

Editorially Speaking: It Can Be Pretty Fatal

What we do not need for Christmas or New Years, is front page news of teen-agers getting themselves killed on the highways out of sheer zest for living. Zest for living is all too apt to end up in the morgue during the holidays. So hold it down a little, kids. If this season is anything like last year at this time, it's going to be plenty slippery, and everybody is going to be in a whale of a hurry to get somewhere fast. It isn't just the girl who gets killed or disfigured for life who is to be pitied after the ambulances have left the scene of the crash. Or the parents who must now pick up the pieces of their life and go on without their child. It's the boy who was driving the car, the one who couldn't resist passing on the hill, the boy who will have to face himself all the rest of his life, every time he looks in the mirror. Compassion is for him, as well as for the bereaved parents. Because, in a way, he couldn't help himself! He simply had to prove himself a man among men, and this was the way of the tribe. And the way of the tribe can be pretty fatal.

From— Pillar To Post...

Even the rush and bustle of Christmas is a joyous thing, for under the veneer of commercialism there is the age-old conviction that all's right with the world; that hope and faith are living things, and that love is here. That the birth of an infant centuries ago, to a humble family pausing overnight in a stable . . . because there was no room at the Inn . . . revolutionized the world. That wars and plagues and injustices are not able to blot out that shining moment. That the "little people" are indeed the chosen ones. And that step by weary step, the world is groping its way toward better understanding and a closer kinship. Christmas is a warm and beautiful thing. Christmas is the Boy Scout who brings you the candy you've ordered from his troop, the lad grown astonishingly tall, who hands you in addition to candy a little box of narcissus bulbs. Christmas is the Brass Choir trumpeting the age-old carols. It's the Girl Scouts gathered around the community Christmas tree, singing in the frosty air as white flakes powder their shoulders. It's the sunflower seed in the bird feeder, and the small downy woodpecker wrestling a shred from the frozen lump of suet. It's the fragrance of balsam, and the glitter of tinsel, and the red ribbon on the Christmas wreath. It's the silent little rabbit that hops across the drifted snow, and finds the bundle of hay. It's the stack of seasoned applewood awaiting the lighting of the ceremonial fire. It's the tang of cedar and the scent of cinnamon. It's the stockings hanging limp by the chimney-piece. It's the manger scene at the church, and the familiar miracle which transmutes one night out of the year into something glorious and golden, a night apart from other nights, when the world waits breathlessly and the stars touch the earth on the stroke of midnight.

"WITH LOVE"

"We'll be looking for you both
Quite early Christmas Eve,
The letter signed, "with love,"
A phrase not hard to believe.
Then thoughts raced out
Across the starry sky's great bend
To Christmas Eve and love that waits
At Christmas journey's end.

Within the family circle
On this quiet Holy Night,
Love dwells in eyes that shine
With tender, pure delight,
And young and old come closer to
The deeper meaning of
That Christmas Eve, so long ago,
That sent God's Gift of Love.

For Christmas time is family time,
The whole wide world around,
And in the earthbound heart of man
No greater love is found
When Christmas Eve lights candles
That catch The Star's own light,
To glow in hearts throughout the years
"With love," forever bright.

Willard G. Seaman

WRITTEN BY OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JOHNNY, THE LITTLE ELF

My name is Johnny, the little elf,
I live with Santa on the shelf,
I help him make all the toys
To give to all the girls and boys.
Jimmy Miller
Dallas, Grade 6

THE MADDENING MOMENT

I looked out my window and saw
snow in flight.
Certainly it was a beautiful sight!
I couldn't go out so I tore things
in lumps.
I couldn't go out 'cause I had the
mumps!

CHRISTMAS

Down through the chimney,
Just like a big lump,
Comes jolly St. Nicholas
All red-checked and plump.
He filled all the stockings,
And trimmed the big tree,
Sat in the chair rocking,
With a hot cup of tea.
But alas! He hears noises,
Oh who can they be,
Why the children of course
Who else, Hee, Hee, Hee.
He's now on the roof top,
He's now in the sky,
Dear St. Nicholas
Ho, Ho, Ho. Good-By!
Jane G. Martin
Trucksville, Grade 6

MY TEACHER AT CHRISTMAS

My teacher is full of Christmas
Cheer,
Thinking of what she will get this
year.
She wants a car of sky blue pink,
So when she goes out she can wear
her mink.
She will put on her yellow gown,
And around her head, a golden
crown.
Now she will go to the Christmas
ball,
With a great big hero named Paul.
Trucksville, Grade 5
Betty McLaughlin

