

# Merry



# Christmas

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### Giving the reindeer a break

Santa made a special visit to Jackson Township December 18 and was treated to a tour of the township aboard a fire engine

POST PHOTO/GRACE R. DOVE

before he stopped by the Jackson Township Fire Company's annual Christmas party.

## Taxpayer Ass'n takes aim at Lehman board

By GRACE R. DOVE  
Post Staff

**Group wants 10% salary rollback, other cuts, page 12**

The regular December 14 meeting of the Lake-Lehman School Board was interrupted when a member of the audience attempted to call for a motion.

Harveys Lake resident James Nelligan asked if Pennsylvania has a law requiring that teachers' contract negotiations be private. After board president Joseph "Red" Jones told him that there was no such law, Nelligan asked board members to move to make them open to the public.

As newly-elected board member Allen Moss said that he would be interested in open negotiations, board president Joseph "Red" Jones told Nelligan, "You can't do that. All motions must come from the board, not from the audience."

"The teachers' union has really

put the bite on us," added Lake Silkworth resident William Samuels. "We should play hard ball with them now."

Jones added that the board members of the negotiation team were Jeff Fritzen, Elizabeth Sichter and Dr. John Presper. Presper and Fritzen negotiated the last contract, Jones said.

In other business, the board voted to:

• Raise the substitute teachers' daily pay from \$48 to \$55, with Ed Kern, Patricia Gold and Allen Moss voting against the motion.

Kern, Gold and Moss said that

See TAXPAYERS, pg 12

## Kids have plenty of Christmas spirit

By GRACE R. DOVE  
Post Staff

When Licia and Paul Witt learned that their school was collecting food and toys for needy families, they were worried that some little kids might not get anything for Christmas.

So they donated their own toys - a nice truck, a pretty doll and a toy ironing board.

"We talked to Mom about it. She asked us if we wanted to help a little girl and a little boy," they said. Licia and Paul are twins and kindergarten students at Gate of Heaven School in Dallas.

Organized by teacher's aide Carol Carroll, the food drive is a holiday tradition begun by Mrs. Nancy Garvey, a nutrition teacher who left this year for another position.

Mrs. Carroll decided to continue the program for the school.

Each class had different assignments: grades six through eight solicited donations to buy

hams and turkeys, first through fifth grades brought in canned goods, paper supplies, juices and cookies, and the kindergartners honored the birthday of Baby Jesus by bringing in baby needs.

An area family donated a crib, mattress and a set of baby items, while a generous anonymous donor chipped in \$110 towards the purchase of the hams and turkeys, Mrs. Carroll said.

Altogether the students collected enough food for a dozen needy families to have a Christmas feast - complete with a ham and a turkey. Eligible families were selected from Gate of Heaven School's four member parishes: Gate of Heaven, St. Therese's, Our Lady of Victory and St. Francis Cabrini, Mrs. Carroll said.

Eighth-grader Bill Kingsbury has been helping with the Christmas food collection ever since he can remember.

"It's part of my Christmas tra-

See CHRISTMAS SPIRIT, pg 3

### Part 4: Rudolph is missing



## Will Santa have to make the trip without Rudolph?

By GEORGE BAILEY  
Special to The Post

As the sun began to set at the North Pole, Santa and his elves began loading the last of the presents onto his sleigh. Usually, this was a time of excited chattering, laughing and good-natured jokes. Today, the atmosphere was heavy with sadness and anxiety. Today, for the first time in 44 years, Santa would make his trip without Rudolph's nose blazing a trail through the night.

Santa wasn't looking forward to this trip, the first time he could ever remember not looking forward to his annual Christmas Eve journey.

Dasher, Dancer, Donner, Blitzen, Comet, Cupid, Prancer and Vixen were equally hesitant. A reindeer doesn't remember as well as a human being and some of them had forgotten completely how it used to be before Rudolph showed up for the first time. They felt as if their trip would be made blindfolded.

"That's the last of it, Santa," said an elf named Humna-humna, putting a bag chock full of toys and goodies onto the sleigh. "I guess it's all up to you and the reindeer now." Humna-humna frowned with the thought of Santa venturing out into the night without the little deer that had served as his beacon for so long.

Santa sighed, already weary even before he started his trip. The elves, usually so jubilant at the beginning of a Christmas Eve trip, were quiet. Most of them

looked at the ground or the sky. Few looked right at Santa.

"On Dasher," Santa said, a little more subdued than usual. "On Dancer! On Comet. On Cu..."

"Wait!" came a voice from the house. All eyes turned toward the shout. There, running from the house, was Mrs. Claus. She carried a bag, presumably filled with sandwiches for Santa and treats for the reindeer, and a leather strap.

On the other end of the leather strap was Rudolph! His nose beamed brightly, cutting through the darkness and his eyes were filled with excited anticipation of the night ahead. His face was pink with embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, Santa," Rudolph thought, realizing the jolly old elf could read his thoughts. "I thought I'd be back before this."

"Where have you been, Rudolph?" Santa said, joy and relief filling his voice. "We've looked all over for you!"

"I'm sorry, Santa," Rudolph repeated. "I guess I should have told you. You see, ever since I came here 44 years ago, I've visited my mother two nights before Christmas. I never wanted anyone to worry, so I'd visit during the night and get back before daylight."

"What kept you this year?" Santa asked. "Your mother - she's all right, I hope?"

"She's fine," Rudolph said. "But this year she knitted me a sweater for Christmas. Usually the beam-

See RUDOLPH, pg 3

### Letters to Santa

Westmoreland and Dallas Elementary students make pleas, say thanks to the jolly old elf. Pages 13-17.

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