

# EDITORIAL Sequestered

Rarely has the wisdom of jury sequestration been demonstrated more dramatically than during the recent brou-ha occasioned by Joseph C. Dorang's accusations against Atty. Theodore L. Krohn. Atty. Krohn is presently serving as defense counsel for John Terry Wilson, alleged slayer of George Wesley, so when Dorang charged that Krohn had offered him money to "get to" the jury and to obtain phony witnesses to testify on behalf of Wilson, everyone connected with the case took a deep breath and turned to Judge Albert H. Aston, the presiding jurist, for answers.

When initial efforts failed to muzzle Dorang until after the trial was concluded, Judge Aston called members of the news media into his chambers and read a three-page telegram from Dorang detailing the allegations. He announced his intention of entering an order which would prohibit "extra-judicial statements by or about persons having any connection with the case."

Before the order could be implemented, Dorang appeared in court to pursue his accusations. A former convict who might be described as having a controversial past, Dorang proceeded to level charges at Krohn and the D.A.'s office in an erratic, confused and confusing manner. There was obviously nothing more that could be done to keep his statements from the public, and Judge Aston decided against issuing his intended order.

Judge Aston's primary concern was not for the public, however. Nor was it for the much maligned Atty. Krohn, for the D.A.'s office, nor even for himself—indeed, even his integrity had been impugned by some of Dorang's comments. It is most assuredly to his credit that Judge Aston's concern was focused on those jurors who will decide the fate of John Wilson. The judge denied a motion for a mistrial, directed that Dorang stay away from the courthouse until the trial is over, and tightened security precautions at the Hotel Sterling, where the jurors are presently lodged.

## Death Penalty

Gov. Shapp has recently come under fire from members of the state senate for filing an *amicus curiae* brief before the U.S. Supreme Court urging the abolition of the death penalty. Sen. Richard Snyder and others have demanded that Gov. Shapp withdraw his name from the brief, accusing the governor of being "soft on crime."

We support Gov. Shapp in his efforts to abolish the death penalty, not only in this Commonwealth, but in the country as a whole. It is our firm belief that capital punishment is, on a moral level, nothing more than sanctioned murder, and, on a practical level, ineffective as a deterrent to crime.

The major argument for capital punishment is that it will deter crime out of fear for the potential criminal's own life. This argument, although highly logical, fails because it does not consider whether or not a criminal considers death before he acts.

The death penalty is not a great threat to the mentally ill, as a 15-year study at San Quentin has revealed. Furthermore, it is highly likely that those who commit murder while involved in other crimes (robbery, etc.) do so out of surprise or fear without an opportunity to ponder the consequences. Extensive studies in England and elsewhere have shown that homicide rates do not increase after abolition of the death penalty, and a study at the University of Pennsylvania indicates that reinstatement of capital punishment after its abolition has no appreciable effect on homicide rates in this country.

Above and beyond practical considerations we do not believe society has the right to take a man's life, no matter how logical, sanctioned, or convenient it may seem, and that no nation which considers itself civilized should have to revert to so simple and heinous a measure to compensate for the intricately complex causes which create crime.

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## Changes

By Eric Mayer

The problems that seemingly beset all democracies might best be explained by that all of us tend to comprise aristocracies of one. Counter to, and more compelling than any legal constitution is the constitution that we carry around inside our heads, a constitution that guarantees certain inalienable rights for a certain elite-ourselves. As regards this elite we are all liberals, assuring ourselves not only the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but also such rights as omniscience in setting standards of taste, morality, and appearance for our subjects—the rest of mankind.

Since it is impossible for us to implement our various utopias we have to satisfy ourselves with lording it over newspaper accounts of traffic fatalities, TV medical show victims, acuity tables, and other such docile proofs of our own privileged position in the world.

With this in mind, and noting also the venerable cliché that a man's home is his castle, we may better understand how—on a certain Sunday not so far in the future, that football has joined mastodon hunting in the forgotten sports hall of oblivion—Arnold Smith came to be sitting, in a strictly illegal if pleasant daze, in front of his television, in his large suburban house, in a swimming pooled development that hasn't yet been developed.

