

## KILPATRICK

Several hundred of the country's most devoted conservatives came to Washington a few days ago for a Political Action Conference. They arrived full of conviction, yet troubled by doubt. They left the same way. It was a productive conference, but not a decisive one.

The conservative's dilemma will be understood by every husband or wife who ever has thought seriously of separation or divorce. To stay, or to go? Looking at their relationship with the Republican party, many conservatives find the union intolerable. They are restless, dissatisfied, unhappy. Surely, they say, there must be more to a happy marriage than this.

Yet, precisely because they are conservatives, their political instincts are at war with anything so dramatic as divorce. It is part of the conservative nature to defend the status quo against precipitous change, to bear the ills we have rather than fly to others that we know not of. Idealism says go; tradition

and pragmatism cry stay. Let me state my own position clearly and without equivocation: I waffle. Part of me—usually the dominant part of me—is pure southern. Likeminded conservatives will understand. Politically, we still stand up for "Dixie". We thrill to cries of secession. Few things are more appealing that to fight gallantly, even though the cause be lost, for virtue, for principle, and for honor. The bugle's call is music to our ears.

Alas, we hear other voices also. These are the cool voices that say to the hothead, "Don't, without the most compelling necessity, make a fool of yourself." Third parties are an exercise in futility; they tend to attract young amateurs and old prima donnas; they exhaust themselves in wordy rhetoric; they invite self-immolation in the flame of their passionate zeal. Conservatives, we are told, can accomplish far more by working within the Republican party than by rumping off on their own.

## Not yet a Fort Sumter

Most of the participants in last week's conference came to the Hotel Mayflower in the hope they were coming to Fort Sumter. They hungered for a call to political arms. Their grievances with the Republican party were palpably painful: Nixon, Watergate, Rockefeller, inflation, recession, deficit spending. The wounds of November were still bleeding. Ronald Reagan had only to raise his arm—he had only to cry "Follow me!"—to ignite a rebel cause.

It was not to be. Reagan said everything they wanted to hear—except for the one thing they wanted most to hear. Sen. James L. Buckley did not introduce Reagan as a Lee, or Jackson, or Beauregard. Buckley described Reagan as the conservatives' "Rembrandt," an allusion that left them deflated. Clifton White, the old pro with the Goldwater battle ribbon, argued against secession. Columnist Kevin Phillips warned the participants against the perils of "overidealism." In

the end they appointed a committee to make a report.

Perhaps this was all that could have been done, or should have been done.

Plainly, the hostile conservative presence was not lost on President Ford. In an interview with the Washington Star-News, Ford did his best to defend his own conservative image. He candidly acknowledged that

without conservative support, the Republican ticket would have little chance in 1976. He urged the disgruntled right to stay with the party.

For the time being, that may be the sensible course. I am far from certain. It seems plausible that 122 years ago, Millard Fillmore was saying to his disgruntled friends: Stay with the Whigs. But the Whigs were bankrupt.

They had compromised themselves out of existence. The party was no longer an effective mechanism for electing candidates or promoting ideas. In the elections of 1854, the newborn Republicans elected 108 congressmen and 15 senators. Advocates of a new Republican party had leadership then. Advocates of a new Conservative party have none today.

## My Typewriter Talks

BY REV. CHARLES H. GILBERT  
It was 63 years ago in September 1912 when I entered Wyoming Seminary, my introduction to Wyoming Valley. It was an outstanding journey, a train ride on the D.L. & W. from Binghamton to Scranton, then a change to the Northumberland division. You don't to to

Kingston that way anymore. A one-horse wagon driven by a student picked up baggage and took it to the school. It was unloaded by students who carried luggage to the rooms in the dormitory, first, second, third, fourth floors.

My diaries did not commence until January 1913, so I have no written record of those day-by-day doings and studies that were to make many adjustments and changes in my ways of thinking. My memory is quite vivid of the newness of the sights so different in a mining region from the greenery of New York State rural villages. But the very significance of the signs of mining at work linked well with one of my favorite subjects of study, geology.

Recently Catherine joined the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, and the very word in that title suggested to me the class at Wyoming Seminary where we studied an introduction to geology, and geology was an introduction to the structure of the valley itself. On field trips Professor Traxler explained what we saw of the layer upon layer of rocks as they outcropped in available locations for study.

