
J.W.J.

Lessons of the Challenger disaster

By J. W. JOHNSON
It was six years ago late last
month that this nation wept. The rest of the world waited until the foilowing day, instinctively underanding that our loss was perAnd the world will
Following the 1986 Challenger and gnashing of teeth ach wailing and gnashing of teeth about who
and what to blame. And until that bright, clear day in January, space travel was the safest form of travel
known to humankind: 56 missions in space without a loss of life. And so in the confidence of history and the arrogance of youth the march into space continued. and specifically why back then, Wee knew that so many things could early days; in expected it in the ance didn't understand as much in the early days when we named

## Library news

Almost new books available for under \$5

By nancy Kozemchak
Listhe Back Mountain Memorial tery nice Valentine's gift for someThe library still has cookbooks to sell and the would be a welcome
addition to anyone's cookbook shelf. The c may be purchased libry. They are
tion desk in the elibary.
also available at the following also available at the following
business places: Back Mountain Books, Back Mountain ServiSar
Sue Hand's Imagery, Penn State Campus and College Misericordia.
Our 'almost new' book shelf in the library has many good bar-
gains for sale. These books are donations or duplicate coples from
our library shelves and are selling our library shelves and are selling
for as low as $\$ 2.50$ and no higher than \$5.00. These books also make excellent gifts.
New books at the library: "By"ones" by LaVyrle Spencer is a sparkles with the vivid, real-life haracters, spirited passion, and author to millions of fans around the world. In the six years since
her bitter divorce, Bess as built a successful life as iterior designer in the historic verside town of Stillwater, Minusoand. Still angry with her exng their marriage, she's proud of heir two children. This novel of a amily fighting its way back to unity and happi
triumph.
"Blood Red, Snow White" by
Diane Henry and Nicholas Horrock is a fast-paced and gripping world of greed, privilege, desire nd betrayal. It builds to a climax of danger and action and cumiriding that will haunt readers long fter they've turned the last page. lec Anton would seem to have . He has buill a highly success prestigious Wall Street firm, he necticut shore and a posh Park venue Apartment; however, he is and loneliness.

[^0]strength of those mythologies; in in the blink of millions of eyes, th claiming those names, declaring heartbeat of a nation stopped We watched...no, clung to the
knowledge to be lacking; somehow television, so often giving us mind and perhaps hopin bols to find wisdom.
Still, with Snew, and knew even on that day, that danger lurked. And yet it couldn't happen on that day. On that particular day...at least that's
what we told ourselves...and that's what we told ourselves....and She was Christa McAuliffe. A mother.
A teacher.
A teacher.
We denied the possiblity because she was hope; as a mother, the hope of life; as a teacher, the hope of enlightment. And on that day,
carrying with her the collective carrying with her the collective
freedom born aspirations of, per Ireedom born aspirations of, perTo learn, to share, to touch, to taste fame, smell danger; indeed,
to express that freedom in the to express that freedom in the
scraped knee melding of science scraped knee melding of science
and joy, teehnology and inspira tion, steel and soul.
Suddenly, without warning, and ess mayhe giving us mindless mayhem and insipid We watched as she and
profession professional colleagues leapt into sace, stepped beyond earthly daring to success by daring to free; We mourned her death then; we mark it again. But we should also celebrate
her life, as we celebrate our own. her life, as we celebrate our own.
Christa McAuliffe was a teacher. With bubbly courage and the en-
thusiasms which live and thusiasms which live and find
nourishment only in a free person nourishment only
she taught us.
And the lesson she gave ulti-
mate voice to is that free people mate voice to is that free people,
intending to remain so, must joy-
fully fully don the robes of risk, or perpetually be that naked child seek-
ing fearful solace in the god-toys of apathy and ignorance. Seven human beings died on
that day. Seven heroes to freedom.

Carson McCulers in its honesty
and its deep generosity of spirit. were singing "Love
Strange" on the radio, and Willie The story orings to life a pivotal had her first the re. Her father and
moment in American history with other adults were worried about moment in American history with other adults were worried about
all its violence, surprise and glori-
integration, but for Willie, that was ous hope. The year that Willie just another problem she wo. like Tarrant turned 12, was the year have a choice about facing,
Billie Holiday dies, Mickey and pulling weeds, or dating boys.

## Letters

Seeks the boy he rescued in 1949
$\begin{array}{ll}\text { Editor: } & \text { the boy surface - and there he was } \\ \text { On Labor Day, 1949, my wife, }\end{array}$ the former Sally Williams, our and thrashing the water with all daughter Ricky, and I were pic- his remaining strength, then slip-
nicking at Lake Carey. We were on ping back into the water for the nicking at Lake Carey. We were on Kniffen family cottage, to the left of their boat dock. A young boy, per-
haps 12 or 13 years of age, was haps 12 or 13 years of age, was
asked by an old gentleman to untie asked by an old gentleman to untie hished a ride around the lake. The scene was just a few short
yards away, directly in front of me yards away, directly in front of me
and my family. The brow of the knoll was perhaps 3 feet above the water's edge and the boy grabbed the bow of the boat as it moved out
into rapidly deepening water. He into rapidly deepening water. He
did not have a good grip on the bow however, and slipped into and
under the lake's surface. I watched transfixed, intently looking for him to surface and begin swimming water's edge his arms thrashed water's edge his arms thrashed
wildy about him. "Dear God,"
said aloud, "the boy can't swim."
As I spoke the words he disap-
peared for the second time bpeared for water and I l looked to the
neath the
swimmin swimming beach area to my left for
signs of someone coming to help him. I saw a young girl standing
next to older adults, perhaps her parents, all fully clothed, their hands to their mouths in panic at
the scene unfolding before them seemingly unable to move. I looked
quickly then to where I had seen


Back Mountain Citizens Council choses new officers and members New officers and new board members of the Back Mountain Citizens Council took office in January, meeting Standing from left, Charles Wasserott, Al Babetski, Irene Thomas, Phyllis Belk, Edward Schechter, Eckert, Ben Phillips, Will Conyngham and Tom Winte
Wasserott and Reddy are new members; not shown are new members Mary Reddy, Robert Besecker, Dean Casaday. The new officers are Conyngham, president; Ray Boyle, vice president; Ben Phillips. secretary and Tom Winter, treasurer.
The next board meeting will be February 14, at 8 a.m. in Hayfield House, Penn State Wilkes-Barre Campus in Lehman.
Back Mountain Citizens Council is concerned with issues pertaining to environment, transportation


[^0]:    "1959" is a novel by Thulani

