

LETTERS

## Reward for info on stolen dirt bike

Editor:  
On Wednesday, October 18, 1995, sometime between the hours of 9:30 and 10:30 p.m. someone came into our back yard and stole my son's 1989 KTM 125 dirtbike. The bike was chained but that did not deter the thief or thieves.

Although we have strong suspicions as to the identity of the thief and even the reason why he would do something like this - we were in the process of a lawsuit against this person for blowing up my son's first dirt bike - we still feel violated that "someone" would stoop so low as to steal another kid's dirt bike for vengeance.

As all boys can, my son can identify his bike because of certain markings and he can also identify it by its sound. We have

heard his bike on a couple of occasions since its disappearance and we have also found fresh tracks since then. We feel that the bike is being hidden for the thief - he does not have it hidden on his property - and I just wonder if the person who is allowing him to hide it is aware that if the bike is found on their property, they will be held accountable for receiving stolen property. My husband and I feel that perhaps the thief may have told the person who is storing the bike for him that he bought the bike and doesn't want his parents to know about it.

I am asking that anyone who knows anything about this theft to call us and help us to retrieve our property. There is a reward to anyone who gives us information that results in the return of the

dirt bike and the identity (positively) of the thief or thieves. Also, we are asking that anyone who has purchased a used 1988-1990 KTM 125 since the date of our theft to please contact us. You may have purchased stolen property. In addition to some detailing on the bike that my son placed for positive identification, the bike is white with red seat and hand grips. There was the number 120 on the sides. The seat has a rip across it. All calls will be held in the strictest confidence. Phone 675-4267 or the Lehman Police Department with any information. Your help in the return of my son's bike will be greatly appreciated. Thank you.

Mrs. Thomas Kupstas  
Lehman Twp.

*"One or two things are all you need to travel over the blue pond, over the deep roughage of the trees and through the stiff flowers of lightning—some deep memory of pleasure, some cutting knowledge of pain."*

### A Case for Conservation



Alene N. Case

Such is the philosophy (and imagery) of Mary Oliver in her collection *Dream Work* published in 1986. You say you never heard of Mary Oliver? Well, neither had I—until I mentioned this column to someone I met at an environmental ethics conference. This person thought I might enjoy her work and he was right. Now, I would like to introduce you to Mary Oliver and her poetry.

Mary Oliver is a Pulitzer Prize-winning writer who was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on September 10, 1935. She grew up in the country, apparently more at home in the woods and fields than among the other children. She wandered from one college to another, never finishing, but finding a new home by the sea in Provincetown, Massachusetts. It was there that she honed her skills as a poet, publishing at least ten collections during the past 30 years. As her work has received awards and recognition, she has been a poet-in-residence at several colleges including Bucknell University and, most recently,

## Exploring the haunting poetry of Mary Oliver

Sweet Briar in Virginia.

Since many of her works relate to the world of nature, Oliver has been compared with Emerson, Keats, Wordsworth, Frost, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. But, as I read poem after poem which relates natural processes to our human existence, I could not help but compare her with another of my favorite writers—an essayist, not a poet—Anne Morrow Lindbergh. They both tend to see details most people overlook and capture meanings that escape the rest of us. As Oliver phrases it in her poem "Country Bred," "I own/ Five wooden senses, and a sixth like water." Like Lindbergh, she chooses rather ordinary subjects—"Starfish," "The Journey," "Wild Geese," "Sunrise," "The Turtle"—and turns them around so that we catch glimpses of truth. Who else would visualize the instinct of a turtle as "a gate through which her life keeps walking?" Or, frozen rivers as "links of white iron, holding everything?" Or again, milkweed pods "standing like a country of dry women?" I am in awe of such apt descriptions.

But, Mary Oliver also deals with deep human emotions. In "1945-1985: Poem for the Anniversary," she juxtaposes a story of innocence in the meeting of her dog

and a fawn with the terrible brutality of the Holocaust. She puzzles at the madness that destroyed the creative "Robert Schumann." She writes of "Rage" and all forms of loneliness. In fact, it strikes me that these poems are particularly understandable to those of us who have lived many years upon this earth. Younger readers would enjoy the imagery and beauty of her poems, but might not have the life experience to comprehend the deeper meanings.

Next time you need something to read aloud to your friends or family—particularly those elderly who can no longer explore nature on their own—try sharing some of Mary Oliver's poetry. You may have to search a while to find it. Most of our local libraries and bookstores do not carry her work. But, a special order or interlibrary loan will be well worth the wait. And, perhaps, if enough of us ask, Mary Oliver will begin to appear in her rightful place among today's better-known authors.

Let me leave you to ponder these lines from "When Death Comes:

"When it's over, I want to say:  
All my life  
I was a bride married to amazement  
I was the bridegroom, taking  
the world into my arms."

### J.W.J.



John W. Johnson

In 1987, this nation celebrated the 200th birthday of its Constitution. Long speeches and scholarly tomes marked the passing of this event.

But what did it really mean? And what meaning does it have today...some history.

In 1976, this nation celebrated its bicentennial as a member of the earth colony of nations. In many parts of the country, flags were raised and monuments erected to mark this event.

However, there was and is more to the story than the routine waving of red, white and blue fabric; indeed, the very freedom to wave the flag guaranteed by the constitution.

Also in 1976, many were still mourning those lost in Vietnam. Some didn't want to hear about it then; some still don't want to hear about it. Others want to talk about it from the military perspective; still others would argue

## Without the Constitution we would have anarchy

that so many young men dying, and so soon after arriving in southeast Asia, was symbolic of that war-which-really-wasn't-a-war; in fact, the deaths symbolic of futility.

Perhaps all have valid points of view. However, and while I disagreed with (but served during) the Vietnam debacle, a nation which holds constitutional symbols forth as a foundation—then predicated its daily activities on a body of laws subservient to that constitution—that same nation then must insist upon personal beliefs subservient to the will of the majority as that majority is able to effect change within constitutional limitations.

That is what, in fact, occurred; the people ended the Vietnam War.

And the many young men who died there demonstrated courage in heeding the nation's call, giving the ultimate sacrifice, living up to the practical and symbolic obligations and limitations of our more than 200-year-old set of standards.

Through it all; the tearing apart of the nation caused by the Vietnam conflict; and later, the crisis

created by a flawed Richard Nixon, the Constitution remained, a stronger symbol and set of standards for having survived these onslaughts.

It was that symbol we celebrated in 1987; that symbol given breath by the Declaration of Independence; given a strong, healthy body by the Constitution itself; and given eternal nourishment by the Bill of Rights and subsequent amendments.

You could argue (and perhaps effectively) that the many young men who died so in vain.

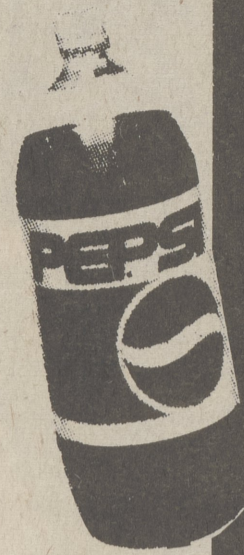
That is the wrong question. To the point: we are either of nation of laws—predicated upon constitutional principles—or we are not.

I believe we are and that we should forever remain, a nation of constitutionally-based law.

Else we can turn it all over to the zealots and special interests of every stripe; we can give up the right to choose, believe, speak freely, be heard, and effect change.

Indeed, we can give up the opportunity to live and be better than the wolves we would surely become.

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