



SNOWED UNDER--These two young men were just part of the crowd digging their cars out from under the snow Tuesday morning following Monday night's surprise snowstorm. Hundreds of motorists throughout the area were held up by the storm, many deserting their cars and getting home best they could. (Photo by Mark Moran)



SCHOOL COMMITTEE MEETS--The Vocational Educational Advisory Committee of the Dallas Senior High School met recently to formulate plans for the future. Edgar Hughes, Dallas Senior High School principal, introduced faculty and guests and also took them on a tour of the vocational departments. (Photo by Mark Moran)

BURNHAM

Who cares?

by L.D. Burnham
"Get away from me!" I yell. Still the man pursues me, his two hands cupped in front of him. "But you're in good hands," he pleads.

"It's uncomfortable driving with your hands under me," I say angrily. "Go help someone else." I leave him standing disconsolate on the front steps as I flee the house only to find myself greeted by nearly 300 people singing and swaying to the tune of "Coming through for you, that's what C.G. people do..." It sickens me to see so many smiling faces so early in the morning, and I shutter to think of what the neighbors will say seeing all these people in my front yard.

I leap into my car. It starts easily and I zip into the street. I barely reach the corner when I notice that I am followed by a large tow truck.

I roll down my window and stick my head out to look back. I notice the small choral ensemble hanging onto the back of the truck. They wave as they sing, "We'll be there when you need us, we'll be there."

"Oh no!" I scream, rolling up the window and stepping on the gas. As I tear down the road, I see a small group of people waving and pointing to something. I slow down to discover that they pointing out a large pothole. I roll down the window to thank them only to hear

them sing, "Cole Muffler cares about your car..."

"Have mercy!" I cry. Is there no way to escape all this caring? Everyone seems to love me, care about me, worry about me. And they all provide easy credit terms to pay for their loving devotion.

It makes me nervous. I light a cigarette and turn on the radio. "We care about every breath you take..." Out goes the cigarette. I'll go for breakfast, that's what I'll do. I need to relax. I need to become my good old anonymous self.

I pull up to a fast food place. Ah, it'll be wonderful to get some good old-fashioned, impersonal service. So I think until I open the door to hear a group of brown, red and gold clad teen-agers crooning, "You, you're the one. We're fixing breakfast for you..."

They're so busy singing and dancing around with their mops that they don't notice that I've fled once more, on my way to the grocery store to buy food to make my own breakfast. I figure that good hands man and the C.G. people had abandoned by house by now.

But no sooner do I step on the rubber mat that opens the door of the market than I spy a store full of gold jacketed check-out clerks beckoning me with a wave and singing, "Come on in, we're your

friends. Say hello to..."

Now I'm desperate. I'll go anywhere to be ignored. All this commercialized caring has made me neurotic. I'll hide out in a motel for a few days. No one will know me there. No one will care.

But no, as I come to a stop a man opens my car door and asks, "What has Sheraton done for you lately?" I leave right before the band and the dancing girls make it to the parking lot. In my rear view mirror I see them high kicking and waving their top hats.

I make it into the lobby of the next place before the sad-blue-eyed blonde check-in clerk signs quietly, "Holiday Inn, we're No. 1 in people pleasing..."

I bolt out the door. Is there no place left on earth? I don't want to be loved. I can't afford it! I try to get back to my car but it's too late--the back end has been hoisted up by the tow truck, the good hands man is facing towards me, the you-you're-the-one kids are dancing my breakfast to me, the pothole quartet is checking out my muffler...all of them are there singing and dancing and...

"There, there, Mr. Burnham," I hear the nurse say. "You gave us quite a scare. Now try to relax. We're only trying to help you..."

GROSSMAN

Who pays for government?

by Howard J. Grossman
While the American system separates governments into levels and each government delivers various types of services, it is the American taxpayers who pays for all governments. In the final analysis, it makes little difference to the taxpayer which level of government provides which services since the taxpayer ends up paying for all governments. Too little attention is paid to the theme of "Who Pays for Government?"

Too much attention is paid to the theme of separation of government and the appropriate level of delivery of services. While this is important, it is not as important as where the money comes from and how much money can be generated from the same person or family to support all levels of government.

