

## Sing For Joy!

—Harriet Leonard

If a person really wants to get the Christmas spirit, he should sing Christmas carols. It matters not who composes the choir—family or friends, young or old—just so they have their hearts in it and sing with all their might. They don't even have to know all the words, just so they sing. And they don't even have to sing on-key, just so they do their best.

On an icy winter night with a crackling fire in the fireplace and the pungent fragrance of evergreens in the room, it gives one a wonderful feeling to join in with a group of happy people and sing the beloved old songs that are a Christmas tradition. The children love to sing in sweet, young voices "Silent Night" and "Away in a Manger." The men enjoy booming out a deep bass whenever the opportunity presents itself. The women usually content themselves with carrying the tune, although a few daring souls venture to sing alto.

But despite the time, place, or company, carols give a thrill to Christmas that nothing else can. They bring vivid pictures of the awed shepherds, the heavenly host singing the celestial message for all men, sweet Mary, vigilant Joseph, and the Baby Jesus.

Carols of all nations and all people combine into one glorious song—hope and faith in true "peace on earth, good will to men."

## St. Nick

—Jane Nelson

We are approaching a season of the year when there is a question in the minds of most people, especially in young children, as to whether or not there is a Santa Claus. In several foreign lands we find Santa Claus referred to under different names.

We first find Santa Claus known as Saint Nicholas in Rome, Italy, in the year 300 A. D. He was the youngest bishop of the Catholic Church in Rome.

The story which began the giving of gifts at Christmas is that three nights in a row Saint Nicholas tossed bags of gold into the windows of three girls' houses. Each of these girls wanted to get married, but they did not have enough money. After finding the gold on the floor under the window, the three girls were very thrilled because they knew that their problem was solved. Now they could get married!

In France people call Santa Claus Father Christmas. The children place their shoes on the hearth before they go to bed. While they are asleep, Father Christmas fills these shoes with gifts of every description.

He is called Kris Kringle in Germany and Scandinavia. He hides the gifts himself in strange places in the house of the child. The next morning the child has to look for his gifts. The little children often cry, because they cannot find their gifts at first. They could not understand why they were kept in suspense. They did not know that in the end they always had plenty of gifts.

When the Dutch came to the New World and settled, they brought the idea of Saint Nicholas with them to carry out a custom which they had carried on for years in Holland. The people in America found it hard to pronounce Saint Nicholas as the Dutch did. They pronounced Saint Nicholas so fast that they changed the name to Santa Claus.

The custom of Santa Claus is traditional in America as well as in England, with quite a few legends about him. The main objective is to bring glad tidings to everyone and also to help the unfortunate neighbor. Who could possibly bring about a merrier Christmas than the jolly, fat, bearded St. Nick?

## POET'S CORNER

## Santa's Complaint

—Harriet Leonard

Each boy and girl that comes to me  
I gladly take upon my knee  
And ask them what they would like  
me to leave  
In their socks by the chimney on  
Christmas Eve.

"Hello, little girl, and what for you?  
You look so sweet with eyes of blue."  
"I don't care what you bring me, just  
anything handy.  
But I do want some nuts and some  
fruits and some candy."

"Little boy, what do you want this  
year  
That I can bring with my eight rein-  
deer?"

"A truck, and a drum, and a horn  
that toots.  
And, oh yes, some candy and nuts and  
fruits."

"Your name's Mary, did you say?  
And what do you want for Christmas  
Day?"  
"A doll and some doll clothes would  
be just dandy,  
And so would some nuts and some  
fruits and some candy."

I questioned a tough little red-headed  
boy,  
"What can I bring you for Christmas  
joy?"  
"Boxing gloves, slingshot, and marbles  
for me,  
And some nuts and some fruits and  
some candy, too, see?"

Don't they eat doughnuts and pies  
any more?  
Are we raising more weaklings than  
ever before?  
Please, someone be daring and get  
out of the ruts  
Of candy and fruits—or I'll surely go  
nuts!

"Jest Bring Sumffin'  
to Me"

—Carroll Leonard

Dear good ole "Santie," I've been a  
good little boy for one whole  
year;  
And when mean old Tom wants to  
pick a fight, I says, "Now you  
listen here.

You can be bad if you wants to, but  
Christmas is coming along.  
An' Ma says Ole Santie is watching to  
see if I does somphen wrong!  
I ain't kicked the cat but once, while  
I was out to play,  
But "Santie," I wouldn't have kicked  
him then if'n he hadn't a got in  
my way.

I ain't got too many whippings for  
things that I have done,  
'Cept for the time in daddy's car when  
I was having fun.

I stepped on somephen and into the  
garage it started to roll.  
And then I didn't know how to make  
the old thing hold.

It just made Daddy another door in  
the garage on the other side.  
They both kept screaming like crazy  
and jerked a knot in my hide.

But "Santie" for a little boy I been  
good as I can be,  
So anything will suit me if you'll jest  
bring sumffin' to me.

