

Yes We Have No Bananas BUT WE HAVE

PEANUTS
POPCORN
CHEWING GUM
CIGARS
And
TOBACCO

And Lots Of
CANDY
For
XMAS

5 lb. Box
CHOCOLATES
\$1.89

1 lb. Box
MINIATURES
39c

1 lb. Box
CHERRIES
39c

2 lb. Box
Joan Manning
CHOCOLATES
\$1.20

1 lb.
WHITMAN'S
SAMPLER
\$1.50

5 1/2 lb. Jar
Peach Blossoms
Filled
\$2.39

1/2 lb. Can
PLANTERS' PEANUTS
29c

10 oz. Jar
HARD CANDY
35c

Hidden Secret
POCKET WALLET
\$1.00

CIGARS
HANDMADE
WHITE OWL
ROBERT BURNS

CIGARETTES
\$1.50 Carton

EVANS DRUG STORE

Sha V ertown
"Open All Day Xmas"

THE OUTPOST

(Continued from Page 2)

knowledge that you have made the greatest of gifts—the gift of your flesh and blood to our threatened country.

Merry Christmas, Mom and Family.

—Soldiers of U. S. Army To their Mom.

Well, there it is Mr. Risley. Don't you think that it expresses the thoughts of every red blooded soldier. Well that is all I have to say except to wish you and everyone else in the old home town a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. So until later I remain your friend—

Cpl. Arthur D. Dunn
Flight Headquarters,
794 Tech Sch. Sq. (Sp.)
Seymour Johnson Field
North Carolina
December 16, 1942.

Thanks for a timely and lovely letter, Don. I wish it had come in earlier so that we could have given it better display. A Merry Christmas to you and a Glorious New Year. —Editor.

Home For Christmas

Dear Mr. Risley:
I received my first copy of the Post yesterday and believe me, I certainly enjoyed it. It has been quite some time since I have seen any local news. I was really surprised to hear about Mr. Henderson. He has done a swell job for the band and for the school.

I'm getting a three-day leave for Christmas. I'll get in town about noon on Christmas Day. It will certainly feel good to see the home town after being away from it a couple of months. The old saying still rings true, "There is no place like home." You don't realize it until you've left it.

Please give my thanks to Mrs. Niemeyer for the card. I really appreciated it.

Once again, time is growing short, so again I reluctantly have to close.

Sincerely yours,

Cadet Louis Kelly, U. S. N.A.P.R.
University of Virginia R.A.T.C.
7 Elliewood Avenue
Charlottesville, Virginia

You'll be in Dallas when this Post reaches you, Lou, if you've time drop in to see us.
—Editor.

In Glider Training

Dear Editor:
After receiving your Post this morning I felt as though it was just about time for me to sit down and write you a few lines. I guess I've been getting the Post ever since you began sending it to the boys in service and this is the first time I've taken to express my appreciation to you. Maybe it's the Christmas spirit, huh!

Well, as you know I am in Glider training here in Arkansas, but since June I've been transferred from Oregon to Minnesota, to Ohio, to Alabama and then here. This is a brand new base here and the boys probably know what that means. I can't give it too many compliments. I expect to finish the course about the middle of January at which time I will graduate as a Flight Officer. I'm certainly "sweating it out."

I noticed that Don Kriedler is now in Memphis, Tennessee. I am only about 100 miles from there and if you would print his address I might be able to get in touch with him. Tell the rest of the boys if they find a few minutes to drop me a few lines. A letter from one of the "gang" is always welcome.

A Friend,
S/Sgt. Glen Knecht
Group 4, A.A.F.G.T.D.
Stuttgart, Arkansas

Don Kriedler's address is Barracks 35, Naval Training School, Aviation Maintenance, Memphis, Tenn. What's a hundred miles between friends? A Merry Christmas and a Glorious New Year, Glen. —Editor.

Joe Is In Denver

Dear Editor:
I have arrived in Denver, Colorado. I would appreciate your sending me the Post, if possible. I cut out your application from a Post in Miami, Florida.

I would like you to send me Howell Rees' address, as we all had a few cups of coffee together back at the Tally Ho Grille before he left to go to the British West Indies.

I will have to close now as we are going to a camp U. S. O. show.

Hastily,
Pvt. Joseph W. Woolbert
764 Tech. Sch. Sqdn.
B-518, Buckley Field
Denver, Colorado.

Howell's address is: Barracks 645, 33rd Tech Sch. Sqdn. (Sp.), Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado. There is a likelihood that this address has been changed because he graduated from technical school this month and was waiting for a new assignment

when we last heard from him. Of course you know, Phil Cheney is going in the army (Officers' Candidate School) on December 28. Estella Pruschko is also stationed in Denver at Fitzsimmons General Hospital in Denver. She has a 30-day leave and was in to see us this week. She, too, is a graduate of Kingston Township schools.
—Editor.