ON A SNOWY DAY

Fence posts wear marshmallow hats,
On a winter day,
Bushes in their night gowns,
Are kneeling down to pray,
And trees spread out snowy skirts,
Before they dance away.
Bill Gorton
Palermo, Grade 5

OUR CHRISTMAS GIFT

Early on a Christmas morn,
A little Savior was born.
He was born in a little manger
Much like a little stranger.
Wise Men came from afar
Following a shining star.
They were sent by a king
With beautiful gifts to bring.
Christ was a gift to you and me
And a gift to the whole world you
see!
By Suellen Roberts
Dallas, Grade 6

Only Yesterday

Ten, Twenty and Thirty Years
Ago In The Dallas Post

30 Years Ago

It was the Christmas issue. The country was beginning to pull itself up by its bootstraps from the depths of the depression, and was looking forward to brighter times in 1964. Civil works projects were expected to provide work for at least 250 in this area, and businessmen were making an effort to employ men who were desperately hunting for jobs. Motorists were seeking a connecting link between Wyoming Avenue and the Dallas highway, to eliminate the bottleneck through Luzerne's business district. Plans were for a forty-foot concrete highway bypassing the crowded section. Professor Charles March, long-time friend of the Dallas Post, was speaker for Borough PTA.

Dr. L. L. Sprague, president of Wyoming Seminary, and the Seminary itself, were both 89 years old, hale and hearty. Laketon and Lehman took the lead in the Rural League, downing Trucksville and Dallas Borough. James Race was selected by Dallas Township school board to fill the vacancy caused by resignation of Adam Kiefer. Members of the cast of Kingston Township High School's senior play, "In Came Mary Ann," were Ruth Perkins, Marian Schooley, Virginia Fuller, Beatrice Williams, Mary Hay, Douglas Riddle, Ward Yorks, Karl Woolbert, and James Campbell. Director was Mrs. Hilda Staub.

Stewing chickens were 17 cents a pound, turkeys 25; butter, 2 lbs. 3 cents, pork loins 12½ cents, Brazil nuts 15 cents, tangerines a cent apiece. George Prater was reelected president of Shavertown Fire Company.

20 Years Ago

St. Therese's Church was marking its fifteenth year with a midnight Mass for Christmas. On Christmas Eve of 1928, the edifice had not been completed, but Mass was sung nonetheless. Twenty years ago in 1943, the debt had been liquidated. Father O'Leary celebrated the Mass, Rev. John J. O'Neill, Mount St. Mary's, delivered the sermon.

Little Theatre of Wilkes-Barre was preparing to present the Miracle Play, the York Nativity. The war was still going on and on. In a box at the top of the front page were listed local boys killed in action, wounded in action, missing in action, plus a grim list of prisoners of war. A small notation said 725 free Posts to soldiers this week.

Heard from in the Outpost were: Kenneth Kocher, Camp Polk; John Seletsky, Newport News; Howard E. Parsons, with the Atlantic Fleet; Bill Baker, San Antonio; Bob Price, Italy; Robert Anderson, Gulfport Field; Walter Schuler, New York APO. It was an eight-page issue printed in green ink. It contained a flock of Christmas greetings and little else. Announcements of services in the various churches dominated the front page.

10 Years Ago

Another green issue dedicated to peace on earth, but with a weather eye out for a possible atomic war. Hints on equipping a household shelter hobnobbed with Christmas greetings from the advertisers.

Ross Township pupils all moved to the new elementary school building in Sweet Valley, as fires flickered out forever in six one-room schools. Indoor plumbing, a commonplace in most of the pupils' homes, was now a reality in the new school. Central heating and modern desks replaced outmoded equipment in the one-room schools, and heated buses transported 160 pupils. The children were established in the new school just two days before the Christmas vacation, welcomed by supervising Principal Lester Squier and head teacher Myron Moss. The fruits of the new jointure with Lehman-Jackson were evident.

Mystery slaying of a Kingston woman at Harveys Lake had detectives working around the clock after Mrs. Joseph Gilhool's strange disappearance in the early morning hours from a tavern and the subsequent finding of her lifeless body on the lake-front. Death was from blows on the head. There was no robbery involved. Her handbag and wallet were intact.

It had been a rough party, lasting far into the night beyond legal closing time. The area where the frozen body was found two days after her death, had been inspected by searchers on the day of the disappearance. Married: Louise Garnett to Conrad Hislop. Died: Thomas Eipper, 93, Shavertown. Mrs. Mary Wright, Trucksville, six weeks after the death of her husband Walter, custodian for Dallas Free Methodist Camp Grounds. Mrs. Andrew Todd McClintock, Upper Demunds Road.

