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**Only Yesterday
It Happened
30 Years Ago**

Noxen Drays vetoed liquor and liquor and beer.
Republicans swept the slate in local and County office contests.
Highest temperature for November, 73, was closely followed by the first light snowfall.
Clyde Lapp defeated Raymond Harris for Borough school director.
John Isaacs, not a candidate, got 226 votes, Giles Wilson won office as school director in Dallas Township.
George Burford, Democrat, wonplace on school board in Jackson Township.
Mrs. Howard Wiener headed West Side for Welfare Drive, Mrs. Charles Lee for Dallas area.
Lewis Culver, 13th Back Mountain capsule biography.
Borough Council considered installing fire plugs.
In the face of gathering warclouds in Europe, Dallas Post preached peace. Peace, which is nice work if you can get it.
Married: Sylvia Ann Scouten to James W. Schappert.
Died: Mrs. Bertha Keating, Harveys Lake. Mrs. Vella Bishop McKenna, Noxen.

You could get a new Chevrolet for \$495, from Jim Besecker, F. O. B. Michigan. K. n.e.e action, turret top, no-draft. Whoops!
Thieves broke into Laketon school, took \$126. Period robberies over two-year period numbered 24.
Lehman Township school board was fighting new road to Williamsport which would bisect the community, cause hazards to students at the new consolidated high school.
Two steers escaped from the Durland farm. Hunters answered the call of duty.
C. S. Hildebrandt was required by zoning ordinance to quit use of pneumatic tools in making grave-stones.
Two new dormitories at College Misericordia.
The boys were coming home: Kenneth Davis to Harveys Lake, Nicholas Camp from the Pacific, James Davenport from the Navy, Howard R. Dieter from the Philippines, Tommy Templin from overseas, Charles Lamoreaux from Europe, Infantry: Paul Nulton from the Air Force, Sandy McCullough from Army Engineers. John Kunkle from the European Theatre; Droptchinski, Europe.

Some were still in service: Alden (no last name) in Japan, Albert J. Crispell, ditto. Graydon Mayer, Hawaii; Mike DiMuro, Japan; Mary Jackson, Switzerland.
In memory of Jessie A. Brickel, memorial chimes at Dallas Methodist.
Died: Mrs. Emma Anderson, 91, Trucksville. Fred A. Deats, 73, Beaumont. Mrs. Van Valkenburg, 93, formerly of Shavertown. Walter J. Roushey, 68, formerly of Shavertown. John Hopple, Dallas.

Ray Daring was planning to build a sausage factory on Memorial Highway.
Ross Township turned in the only Democratic win in the area, as Mickey Adams defeated Charles Long for school director. Borough, as usual, went G. O. P.
Arrest of five teen-agers solved car theft and looting problem.
Joseph Skopje had a near-fatal accident when his rifle exploded during practice.
Married: Marian P. Strazdus to Raymond Snyder. Joyce Rosencrans to Frank Redmond. Harriet Jane Coyle to James Weiss. Helen Mahoney to Gustave Ehrgrott. Edna Mowery to Granville Sowden. Erma Crispell to Donald Nulton. Nettie Myers to Stuart Hopkins.
Died: Stanley Keller, 69, Pikes Creek. Everett E. Evans, 90, Mt. Zion. Mrs. Nettie Johnson, 81, formerly of Dallas. Peter Rittenhouse, Hunlock Creek.

