

EDITORIAL

Lockheed

By announcing last week that President Nixon would ask Congress for \$250 million in loan guarantees for Lockheed Aircraft, Treasury Secretary John Connally made it clear that the administration is willing to put up taxpayers' money to rescue a company that for all intents and purposes should have gone bankrupt long ago.

Lockheed's troubles stem from the mismanagement of several of its projects, the L-1011 Tristar and the C-5A cargo plane the most obvious among them. In 1964 Lockheed submitted to the Air Force a bid of \$1.9 billion for the C-5A contract, a bid that fell \$300 million short of the Air Force's own estimate for the project. The contract was originally awarded to Boeing, which submitted a higher bid than Lockheed, because the Air Force believed Lockheed's design would cause schedule delays and cost increases. Later the Pentagon reversed its decision and rewarded the contract to Lockheed.

By 1966 costs for the C-5A began overrunning the budget because of the very design problems that had worried the Air Force to begin with. As these overruns increased, the Pentagon merely revised the budget, and men like Ernest Fitzgerald, who publicly testified to these overruns, were fired from their posts in the Pentagon or else transferred (one man was sent to Vietnam).

In 1969 the Pentagon in an attempt to minimize the overruns, announced it would cut back its order for C-5A's from 115 to 81 planes, but Lockheed objected, and the Air Force agreed to an extended delivery schedule which added as much as \$75 million to the cost. More cost overruns became necessary when the C-5A developed structural fatigue (cracked wings), a development which was to cost \$28 million to overcome.

In March of last year Daniel Houghton, president of Lockheed, sent a letter to the Pentagon saying the C-5A program would have to be terminated if an additional \$500 million was not received. The Defense Department responded to this threat by asking for (and receiving from) Congress a \$200 million contingency fund to keep the project going.

In the meantime, men like Sen. William Proxmire began to see evidence that some of the payments for the C-5A were being used to fund Lockheed's L-1011 Tristar, a commercial airliner. Rolls Royce, which had the contract to build engines for the L-1011, declared bankruptcy last February, leaving Lockheed in financial jeopardy while the McDonnell-Douglas Corp. continues to work on its DC-10, a plane much like the L-1011. Furthermore, Boeing is taking orders for a commercial cargo plane based on its original plans for the C-5A, a plane which is expected to cost taxpayers \$60 million for each plane, even though Lockheed has agreed to take a \$200 million loss on the project.

It is clear that we, as taxpayers, are being asked to salvage the L-1011 (for which far less orders have been received than the comparable DC-10) and also the C-5A. The fortunes of these two programs are financially interconnected, and the Pentagon has shown no hesitation to commit our treasure to the salvation of these two dubious projects.

Fiscal irresponsibility on the part of the Defense Department and its contractors is nothing new. We are strangely enough, more than willing to commit millions to shore up mismanaged defense industries, while bankrupt cities and empty stomachs are left to their own devices.

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Changes

by Eric Mayer

Getting more by spending less—that wistful refrain, echoed by so many school board candidates, is bound to pull a lot of voting levers in this Year of the Sewers. Area residents, long accustomed to paying for pot holes and unpaved roads; fined for improving their property; taxed for working and even for spending their money in the state of Pennsylvania; are now being charged for the dubious privilege of having their lawns and streets torn up. No one can be blamed for wanting better education, without still more exorbitant taxes. Especially when it's possible.

Unfortunately the road to the realization of this goal is blocked by a fat, recalcitrant herd of sacred cows—time-honored misconceptions about what constitutes a quality education. Too much time is spent teaching students the date of Nebuchadnezzar's death. Too much effort is expended on enforcing the lengths of skirts and sideburns.

Too often our schools are run by a smug clique of congenial buck-passers and phlegmatic administrators whose minds are closed as tightly as their office doors, administrators whose reaction to the 20th century is "no comment". So long as the dusty philosophies of these people go unchallenged, the taxpayer will remain trapped in his current dilemma, footing ever increasing costs while reaping steadily diminishing returns. When better education is simplistically equated with more expensive lab equipment, newer football uniforms, and vast quantities of misused audio visual aids, what else can happen? You can put a TV set inside a buggy, but it won't make the horse go any faster.

Realistically speaking, we have reached an educational impasse. Our current goals, of sending the greatest number of students to college, of providing modern buildings etc. are being met, about as well as possible. Even if we wished to press on in the direction we are now heading, we could not. The taxpayer just can't afford it. The time has come then to redefine our goals; reorder our thinking. In their headlong rush after physical facilities, the schools have run into a financial wall. They have to change their course.

The most important and most difficult task in this educational renaissance will also

be the most subtle. A school's climate cannot be discerned from a curriculum guide, an architectural blueprint, or even a PTA meeting. And yet there is nothing in education so important as the creation and maintenance of an atmosphere conducive to learning.