Better Leighton Never

by Leighton Scott
HO - HO - HO

Picture we wish we had 1/-taken and 2/-saved for use on this year's Christmas cards (if we were sending any): Last year on Christmas Day, Chee - Chee, the monkey, formerly of Dallas, now of Harveys Lake, got ahold of a glass of sherry and dropped it down the hatch faster than a TV pain-reliever commercial. Now, a grown man who chugs one glass of wine won't be arrested driving home, but he won't have exactly the same outlook on life as he did a few minutes prior. Given, one animal with a head no bigger than a billiard ball, add one fast glass, and you've got a small, but 100 per cent drunk on your hands.

Well, imagine Chee-Chee being nice to one and all, with a ho-ho-ho, and curling up in peoples' laps, perfect strangers, and us worried that at any time she might come out of it, look up and scream "I don't know you!"; and CHOMP. And me with no camera. Well, I give you that family portrait in this Christmas column as my holiday greetings, and hope that the thousand words are worth one picture. (What happened to Chee-Chee then? Why, she got quite noticeably sick, and threw a damper on everything, in a manner of speaking.)

SEEN AND HEARD

To whom it may concern: Shut up and keep driving. Mrs. Hicks says she's calling her little blue Austin "Pink Perfection Camelia" because it wilts at the first sign of cold weather. People are saying that the prosecution forgot somebody in the "November Deer, Incorporated" scandal.

What a commotion down at the postoffice! They're going under a sea of mail. "That's nothing", says Bob Phillips, "you oughta see it around Christmas time." (How's that?) Better Leighton Never, fellas. I don't know if he has any left, but a lot of people are enjoying Chef Hans Menzel's Christmas cookies (at a bargain rate). A bit of perfection with old world recipes and loving care.

Happy birthday to that merry old soul, cousin Herm Kern, one of America's famous innkeepers, whose customers drop over to Outlet from as far away as Williamsport to hear him lay out a song, sans microphone. His 64th Friday. Rumor has been confirmed that Frankie Wagner Jr. bagged a three-legged deer in East Dallas. Pete Lange, who chuckles when he tells of Frank's trophy, shot one with one whole and one half an antler, near Lovelton.

LAST FRONTIER

The holiday season intensifies the pace of everything, including shopping center driving, which is an anarchic menace any time of the year. We have two bonafide shopping centers, Dallas and Shavertown, plus the parking lot across from Dallas Post Office, and when one enters with car, one is immediately aware that he is encountering the last vestiges of pure laissez-faire living.

First off, the place is lousy with women drivers, oft unjustly maligned categorically, but nonetheless a constant hazard. Walled in on two sides by bags of groceries, they lurch forward or backward at full throttle, minds absorbed by comparative prices of spinach. At the last minute, they correct any and all errors by jamming on the brakes and/or consulting their favorite service station attendant. The fact that our local sports club chooses shopping center plazas as the place to hold time trials and gymkhanas is itself significant of the nature of the arena. The plaza is limitless, bounded only a mesh of yellow lines which exert about as much power as the Defense Minister of Monaco. The lines invite cutting across. And there are no police. Somehow, two drivers at opposite ends of the plaza can, within seconds, spot each other, the exit, and the fact that it is going to ruin the day if the one doesn't make it through before the other.

Dallas Shopping Center is in need of some better entrance system. Either that, or (and the merchants will back me all the way on this one) put in another traffic light, making us a two-light town. Shavertown's problem is not accessibility, but rather just plain too many cars, each going in one of 360 directions. So the present state of shopping center driving has no more rhyme or reason than one of those crazy four-way stop sign systems which invite minor four-car collisions. Presently these centers of commerce are privately owned (thank Heaven), but if their volume of trade picks up, and I think it's a safe bet they do, the parking areas themselves will have to be publicly regulated.

Till then, shopping center driving will remain one of the most frightful dangerous arts: a breath of fresh air in an otherwise archaic, predictable world, where every man and woman can play at having a Mexican cab-driver, and wait for the engineers to figure it all out.

Rambling Around

By The Old-Timer—D. A. Waters

Most seriously injured local boy in a coasting accident, in my recollection, was John Gregory, brother of Charles B. Gregory, Mrs. Ruth Gregg, and Mrs. Charles Shaver. While returning from school he crashed into the picket fence in front of the Honeywell property on Main Street, more recently known as Lundy's. John had a thigh muscle torn, with a gash which required some forty sutures to close. He was in bed a long time but subsequently got around and lived here for years thereafter. Most of his adult years have been spent in newspaper work in the general area of Philadelphia, where he still is.

