

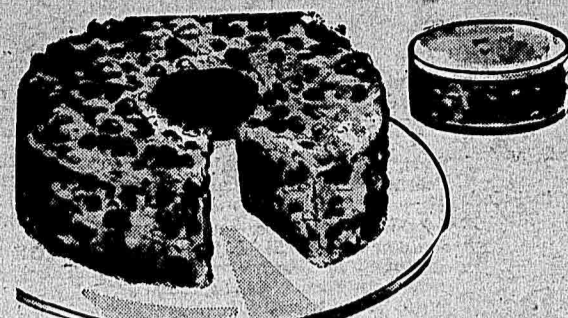
JUPITER HOLIDAY GIFT VALUES



For Outdoor or Indoor Use!

ILLUMINATED DECORATIONS

SANTA—\$3.44 & \$6.44
CANDLE — \$4.44 each
LAMP POST—\$4.44 each



2-lb. Fruit Cake 99c
 (REUSABLE CONTAINER)

5-lb. Fruit Cake \$1.99



CHRISTMAS CARDS
 Box 50 Religious 88c
 Box 50 Assorted 88c
\$2 Box Slims \$1.27
 59c Box Assort. 2/99c



Hard and Filled
 CELLO WRAP CANDY

44c 1-lb. bag



Christmas red
 and green and
 silver Hershey
KISSES

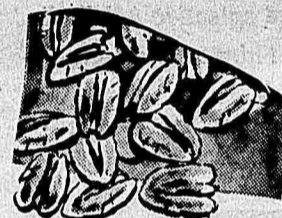
47c bag



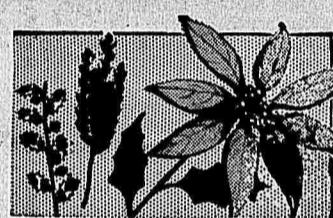
Milk Chocolate
 and dark

**Boxed
 Cherries**

41c box



PECANS
99c Bag
 12-oz bag



**Christmas
 Flowers**
8c to 34c



**1 1/2 lb. Box
 Chocolates**
99c



CANNED MIXED NUTS 66c
CANNED BLANCHED PEANUTS 66c
CANNED CASHEWS 99c
CANNED MIXED NUTS AND PEANUTS 99c

**Boxed
 Towel Sets**
\$1.88
 and
\$2.77



**CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAP
 AND FOIL**

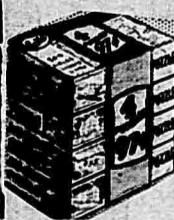
6 LARGE ROLLS 88c
1000" ROLLS 96c
10 LARGE ROLLS \$1.53

TOYLAND — A Few of the Many Bargains

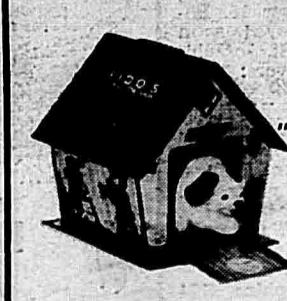


Horse On Wheels \$1.94

**Combat
 Equipment**
\$4.44



**Jig Saw
 Puzzles**
4/88c



\$1.99
 Plays
 "Where, Oh
 where has
 my little
 dog
 gone?"

**Assorted Boxed
 Games 88c up**

Musical Dog House



**BEGINNER'S
 ROLLER
 SKATES**
\$1.77



**Remco
 Empress Telephones**

\$5.22



**Musical
 Santas**
\$2.66

22 WEST
 INDEPENDENCE ST.

JUPITER DISCOUNT STORE

SHAMOKIN,
 PENNA.

Mayor Weller's Statement



JOHN F. KENNEDY

President Kennedy's death has brought grief into every home in Shamokin, into every home in this nation.

A man whose courage was proved in action during World War II, when he was severely wounded in action and still performed acts of great heroism above and beyond the call of duty, he has now made the supreme sacrifice in the cause of freedom, not only in this nation but around the world.

