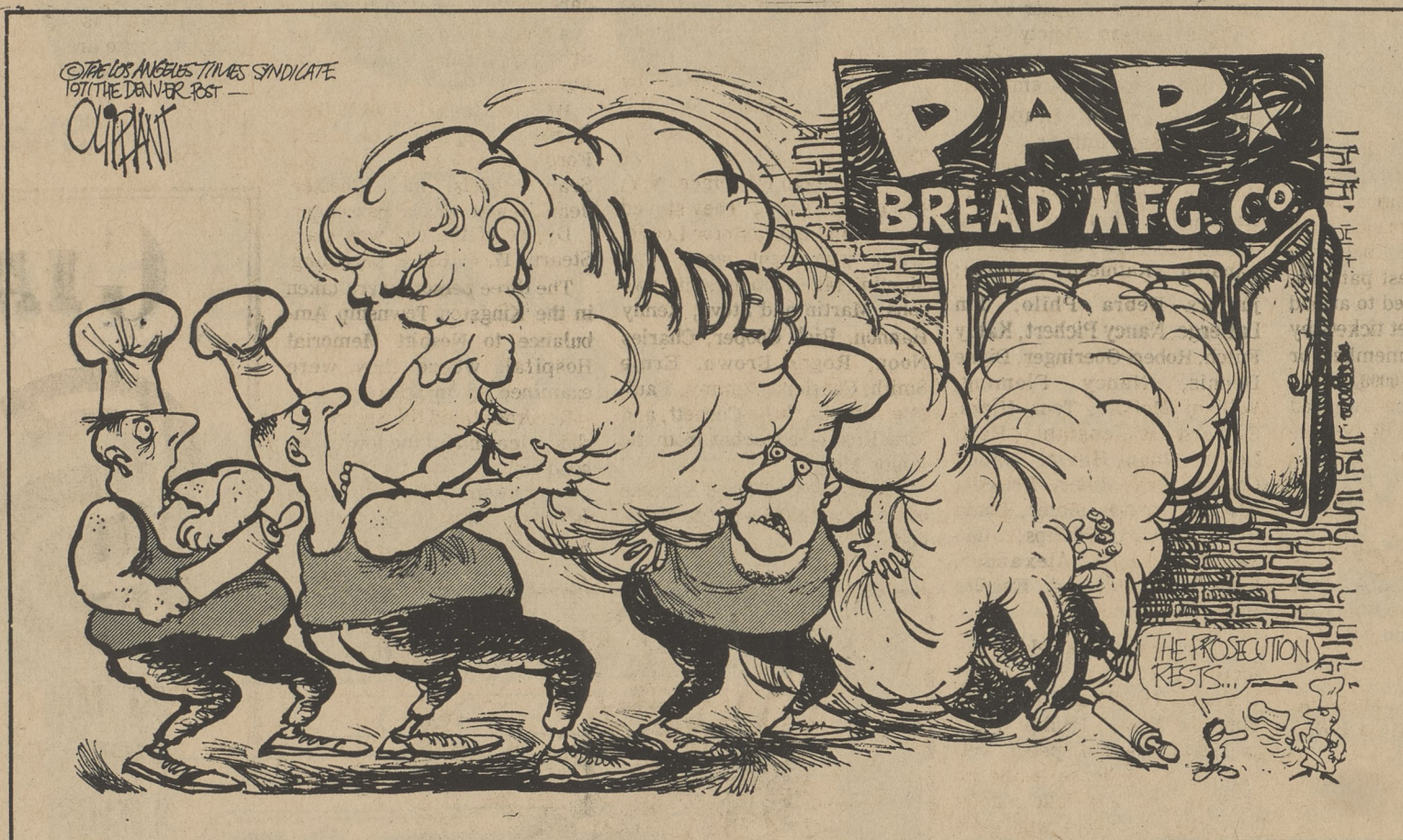
asked Mr. Nixon if he might not have been a New Dealer himself, if he had come into politics in the 1930's during the Depression? No, said the president meditatively. And then next morning to his amazement Worsthorpe got a postscript from Mr. Nixon by special messenger amplifying his comment and telling of a formative incident in his youth. His older brother, Harold, was dying of tuberculosis. The Nixon family was not affluent. The doctor urged the parents to send Harold to the county TB hospital to relieve the financial burden. Mr. Nixon wrote, "They adamantly refused to do so and borrowed money to keep him in a private sanitarium during the most critical last days of his illness." He added, "Both my mother and father were almost fierce in their adherence to what is now deprecatingly referred to as Puritan ethics..." They felt it would be "morally wrong," he said, to accept aid from the government under the circumstances.

Revealing, indeed. Mr. Nixon evidently pondered his reply to that particular question that night, rather than to any of the others on war and peace, and got up next morning to amplify it: "I developed in those formative years a strong commitment toward individual responsibility and individual dignity."

It is poignant, and comes straight from the heart, making Mr. Nixon seem more of a human being than he sometimes appears. But what a strange interpretation of "New Dealer."

The very point about national insurance is that it comes to a citizen as a matter of right, not as charity. As Kennedy says, "every individual residing in the United States will be eligible to receive benefits." It is so broad. There will be no means test anymore than there is for social security. The Nixon parents could accept it without shame.

Except for welfare itself, no condition in American is a more shameful mess than the \$70 billion a year health industry. Costs are rising 15 percent a year. We need 50,000 more doctors. Private health insurance is as much loophole as protection; it normally pays about a third of the bill. Amidst an explosion of scientific knowledge, slum children never see a dentist and rarely a doctor; private enterprise produces Nobel prizes for medicine, and a horse-and-buggy system of health delivery with no family doctor insulate. Infant mortality is disgraceful: we trail behind 12 other countries—the rate for nonwhites is twice that of whites and in some ghettos it is worse than the plague of ancient Egypt, one death in 10. The time for change really can't be far off! Here we come, Otto, 90 years late.



