

# EXECUTIVES REPORT ON EACH COMMITTEE AT FIRST MEETING

**Christmas Cheer Committee of Greensboro Meet Dec. 15 at Chamber of Commerce**

**200 BASKETS ARE BOUGHT**

Public Asked To Hand in Names of Needy To Mrs. Blanch Carr Sterne—Telephone 746

The executives of the Christmas Cheer Committee of Greensboro held their first meeting Wednesday, December 15, at the chamber of commerce. T. J. Murphy presided, as Claude Kiser, chairman, was out of town.

Each chairman reported on the work his committee had accomplished. Colonel R. E. Steele, chairman of the purchasing committee, stated that 200 baskets had been bought. The supply depot at 309 Davie street will be opened during working hours every day until Christmas. He also added that his committee was ready for work as soon as the names and other data are in hand.

The names and routing committee reported that the principals of rural schools, the police force, and individuals were handing in names. All who know of families who need a Christmas cheer, call either Mrs. Blanch Carr Sterne, telephone 746, or Mrs. Walter E. Young, telephone 2145.

R. W. Carrier, chairman of the soliciting committee, reported his members were busy at work and that large donations have been secured. Mrs. L. H. Martin, chairman of the visiting committee, stated that her committee has been at work since December 13. The delivering committee reported that four trucks and several private automobiles have been secured for us. Also 20 Boy Scouts will assist the drivers. Publicity committee is having the *News* and the *Record* to run stories about the work in nearly every issue. The treasurer's report showed \$1,078.50 on hand. The treasurer states that contributions are coming in fine.

## MIXED CHORUS SINGS FOR EMPTY STOCKING FUND

Girls Glee Club Sings With Earle Slocum On Flute—At National Sunday Afternoon

### CAROLS ARE SUNG AT CHURCH

The mixed chorus of G. H. S., composed of the boys' and girls' Glee Clubs Sunday afternoon, December 19, 1926, sang for the benefit of the Empty Stocking Fund. The mixed chorus sang "Viking Song," "Mariaina, and Christmas carols. The Girls' Glee Club sang "By the Waters of Minnetonka," with a flute obligato played by Earle Slocum. The Chorus also sang Christmas carols at the program of the West Market Street Methodist Church, Tuesday night, December 21.

### ON AWAKENING CHRISTMAS MORNING

"Mamma, oh, Mamma, do you suppose Santa Claus has already come?"  
"No, hush and go back to sleep. It's only five o'clock. Keep quiet or you'll awaken the rest of the family."

Silence then for about five minutes.  
"But, Mama, I can't wait any longer to see my presents. Do you reckon he brought me that train?"

"Not another word, but hush, I hear a noise."

The two lay still for a few minutes, but still, he heard a noise. Very bravely Jack crept to the head of the stairs and saw Bill, his brother, carrying a rifle and at the same time stuffing his mouth with nuts and candy. With a bound Jack rushed down the steps not afraid he would awaken the family, because Daddy, as well as Bill, was gazing upon his presents.

He—"Ever heard the Waiter Song?"  
She—"No, what is it?"  
He—"Show me the Waiter Go Home."

### SANTA CLAUSES

"Sister, let's go up town and see Santa Claus. He's at Meyer's, 'cause I saw his picture in the paper and Miss Garland read it and he was there. I really must take him my letter. Why, he doesn't even know what to bring me for Christmas. Aw, come on! You can read that ol' book this afternoon. It's not too late, either. Please, I'll do two favors for you—two upstairs favors, too, and maybe three favors if they're just downstairs easy ones. No, I'll do three, even if they're upstairs ones. Oh, goody! I knew you would. Let's hurry!"

"Sister, do you think Santa Claus will know my name? Oh, but of course he does. He knows all little—Oh, look in that window! Sister, look at that doll. Which do you think is the prettiest, lady dolls or baby dolls? And look at that little bed. Is this Meyer's? I wish there weren't so many people."  
"Sister, I can't see—and they're stepping on me. Is this the elevator? Oh-h-h-h! Sister, where are you? I can't breathe."

"Oh, there's Santa Claus. Isn't he fat, I wish I was that fat, don't you? You don't? I think it's pretty. He's got a nice, long beard—but it's a just a teeny bit dirty, don't you think? Mother said Santa wouldn't bring me anything if I wasn't good an' kep' my hands clean, but his aren't clean a bit."  
"But I don't guess he can help it. This place is awful dirty."

"Look at all the children talkin' to him. He never will get through to talk to me. What? Oh, I don't want to put my letter in that box. He might not get it. What does the readin' on it say? Well and then I'll come back in the borin', and maybe there won't be so many folks."

"What? No, I'm not tired. You can go to two more stores if you want to. Sister, look! There's another Santa Claus. Sister, don't walk so fast. Look, he's ringing a bell. Let's wait just a minute and see him. Aw, sister!"

"Sister, can I go right back there and see that baby carriage 'til you get through here? I'll be right back."