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KEEPING POSTED

November 3: POSTMASTER O'BRIEN installed in cracker barrel ceremony, overshadowing swearing-in of Gronouski, Ambassador to Poland.
U.S. SUES Communist party.
CASTRO CUTS OFF flow of refugees by boat, 200 small U. S. boats return without passengers.
PRESIDENT SIGNS Farm Bill.
WAR CORRESPONDENT Dickie Chapelle killed by booby-trap while covering US Marine engagement near Plei Me.
November 4: FOREST FIRE in New Jersey ravages 2,000 acres.
PRINCESS MARGARET and Earl of Snowdon welcomed in United States.
November 5: CEASE FIRE in Kashmir demanded by U.N.
TURKEY SAYS 10,000 nationals in Cyprus are threatened with aggression.
RHODESIA DECLARES State of Emergency.
November 7: SOVIET UNVEILS nuclear rocket capable of orbiting the earth and firing upon command.
Occasion, 48th anniversary of Bolshevik revolt.
November 8: PORTUGAL'S SALAZAR re-elected prime minister.
BRITISH PARLIAMENT OPENS, Queen Elizabeth officiates.
DOROTHY KILGALLEN, famous columnist, dies.
CANADA REPUDIATES Diefenbaker.
GENERAL EISENHOWER has heart attack, enters hospital in Georgia.
ANOTHER FANATIC attempts suicide by setting himself afire in front of U.N. building.
JET AIRLINER crashes approaching Cincinnati, U. S.
U. S. BOMBERS destroy two missile sites near Hanoi.
CAVALRY DIVISION and Viet Cong in heavy fighting near Plei Me.
November 9: BITTER BATTLE follows ambush in Vietnam.
November 10: BLACKOUT IN NEW YORK ends mysteriously at 3:30 a.m. after ten hours of power failure, millions without light, hundreds of thousands trapped in elevators and subways. Six-state area affected, Nation inquires into cause and cure.

Better Leighton Never

The question of Dr. Jacob's proposed and now deflected endeavor to build a 75-bed convalescent home in Dallas Borough raises the larger question of just where the borough community sees itself as going?
I raise this question as neither pro nor con, since I rent on Main Street, well out of the battle area, but only in trying to set a forum.
(The last time I mentioned the matter, there was so much yowling that you'd think I was a stockholder.)
Now then, again, what does this indicate of the direction of our municipality?
Back in 1878 some of the town patriarchs bolted the Dallas Township fold over a school dispute and the city halls of each have enjoyed poor to middling relations ever since (sentiment which does not generally extend to the respective citizens). Offering the questionable advantages of some municipal services, the little borough attracted more residents, and it wasn't long before space began to come scarce.
Taxes to support municipal services for the homes, some of which are still building, can never derive completely from the homes themselves. People never really want to pay for all the service they get, nor can they afford to. Industry and taxable institutions fill in the difference.
Industry and taxable institutions: now, the irony. With less space than any other municipality in the Back Mountain, Dallas Borough has more non-taxable institutions and more property owned by them, in ratio to the number of square miles of area. Among them the largest are the utilities, especially holdings by the Sordoni companies, and the churches, largest being the Catholic Church and school, and the one public school. As a balance, the Borough has one industry, Natona Mills, and it did not have that for sure, until settlement of a recent question in court.
Thus the residents of the old Machell farm neighborhood, where the convalescent home was slated to be, some who take a very active interest in municipal government, found themselves on the very tip of the horn of the dilemma. Their decision, i.e., that they were not interested in living next to a large convalescent home, was made with the knowledge that taxes from that home would have given a substantial boost in the wherewithal to augment municipal service.
Again their decision was boldly made in respect that an increase in future municipal service must be paid for somehow, which must mean an increase in taxing of the homeowner if not of the private institution. And homes in that area carry comparatively large assessments (although the point is well taken that property values could suffer if the district becomes commercial.)
The larger point of all this is that the citizens of the borough know that lack of inhabitable area lays the problem of municipal economics right in their laps, and they are now in process of trying to weigh the hows and whys of it. The fact remains that the growth of the borough in building and tax-potential will not keep up with the rest of the Back Mountain unless somebody comes up with some new ideas, something along the lines of getting twenty students into a Volkswagon, or else the unpopular alternative of commercializing residential zones.

