

Editorial/opinion

The Post asks: "What's your favorite thing about spring?"



SHIRLEY MAHLE

Shirley Mahle
Housewife & Choir director
Dallas
"To be able to go outside and not slip or fall."



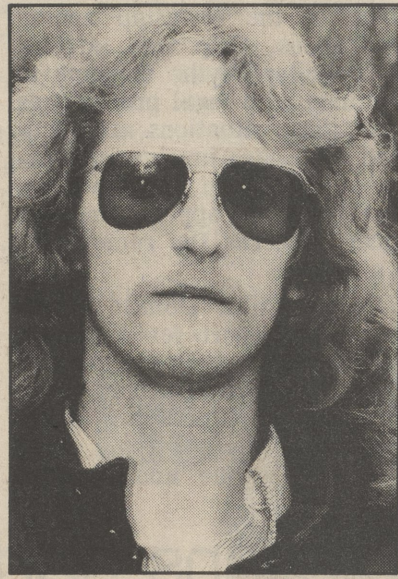
TAMMY MAHLE

Tammy Mahle, 22
Unemployed
Idetown
"The warm weather and summer is just around the corner."



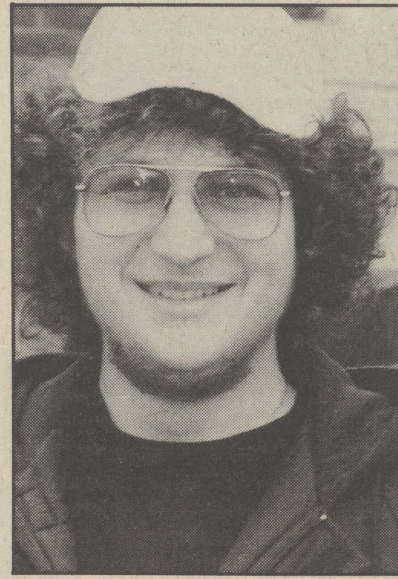
CATHY GARBUSH

Cathy Garbush, 10
Student
Sweet Valley
"I like when the birds sing, the flowers are out and you don't need heavy coats to go out."



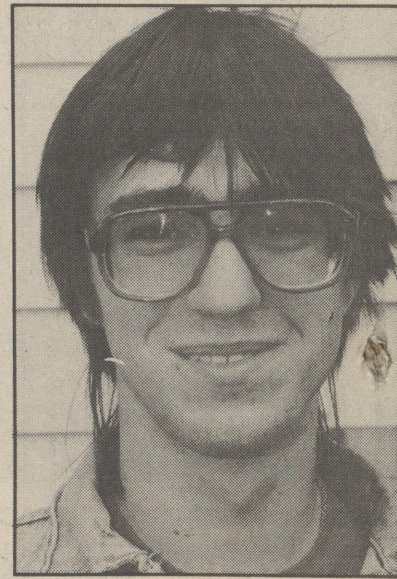
MICHAEL SOLECK

Michael Soleck, 21
Cook
Dallas
"I like Summer better, Spring is kind of a mess, it's all wet and muddy out."



MARTY GRIFFITH

Marty Griffith, 22
Self-employed
Nanticoke
"It's nice out, I can work on my car, go walking, smell the fresh air. I like the sunshine daydreams."



LEON STRATTON

Leon Stratton, 18
Dishwasher
Dallas
"It's getting warm. I hate cold. The birds are coming back, the flowers are coming out, it's a lot prettier."

Off the top

BY DEBBY HIGGINS
Post Editor

This past week, Luzerne County District Attorney, Cory Stevens, addressed Lake-Lehman Jr. High School students about some aspects of the criminal justice system.

Here, here, D.A. Stevens. You're on the right track and what your trying to do can only increase awareness for our children of the world around us. Awareness is knowledge and knowledge is ammunition in the war against crime.

Because young people are exposed to so much of the seedy side of society; drug and alcohol abuse, child abuse, relaxed morality, and in many respects, there is a noticeable absence of positive role models. We need programs like this one in our schools now, more than ever.