"Sister, sister, there's another Santa Claus back there! Yes, there is, and he's not the same one, either, 'cause he's not so fat as the other. Come, look, No, it's not time to go. Sister, what makes there three Santa Clauses? Mother said there was just one, and here I've seen three already!"

### CHRISTMAS

The ringing of bells  
Inecstasy tells  
Of Christmas.  
And holly, in wreaths,  
With joyousness breathes  
Of Christmas.

The year's getting late.  
The air even vibrates  
Christmas.  
The atmosphere's real,  
And earth seems to feel  
Christmas.

The young cedar tree  
Makes everyone see  
Christmas.  
The bright-colored lights  
Fill the heart with delights  
Of Christmas.

The hurrying throng  
Seems to burst into song.  
It's Christmas!  
The new-fallen snow  
Makes everyone know  
It's Christmas!

RUTH HEATH.

### "MORNING PAPER!"

"Hello, Mike! How many you sold?"  
"Ten. Paper, mister?"

"I got chu beat. I've sold out. You know I'm workin' hard and savin' my money. I'm gonna get a great big pair of gloves to give to Santa Claus when he comes."

"Ain't no use o' doing that. He won't come to your house."

"Betcha he will. I've been good for over a week now and I'm gonna be till Christmas."

"Yea, but he got hurt the other day—nearly killed."

"How you know?"

"I saw it in the paper. Here it is. It says, 'Santa Claus Badly Injured While Landing in Parachute.' It happened in Sa—. I can't say this word. Anyway it's out west somewhere. He hit the top of a house and broke himself up.—Paper, Mister."

"I bet he gets well by Christmas. If he don't maybe Mrs. Santa will come around and she can take 'em back to him. I'm gonna write a letter and leave it with the gloves by my stocking. If he can't wear 'em I'll give 'em to Pa."

"Yonder comes '36." I gotta run if I sell out. Morning Paper!"

JOE MANN.

### AUNT FANNIE

Before a certain West Market Street residence there daily stand literally scores of people, men and women, boys and girls, aged and young alike, in deepest reverence as if in homage before a shrine. And it is a shrine, a shrine to one who was a true representative of our highest, our best, our most precious possession, the true ideal of southern womanhood, Mrs. Fannie Logan.

The older folks shake their heads and wipe a tear from their eyes as they ask, "What will Christmas be like now that Aunt Fannie is gone? No more can it be the same."

But we, the youth of the city you loved so well and earnestly, are inclined to be more optimistic than our elders. But don't misunderstand us, Aunt Fannie; your going has left a spot that is raw and bare burned upon our very hearts. Oh, how we miss you, dear friend. To think that only a few months ago you were here in our very midst, and now you are gone nevermore to return. The years to come can never blot that spot of sorrow from our hearts, no work of mere mortals can console us. It is not weakness or lack of strength, but love, that runs deep.

During your lifetime you saw many changes wrought from Christmas to Christmas. You saw wondrous things come to pass in your span of years. There were the years when the stage-coach was replaced by the train horse-drawn vehicles by automobiles, oil lamps by electricity, years that brought forth new generations, years of disease and financial panic, and years of wealth and prosperity. Your heart was with "The Men in Gray" one Christmas, another found this same heart with their sons as they fought under southern skies in Cuba and the Philippines, and still another with their grandsons, "The Boys in Khaki," as they braved death to smash the Hindenburg Line.

Though the Christmases to come will not find you here in our midst, Aunt Fannie, still your memory will linger on with us in the years to come and, inspired by this, we, too, shall carry on, keeping the faith and ever spreading "Good Tidings of Great Joy" until we, too, shall come face to face with the Master.

JAMES CLEMENTS.

A very sad tale is told of a Scotchman who walked ten miles to see a football game, and then was too tired to climb the fence.

### FROM ONE TO TWO

"Mama, isn't it time to get up now?"  
"No, dear, you have only been in bed about an hour. Now hush, and go to sleep."

"Well, I'll try to. Call me if your hear Santa Claus on the roof. Will you, mama?"

"Yes, dear, now please go to sleep."

"Mama, what time will Santa Claus come to fill my stocking, and bring my doll, and everything?"

"Why, I don't know. If you don't go to sleep, I fear he will skip over our house. You know he doesn't bring things to bad children."

"Yes, Mama, I'll go to sleep then. I hope he got my letter. I told him that I had been a good little girl. Mama, do you reckon he will bring me everything I asked him to bring?"

"He might, if you will only go to sleep like a nice girl."

"Mama, can't I get up and see if he has come yet? I thought I heard a noise downstairs."

"If you don't go to sleep I'm going to tell Santa Claus not to bring you a thing. He has too many good little girls' and boys' houses to go to that he will not bother with the naughty ones."

"Oh, Mama, I heard some bells. I know I did! I just bet it was Santa Claus on our roof! Please let me get up now."

"If you don't go to sleep I'm going to meet Santa Claus, and tell him what a bad girl you've been."