Arnold knew all about the official crack-down on drugs. The local papers were playing the busts up for all they were worth. Ten arrests at a party here, three arrests at an apartment there, two arrests in a car search—they all added up. It reminded Arnold of the good old body-count days of Vietnam; back before the times had gotten out of joint. He knew that drugs were a risk these days but this typical ego-eglatarianism never expected to hear that knock at his own door.

When it came it wasn't actually a knock. Rather, it was a screech of broken hinges and a splinter of shattered wood, followed by a polite thump as Arnold's front door toppled onto the wall-to-wall carpeting of his living room.

"You're under arrest!" Arnold jumped up. His only thought was to get to the garbage disposal unit before—But too late. In his drugged stupor he'd kicked his beer can across the room. It rolled to a halt at the boots of the law.

## TRB

from Washington

It is cold these nights and I wake up at 3 a.m. and snap on the electric blanket. Then I try to get back to sleep. Mr. Nixon is going to Peking and to Moscow and everything is all right with the world. But then I think about those antiwar young people huddled on the stone pediment of the fence before the White House. That does it. One minute past three. It must be cold under the yellow street lamps with the occasional car and the Guards with radios changing place every four hours, and the fountain. What are they doing out there? What am I doing in bed?

They are the last remnants of the antiwar demonstrations. They keep their vigil 24 hours a day, rain or shine, hot or cold. They have been at it about 150 days now. They are quiet; they don't cause disturbances. They are under the auspices of the Quakers but most of them, I think, are not Quakers. They are uncouth enough, about as uncouth as college students, and most of them wear jeans, and the boys wear long hair mostly, and some have beards that make them look like Sophocles or Jove or Jesus. Some wear sandals and they might be hippies except what hippies would stay out in front of an iron fence night and day for some preposterous cause?

There have been antiwar demonstrations in this town since 1965 and some of them have been huge and one of them caused the White

"What right do you have to come bursting into a man's home like this?" he blustered, remembering a late show.

"The no knock policy," said one of the policemen calmly, pushing his long hair away from his eyes as he spoke. "Come along with us now." His companion, likewise long-haired and blue-jeaned with the uniform flag shirt, bent over and picked up the incriminating beer can.

"But you've got no right...?"  
"Oh, we have you dead to rights." The policeman studied the beer can disdainfully. "We've got the no knock policy, the preventative detention policy, the suspicious persons act of '72, the preventative execution act of '75, the J. Edgar Hoover Memorial Act, and the supreme court's recent semi-temporary injunction against the Bill of Rights. Not to mention the dangerous drugs amendment."  
"A nice long stay in jail's just what you

need, mister. It'll give your hair some time to grow. Maybe you'll look human then."

Arnold glowered at his captors. "A little beer never hurt anyone."

"That's what they all say."  
"Yeah. Tell that to an alcoholic. How do you think they got started. Beer leads to the harder stuff, to whiskey. That's a fact."

"Not only that; it leads to traffic fatalities, disease, brain damage, violent behavior and immorality."

"Just like they told us at school last week."

Arnold's mouth fell agape as his son appeared in the doorway brandishing a pull tab.

"I'm sorry daddy, but our teacher told us if we found any of these around we should bring them to class. I didn't want you to be a 'cancer to society'."

"And it's lucky for your daddy that you did," said one of the cops, lighting a joint.

"We'll help your daddy now." He blew a smoke ring toward Arnold who recoiled, thanking heaven that his wife was out at a PTA meeting.

"Yessir, Mr. Smith, we've had our eyes, on you-eccentric hair style, those strange, gray suits and ties, a Rotary member—we know your type."

The certainty of his fate settled to the pit of Arnold's stomach. He'd become one of the unlucky ones.

"It's not fair," he muttered.  
"Look at it this way. We're saving you from skid row, a horrible life, an agonizing death, and worse besides."

"Come on now. We've had a report that someone's pushing cigarettes at a PTA meeting and we've gotta get over there and break it up. We'll have to put an end to those things."  
Arnold went along quietly.