It is virtually impossible today to track how much and for what purpose taxpayer monies are spent.

There is a great need to simplify our system and to educate citizens as to the impact of the American governmental system and the payment for delivery of services.

Taxpayers pay their taxes in different ways and at different times. For example, sales taxes are collected at the time a product is sold. The Federal and State governments collect taxes at different times than school districts, counties, and municipalities. Many taxpayers pay their property taxes through a financial institution, and in many instances do not see the total tax bill, or if they do it is often not thought of as a tax per se. Public sewer and water bills are common, yet many people do not consider them taxes.

The fragmentation of government has made it increasingly difficult for the American consumer to keep up to date as to the American governmental system. In many

places there is a need to modernize government and to promote a higher level of understanding among all parties; that is, those who deliver services and those who consume services. Part of the educational process includes the desirability of modernizing local governments to more effectively professionalize this structure and to provide a more efficient pattern of decision making and administrative direction.

With more education as to the governmental system in this country, and the ways and means by which the American taxpayer contributes to this system, a more effective nation will result. In this way, the American taxpayer and governmental leaders will merge in a partnership and establish and maintain the system by which government delivers its functions and services.

Action Line

PENNSYLVANIA ACTION LINE looks forward to receiving your questions about Pennsylvania Government. Preference is given to matters of greatest statewide application, and questions may be sent by mail to: "PAL," 2717 N. Front St., Harrisburg, PA 17111. "PAL" cannot accept phone inquiries or acknowledge individual letters.

QUESTION: I have no income other than Social Security, so I must watch my pennies. I sent in a newspaper coupon that promised price reductions on facial tissues, and what I got back was reduced price coupons for paper towels, which I don't use and can't afford. Can you help me get what I asked for? --Mrs. E.M., Palmerton.

ANSWER: The folks at Scott Paper Co. in Philadelphia were sorry to hear they had sent you the wrong kind of coupons. We are sending your letter to the company, and we've been assured that you'll get the facial tissue coupons promptly.

QUESTION: Several months ago, Bell Telephone asked for permission to make a big increase in its charges for service. Will those increases be allowed? --D.V., Quakertown.

ANSWER: That remains to be seen. The Bell petition, filed in July, asked for a total of \$237 million in rate increases, the largest single request in history. The Public Utility Commission ordered a full investigation, and PUC Administrative Law Judge Morris Mindlin began holding hearings on Oct. 28.

Those hearings are scheduled to continue into late December. If events follow their usual course, Bell will be allowed to increase rates by an amount considerably lower than it sought. At the rate things are moving, it will be some months before the final decision is reached.

QUESTION: State Senator Bodack of Pittsburgh has shown that electric companies have collected millions of dollars in phantom taxes, and has a bill that would require the companies to refund that money. Has that bill been passed? --R.S.H., Oil City.

ANSWER: It was adopted by the Senate late in September by a vote of 30 to 37, and on Oct. 1 Senator Bodak wrote to Rep. Benjamin H. Wilson (R-Warminster), chairman of the House Consumer Affairs Committee, urging that the bill be given early consideration so it could

be put to a House vote this year. However, the bill was not on the calendar as the House returned on Monday, Nov. 17, from its recess, and no meeting of the House Consumer Affairs Committee had been scheduled to consider it.

That makes it unlikely, but by no means impossible, that the House will act before the session ends. Leaders of the House, as well as the Senate, are deciding this week on what they want to get done before adjourning until the new legislative bodies meet in January.

If the Bodack bill does not reach a House vote this month, it will die, and the Senator will have to introduce it again next year.

QUESTION: We're considering the purchase of a snowmobile. If we get one, will we have to get a license for it, as we would for a car? --Mrs. L.B., Simpson

ANSWER: No, but every snowmobile in Pennsylvania must be registered with the Department of Environmental Resources, at a fee of \$10 for two years. All licensed snowmobile dealers have detailed information on how to apply for the registration decal that must be displayed on the vehicle's hood.

COCKLEBURRS AND CORN

Halftime show

by Dick Swank
Pennsylvania Press Bureau

The first play of the game brings a lucky tackle by a member of the special team sent down the field to perform just that. With wild enthusiasm the announcer describes the action as we see it and the background man intones, "That was some kind of a tackle."