## The King Of All

—Jack Evans

In a manger far away,  
On that first bright Christmas day  
Was born a Savior, in a stall,  
An Infant Child—but King of all.  
Born in a lowly, humble place,  
Born with the gift of God's high grace,  
Born to teach both weak and wise,  
Born to show us Paradise;  
Born into a world of sin,  
Born to warm the hearts of men,  
Born in a lowly oxen's stall,  
But, truly, born the King of all!

## The Birth of Christ

—Nancy Bumgarner

To an inn one holy night  
Guided by the Holy Light,  
Went Joseph and Mary  
Before the birth of the Holy Child,  
Who blessed the world that fateful  
night.

The innkeeper turned them gently  
away;  
"I have no room for you to stay."  
Then said he, "You might be able  
To find thee room in my old stable."  
So Christ was born that very night.

The shepherds in the fields afar  
Saw the brightly shining star.  
A blinding light there then appeared.  
An angel from Heaven, whom they  
feared  
Brought tidings of a new-born Babe.

To Bethlehem across the way  
The star led them not astray.  
To the stable then they went,  
To find the Savior God had sent  
To bring "peace on the earth, good  
will to men."

## Christmas Trees

—Jim Redwine

I hate to search for Christmas trees—  
I'm just too dern lazy!  
There's something about Christmas  
trees—

Just drives me crazy!  
Perhaps they're too big, perhaps too  
little.

There's one—no, it sags in the middle!  
Here's one (I think) that beats them  
all,

Yep, the tree's all right, but our door's  
too small.

But this year it's different; it sure  
will be pleasant,  
'Cause Santa's bringing me the ideal  
present.

No, don't laugh at ol' Santa, nor treat  
him with scorn.  
He's bringing me a Christmas tree—  
come Christmas morn!

A Child's Christmas  
Morn

—Jimmy Temple

The children were sleepy, the covers  
were turned down;  
Lawrence and Roy in their pajamas,  
and Florence in her gown;  
They knelt by their bedside and all  
said their prayers,  
Climbed into the bed and lost all of  
their cares.

Early Christmas morning the children  
arose,  
Slipped on their shoes and put on  
their clothes;  
Tiptoeing quietly they descended the  
stairs,  
And rushed to the tree to see what  
was theirs.

They picked up the boxes and shook  
them with joy,  
Opened them up and found a football  
for Roy;

A doll, and a bed and a tea set for  
Florence,  
A ball, and a bat, and a wagon for  
Lawrence.

Off to the kitchen they rushed all  
alone,  
The cake and the milk for Santa was  
all gone;

And on a small note he left them that  
day,  
They read to see what he had to say:

"God bless you, children, for what you  
have done.

May each Christmas hereafter bring  
you more fun;

Be helpful and friendly in the months  
in view,  
Make the world happy, and I'll not  
forget you.

I'll see you come next year. Santa."

## Christmas Time

—Nancy Hathcock

Christmas time is almost here,  
With Santa and his eight reindeer,  
With toys and dolls and candy, too,  
For all the little ones like you.

There is a doll for little sister,  
And tanks and guns for the little  
mister,

There is a present for each and all,  
Big or little, short or tall.

But Christmas isn't complete without  
snow,  
With snowmen to build and snowballs  
to throw.

And let us not forget the trees of pine,  
Decorated with tinsel at Christmas  
time.

## Christmas Excitement

—RoxAnne Disher—

'Tis the night before Christmas  
And all through the streets,  
The stores are all open  
Filled with presents and treats.

The children are happy,  
Their hearts filled with glee;  
Their eyes are wide open  
For Santa they'll see.

The people are rushing  
To complete all their things,  
The buying of gifts  
From toasters to rings.

But deep in their hearts  
They are fully aware,  
That God sent His Son  
To free us from care.

## Christmas Without You

—L.H.S., '49

Because this is Christmas and every-  
thing is wonderfully aglow,  
I try my best to be happy, but darling,  
I miss you so.

Nothing seems to go right since you  
have gone away,  
And even the carolers on the street  
can't help to make me gay.

The joy of Christmas begins to fade  
When I remember the million plans  
we made,

Of how together we would spend this  
night,  
But, darling, the tears are so hard to  
fight.

Remember how you joked about the  
present you had for me,  
And how you said we'd go together to  
get our Christmas tree.

You didn't mean to hurt me, when  
you were so untrue;  
But this is Christmas, and I must live  
this Christmas, my dear, with-  
out you.

The Night After  
Christmas

—Blanch Cox

'Twas the night after Christmas  
And all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even a mouse.

The children were nestled all  
snug in their beds,  
While the visions of Christmas Day  
danced in their heads.

Mother and Daddy were snuggled in,  
too,  
Thinking, "O, dear, but we are tired,  
too."

The toys, all piled in a corner so tight,  
Decided they wanted to have fun that  
night.

The drum was beating, "Boom, boom,  
boom, boom."

The soldiers were prancing by the  
light of the moon.

The dollies were dancing in ones and  
twos.

But suddenly realized they had worn  
out their shoes.

Thus ended the night after Christmas  
day,

And soon another year was on its way!