## One Cold Night

House to be barricaded off by buses parked around it bumper to bumper while half a million paraded and the President announced stoutly that he wasn't going to be stampeded or see the leaders, and was going to watch the football game on television.

And this is all that is left. A group of 30 or 40 or so. They take turns in shifts, maybe six or eight hours each. There are no rules; it is all voluntary; they can come or not as they want; they sleep at a friendly settlement, or over at the William Penn House, 515 East Capitol. It is called the Quaker Vigil. People like this always take contributions. Their flier says make checks out to William Ralph Walker, whoever he is.

"The worst time is when it rains," says Paul Goodwin. He is an ex-sergent from Vietnam and wears an army fatigue jacket. "When it's cold you can walk around. But rain!—we had a dozen or so one night when it rained. We only had ponchos for a few. Well, we just got wet."

"Any pneumonia?"  
"No, just a sniffle or two."  
They used to do things like that in the Middle Ages. Make a vow to hang a chain between mountains, or pledge something to a monastery or just perform their juggling tricks before the painting of the Madonna. They did their thing. As I lie in my bed with the warmth coming up from the electric

blanket I wonder about them. Sensible people don't act that way. It must be something they feel; something important. They hate war. They imagine they are doing something about Vietnam.

The cops don't bother them. Further along is a man with a sandwich board protesting some incomprehensible wrong by the government, and down by the place where the tittering tourists come out is the comic with a sign demanding equal rights for husbands. He laughs and they laugh and everybody laughs. He is one of the sights.

This morning I talked to a boy with red hair, that hasn't been cut, I guess, for half a year, who said, "Just call me Mike." He has been hitchhiking from California. Has been on the road a long time but came to a halt here. He liked it—men, women, blacks, whites—they seemed to respect each other.

Like Gene Williams, a Negro, from Chicago. He was more articulate. "For something I believe in—peace," he said. Gene wears an army jacket with a captain's bars, and was in an artillery tank division. "You know," he says as though he were telling me something I wouldn't believe, "all the letters home in my unit had to come to me and I had orders, if any of them complained in their letters, to bring it to the attention of the authorities. Can you imagine that?"  
The war is all over—everybody knows that;

Mr. Nixon has got into the habit of speaking of it in the past tense. The Thirty Years' War was from 1618-1648 and the German gasants, lived underground and ate rats and were glad to survive; and the Vietnamese have had war, too, now, for 30 years. Americans speak tragically about the cost of the war—\$5,000 dead, \$120 billion spent, veterans' benefits ahead that will last 100 years. But for the Vietnamese nobody knows how many are dead and there simply is no count of the number of orphans. American herbicides have sprayed about one-seventh of the land area, and when one of our big 7 1/2 ton Daisy Cutters comes down with a whump it clears an area the size of a football field in dense jungle, suitable for helicopter landings, and it turns anybody in the area, friend or foe alike, into hamburger steak. Mr. Nixon has resumed bombing recently. Nobody protests.

Next month Mr. Nixon is expected to announce plans for withdrawal of all the ground combat forces in Vietnam, ending next Spring, leaving only residual forces of maybe 30,000 to 50,000; also artillery and helicopters and those Daisy Cutters, and he is probably turning the unused defoliants—a couple of million gallons of them—over to the South Vietnamese. They are pretty toxic but it hasn't actually been proved that they produce sterility and cancer. So...back to sleep.  
Dammit, the electric blanket is unplugged.

## Insights and Illusions

by Bruce Hopkins

waking up on a fine morning to discover you've been robbed while you slept, securely tucked away in your dreams, leaves you with a rather strange sensation. It's like awakening with the knowledge that you've been raped, but you can't recall anything about the actual event.

Coming home to a rifled apartment is something most New Yorkers learn to anticipate. You know it's going to happen to you in time. And every time you turn the key in your lock and push your door open, there is that momentary intake of breath carrying with it the fear that this may be the time you'll find everything topsy-turvy and discover some of your possessions gone from your life forever.

But it didn't happen that way at all. It lacked that kind of excitement and anticipation. It was a simple matter of here-one-minute-and-gone-the-next. It was a simple matter of scoffing at David Susskind one Sunday evening as he tried to intimidate seven lesbians, and feeling good inside when they ended up intimidating him with their intelligence and their pride in themselves; flicking off the television, and awakening some six hours later to discover the television missing.