"Yeah," comes back the quip with authority. "He is some kind of football player." Now come on, men, those of you who listen to such idiocy every week, doesn't that sort of get you in the throat?

There have been times when the monotonous drone falls on ears left dangling by the owner who has fallen asleep. As others I have turned off the sound to watch the action, but this has been short-lived because without it I can not discern which is live and which is replay and-or whether I am still at the same game.

It is now a fashion to switch to another city between time outs, picking up a lone touchdown or a huddle breaking up in a metropolis at the other side of the country. Half times are filled with tumbling halfbacks and tight ends streaking. The action is so intense I am certain the play has run from Seattle to New England and when the tackles blitz to Miami the quarterback is sacked in Cincinnati.

What the profession needs (not players who take the beating) is a new perspective in the press box. No longer is there any sense of showmanship, other than that of splitting the screen or isolating a blocking back committing a foul. The artistry would be enhanced if there would be directors to balance the act.

I would opt for the return of the halftime show--imagine watching the Dallas Cowgirls uninterrupted

for five minutes, with close-ups and proper camera angles. I would like to see the bands play, the fans fattered at the concession stand, or even--instead of another shot of a guy spiking the ball following a touchdown--the men's room door. It all would lend character to the presentation.

The world "integrity" has also had a rebirth as that attribute most wanting in a sporting event. Whether the boxer has lost or not he has integrity, a popular aphorism. I agree with that. We need integrity, not in the partisanship so much as in the presentation. If there is nothing better to do with the camera between commercials and between time outs, focus it on the player picking his nose or on the fellow taking a swing at his wife because she wants to go home and get out of all this rain. Keep it off the Goodyear blimp, we've watched it float too long.

ONLY YESTERDAY

50 Years Ago--Nov. 21, 1930

Sonny, a two year old chimpanzee, owned by Mrs. Harold Blewett of Idetown enchants and fascinates area residents.

"Trudalsha" is chosen as the name for a young men's club recently organized in the Back Mountain. The club was formed in the hopes of bringing young men of the Back Mountain communities into closer contact and at the same time offer opportunities for social activities.

Residents of Evans Falls witness a rare sight when two buck stage a terrific fight on the farm of Edward Sax. One buck, the larger of the two was an Albino, a rare sight anytime.

Dallas District Sunday School convention will be held at Idetown Methodist Church.

Rural schools join bi-county PIAA basketball league.

Married, Esther Williams and Harold Donnelly.

Engaged Alice Smith to George Smith.

You could get--Chuck roast 20 cents lb.; pork butts 22 cents lb.; steak 39 cents lb.; pork loin 24 cents lb.; shredded wheat 11 cents; coffee 43 cents lb.; peanut butter 1 lb. jar 23 cents.

40 Years Ago--Nov. 29, 1940

The State Planning Board through its executive director F.A. Pitkin gives assurance that it will help Dallas Borough with its new zoning ordinance.

Community Welfare fund drive is extremely successful with Dallas Borough and the Lake region turning in contributions that broke all previous records.

Six public-spirited citizens who have no children attending Dallas High School offer to purchase six uniforms as their contribution

toward the success of a campaign to provide the band with uniforms, music and additional instruments.

Lake alumni will present an old-fashioned minstrel and patriotic revue on Dec. 3.

Married--Irene Lavan Pealer and Arthur Remphrey Bray.

Now playing in local theatres--Himmeler Theatre, "Brigham Young, Frontiersman," Tyrone Power; Kingston Theatre, "Down Argentine Way" Don Ameche and Betty Grable.

You could get--Play kitchens including skin, range and refrigerator \$5.98; 16-piece set Bottletop Baby who drinks, wets and sleeps \$1.98; scooter \$1.29; tricycle \$1.19.

30 Years Ago--Nov. 24, 1950

Dallas Township takes to the football field Thanksgiving morning against Kingston Township seeking to break an eight-year losing streak.

Richard Stine, 19, is shot in a hunting accident. While hunting in Renovo, Richard Stine was shot by a hunter who mistook him for a squirrel.

Ground is broken on Nov. 12 and excavation begins on the Gate of Heaven School building.