From New Zealand

Dear Editor:

Just a letter to let you know my new change of address. When you send my paper, send it to Master Sergeant Tommy Evans, Hq. & Hq. Sqdn., 323rd Air Service Group, A. P. O. 1227, New York City, N. Y. I haven't received a paper in a long time. I guess it's because I have been changed so much.

The boys here are sure happy to hear from the folks at home and to know that they are playing their part in this war.

I also want to thank the Ladies' Auxiliary from the Little White Church on the Hill in Trucksville for the presents they have been sending us boys.

Right now I am in a New Zealand hospital, but I'll be well soon and hope to get in the fight again.

Yours truly,

Master Sergeant Tommy Evans.

We wondered where you were, Tommy, it has been such a long time between letters. This one was very interesting written on that thin blue Church of England stationery enclosed in a Red Cross envelope bearing the ensign of the Order of St. John and The New Zealand Red Cross Society and with those two impressive censor markings. We're sorry the paper hasn't reached you, it has been sent out every week. Always let us know when you miss it two weeks in a row.
—Editor.

FROM PILLAR TO POST

By Mrs. T. M. B. Hicks, Jr.

For each of us his own White Christmas, a precious memory or a shining star of hope.

So many cares, so many problems, so much of inevitable heart-break in an adult and sobered world; but somewhere down the distant years, shining in childhood innocence and hallowed by tradition, that one perfect Christmas.

Through the raging tumult of a world gone mad still runs the golden thread of angel voices chanting in ecstasy, the peace of the Judean hills, the blazing glory of the heavens, the kneeling shepherds, and the Holy Child.

In the East, a nip in the air with a powdering of snow; sunshine and firecrackers in Charleston; silent drifts on the western prairies; soft gray rain on the Pacific Coast, with a festively decorated Community Tree reflected in the wetly gleaming pavements.

And everywhere a White Christmas for those who have eyes to see and a heart to sing.

For the modern child, a rollicking Santa Claus, the glittering height of a tinsel tree, gaily wrapped gifts in too lavish abundance, the school pageant, Christmas carols coming in over the radio.

To the child of forty years ago, Christmas meant a bulging stocking, a magic-lantern show, a striped bag of hard candy at the Sunday-School entertainment, popcorn and cranberry garlands on the Christmas tree.

Sixty years ago in a country parsonage, Christmas meant a pair of scarlet mittens, with a sled for the boy and a home-made doll for the little girl, peppermint sticks and an occasional orange; popcorn-balls and butternut candy, the butternuts cracked painfully on a flatiron held between the knees, and molasses taffy pulled with scorched and buttered fingers to a snowy whiteness, clipped with the kitchen shears into soul-satisfying and mouth-filling sections.

At the turn of the century, the religious significance of the Day of Days was impressed upon the children. Simple presents there were, with perhaps a tree but surely a stocking, candy and nuts and a feast, but never was the meaning of the Day forgotten.

To one born in that generation, the spicy incense of fresh cut evergreen is indissolubly associated with the tale of the first White Christmas. Christmas Eve brought forth each year the age-old beautiful story, "In the days of Herod, the King."

A mother's quiet hands tuck the blankets snug about two wide-eyed children. She blows out the lamp leaving the door into the hall slightly open. She sits on the side of the bed in the curving hollow of a warm little body, fixes her eyes upon the yellow rectangle of light and her quiet voice fills the listening room.

Time and space roll back, and we stand with her on the Judean hills. The sleeping flocks lie all about, the patient shepherds watching out the starlit night.

In the little village below there is a sleepy stir. Two belated travelers, worn from the long journey back to the land of their fathers, ask for admission to the crowded Inn. There is no room. In subdued voices, mindful of the sleeping guests, they speak together and to the manager of the Inn. He protests, then points to a low stable. For a moment they hesitate, then stoop and enter. Grateful for this poor shelter, they spread their cloaks upon the straw, sharing its warmth and privacy with the humblest of beasts.

The gentle-spoken, dark-haired woman, her time upon her, thankfully lays down her wearisome burden in the midst of the quiet beasts, her faithful husband guarding her in this her hour of anguish.

And now above the silent hills a Star is born. The shepherds, sore afraid, fall on their knees and cover their faces with their robes to shield them from the intolerable beauty of the blazing sky. The angels chant, the heavens are filled with the glory of God, Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men.

The shepherds rise at the heavenly command and follow the Star. As they draw near the stable, they hesitate, for here, before the darkened doorway, kneel three camels, richly caparisoned. Faltering now, but driven by the voice of the angels and their own great desire, they enter.

Here is the manger filled with hay, and in it, swaddled by loving hands, lies sleeping the Holy Child, His soft curls shining with a light from heaven. Over Him bend in love and adoration His Mother, and Joseph her husband.