Probably more seriously hurt at the same place was Harold Bolton Coon, a school boy from Kingston, who came up here to coast while visiting Elwood Carrahan, of Huntsville Street. He sustained a broken knee which made him walk with a limp thereafter. However he got around on it so well that he resumed playing tennis and similar games. A few years later he enrolled at Pennsylvania State College and died there on April 18, 1918, in his freshman year, during the flu epidemic. He was a younger brother of A. Harden Coon of Huntsville. Another hurt at the same corner was Marguerite Frantz, sister of Mrs. Harold Titman.

While John Gregory was in bed, we were talking about recent serious accidents on Church Street. At the time the sidewalk on the east side terminated at the end of the Bank property, now owned by the Telephone Company. The roadway was narrow, unpaved, with deep ditches. There was a flagstone crosswalk across the road to the hotel side, from which a flagstone walk led up to the Methodist church, most of which is still in use. The last big flagstone of the crosswalk formed a bridge over the ditch. Due to the curvature of the road, youngsters coasting down could not see approaching teams until on the curve, and there was no place to turn except into the ditch. With much momentum striking the crosswalk was inevitable. The only one coming to mind now, hurt on Church Hill, was Harold Evans, son of Rev. and Mrs. David Evans. Mr. Evans was pastor of the Methodist Church 1903-1909, so the accident must have been within that period.

Some coasters were hurt on Center Hill. Then the hill was more steep than now, some filling having been done at the bottom, and other grading also. The dirt road was crossed by several "Thank-ye mams", rural term for slightly inclined cross ditches put in to keep water from running down the road. When a sled struck one of these it would take off like a pair of skis on a jump, sometimes not landing right side up and straight ahead. At the bottom of the hill was the raised track and roadbed of the trolley line, also good for a good jump. Maude Raub was among those hurt on Center Hill.

Personally, I turned off Huntsville Street in front of Anderson's suddenly when a team appeared out of Lehman Avenue and struck head-on a tie-post about as thick as a good big telephone pole. By good luck it had stood there for many years and broke off at the ground. However, the sled broke right down the middle, with a steel runner and pieces of broken wood on each side of the broken post. No one was hurt.

There was a lot of good fun coasting, when no one was hurt. There were also some escapades. I recall once when a gang of us started off from the school grounds during a noon hour, pushed a little, and took off on two heavy bobs down Franklin Street. At the time there was a lane leading from the forks at Franklin and Main Streets,

THE CHRISTMAS STABLE

A Christmas Tree, how beautiful! How dazzling, they say, It's all made up with ornaments, just for a Christmas Day. Underneath the Christmas Tree is a stable, tiny, small, But for Christmas, it's the most important part of all.

With Jesus in the manger, his parents, left and right, We ask them to bless and keep us, In this holiest of nights. The shepherds gather 'round him, the Wise men on their way, Christmas, the most joyous, and holiest of days. Debbie Kapral Trucksville, Grade 6

CHRISTMAS

On a starry wintry night, In a stable warm and bright, There a new-born baby lay, Round him many angels pray; Wise men followed a shiny star, Bearing gifts from near and far. The spirit of giving and the spirit of love, Fill our hearts a gift from above; On Christmas day let every heart, This joy of peace and love depart. Susan Bucan Shavertown Grade 6

down to the creek and trolley tracks. It looked good to the fellow on the head end and he turned down the lane. When the bell rang, we woke up to the fact that it was 1 P.M., time to be in school. We dragged the bobs up the trolley track, a most unpleasant job, to Mill Street and up Huntsville Street Hill to the school. Asa E. Lewis was the principal. When aroused he could put out a good flow of language. He did.