Schools should not serve as battlegrounds where students are pitted against "authorities" and made to run a gauntlet of petty regulations. Neither should they be turned into arenas where students are encouraged to compete against one another in pursuit of questionable rewards.

A first step toward solving the former problem would involve the scrapping of purposeless "Mickey Mouse" rules—dress codes, one way halls, library passes, silence-of-the-tomb homerooms and the like. Such a move would not only help to eliminate the mutual distrust that students and ad-

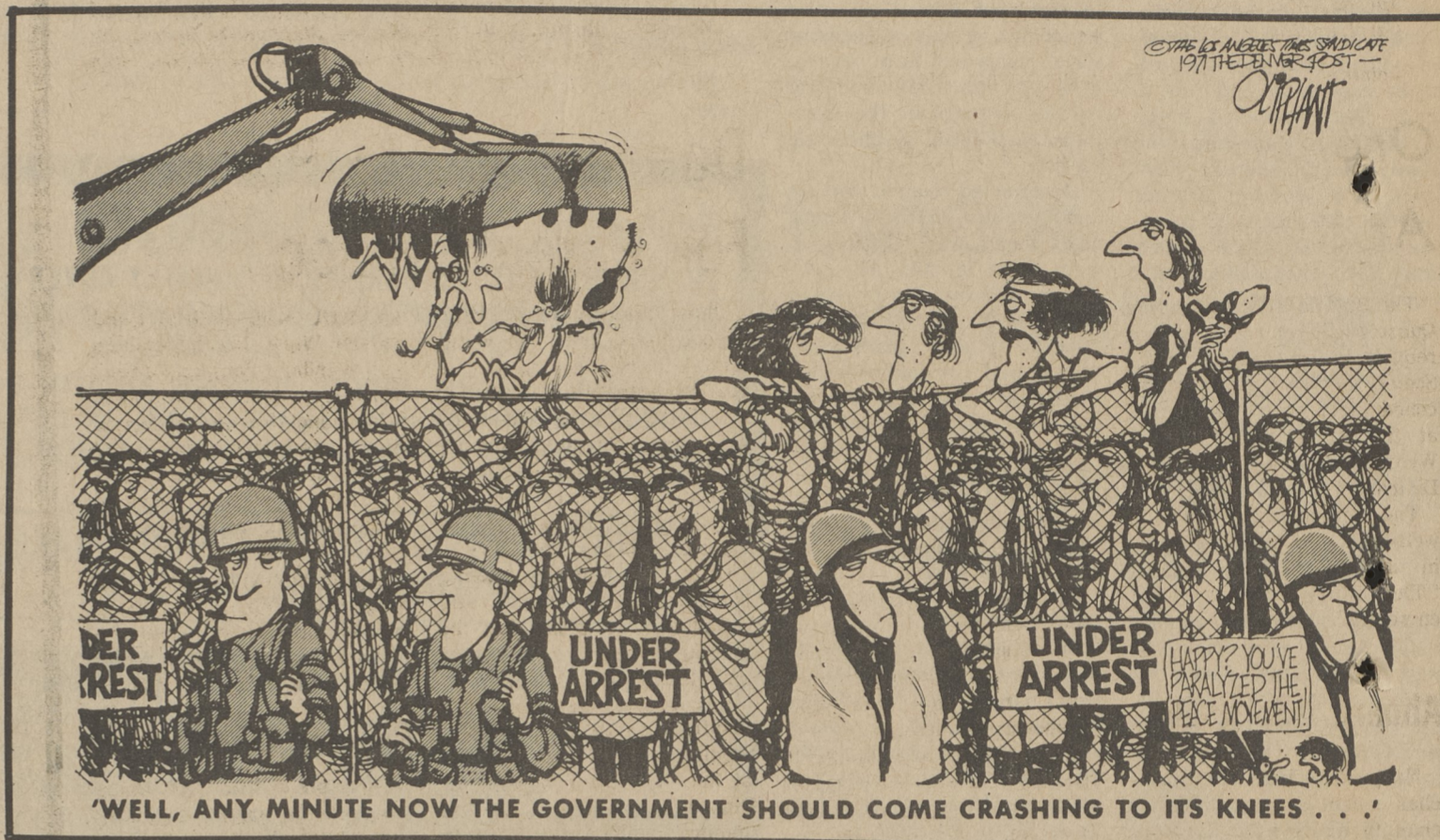
ministrators so often seem to function under, but it would also free professional educators to do the job they are trained for, rather than serving as babysitters, jailers and disciplinarians. Such a move would indicate the administrations' respect for students and teachers alike. Dire predictions of chaos would prove unfounded since most trouble-making stems from a testing of rules that are absurd to begin with.

