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around  
10-16-74

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

Don Rumsfeld / If info  
in this advertisement is  
correct, what is EPA's  
answer?



**Flue gas desulfurization  
has not been  
demonstrated to be  
a method of  
sulfur-dioxide control  
presently available  
for implementation by  
Electric Utilities.**

# Requiem for scrubbers

That epitaph is taken from a 417 page report just released by the hearing examiners for the Environmental Protection Agency of Ohio.

And in case you don't recognize it from the language they're talking about "stack gas scrubbers" — as undeveloped, unreliable and unacceptable for electric utility use.

The hearing took 12 long weeks. Grueling testimony, with thorough cross examination, by experts: engineers, lawyers, scientists, businessmen—even manufacturers of scrubbers themselves.

If ever there was a grilling this was it.

Undoubtedly the most comprehensive and up to date presentation on the control of power plant sulfur-dioxide emissions ever held in any forum, anywhere in this country.

The findings of this exhaustive report—which parallel our published

position—cannot be seriously challenged by anyone wishing to avoid ridicule.

It covered every major scrubber test the Environmental Protection Agency has ever bragged about.

- Commonwealth Edison
- Illinois Power Co.
- Boston Edison
- Louisville Gas & Electric
- Mitsui Aluminum Plant
- Kansas City Power & Light
- Union Electric of St. Louis

One after the other the record shows they failed to meet the criteria established by the National Academy of Engineering.

They simply failed to demonstrate the degree of reliability necessary for electric utility use.

And yet, to this day, EPA insists these monstrous contraptions are available, work, are reliable . . . and electric utilities should invest many

billions of dollars in them.

If that isn't fanning the fires of inflation, wasting precious assets and wrongfully burdening the electric costs of the American people, then we shouldn't be allowed to generate another kilowatt.

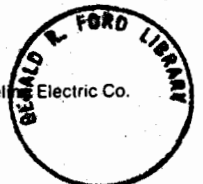
Are these examiners alone? They are not! Many respected authorities share their conclusion: The Tennessee Valley Authority. The Federal Energy Administration. The Atomic Energy Commission. The Federal Power Commission and others.

E.P.A.'s stubborn, continued plumping for stack gas scrubbers is an energy-paralyzing activity that is stalling vital legislation and severely inhibiting by uncertainty, investment in the development of new coal mines.

Isn't it about time someone re-directed E.P.A.'s energies into more constructive channels?

## American Electric Power System

Appalachian Power Co., Indiana & Michigan Electric Co., Kentucky Power Co., Kingsport Power Co., Michigan Power Co., Ohio Power Co., Wheeling Electric Co.





## Where the Jackrabbits Were

When I was born in 1934 my father was making \$2 a day working on the construction of a new highway from the Texas border to Oklahoma City. We were living in the southeastern corner of Oklahoma in an area known as "Little Dixie" because so many people had come there from Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama.

I have not spent any time in Oklahoma for years, although my childhood impressions were sharply etched in my mind and I have always felt that men like my father, coming to maturity in the '20s and laid low by the '30s, were a special lot; they were born before Oklahoma was admitted to the Union and the state took shape around their labors and losses. They had no option but to cope, and their experiences fueled a whole generation's determination not to repeat them. As "Adam Smith" wrote a few years ago, "it is the first generation off the farm that provides the longest hours and the most uncomplaining workers." It wasn't sheer ambition alone that drove my crowd in the '50s to hallow the success ethic; we had memories.

### 'THIS PLACE NEEDED US'

I went back last week and the memories were still there. My father, who is 70 now, came up on the bus from Texas and we drove from Oklahoma City down through familiar parts of the state. His brother, my uncle Harry, still lives in Pauls Valley, an hour south of Oklahoma City; he and Aunt Emily have moved into town from the farm they rented and worked for more than a quarter of a century. Even at 68, however, Uncle Harry can't stay away from the land; partly to earn money—their old-age assistance is less than \$200 a month—and partly from habit, he hires out when someone needs him. "I'd make good wages if I could just find the work," he said. This summer he took a hoe to 100 acres of soybeans and earned \$2.50 an hour, which he says "was a big help to Momma and me when the inflation bug hit." They still grow potatoes, corn, tomatoes and okra, and at lunch Aunt Emily served strawberry cake and three pies.