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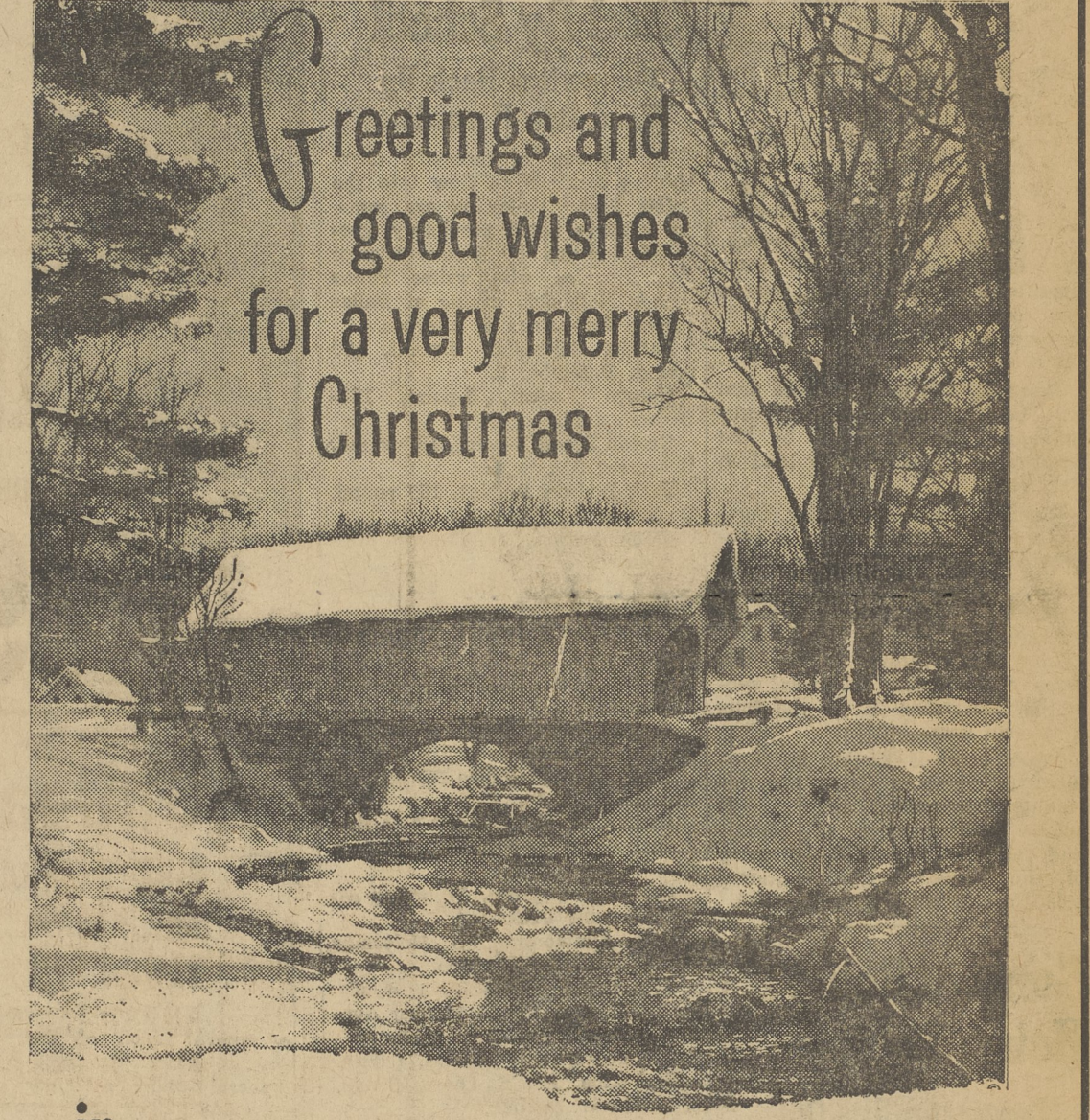
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More Children's Poems

SANTA'S MOUSE
One Christmas Eve, when Santa Claus,
Came to a certain house,
To fill the children's stockings
He found a little mouse.
The little mouse was quite surprised
To see a jolly fellow.
He winked his eye and wiggled his ear,
And happily said, "Hello!"
"Merry Christmas little mouse,"
Said Santa Claus so jolly!
"The same to you sir," said the mouse
From a wreath of holly!
Santa Claus reached in his bag,
And pulled out something yellow;
"Here's a Christmas cheese for you,
My dearest little fellow."
The little mouse thanked Santa Claus
And said, "Come next year too."
Santa said, "I will my friend,
I give my word to you."
Ann Graham Westmoreland School Grade 6

ICE
When it is winter time,
I run up the street;
And I make the ice laugh,
With my little feet,
Crickle, crackle, cricket,
Crrreect, crrreect, crrreect.
Bill Gorton Palermo Grade 5

CHRISTMAS NIGHT
When Santa Claus comes through the door,
I hear his footsteps upon the floor.
He comes into the room so dim
To look at the tree with its very tall limb.
He strings the lights, balls, and things,
While the prancing deer makes the sleigh bells ring.
When the tree is done and shining so bright,
He calls, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a goodnight!"
By Donna Sokera Dallas, Grade 6



in life's journey, one of the great rewards is the good will of our friends. We thank you heartily and wish you a most Merry Christmas.
ELSTON and GOULD
DALLAS

GOOD FOOD APPETENCY

for your Christmas table!

Naturally---we have a complete Line of Meats - Poultry - Produce

HAPPY HOLIDAY

DAVIS' MARKET

MEMORIAL HIGHWAY — DALLAS