

A little boy

grows us tasi

The air will echo and re-echo the strains of White Christmas, but they'll never erase the memory of a "Black Christmas" from the mind of the little Pennsylvania Dutch boy who was born and reared on the fringes of the hard coal coun-

Each year, as the Yuletide approaches, his memory takes him back to the little white church on the Mill where he took part in the Christmas Eve ceremonies and the next morning when his world suddealy turned to one of disappointment and he sobbed all dayand into the night.

His Christmas turned from White to Black in that little church and never a Christmas comes that, his only Christmas wish is that no other little boy suffers the pangs he did when all the rest of the world seemed jolly

On this particular Christmas Eve he had pleased his mother with a recitation in keeping with the spirit of the evening and she beamed her pride in him as he walked down the aisle.

All the while the tension was

mounting for the young folks had been told that Santa Claus was coming and could be expected most any moment.

Finally, the last speech had been made and there was a loud, rumbling noise and the ringing of bells reverberating in the little church where a huge fire place had been built in front of the pulpit.

Then, all of a sudden, there was a loud thud that fairly shook the platform. The church officials raced to the fireplace and there came Santa Claus all right. But he was almost rolled into a ball. In his desire to right himself, his white whiskers caught on a nail and were ripped off.

It was horror for a moment just to think that Santa Claus may have been hurt. But the hurt was on the other side when, taking a close look at the prone man in the red suit, one of the youngsters yelled, "That's Dan Milson, our coal man."

Sure enough, that's who it was and the little Dutch boy went home, nonchalantly placed his



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