Any issue can be discussed if it is presented on specific age levels and if it is done with the intent to impart useful knowledge to listeners. Perhaps parents should consider hearing about some of these issues, too. There is nothing wrong with constructive, informative discussion and who better to listen to than an expert in the field.

Children are growing up faster today and even though their age says "young", their minds are experiencing external stimuli that years ago would be considered for adults only. If our young people are listening, watching, and learning, let them learn from someone who has something beneficial to teach. A little knowledge does not have to be a dangerous thing.

Girls Scouts take the lead

March 6 to 12 is Girl Scout Week and this year's celebration focuses on the theme, Take The Lead!, emphasizing an important objective of Girl Scouting - to prepare young women to become tomorrow's leaders. This commitment to the development of leaders comes at a time when there is cause for concern; when many young people are disturbed by world events, are involved in self-destructive behavior, and are insecure about what the future

holds for them.

Thinking about the future, filled as it is with so many unknowns, can create anxiety. Yet the Girl Scouts forge ahead. They can be found discussing global issues with their peers from Third World countries - issues such as women and poverty, hunger and economy. Or their roles as women in a rapidly changing society can engage their minds and shape their conversation.

The "Gipper" sure knows what to say

BY DONALD KAUL
Special to The Post

Did you catch the Gipper's act the other night? No? Too bad, the Great Communicator was in top form. Mr. Reagan looked hale and vigorous and completely in command at his press conference Wednesday. He did talk gibberish and nonsense, of course, but you can't have everything.

Oh, you don't believe he talked gibberish? Listen to him as he took one more shot at explaining why the arms-for-hostage swap with Iran wasn't an arms-for-hostage swap:

"...I think it's time for me to point out what the opposition was based on of anyone who did oppose. Particularly, it's been revealed that Secretary (Casper) Weinberger and George Schultz both objected. They did not object the idea of, that we were trading arms for hostages. Their objection, they knew what we were trying to do...Their objection was, what we had done, we'd gotten this request and, in dealing with it, in this conversation with these private individuals, we pointed out our feelings about terrorism and so forth. They agreed with us, and the thing was that they, the Hezbollah as we know, is philosophically attuned to Iran. The idea was that they could perhaps influence the Hezbollah to give up some of our hostages and, indeed, as the talks went on, they did...We weren't dealing with the kidnapers at all, and this was what the whole situation was. But it turned out that George and Cap and those who had doubts were right in that, when it did become known by way of a henchman of the ayatollah,

then everyone just automatically said that, and to this day are saying, it was arms for hostages."

Thank you Mr. President. That certainly clears up any doubts I might have had about the matter.

More relevant than the gibberish, however (for who among us has not spoken gibberish), was the nonsense. Asked about Israel's use of force to suppress the riots in occupied Gaza, and the West Bank, Mr. Reagan said:

"Well, we have had, it's a little difficult for me because there are some things that I shouldn't be saying, but we have had intimations that there have been certain people suspected of being terrorists, outsiders coming in, not only with weapons but stirring up and encouraging the trouble in those areas. Now that isn't something you can go out and say we absolutely know, but certainly the violence is both ways."

Does that sound familiar? Isn't that what George Wallace and his ilk said back in the '60s when the blacks of the south began to fight for their constitutional rights? It was the work of "outside agitators," always. That's what the white rulers of South Africa are saying today, what the Soviets are saying about Afghanistan. It's always the work of outside agitators.

It's not. As a matter of fact, the day following the press conference the President's men said as much, trying to cover up for the old man. There may be outside agitators in the Middle East, as there were in the American south, but the real reason for the turmoil is inside agitation.

Fiegelman says... The Smurfs played it right

BY RICHARD FIEGELMAN
Special to The Post

For a West Pittston family, the horror continues. All of the havoc of notoriety, publicity, fame, (or infamy depending on your viewpoint) and greenbacks are being heaped on these seers of Satan. One family member was bitten on the ear by parties unknown. A daughter was thrown down a flight of steps. And to top it off, their 75 lb. German Shepherd was slammed into a wall. Can you imagine? I have a large German Shepherd, and if someone or something slammed him into a wall they would certainly be seeing the angels. The family in question also claims that they have heard screams, grunts, and had a foul odor pervade their house. If you grew up or lived in West Pittston as I did, most of these "supernatural" occurrences are easily explainable, which come to think of it reminds me of a story...