"Uh, Bruce, wake up." Frank said quite calmly. "We were robbed during the night."  
I clung to the warm arms of sleep, thinking this was one of Frank's schemes to assure that I would jump up and out of bed, thus keeping my promise to get up that morning. I sat up and tried to shake the fog from around me. How could we have been robbed during the night when we'd both been

there all night? Frank simply replied that if we hadn't been robbed, he had two questions: why did I leave the bathroom window wide open on a cold October night, and where did I suppose the television had wandered off to?

I stared at the blank space less than three feet from my bed, that only six hours ago had been filled with David Susskind and seven lesbians. Now it was a blank space.

I couldn't come up with any other explanation as to what might have happened to the television, so we mutually accepted the fact that we'd been ripped off in our sleep. I figured that the thief must have entered our tiny livingroom-bedroom, discovered us sleeping, and grabbed the closest thing to him: the television. Well, actually I was as close to him as the television, but he must have figured he wouldn't get a lot for me on the streets. He then must have exited fast so as not to wake us.

"Wrong," said Frank. "He also took my watch off the table."

I hopped out of bed figuring it was inventory time. I was amazed at the audacity of this person to stroll about in our apartment while we slept away unknowing. I mean I'm a light sleeper. I usually wake up at the drop of a hat. If only the thief had dropped his hat.  
"So what would you have said if you'd awakened?" asked Frank. "Excuse me sir, would you mind putting the television back? I have to watch the Today show in the morning?"

"You don't suppose he'd have come all the way back here?" I asked as I wandered through the kitchen and into the back room. My wallet lying open on the chair answered

the question. The five dollars was missing. It's not so much, except that I had planned on making it last all week. My watch was missing too. He's left the change on my dresser, and my keys, and my deodorant can.

Frank was searching for his wallet. It was missing. It had been in the pocket of his corduroy pants. They were also missing. I wondered if the guy had them on before he took them.

"He could at least have left me some identification," Frank said. "How am I supposed to know who I am? Just my luck—I finally register to vote, and somebody steals my voter registration card."

As it turned out, Frank's identification was on the edge of the tub, where the guy had left it after finding no money in it. Polite of him, I thought.

As we sipped our morning coffee, we noted how appropriate the music on the radio was. It was perfect music to rob an apartment by. We envisioned our thief breaking in: he opens the bathroom window and furtively peeks in; soundlessly he removes the extra roll of toilet paper from the window sill and sets it on the fire escape; he crawls into the bathroom and puts his left foot into the toilet bowl.

"Do you suppose he made coffee?" I asked.

"Hell, he probably cooked dinner," Frank remarked. "Well, I'm certainly glad he left our valuable objects d'art. He probably figured he'd be recognized if he tried to sell them."

Then we envisioned him sneaking out again, pausing momentarily as his flashlight

scanned the poster next to the bathroom which reads: "For all that has been, thanks; for all that will be, yes."

We were most angry, I suppose, with ourselves for having left ourselves so vulnerable. And it was a bit depressing to know that our money and our television were now supporting someone's habit. Poor guy must have been desperate.

"Well, we're real New Yorkers now. We've been ripped off. Now we can tell our burglary story along with the rest of them," Frank said. "Meanwhile I couldn't find my bunny slippers."

"Frank, you don't think he would have taken them, do you?" I mean, they were made by my very own sister's very own two hands."

"He probably used them to walk around in while he was here," Frank said, noting also that he saw them under the bed.

We finished our coffee and made the beds, ready to go on with the day's activities. We'd remarked how different it would be if we were in our hometowns now. We'd be outraged and defiant, and we'd have the police in to investigate. We could report this to the police, and they'd say, yeah, well, congratulations and we'll make a note to watch that area a little more closely the next few nights.

So we woke up on Columbus Day having lost a few possessions. Frank paused as he opened the door and headed off to work. "Well," he said, "don't think of it as having lost a television. Think of it as having gained a column."

I laughed and headed in to my typewriter.