Sgt. Robert Kemmerer, Shavertown, who was wounded

while serving in the Korean campaign, has been transferred to Oakland Naval Hospital in California.

Engaged--Patricia Patsy to Robert Youngblood; Ona Yurchukonis to James Dougher; Phyllis Harvey to Floyd Wolfe.

Married--Fay Turner and Robert Ellis Clark.

Deaths--Mary Balut, West Dallas; Lucy Mathers, Harveys Lake.

Now showing at local theatres--Himmeler Theatre, "Broken Arrow" James Stewart; Shaver Theatre, "Father of the Bride."

You could get--An orchid corsage \$3; tom turkeys 20-25 lb. 45 cents; roasting chickens 5-7 lb. 53 cents; capons 7-10 lb. 65 cents; pumpkin 2 lg. cans 25 cents; cranberry sauce 2 cans 27 cents; coffee 82 cents, 1-lb. can; celery 19 cents large bunch; Florida oranges 29 cents doz.

20 Years Ago--Nov. 23, 1960

A public hearing to determine the economic effect resulting from the construction of the new highway from Luzerne to Dallas will be held at Courtroom No. 1 in Luzerne County Court House on Nov. 30.

Westmoreland Football squad is awarded the Old Shoe Trophy at the annual football banquet sponsored by the Dallas Rotary Club.

H.W. Smith, Dallas, is honored at a luncheon given by employees of the Royal Globe Insurance Agency. Smith is retiring after 36 years with the company.

Back Mountain YMCA drive for youth membership is in full swing.

Back Mountain Church Basketball League opens season with plenty of new talent.

Anniversaries--Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Jackson, 55 years; Mr. and Mrs. Grover Anderson, 55 years.

Deaths--Kurt Schweiss, Dallas; Stephen Alexander, Sweet Valley; Bryant Elston, Kunkle; Harry Galletly, Jr., Dallas.

You could get--Turkey 39 cents lb.; hams 53 cents lb.; sweet potatoes 4 lbs. 25 cents; cranberries 2-1 lb. boxes 33 cents; rib roast 59 cents lb.; walnuts 55 cents lb. bag; insulated boots \$7.95 pair; hunting knife with sheath \$1; 26-inch bicycle \$2.95.

10 Years Ago--Nov. 24, 1970

The Youth Center of Huntsville Christian Church will be dedicated Sunday. The Youth Center will be dedicated in memory of Jacalyn Roberts, Dallas, who was victim of a fatal automobile accident this fall.

Dallas Senior High girls hockey

team travels to Allentown where they witness the British field hockey touring team in action. Dallas Booster club sponsors the trip.

Dallas hosts Knights in Thanksgiving battle for the Old Shoe Trophy.

Mrs. Carlton Davies' trip to Cyprus is illustrated in a slide presentation to the Dallas Women of Rotary.

Melanie, famous rock star, will appear in concert at the Kingston Armory.

Two girls from the Back Mountain area, Susan Heller and Debbie McKee, ride to state championships at the State 4-H Horse and Pony Show in Harrisburg.

Married--Mary Elizabeth Croughn and Carl V. Zookoski.

Deaths--Beatrice Weiss, Noxen; Famma Traver Wright, Noxen; Adam H. Hines, Sweet Valley.

You could get--Center cut pork chops 99 cents lb.; chopped ham 79 cents lb.; turkeys 35 cents lb.; smoked hams 49 cents lb.; paper towels 3 jumbo rolls \$1; ice cream 39 cents half gal.; gold medal flour 5-lb. bag 49 cents; tangerines 39 cents doz.

The DALLAS POST

A PENNAPRINT INC. NEWSPAPER
44 Main St., Dallas

Charles Trettel, Acting Publisher
Rick Shannon, Associate Publisher
Charlot Denmon, Editor
Virginia Hoover, Circulation
Jane Opolicki, Production Manager
Mark Moran, Photography

An independent newspaper published each Thursday by Pennaprint, Inc. from 44 Main Street, Dallas, Pa. 18612. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Dallas, Pa. under the act of March 3, 1889.

Subscription \$7.00 per year.
Telephone 675-5211 or 825-6868. POSTMASTER: If undeliverable, please send Form 3579 to PO Box 366, Dallas, Pa. 18612