It was a hot, sticky summer night. The year was 1975, and I was just about to begin my senior year in high school. My parents were away and the boys were going to play. The horror was moving closer.

The Susquehanna River which flows a few blocks from my family home emitted its foul stench, as it did on hot nights in August. The swirling wind blew dust around the twilight streets and the house creaked eerily. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. There they were, the Boredombusters bearing liquid refreshment. I waved them in and like banshees they descended on my kitchen which would never again be the same.

After a few minutes, another knock, and several of our female counterparts made their appearance. We hadn't heard them coming up the drive and were startled. A truly ghostly experience. After the usual salutations and pecks on the cheek, we sat down in a circle to take care of business. Jack the Ripper was about to make a guest appearance in my living room. Dead and in person. We all shivered with adolescent expectation.

The candle was lit, hands were grasped, the lights dimmed, and cautiously one of the girls began to implore Jack the Ripper to leave his safe domain in Hades to come and join a bunch of delirious teenagers. We tried and tried, but ol' Jack must have been quite comfortable or cruising the River Styx because he wouldn't give us the time of day. Finally, insatiable thirst prevailed and everyone gathered back in the kitchen to partake in bottled spirits.

After an hour or so, as teens in a festive mood will do, couples began to pair off and seek refuge in the deep recesses of the house. The house became strangely silent except for the low resonance of Emerson, Lake and Palmer synthesizing on the stereo. Everyone was at peace with the world.

Then it happened. One of the girls screamed and ran to the living room. She had been bitten on the ear by something in the darkness. A lively spirit no doubt. As everyone made their way to the front room, grunts of disgust could be heard echoing in the stillness.

Later, when the girls left the real party began. Swilling in the spectred chill the Boredombusters embarked on their own Magical Mystery Tour. The folks weren't due home for 48 hours, and we had not a care in the world, save that we be protected from the adult elements, i.e. the cops.

Just after four a.m. the party disbanded. The Great Gig in the Sky was history. As the Busters left, I walked out into the carport to catch a breath of the crisp night air. The foul stench of the river though now barely detectable was still present in the pre-dawn atmosphere. At this hour even the spirits were dormant, or so I thought.

When I walked back into the house, strange melodic sounds were floating out from the living room. Slowly, I crept through the dim kitchen and peered around the corner. What I saw is revealed today for the first time ever by word or print. There they were in all their psychedelic glory. The Beatles, live and in person jamming in my living room. They did a medley of "A Day in the Life", "Penny Lane", and "I Am the Walrus". Then, when the music stopped George Harrison walked toward me and said, "Hey mate, we picked your house for the reunion". I was in my room with the door locked and under the covers before you could say Beelzebub. If anyone is interested in my story, please contact me for the book and movie rights, they'll go cheap.

One final comment. If this haunted West Pittston family was so frightened, so terrified, by these morbid and grisly events at their home, why so soon after their occurrence do we have a book on the market and a movie on the way? Don't you think the spirits would be a little offended at second billing? I guess this is just one of those things that you have to Smurl about. See you next week...

Booklet available

It's tax season, the time of year when millions of Americans grapple with 1040s, EZs, and IRAs in an attempt to take advantage of changes in the tax law which may mean personal savings.

For a free copy of "Tax Tips", send a stamped, self-addressed, business size envelope to the PICPA, 1608 Walnut St., Third Floor, Philadelphia, PA 19103.



VIEWS ON READING PRESENTED — Professor Joan Pallante, College Misericordia instructor, addresses Evans Falls Elementary educators on the benefits of reading techniques.

Seminar stresses reading

Professor Joan Pallante, reading and early childhood education teacher at College Misericordia, recently addressed approximately 75 educators at Evans Falls Elementary School in Tunkhannock. Professor Pallante explained her views on the benefits of "real reading" beyond phonics-oriented learning.

An authority on reading development, Professor Pallante teaches Misericordia's four-year education degree students and coordinates the College's Reading Development Program. She has made presentations to local, regional and national reading associations and has taught adult education classes on reading and study skills.

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