

" 'Twas The Night Before Christmas . . . "

By Sylvia Holcomb

'Twas the night before Christmas, the campus was still;
The students were sleeping, as most students will.
The bobbysox were hung by the radiator with care
In hope that their angels would soon be there.
The girls were all peacefully dreaming in bed,
As visions of home danced in each head.
The monitor in her pajamas and I in my gown,
Had just come from a movie and a night on the town.

When out on the balcony there arose such a roar;
I ran to the window to find out the score.
I pulled up the shade and started to shout
"Just what in this world is this noise all about?"

A moon made for Davidson shone on the snow—
It was pretty cold out, about seven below—
What I saw looked like one of those carnival floats,
'Twas a rowboat drawn smartly by four P.C. goats.

In the boat was a man who seemed quiet and moody;
He looked like someone on monitor duty,
As quickly as Tuesday, his billygoats came—
He whistled and shouted and called them by name:

"Now Evans, now Atkins, now Tugman and Rash,
What's the matter there Harris, holding out for more cash?
A little to the left now hold it up short!
No fluffing off now, or I'll have you to report.

The gifts to be issued were all his pack,
Beats me how he got in with THAT on his back!
His eyes, they were watery, his nose caked with ice,
He wiped it with kleenex, then sneezed once or twice.

He opened his mouth and started to yawn
It looked like the sun coming up with the dawn.
The stump of a pipe he held tight to his teeth,
He took a small sip from a milk bottle beneath.

He wasn't so big, but he must have been strong,
I figured he had been studying too long.
He filled every bobbysox with presents galore
And tossed a pile of diplomas there by the door.

Then out through the window and into the night,
The snow stopped falling, the landscape so bright.
With a "Dear Alma Mater" he climbed into place,
A broad smile was creeping all over his face.



One look at his watch and he started to frown,
"This night work is certainly getting me down."
"Merry Christmas," he said as he drove on his way,
"Now I'll finish my rounds and then hit the hay."

**MERRY
CHRISTMAS!**