"Oh, I'll go to sleep. Good-night."

All is quiet for several minutes, then:

"Mama, where are you going?"

"Nowhere, dear, why did you ask?"

"I heard you moving around. Maybe it was Santa Claus instead. Do you reckon it was?"

"No, dear, now hush!"

"Mama, does it take Santa Claus all night to get around to all the little girls' and boys' houses?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, when does he sleep?"

"He doesn't sleep any on Christmas Eve!" This was said very emphatically.

"Well, I reckon he's sleepy on Christmas day then. Isn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so!"

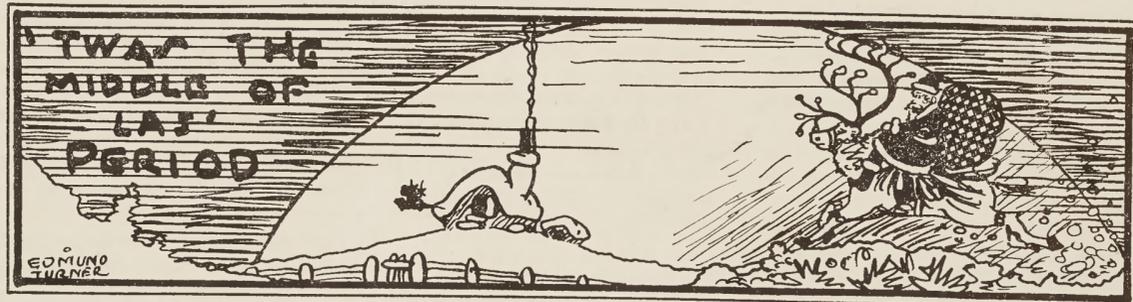
The child finally dropped off to sleep from sheer exhaustion. The mother goes down to put the gifts by the tree, and she then returns to her bed. After about an hour of peaceful sleep she is awakened again.

"Oh, Mama, it's morning! Can I get up now? I want to see if Santa Claus brought my doll and everything."

"Yes, dear, you may get up now."

The child ran down the stairs. In a moment this shout was heard: "Oh, Mama, come see what Santa Claus brought me! Oh, goody!"

RUTH MCKAUGHAN.



'Twas the middle of the last period, when all through the school

Not a creature was studying, not even a fool;

The books were all packed on each desk with care

In hopes that the last bell would soon fill the air;

The pupils sat restless as each teacher read,

While visions of holidays danced in their heads;

And Mary in her blue dress, and I in my pink

Had just settled our brains for a nice long think;

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,

We sprang from our desks to see what was the matter.

Away to the window we flew like a flash,

To open the window and examine the crash.

The sun on the breast of the new-fallen snow,

Gave a Christmassy feeling, and objects below

Were being pushed back to classes by Miss Fannie Starr

Who had rung the bell by mistake on account of a jar

With a ruler in her hand so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment she resembled old St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles her words they came,

And she panted and shouted and called them by name—

"Now, Sarah, and William, now Emma, and Ned,

Go! Cynthia, and Lura and Theron and Ed,

Back to your classes and out of the halls,

Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all."

Like frightened children that before a bear fly,

They mounted the steps just as quick as a fly,

So up to the class-room to courses they flew

With their arms filled with books and their hopes all gone, too.

And then in a twinkling we heard the bell ring,

And everyone seemed to be inspired to sing.

As I drew in my head and was turning around

I thought that the stair-steps would surely come down.

For jail was out now and the holidays begun

And they were all ready to have lots of fun.

A bundle of books they had flung on their backs

And they looked like peddlers carrying their sacks.

Their eyes, how they twinkled; their dimples, how merry!

Their cheeks were like roses, their nose like a cherry.

They had no more school cares for seven whole days—

Why shouldn't they be happy in so many ways?

The thoughts of their books they put out of their heads,

Their lessons longer they need not dread,

And I heard them exclaim as they passed my way,

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good day."

FRANCES WILLIAMS.

### BOARD DISCUSSES NEW SCHOOL PLANS

(Continued from Page One)  
buildings. On December 1 this had increased by approximately 200 to 8,836. An increased enrollment of 1,000 is expected for the 1927-28 term and there is no place to put them.

Attending the meeting were Charles H. Ireland, chairman, Dr. C. S. Gilmer, Monroe Chrisman, S. L. Coltrane, and Dr. Dred Peacock, members of the board of education; Thomas R. Foust, county chairman of the greater district committee; Frederick Archer, city superintendent.

The main developments of the meeting were:

1. When the general assembly meets early next month legislation suitable to city and county will be sought which will return title to all property used for school purposes to a special charter district committee, which will operate the Greater Greensboro district.

2. The Gellespie property in South Greensboro is slated for a high school serving that district.

3. The plan is to have a high school in the northeastern and northwestern sections of the city and similar schools in the southeastern and southwestern.

4. A technical high school is included in the plans, to be situated near the stadium.

5. The first building included in the program is one for Pomona Mills.