A late afternoon sun the size of a prospector's imagination was hanging in the sky as we drove out to their old farm. We turned off on a levee along the Washita River that Uncle Harry had built with a team of mules; in those days he and my father and men like them qualified to vote in local elections by helping to build country roads—two days

of work to qualify if they brought a mule, five if not. "There was a time during the Depression when the only meat we had to eat was jackrabbits we caught in the fields," my father said. "And sometimes," Uncle Harry added, "we'd run alongside 'em to feel their ribs to see if they were fat enough t'cook." Uncle Harry has never been able to pull a Republican lever when he votes; he always thinks of jackrabbits and Herbert Hoover.

The old house to which Uncle Harry brought Aunt Emily from Little Dixie in 1930 is still standing in the fields a hundred yards from the river, abandoned and beginning to fall apart—a simple frame house with two bedrooms where eight children were born. "I couldn't even afford to buy this land when it was selling for \$200 an acre 30 years ago," Uncle Harry said. "Now they're gettin' \$2,000 to \$3,000 an acre, not for people to grow things on but for shoppin' centers and stuff like that." He sighed and said: "Even in the worst times I couldn't leave it. It almost killed Momma and me, but this place needed us as much as we needed it. They got bulldozers now, and it don't need us any more."

My father and I drove on southeast through an Oklahoma that is changing fast and prospering, in ways to be discussed in this space next time. But now we were putting the past together again.

### THE 'TRAIL OF TEARS'

My father's parents married in Tahlequah, in what was then Indian Territory, and moved south of the Red River into Texas, to farm the waxy black land. Grandfather died of pneumonia in 1916 and two years later the family returned to Oklahoma with a new stepfather. They owned four mules and two wagons, a buckboard buggy, two milk cows, two calves, a pig and some chickens. The January weather was cold and wet and it took them two days to travel 30 miles. After they had ferried the Red River near Frogville the two young mules got stuck in the muddy bottom land, became excited and scared trying to get out, and turned the wagon over into the muck. My father, who was then 12, and his brother Harry tried to recover some of grandmother's canned fruits but they failed.

They settled in Choctaw County, not far from where the "Trail of Tears" had ended years earlier for the Chickasaw, Choctaw, Cherokee, Seminole and Creek Indians who had been forcefully removed by the U.S. Government from

their old lands in the Deep South. Sadness and hardship were the lot of most people, red men and white, who tried to impose their hope on the realities of nature in this part of the country, and the incident on the Red River was only a harbinger of difficult times to come. Men swore and watched helplessly as it rained when they didn't want it and didn't when they desperately needed it. Their wives cooked on wood stoves and washed clothes in black pots and buried children who couldn't survive the diphtheria and malaria and bore more who did; twin daughters born to my mother both died, one of whom might have been saved had there been a doctor or medicine nearby. When flu and pneumonia struck, people wrapped asafetida gum in a cloth around the necks of their ailing kin and waited, often in vain.

### AN OLD TESTAMENT PLAGUE

In the winter they shook with the cold and in the summer they sweltered. My father and his brother used to scoop 15 tons of cottonseed a day from a wagon onto a conveyor belt, in 110 degrees, for 50 cents a ton each. That was a temporary job when the gins were running and the rest of the time they tried to farm, always on another man's land—fourteen hours a day behind a team of mules. My father wanted to stay with farming but he had to give up shortly before I was born. He had expected to get half a bale of cotton to the acre on 35 acres, but it rained all of July and half of August and the boll weevils came like an Old Testament plague and it was over; he went to work on the highway. Eventually he got a job driving a truck for a creamery—\$15 and expenses for a six-day week—and we moved to Texas. One by one his own brothers—except for Uncle Harry—left the land, migrating to California and into the pages of a Steinbeck novel.

In recapturing the past last week, we were not trying to do so in some idealized way, to make things what they never were, nor to escape; a 70-year-old man who has buried four of his five children doesn't extol the good old days, and I still have places to be. We were looking, instead, for landmarks to share again after years of separate journey, and in ordinary places, while there was still time, we found them.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

October 16, 1974

ADMINISTRATIVELY CONFIDENTIAL

MEMORANDUM FOR: KENNETH R. COLE, JR.  
FROM: JERRY H. JONES

The attached was sent out in the President's outbox with the following notation:

-- If information in this advertisement is correct, what is EPA's answer?

Please follow-up with the appropriate action.

Thank you.

cc: Don Rumsfeld

