

CALLING FOR SANTA

The week before Christ-
mas we all go to town,
and try to see Santa
if he can be found.

Well, we just could not
find him, deer or
sleigh,
So we have asked him
to come some other
way.

We have written him a
letter and put in a
call,
I'm sure he can find us with no
trouble at all.

Around the fire side we have been
waiting for him,
Three little stockings to be filled
to the brim.

Edsel Beard---6th Grade

CHRISTMAS

On one cold Christmas night
Everything was so bright,
For in little Bethlehem town,
Baby Jesus was found.

Shepherds watching their flock
by night,
Got an awful fright.
Until angels came down,
And told the good tidings all
around.

The Eastern star guided the way,
To where the Baby Jesus lay.
The wise men carried gifts of gold,
So the story is often told.

That's why we give gifts,
On each Christmas day.
In honor of Baby Jesus,
Who in the manger lay.

Clara Fay Williams--6th Grade



Entertains Seventh Grade

Miss Mary Grey Wiggs
entertained her class
at a Christmas Party
Thursday Night, December
the fourth. Fruit, nuts,
candy, and mints were
passed around. Games
and music were enjoyed
throughout the evening.

Christmas candles
lighted the dining room
while fruit, ambrosia,
and cakes were served.

About twenty-seven
guests were present.

A GOAT'S CHRISTMAS

Once Frank had a tame goat. His
name was Humble. Frank had given
him strict lessons in behavior, but
he turned out to be a horrid goat.
On Christmas morning while Frank
was enjoying his Christmas break-
fast and his many toys, pleasant-
ly Humble decided to investigate.
He forced himself through the
screen door; and right into the
living room that rude, handsome
walked. His attention was attract-
ed by the purple lights, the cast-
ern star, bass drum, pop gun, the
alarm clock and the toy turtle
which were all hanging on the tree.
Quickly he went to work nibbling,
butting, and running from one
thing to another, simply demolish-
ing as he went. Not being satisfi-
ed, he jumped on the ice box, and
there he found a four and quarter
pound box of lard, so he proceed-
ed to eat. Hearing the noise Mr.
Lewis went to see what was the
trouble. His temper got the best
of him. He pushed the goat out by
main force, and around the house
they both went. Never in all his
history has anything been as sick as
that lard made poor Humble.

The above story was woven around
words in a daily spelling lesson.

Frank Lewis