We held some of our class sessions, for instance, up in the Luzerne gorge, and picked up pieces of Pocono Red sandstone, and of gray sandstone. It was explained that these layers once were soft mud, and the pressures of time and upheavals of earth one layer upon another. We could only imagine how much pressure and millions of years could account for the impressions of tiny fossils. Bringing our attention to the matter of timing drew us away from the six-day period of creation as being anything other than a poetic representation of creative mind compressing age-long processes into the grasp of the reader of epics like this.

On another trip we were on the other side of the valley and noted these same orders of rock outcropping, and in both cases the layers were tipped to slant down under and across the valley to the similar outcroppings. At the lower end is Tilbury Knob at West Nanticoke. That knob informs us of what has to happen when old Susquehanna gets loaded too full for comfort.

It just can't take all it is carrying through too narrow confines; it must back up into whatever space is available, whether a broad valley or tributaries not already overcrowded. As I have often said either to myself or to whomsoever it may concern: "You, Olovely river, are not all to be blamed for flood waters you seem compelled to dump along your banks (our homes, our factories, our roadways, please don't suggest our sewer systems, if any!). We must recall the little purling brooks that feed you with but spoonful most of the time, until you can take no more, for tiny rivulets could take no more trickles, and have no experience other than dumping it all downhill!"

No one will overlook Campbell's Ledge (he may over look from it!) which seems to guard the entrance into the valley from the north and west at Coxtown, known to all Lehigh Valley railroaders for its round house and exchange area, yards in which tons and tons of coal were switched from one

switch to another until they could be made into a train a mile or so long and headed up into the no-coal country.

Some 60 years ago I took a trolley ride up to West Pittston, crossed the bridge to North Main Street Pittston, and then followed until a left hand turn took me over to the foot of Campbell's Ledge. Some giant must have taken those rock layers and bent them across his knee and held them there until they were ready to stay bent as if some gigantic arthritis pains frbade any straightening. I went up to the top of that ledge, I don't remember just how, but I have snap shots I took of Coxtown Yards way off down there.

You could not hire me to try that trip again, for I don't do those things any more! It was good to see how our river of many crooked ways was guarded and guided by rock ledges on both sides. It just had to turn south at that point, for beyond that it could only wander back and forth, "meandering" it is called when the tramp of a river and not just a tired man or a curiosity-driven child.

Back in 1913 when Billy Sunday was holding tabernacle campaigns in the valley, he was quoted as saying in response to the geological pronouncements about the movements of the Susquehanna river back and forth in its land-carving processes we were than studying: "The Susquehanna River is just where the Creator put it!"

But Billy Sunday could not have said that in the summer of 1972! And apparently many times before. The river moves—and if you try to put some rock or building or graveyard in its way, the river must move on! So our minds, our thinking moves on.

## HARRISBURG

With Pennsylvania's jobless rate reaching the highest levels in more than a decade, the legislature's attention is focusing sharply on ways to cushion unemployment's impact.

The general assembly's new session had barely begun when legislation was introduced in both the House and the Senate to eliminate the waiting week for state jobless benefits.

Long a target of labor criticism, the waiting week provision requires that a person must be out of work at least one week before drawing unemployment compensation benefits. After the person has collected a total of four week's jobless benefits, he or she then receives a check covering the waiting week.

"The theory behind the waiting week is that a person who is unemployed should use his own savings to cover the period right after he loses his job," comments Rep. A.J. Valicenti, chief sponsor of the House Bill and Chairman

of the House Labor Relations Committee.

"I disagree with that idea, and I believe it is in direct conflict with the purpose of the unemployment compensation program—that is, to assist those who have lost their jobs through no fault of their own.

"If a person is out of work because of economic circumstances beyond his control, he should be eligible for assistance right away."

Valicenti said many workers who are laid off, even for short term periods, "simply can't afford to go even one week without a check.

"Inflation and underemployment have eaten away the savings of many families, so there often is no cushion for the individual to fall back on," he said.

He added that passage of the bill (H. b. 413) would "get money into the hands of these people right away. It would therefore not only help the person who is out of work, but it would help to boost

the state's economy by increasing the rate of spending."

According to state Labor and Industry Department estimates, elimination of the waiting week would increase jobless payments by about \$8 million a year. The payments are made from the state's unemployment compensation fund which is financed mostly by employer contributions and federal government subsidies.

