

MAKE IT

MERRY, HAPPY

and SAFE!!

If you stimulate your celebration with alcohol, DO NOT DRIVE YOUR CAR.

If streets are icy or slippery, be extra careful walking or driving.

Mount Christmas trees on firm bases -- away from fireplaces, stoves, lamps, etc.

Use non-flammable tree decorations -- keep tinsel away from electric wiring or bulbs. NEVER burn old-fashioned candles on trees.

Be sure cords and sockets of tree lights are in good condition. Turn tree lights off when you leave no one at home.

Choose carefully the toys for small children -- sharp edges cut -- sharp points puncture.

Look gift cords in the label! That new mixer or home workshop tool should have a cord with (UL) approval label attached.

A box of extra fuses (15 amp.) may save you lots of stumbling around.

IF You're Driving -- SEE!

You have to SEE trouble to avoid it anytime, any place, anywhere.

Don't let winter pull the weather over your eyes and ruin your holidays by accident.

SEE that:

... your windshield wipers are kept in good condition.

... headlights are aimed properly and in full operation. Tail lights, too.

... you've a little ventilation -- to guard against frosted windshield and dangerous exhaust fumes that might leak into the car.

... you have chains, maybe even a shovel and box of sand in your car.

"I KILLED A LITTLE BOY"

A little mound of earth, a granite stone,  
That spells his name, and marks his years;  
age three, --

The joy he brought in life, in death has  
flown,  
and heartbreak lives with loved ones --  
and with me.

Forever will he haunt my memory,  
As from his mother's side, into the street  
He dashed, with shout of joy, -- then  
suddenly  
-- A sick'ning thud -- as flesh and metal  
meet.

He lay there, pale and broken, stilled his  
cry,  
A crimson halo moist beneath his head --  
I knew at once, and cried "Dear God, that I  
And not this child, might lie there, dead!"

The officers, the coroner, were kind  
There was no guilt according to the laws: --  
Yet, they would know, could they but read  
my mind,  
That "heedless inattention" was the cause!

I was not really speeding at the time,  
Five miles above the law, perhaps,  
or ten,

What I had done could not be called  
a crime --  
But, oh, if I could take that drive again!

For in the night I hear that mother's shriek  
Co-mingling with my brakes in tortured scream,  
I shudder -- and my heart and soul grow weak,  
To wake and know it's not a ghastly dream!

It's true the law absolved me of all blame,  
The guilt that dwells within is mine alone;  
I killed a little boy, and carved his name  
Upon my conscience -- as upon a stone!

- Edward J. Allen

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