

There Came Wise Men From The East Saying---

A Gift For My Girl

Christmas time is almost here,
And I am "up a tree."
I've got to get a Christmas gift
For the girl I go to see.

I don't know what the girls like.
They're different from the boys.
They don't want ties and socks and
things,
And they've grown too old for
toys.

Ma says she'd like some handker-
chiefs
All nice and trimmed with lace.
Sis says if it were her, she'd like
Some powder for her face.

But Ma and Sis are not much help.
They just don't understand.
They know nothing whatsoever
'Bout the feelings of a man.

I'll get my girl some candy
All done up with a bow.
That's always been a favorite gift;
She'll like that, I know.
—Sonny Boney, '40.

The Forgotten Star

The stars shone down that night in
Bethlehem,
As shepherds watched their flocks
upon a hill
So cold and bare. An angel said
to them:
"The Christ is born and sleeps in
the manger still."

One star shown brighter than the
rest on high,
As shepherds left their flocks to reach
His side.

They found their way by brilliant
lighted sky,
Unto the manger where the Baby
cried.

Somewhere today perhaps that star
remains
In a corner of heaven tucked away,
And though it's old and does not
shine the same,
Remembering the Baby in the
fragrant hay.

It does not mind this thing of grow-
ing old,
But lives anew this story often told.
—Margie Wooten, '39.

Merry Christmas

CHRIST
SAVIOR
LORD
KING

MASTER
TEACHER
REDEEMER

PROPHET
JEHOVAH
PRINCE OF PRINCES
LAMB
DELIVERER
JUDGE

BABE of BETHLEHEM
EMMANUEL
SON OF GOD
FATHER
HOLY ONE
MESSIAH

PHYSICIAN
ANointed
GOVERNOR
KING OF GLORY
—Virginia Lee, '40.

Merry Christmas

A Reindeer Complains

Oh heck—Oh phooey—oh gee—oh
gosh.
Here it is Christmas and all that
bosh.

Just another long trip in snow and
sleet
It might kill a reindeer—getting wet
feet.

I think, by golly, that Santa might
bring
Us a new V-8 or some such thing.

To pull our sleigh and carry the
toys
To those spoiled girls and those hate-
ful boys.
—Margaret Bryan, '39.

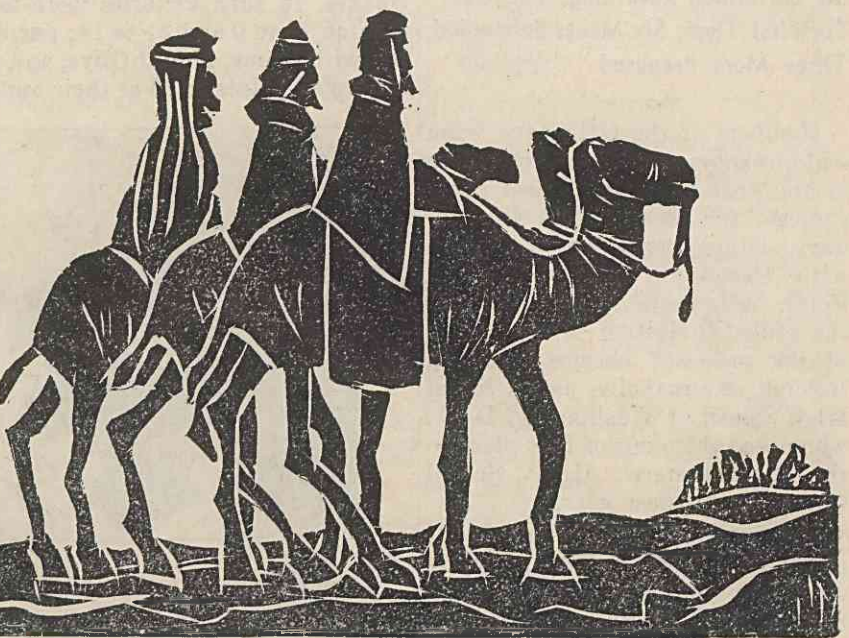
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Children Three

The crowded busy street is wet
With cold and glistening snow,
The Christmas shoppers hurry past
And the icy, cold wind blows.
Midway the block is the leading store,
A place where shoppers spree,
And pressed against the window are
Noses of children, three,
Their clothes are worn and tattered
And their shoes are nearly gone,
Their heads are bare and looks upon
Their faces are forlorn.
The largest of these children three
Is a boy who's nearly nine,
And judging by his downcast face
No presents will he find—
When he on Christmas morn awakes
And looks for Santa's gifts,
His shoulders shake—then suddenly—
His face, his head, he lifts.
He won't find much, of that he's sure,
But didn't mother say—
If he was good that Santa Claus
Would come on Christmas day?
His sister who is nearly six,
Her face is wistful too,
She sees a doll with curly hair
And sparkling eyes of blue.
And little Jim is standing there,
He's just a mite past four,
"Gee. Bob and Jane," he says to them,
"It's awful to be poor."
Three cold noses, pressed so hard,
Against the window glass,
Eyes so intent on lovely things,

They see no lady pass—
All dressed in furs and having
The assured look of wealth,
And when she looks—she sees their
faces.
Her kind heart quickly melts.
"Poor ragged little children—
For no presents will they get,
But wait, perhaps old Nick
Will come and give them something
yet."
She goes to Bob, the boy that's nine,
And asks, "Who are you, son?"
He tells her "My name's Bob Black,"
And she says "I'm Mrs. Sloane.
I'm looking for a little boy,
A girl and two small boys—
I'm Santa Claus' messenger
And Santa sends you toys.
If you'll just tell me where you live,
I'm sure on Christmas morn
You'll wake to find that Santa's left
A train, some toys and horns."
The look upon the poor child's face
Was one of tranquil joy,
The lady thought she'd never seen
A pleased and happier boy.
He told her where he lived—then—
Looking at the sky,
He said, "It's getting late and I must
go,
Thanks lots, good-bye."
The children trudge the long way home
And tell with great delight,
Their meeting with the Mrs. Sloane,
And were their faces bright?
Their mother put the three to bed
And then sat down to wait,
For Mrs. Sloane, she didn't come,
The clock showed it was late.
She rose from her squeaky rocking
chair
And turning out the light,
She suddenly started—who could that
be
Thumping her door tonight?
A whisper low—"May I come in?
It's I—it's Mrs. Sloane—
I've come to try and help you have
Some Christmas in your home."
Mrs. Black swings wide the door
(Please turn to page eight)

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