Apple-Butter Making Is Tradition In The Cornell Family At Meeker

Traditions are being slowly smothered all over the country, but not in Meeker.
There, the Cornell family still gets out the big black kettle and makes apple butter out of doors according to a time honored recipe, the same recipe which is used at Westtown School near Swarthmore College.
It takes a prodigious amount of time.
Anybody who thinks that apple butter is simply glorified applesauce, is in for a surprise. You don't start with the apples.
You start with cider, gallons of it, freshly pressed, and you build the wood fire under the huge kettle at four o'clock in the morning. From that time until noon, the cider bubbles away, requiring very little stirring, but reducing itself in bulk. Oak logs hold the heat and give a steady blaze.
Along about noon, Mrs. Willard Cornell says the cider is now ready for the apples, and in they go, bushels of apples, already pared and quartered the day before the annual cider making.
Marshalling her forces, Mrs. Cornell sees that the apples are added slowly enough so that the seething mass does not stop bubbling.
Mrs. Willard usually makes her own apple butter one week, Mrs. Harold Cornell the next, the big black kettle travelling from one house to the next, both women working together.
Cinnamon is added, but no other spice. The Cornells do not hold with the Williamsport belief that quince adds to the flavor. They believe in apples, apple cider, cinnamon and sugar.
The sugar goes in last, to prevent sticking. By this time the kettle is filled, not with apples and cider, but with apple butter, which is so hot that a chance spatter can burn to the bone. Stirring is done with a regular wooden stirrer with a long handle, so that the operator can stand well back away from the fire and the drifting smoke.
There is a tradition in some places that the smoke always follows the prettiest girl in the crowd. The product used to be sealed into the glass Mason jars with the zinc screw cap, lined with glass. The jars were faintly green, concealing the rich brown of the apple butter.
Nowadays, the jars are crystal clear, and the super-market provides the more easily handled enamel-lined covers and rings.
Rounding up enough jars is always the problem, but there is always a supply of crocks to hold the overflow.
Apple butter such as the Cornells make is used up so fast that there is no danger of spoilage.
As long as some few families make apple butter in a big black kettle, come fall, and other families collect maple sap in dripping buckets at the first hint of spring,

Music Teacher



MISS JOAN MINIER
Miss Joan Minier, Kingston, expects to teach music in the homes of pupils in the Back Mountain. She already has a number of pupils in Dallas, and hopes eventually to move to this area.
She won high honors in a recital given in New York last year.
Graduating from St. Louis Institute of Music, she furthered her education at Wilkes and at the New York College of Music. She has studied with Ann Liva, and has coached with several artists in the concert field, among them Consuelo Clark and Aurora Ragains.
She belongs to a number of musical organizations, among them the National Guild of Piano Teachers, where she holds a place on the Honor Roll.

Safety Valve

UNITED FUND DRIVE
Dear Mrs. Risley:
Ninety-eight percent of its goal and the largest amount of money ever raised by the Wyoming Valley United Fund . . . with the possibility that the campaign may still reach its goal! This is the outstanding record of the People's Appeal of 1965-66; and it could not have been possible without your splendid cooperation.
I'd like to take time out to relay my most sincere thanks for assisting me in doing my job and for keeping it a pleasant one.
My kind regards,
Livingston Clewell
Public Relations Director
Ed Note: What about the Back Mountain? It made its bid, over 100%, in hearts.

Services Friday For Elmer Coolbaugh, 76

Services for Elmer Coolbaugh will be held Friday afternoon at 2 from the Bronson Funeral Home. Friends may call Thursday afternoon 3 to 5, or in the evening 7 to 10.
Rev. Charles Gommer, pastor of Trucksville Methodist Church which Mr. Coolbaugh attended, will officiate. Burial will be in Lehman Cemetery.
Mr. Coolbaugh, 76, died early Wednesday morning at Nesbitt Hospital where he had been admitted on Saturday with a lung congestion. He had appeared to be doing well. His son Russell, of Lehman, was admitted at the same time.
Born in Locksville, son of Robert and Bertha Swartwood Coolbaugh, he moved to Lehman as a young man. For the past 45 years he lived in Trucksville, retiring eleven years ago from a thirty-eight year employment with Wilkes-Barre Transit.
He belonged to the Transit Union, Div. 164, and was a trustee of Trucksville Fire Company.
His wife, the former Bessie Johnson of Jackson Township, died five years ago.
Surviving are: his son Russell, of Lehman; a daughter, Mrs. Ogden Palmer of Trucksville; five grandsons, two great-grandchildren; a brother Walter, Huntsville; two sisters: Mrs. Gladys Coolbaugh, Summerville, N. J.; and Mrs. Blanche Faux, Lockville.

Unusual Approach To An Unusual Subject

People from the Back Mountain who braved the downpour Monday night to attend a reception and showing of paintings by a Sutton Road artist, viewed something highly unusual.
Mrs. Lillian Rosenberg's oils are neither modern nor traditional, they are an outpouring of feeling. Sombre colors prevail throughout, monochromatic with few accents except the haunting and haunted eyes which follow the viewer about the room and bring him back for further study.
The few smiling faces among the throngs of people on the canvases are invariably the kind of faces which smile as in benediction, not in mirth.
The whole showing has a prophetic atmosphere, poetry in oil, to be translated according to the desire and needs of the viewer. There is a feeling of cycles completing themselves and spiraling into the infinite.
The exhibit will continue for the remainder of the week in Conyngham Annex Gallery, 120 South River Street, Wilkes College.
Hix.
the atmosphere of the Back Mountain is being treasured.