His words, which previously have been interpreted as those of a man running for reelection, will now be re-examined for the wisdom and integrity they contain—the wisdom and integrity of a martyred President.

As we mourn the death of our President, however, we can take heart from the fact that the foundations of our democratic nation provide for the orderly transition of government even in the face of a tragedy of such enormity.

To President Lyndon B. Johnson, all of us, as Americans, swear our loyalty and unwavering support in the trying days and months which face us all.



LYNDON B. JOHNSON

'I Hear Whispers Of A Country...'

by WILLIAM WEIST

Some second and third generation Irish children have heard from the lips of their mothers or fathers the lines of a poem that legend says fashioned the image of America for the starved and desperate sons and daughters of the auld sod who fled famine to find freedom in America.

I hear whispers of a country
 That lies far across the sea,
 Where all men stand as equals
 In the light of liberty.

That is the only stanza of this short poem that this half-Irish, third generation American writer can remember.

But one stanza will suffice. What is important are the whispers, for it was these same mysterious sounds which legend would have us believe brought to these shores the Irish ancestors of John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

And he was Irish to the end; he was Irish in the end; he is now an American who brought the genius of his ancient homeland to this new found land.

For all the years at Harvard, all the years in England, all the years in Washington—nothing ever removed the linger of the Boston brogue upon his lips, the music in his speech, the Gael that drove through centuries to mark his years.

"All of us are all the sums we have not counted," Thomas Wolfe once wrote. "Subtract us into night and nakedness again and you will see begin in Crete four thousand years ago the love that ended yesterday in Texas." (1938)

This is not prophecy, but an artistic way of stating a fact. For in the death of a man, especially of one who has attained such eminence, one can see the life of a people.

And what is obscured now, after years of press-agentry and sheer adulation, are the beginnings. What leaps to the fore is the present wealth of the Kennedy "Clan", the affluence and influence of the sons and daughters of several generations of a few immigrants to Boston, who went from the bottom of the social scale to the very pinnacles of power in American society.

With few exceptions, that is where we all started. Our beginnings, if not miserable, were certainly meager. Wherever we may be today—socially, spiritually, mentally—"subtracted into night and nakedness again", we are the remainder and the reminder of all those who sought liberty and fled despair.

"It's Irish I am,
 And Irish I'll be
 With a heartful of grief
 And a cupful of glee."

No one let John Fitzgerald Kennedy forget that he was Irish. Nor did he seek to forget it.

He was reminded that he was a Catholic, and he was constantly watched and weighed as a "political animal." It was as if the ghosts of Tammany Hall were raised each time he spoke, each time he smiled, each time he shook a hand. And he moved constantly in his public life for many Americans in the shadows of the Vatican.

But that didn't stop the smile, the handshakes. It did not still the eloquence that he gave to words.

For in his lonely and awesome role as President, he knew what every Irishman in the secret recesses of heart has known: that the world will turn out a disappointment, that it will bring you to tears.

Continued on page 14

The Citizen

VOL. 15—No. 29 THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1963 12 CENTS

We Give Thee Thanks, O Lord



Though autumn leaves must all be gathered, I am thankful for the trees from which they fall.

Though the snow will blanket soon the beauties which my eyes have seen, I am thankful for the earth on which it lies.

Though cold winds kill the tender shoots of Spring, I am thankful for the mountains which they touch, the seas from which the waters of my daily life are drawn.

Though silence sometimes brings the voice of the Eternal, I am thankful for the sound of children's voices, for the joy that echoes in a baby's cry.

Though the human toll of war is high I am thankful to the men and women who have sacrificed their lives that I might live my days in freedom.

Though life's burdens come to all of us, I am thankful that I might seek to love and understand all those who carry burdens much heavier than mine.

And though at last we all must sleep through an eternal stillness, I am thankful for being here, even for a little while.

photo by DICK PATRICK