The latter problem, that of artificially induced and rewarded competition, can eventually be softened by an elimination of grades. Intrinsically meaningless as they are, (often little more than measures of parrot memorization), these ink blots can utterly discourage students whose talents don't lie within the narrow confines of gradable abilities. Even the straight "A" student can be hurt by grades if he comes to value them

more highly than the acquired knowledge they may or may not represent.

Students must be encouraged to develop their own abilities, and if they are judged at all it should be on this basis. Never should they be compared with some officially ordained stereotype. Schools are not factories, it isn't their job to "mold" students into "responsible citizens" or anything else. It is their job to offer each student an equal opportunity to cultivate his own unique interests. Such ideals are paid too much lip service and too little real attention.

We can get more by paying less, but only if we revolutionize our educational concepts. Modern buildings mean nothing if they're filled with antediluvian philosophies and teaching methods. Learning, after all, is not a material, but a mental thing.



TRB from Washington

Washington snaps back quickly. Just last week this lovely city was in the throes of anti-war disturbances but now government has turned again, in the high tide of Spring, to the serious business of passing out favors to special groups.

Before leaving the disturbances, however, let's give them a word. The long hairs were right in one respect; they were out to provoke people and they knew that blocking city traffic is the one unforgivable sin. It's all right for the suburbs to blockade the city. They can throw up Berlin walls that block bussing and the bursting ghetto and the city tax collector. But that is an invisible blockade, not physical. The right of the suburbanite to drive into the bankrupt city at the town's expense, is universally respected. So everyone denounced the longhairs and their disturbance which fortunately, was handled with minimum violence by a well-trained police and Chief Jerry Wilson. (It takes a Mayor Daley of Chicago or an Ohio Kent State National Guard to squeeze the real blood out of a situation like this.)

We cherish two small memories: First, the four mounted park police standing guard on the sidewalk before the White House, across from the equestrian statue of caroling General Jackson. They were wearing riot helmets. (The police, not the horses.) The plexi-glass vizors were extended straight out, exactly like King Arthur taking a last look at the joust before setting his lance and snapping down his lid.

The other incident was that of a friend who came to town inappropriately with his long-

haired Princeton son. College and street youths are as indistinguishable today as Chinese peasants. Every cop glared. The alarmed parent finally took his son into the exclusive Metropolitan Club (or anyway, that's the story).

Most people think the anti-war affair was counterproductive. We disagree (but could be wrong). We are fighting a wicked war, and the public has so decided. Last week's Harris poll showed an extraordinary tide of revulsion: Was Laos a "failure"? "Yes", 45 to 24. Is it "morally wrong" to be fighting in Vietnam? "Yes", 58 to 29.

That's the poll. Why don't we quit? Because we must help Mr. Nixon find a tactful way out that will spare him (and us) embarrassment. To you and me the sacrifice of a few thousand young men's lives for that object is, of course, wholly justified.

Anyway, Washington has got back to normal again, doling out its goodies. Let us note a few. Farm subsidies, for example. In a just published study by economist Charles Schultze (budget director, 1965-68) he figures that the total cost of present farm subsidies is \$9 to \$10 billion (Brookings; \$1, 1971). To give you an idea of the size, the comparative cost of all welfare programs—federal, state and local, including Medicaid—is about the same. And these farm subsidies, Schultze sadly concludes, primarily help the big, rich farmers; the vastly more numerous small, struggling farmers, he says, "are helped relatively little." Well, that's Washington for you.

Then there is Lockheed. We sympathize

Off the Cuff

by Bruce Hopkins

Okay all you peasants out there, I'm about to describe what it is like to be living in exciting Fun City, otherwise known as Manhattan. You are going to view a typical evening in the apartment of that famous comedy team, Leibman & Hopkins (also known as Bruce and Jay, in that order). The events related in this article took place several weeks ago, but they represent most any evening. They are factual. The names have not been changed because protection of the innocent in New York City is impossible. The only unique feature of this particular evening is the fact that Jay, instead of being his usual bubbly self, is sick. He has not been feeling well for several weeks, and has suddenly noticed that his normally lily-white complexion has turned a unique shade of mustard yellow. Therefore, Jay is spending the evening in bed trying to cope with the fact that he undoubtedly has hepatitis. Meanwhile, Bruce, the more intellectual member of the team, is in his typically frustrated state, and can be seen wandering about dazedly, muttering "Shall I give up my career as a starving actor and return to the security of teaching, or shall I become a superstar; or should I write a book?" At this time, Bruce is undergoing an annual attack of The Aprils. They hit him once a year, usually in April, and cause him to reevaluate his past, present, and future—all at once. When he has

the Aprils, Bruce feels as if his brains are trying to get out of his head. Everything he says during these spells is to be ignored.