At the same time Valicenti's bill was introduced, the Labor and Industry Department announced that Pennsylvania's unemployment rate had reached 7.7 percent, the highest in 14 years. According to Labor Secretary Paul Smith, the figure translates to 436,000 persons out of work.

The waiting week bill focuses on those who have been out of work for a short time. Meanwhile legislation to help those who have gone without work for a year or more has been introduced by Rep. Roland Greenfield.

"Under the present law," Greenfield said, "the state provides unemployment benefits up to a maximum of 39 weeks. The federal government shares the cost of claims for an additional 13 weeks or more when the unemployment rate exceeds four percent.

"However, in order to be eligible for the federal-state supplement, a person must have been unemployed during the 52 week period in which the supplement was triggered. In effect, there is a one-year time limit on eligibility for the federal-state benefits."

Greenfield says his bill would extend the period of eligibility to a two year period, therefore making many more people eligible for the supplemental benefits.

"This plan is going to help those who need assistance most, the long-term unemployed," Greenfield said. "Many of them are now ruled ineligible because of the brief time limit."

## EDITORIAL

## Noah drowns

Area residents were looking out their windows Monday and remembering "flood". From the high country, the melting snow filled the creeks and tumbled into the Susquehanna Valley with a surge, raising water levels and haunting those who remembered the losses of 1972.

But there were a few who viewed the Monday rains with hearts light enough to suggest a big boat for 1975, perhaps an "ark" in the event worse came to worse.

We can imagine the governmental involvement in the project.

Suppose Noah had to worry about the kind of structures permitted in his

residential zone? Would he have been left to drown?

Or suppose his boat required an inspection for conformity to federal standards for passenger vessels. A wooden craft wouldn't pass without special congressional fiat even if designed by the Almighty himself.

And if you claimed the Almighty was a "himself" and indeed the architect, you'd have run a foul of equal rights rulings. Of course the American Civil Liberties Union would have harrassed the project throughout its course merely because of the sectarian implications and the need to avoid any direct or indirect public support for such a project.

Perhaps Noah's workers would never

have finished in time for the big flood, wage and hour limitations having hampered the construction schedule. Maybe Noah would have been delayed by a jurisdictional dispute with the adzers against the peggers, or some such.

And then Noah may have become tied up in a National Labor Relations Board investigation. After involving considerable time and investment such as Noah's legal counsel (a guy undoubtedly named "Job") the NLRB discovered they lacked jurisdiction because each of the builders was related to the general contractor. Why that could even happen in 1975.

There would even be a newspaper or two ready to point out allegations of "conflict of interest" in the event Noah did use his sons on the job. And if the craft were intended for involvement on interstate waterways, he'd probably have to comply with Occupational Safety and Health Act requirements, list himself as an "Equal Opportunity Employer" and fulfill all sorts of other government requirements.

As a matter of fact, old Noah would probably have become bogged down in the beginning, delayed in his attempt to secure a federal employers number,

confused by his filing of IRS form 941's every quarter, and on the phone constantly answering calls from employment agencies ready to supply him with all the help he needed.

Even if the ark had been completed in time, the selection of passengers would have ruined any attempt at a successful voyage. A draft lottery would be established to designate the passengers for the boat. Noah's sons and daughters would have had to wait for blood tests to claim their spouses and probably been subject to a pre-cruise physical by NASA physicians.

The ark would have had to consider a balance of minorities aboard to assure full representation. Age discrimination would have become a factor since most of Noah's passengers were from the generation of his offspring. The animals would likely have been delayed by Department of Agriculture testing and quarantine programs.

We doubt that the boat would ever have made it to Mt. Ararat. The dove would probably succumb to a U. S. Army anti-starling crusade or the olive branch would contain an illegal pesticide.

The only thing a 1975 Noah could hope for would be an early rainbow.