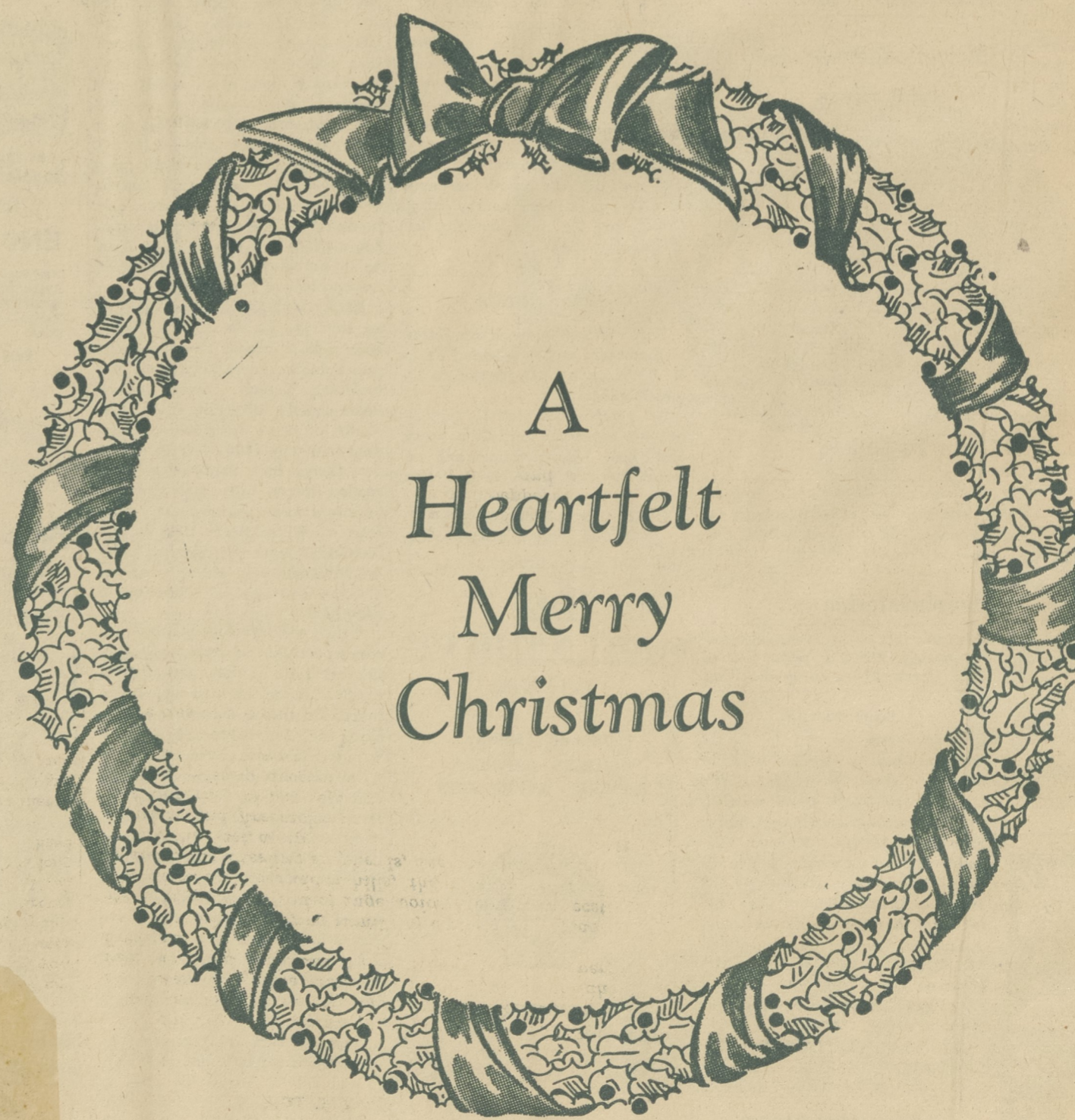
The three Wise Men and the humble toil-worn shepherds, rich and poor alike, fall to their knees in a common bond of worship, offering gifts according to their kind.

The age-old story ends. The mother pats a drowsy little cheek, gently tucks an up-flung arm beneath the warm covers, softly closes the door, and leaves the children to the peace of Christmas Eve.

Those children now are grown. They have children of their own, tall young sons who will spend the Great Day in far-flung battlefields, thousands of miles from all that they hold dear.

In steaming jungles or on desert sands, in icy wastes or under tropic suns, embattled in a titanic struggle against the dark power of a bent and tortured cross, they follow the Star of the Prince of Peace, that in generations yet unborn White Christmases shall not perish from the earth.

To all our friends both here and abroad



A Heartfelt Merry Christmas

★ Wyoming Valley Owned ★ Wyoming Valley Managed ★ Wyoming Valley Minded
FWLER, DICK AND WALKER • THE BOSTON STORE