## Part two

by J. R. Freeman

The scramble to plan, design, and construct nuclear power plants as fast as possible, though most will be only demonstration facilities through the rest of this century, is dictated by an incredible maze of economic uncertainties.

With anything but an adequate supply of raw materials for nuclear power plants located, a sleepy Congress maintains its post-World War II position that nuclear power must be sold to the consumer. Economics dictate that rather than construct these plants wherever they are most needed, only large, centralized complexes can be considered. This creates both a non-competitive aspect for choice sites, and a less safe situation should an accident occur that would release radiation into the atmosphere.

The cost of such facilities is prohibitive over the long run if considered by the side of alternative methods of generating power. But because of the sale thrust of the Atomic Energy Commission, and the will of Congress to sell nuclear power at all cost, no alternatives are currently considered. The sale thrust is made possible because of huge subsidies to private power generated by a process which has never been proved safe, nor workable, as well as one that will deplete its raw materials in this country in less than a hundred years.

More importantly, Congress has placed little or no concern to alternatives of filling this power gap. At least three possibilities exist to at least supplement consumer demands of the future, one of which could prove to be so long-lived as to provide all the power requirements of the entire nation for the next thousand years.

In the Green River Formation of Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming, lies such a huge abundance of oil shale, a known fossil fuel, so

## no nuclear alternatives planned.

rich as to stagger man's imagination. In the heart of the formation the shale rock is often 2,000 feet thick. This rock, when heated, gives off a substance known as kerogen, a material similar to crude petroleum. In this one body of ore there is estimated to be 2.6 trillion barrels of shale oil, or more than 70 times the known crude reserves of the United States, Alaska included, and more than eight times the known world crude oil reserves.

The location of these rich oil shale deposits have long been known, with 80 percent of the resource publicly owned, in that it belongs to every American citizen in the most legal and moral sense. Its value has been placed at more than \$6 trillion. Had it not been for a massive effort by big oil in the last 30 or 40 years, almost 100 percent of the oil shale in this one geologic formation would remain publicly owned.

Thus far Congress has viewed oil shale only as a possible source of petroleum and petroleum by-products, keeping its eyes closed to the possibility of converting this huge treasure trove into electricity. If this could be done in an economic competitive fashion, enough raw materials are already located to meet the entire electric energy requirements of the nation for hundreds of years, no matter what the population might demand.

And with a plan already progressing to link the nation with a grid pattern whereby the whole country would be internally wired, the centralized location of the rich Ricky Mountain public domain oil shale deposits appears geographically suited.

Congress, with taxpayers' money, has spent billions of dollars harnessing the atom for peaceful purposes. Subsidies totaling billions more are going to be given the private power companies in their quest to construct at least 100 or more nuclear power facilities before the turn of the century. But there

doesn't appear to be any move to spend even a token amount on research and development of oil shale towards a source of electricity, by either government or the private sector. It appears to already be a forgone conclusion that oil shale, in time, will be relinquished to big oil for its sphere of huge economic gain, perhaps in a similar way a second alternative to nuclear power is being divested from the public domain now.

Tourists who stand in awe and watch Old Faithful geyser spew its hourly gusts of steam and water into the air of Yellowstone National Park, seldom realize the electric power potential they are witnessing.

More than 300,000 acres of "hot places" remain on the earth's crust, mostly on public lands in the West, to the extent that holes can be drilled into these volcanic remains. When water is piped in, steam is created, thus giving a future power company perhaps hundreds of years of almost free steam, which, as we all know, can turn generating turbines.

This public resource, however, is about to be given away by the government. These "hot rocks" are generally known about by the oil industry because of its drilling and exploration activities. And big oil is now focusing its attention to the geothermal steam aspect in its quest to control the nation's energy sources, no matter what kind of energy is involved.

U.S. Geological Survey estimates indicate that about 30,000 megawatts of electricity could be generated daily from geothermal steam facilities on public lands. This is enough electricity for about 20 million inhabitants. Big oil, however, remains in control of Congress and the U.S. Interior Department to the extent that it is about to be successful in obtaining control of this power source.

It is common knowledge that the nation's coal reserves are huge. And big oil hasn't overlooked that aspect, either. In the last few years it has bought up virtually all the large coal companies, now owning at least 21 percent of domestic coal production. At the same time the Office of Coal Research, an arm of Interior, has made major breakthroughs in an effort to use this fossil fuel to generate electricity without polluting the environment. One new process is known as magnetohydrodynamics (MHD).

Under the MHD process, all three stages of power generation is combined into one. The hot combustion products of coal and air are made to conduct electricity by the addition of small amounts of a salt. These combustion gases become the "armature" of the MHD generator and move at very high velocity through the magnetic field where electric power is generated directly, providing less need for heat to be absorbed and providing efficiencies of nearly 60 percent. The conventional coal fired facility not only pollutes, but operates at only 40 percent efficiency, and nuclear units at only 33 percent.

Congress, meanwhile, under pressure from big oil, whittled the suggested \$2 million budget for MHD research to a measly \$400,000, while allotting billions to the AEC. \$50 million, if needed, would seem a paltry amount for such needed research. Under the new MHD process, the pollution problem diminishes, and more power becomes available at a cheaper price. But a docile Congress holds little prospects for protecting the public interest.

Big oil is out to capture the energy markets of the world, while making sure that a robber-baron philosophy is maintained. And with such a deep entrenchment into government, there is little hope that their advances will be halted.