**From—
Pillar To Post...**

by HIX
Nothing like having a retired surgeon in residence, one who thinks in terms of anatomy, splintered bones, and over-all rehabilitation.
The wreck of the small rocking chair had been sitting on the back porch for over a year. A solid seat, two good rockers, and a bundle of sticks marked the spot where an incurable optimist weighing 200 pounds had wedged herself happily into a small rocker, chanting with glee, "See, I can sit in it."
At about that moment the arms popped off, the arrow splats at the back let go, and the remains had to be removed from the rear end with a chisel, the culprit leaning over with her hands braced on a kitchen chair.
From that time forward, opinions varied.
Could the wreck be put together again, or could it not? The verdict was that the situation was hopeless, but nobody could bear to chop the ex-rocker up for kindling, or leave it in the trash can.
It was one of the first things to be brought to the Pump-House from the Library Auction. In tip-top condition at that time, it had set the bidder back two bucks. For the rest of the Auction days, it travelled back and forth, providing a seat during the auction, and a conversation piece at home.
Eventually, it was installed in the nursery in a bleak barracks building at the Raleigh-Durham Airport. The next port of call was Herndon, Virginia, where it again did duty in the nursery in the reign of Bill the Bold. From its snug confines, night after night issued the story of The Little Red Wagon.
Time passed, and the small rocker was graduated into the Nursery School, where it took a colossal beating, but still stood staunchly upon its sturdy rockers, accommodating generations of kindergartners happily rocking kittens to sleep.
Disaster struck, as in paragraph two. The kindergartners viewed the remains with sadness, but with resignations.
The rocker came up to Dallas in the back of the station wagon. Could be something could be done about it, but the case looked hopeless.
Came the surgeon, champing at the bit for something to do. He had turned down the thought of reconstruction a year earlier, when invited to have a look. His diagnosis had been "Hopeless. The patient died some years ago."
But on this recent visit, with time hanging heavy, he began assembling the bits and pieces.
He wrought a miracle with dowels and glue and saw and chisel, and finished off with a complete job of sandpapering.
One thing leading to another, he then demanded steel wool and emory cloth.
The final touch was varnish stain in light oak, sanded down again and revarnished.
We step out on the back porch every once in awhile, to take a look at the finished product, touch it gently, and marvel.
That little rocker, which will return to Virginia right after Thanksgiving, is in for another extended period of rocking kittens in the kindergarten room.
We thought some of advising Barbara to hang it on the wall. Was it the Shakers who used to hang up their chairs, not only for preservation, but to discourage idleness?
But the rocker is now so strong that probably a baby elephant could sit in it without disaster.
Nothing like having a surgeon in residence, one who needs only an occasional stoking with bacon and eggs, hot dogs, and pumpkin pie, flanked by a glass of what he refers to as "mere-milk." (Translated, dry milk cut with an equal quantity of the real stuff from a cow.)

Irresistible Charm

The Mayor-elect of New York has the same irresistible charm with which John Fitzgerald Kennedy was blessed, a youthful ebullience which has the power of a magnet.
Nobody who saw him on television, or later in pictures in post-election newspapers, could fail to respond to that love of life, that clear-eyed eagerness to be up and at it.
One special picture stands out, the one snapped while he was exuberantly clasping his hands over his head in the sign of victory, shouting his joy at winning the election, his face matched by another wide-open face, that of a Negro in Harlem.
Too long has New York been ruled by politicians who measure their smiles of approval in direct ratio to favors received.
Let us have more people who can laugh or cry, who not ashamed to register honest emotion.
For our money, John V. Lindsay is headed upstairs. It is the man, not the party, who counts when the chips are down.

PTA Board To Meet

Executive Board of Dallas Junior High School PTA will meet Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Donald Anthony, Grandview Avenue, Dallas.
This will precede the regular meeting of Dallas Jr. High PTA which will be held on Tuesday evening, November 23 at the school. Mrs. John Rogers will preside.
Dr. Robert Mellman will speak on the "Proposed Building Expansion Program."

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