The livingroom of the apartment is cluttered with people and things. The people spend most of their time tripping over things, particularly the brand new Hoover vacuum cleaner sitting half-unpacked in the middle of the floor. As it is spring, the vacuum cleaner has been purchased to swallow up the piles of soot that collect in the Fun City apartment. This is not your ordinary run-of-the-mill dust, but it is globs of heavy soot. Spring in New York is like living in a coal mine. Unfortunately, the cleaner has been sitting in the middle of the floor for three days. It has not been used what with Jay turning yellow, and Bruce pondering his destiny. It is impossible to do your spring cleaning when you are either jaundiced or frustrated.

The other clutter in the room includes a box filled with the complete set of costumes from Man of La Mancha, a 2000 pound portable (sic) sewing machine, swatches of material, various pins and needles, and Elizabethan dresses (Jay, you may recall, is a costume designer during his healthier moments); there are books, papers, a typewriter and numerous writing implements piled atop the desk of Bruce, the sometimes writer; the coffee table contains numerous unread maga-

zines and the ceramic pitcher filled with dying Eucalyptus (when Eucalyptus dries out it gives off a pleasant odor; something which the apartment was in desperate need of); in front of the closet are five pieces of luggage and a disconnected beige push-button telephone. These belong to Mickey, a friend of the apartment. He was ordered out of his house a few weeks back and is storing his luggage at the Leibman-Hopkins storage center until he finds his own apartment. The phone belongs to him also. His father told him to remove everything from his room. He obeyed.

The human clutter in the apartment includes the normal diverse group of degenerates. Crazy Barbara, a fashion designer, and Crazy Chris, a button salesperson, are there. They live in the apartment next door, and on clear mornings, Bruce and Chris can be heard singing duets in their respective showers at 7:34. Also, in the apartment is Tom Greene. He came to visit because he needed someone to talk to since he learned today that his psychiatrist just stabbed his nurse with a butcher knife and then killed himself. Tom really knows how to pick a psychiatrist. He and Chris are on their hands and knees on the floor cutting out a cape for the villain in the tennis match for which Tom is stage manager. In order to totally misunderstand that last statement you must be familiar with avant-garde theatre in New York City.

The Washington faucet isn't just turned on for corporations; it's not all that materialistic. Church-affiliated schools have run into a crisis; parochial school attendance has dropped 20 percent in five years. Mr. Nixon appointed a Commission on School Finance explaining (April 1970), that "while the panel deliberates nonpublic schools are closing at

the rate of one a day." Now the panel has come in with a report and says "some measure of public revenue support for non-public schools is urgently needed." The cost isn't given. Nonpublic schools lighten some of the municipal burden so perhaps they should get tax money. While we decide whether it's constitutional we can admire the panel, which has written a report on parochial schools without once using the sensitive word.

Washington is where who-gets-what is decided. Oddly enough, in one case, Penn Central, Congress refused to bail it out. Now Representative Wright Patman is exploring an interesting sequel; how did David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank have the presence to sell its 286,000 Penn Central shares just before the bottom fell out? It suddenly sold around \$14 on a market that plunged to \$6.50. By coincidence Penn Central's chairman was a director of Chase. Was there a hint? Was it legal? Rockefeller says it was just good judgment; "clairvoyance," says the astonished Patman, who demands more information. According to Richard Barber (THE AMERICAN CORPORATION, \$7.95, Dutton) Chase and the nation's 49 biggest banks hold half of the country's total bank assets, and they have directors on 30 of the nation's 500 biggest corporations. It's a cozy power concentration at the top where the word gets around, and where the government is expected to cooperate—saving the Post Office by making it a private corporation and saving the railroads by making them a public corporation (Amtrak), and bolstering free enterprise with generous subsidies.

A Good Night in Fun City

Mickey is also in the room. He is on the telephone saying obscene things to his mother. Mickey is a real treat to know. He has come to the apartment because he needed a change of clothes.

This is what happens as the evening progresses: Crazy Barbara laughs at whatever anyone says, and she also relates stories about the guy she is currently dating. She'd like to get serious about him, but he's a homosexual ("Whattaya want from my life?" she says with a shrug and a snort). Mickey hangs up on his mother no less than four times. Each time he calls her back—collect. Tom watches Chris cut out his cape, and mutters about this being the worst day of his life. Jay coughs from the bedroom. Bruce mumbles something about the trouble with getting what you want from life is that you don't know until you get it whether or not it's really what you want, and everyone in the room ignores him. Chris keeps munching on Good Mother Earth Carrot cake. Every 15 minutes someone goes into the bedroom, wakes Jay, and takes his temperature. They do this frequently because Jay's temperature happens to be the only thing in the apartment that is doing anything interesting. Eventually everyone goes home.

That is what it's like to spend an exciting evening in Fun City. It's a nice place to live, but I wouldn't want to visit here.