## EDITORIAL

## Gain the whole world

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

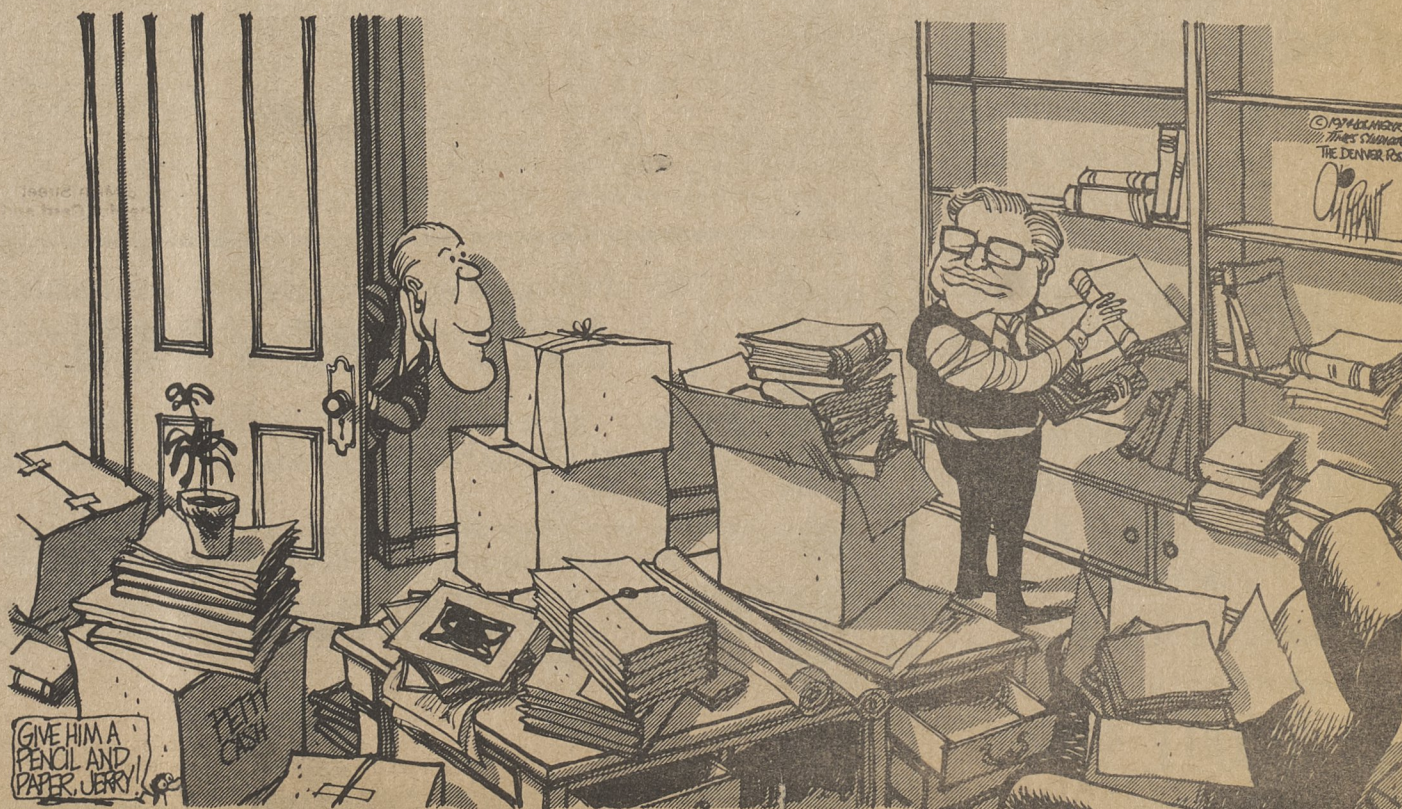
The question rings over and over in our minds as we witness the final chapters in the history of the Nixon administration. The quote is from a statement by Jesus to his disciples as recorded in St. Matthew 16:26 but there may be no better example in the nation's history than the story of the departure of a U.S. President, Vice President, and three top aides from the center of world power.

And yet the brokers of power have frequently come to similar defeat and disgrace. Other U. S. presidents have found the "power" quickly snatched from them by death or other circumstance.

And time after time, the lesson has been applied internationally. This year Haile Selassie, the "Lion of Judah" and emperor of Ethiopia, was stripped of power. Leonid Brezhnev seems on the way out in the Soviet Union, Mao Tse Tung is rumored to be ineffectual in China, hampered by illness and age. There is simply no power in all history which has not succumbed to the humanity of defeat, to the limits of his "power" and gain.

Except the originator of the quote we began with. Isn't it an awesome irony that the problems of today, social, political, economic or whatever, seem to arise when we seem to conflict with the standards set by that Teacher?

"For what is a man profited...?"



THE DALLAS POST