

LETTERS TO SANTA

From page 5

Dear Santa:

We here in Montreat have so many blessings that it is hard for us to say we want more. We will receive so many good things this Christmas without even asking for them, and so my wish is that just as the "Littlest Angel" came to abide with us last Christmas, so may you send that same spirit of love and joy into the heart of every little child this Christmas, the gift of the Christ Child.

Love,

Pud.

Howerton Hall No. 216.

Dear Santa Claus:

Instead of asking for gifts and unnecessary pleasures for ourselves we wish to thank you for bringing us together in Christian fellowship here at Montreat.

Our request for this joyous season is to bring happiness to the servicemen away from their homes, comfort to those who must spend their Christmas in hospitals, and faith and Eternal Hope for the people living in war torn countries now infected with Communism.

Thank you so much . . . May the Lord Jesus bless you and all of your helpers.

Love,

The Seven Deadlys.

Peggy Kyle—Hey, Sue, I'm going home Dec. 7th.

Sue Eng—Tomorrow!—what for?

Peggy—I'm going early to avoid the Christmas rush.

Dear Santa:

I ain't got nobody! Will you please send me seventy-five Sailors to replenish my supply.

Thanks,

Sylvia (More Men for Montreat) Holcomb.

Dear Sylvia:

What happened to your supply? Be more careful next time. Look for me on Christmas Eve. I'll bring the battleship MISSOURI for you.

Santa (I heartily agree) Claus.

Dear Santa:

We seem to have so many wants and wishes that we're afraid it would take a couple of Christmases to take care of all of them.

Maybe though, you could do something to get rid of that awful biology lab; quizzes, especially in biology, Bible, and English; Monday lunches; 8:20 classes; room inspection; horses overhead; and last but certainly not least, Chaperones! We also need about twelve more hours in every day and a great big bon-fire to get rid of those pesky little report cards.

Please, dear Santa, take extra good care of our wonderful big sisters. Don't be too

harsh on them. They're just little kids at heart.

A Great Big MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYONE.

Thank you,

Margaret and Shirley.

Dear Margaret and Shirley,

I'm referring all your requests to Dean Wilson. As to your big sisters, they've been getting ashes and switches for years, so I think they're beyond help.

Merry Christmas to you, too.

Santa

Dear Santa:

We from Virginia are writing to you for the following things; see what you can do.

Beth would like some grits to eat,

She knows that stuff just can't be beat.

Emily would like for you to bring

A little bell for her to ring.

Then Faye is asking for more hours in the day

To work in the office — something strange we'd say.

And I would like from someone tall

A couple of inches and that is all.

Then dear Santa, we'd like to repeat

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS to all at Montreat.

Beth, Emily, Faye, and Doris
Love,

Dear Beth, Emily, Faye, and Doris,

Are you sure you want those things? It sounds suspicious to me, but I'll try. Be good little girls and I'll see you soon.

Santa

Dear Santa,

Won't you please do something to keep Heide a little warm in that laundry booth? I'm afraid she might turn into a walking ice-cube.

Lovingly, Helga

P.S. Bring Melvin to Montreat real soon.

Dear Helga,

My job is to make people feel all warm and glowing during the Christmas season. Your request will head my list.

Re-assuringly, Santa

P.S. I'll stir up Melvin, also.

Dear Claus,

A year is much too long, I fear, to have to wait for you.

No matter how good I try to be it just doesn't do.

Last year I asked you, dear old Claus, for a rat trap for my room.

This year I want to ask you for a very heavy broom.

Santa, if you don't have the broom, don't worry about my joy. Just bring me a very, very, special "Toy."

Your friend, Dooty

Dear Dooty,

There's not much of a demand for brooms this year, so I can PROMISE you one. Whatever for? And as for special "Toys"

—well, I've got them, too. I'll send along a blond one.

Dear Santa,

Understandingly yours, Santa

Dear Santa:

Please bring Eleanor Seagle and Margaret Carico a successive diet. They're desperate!

Dear Eleanor and Margaret:

A successive diet? Don't you mean a successful one? I'd hate to bring you a diet you had to stay on forever. I would recommend no breakfast, no lunch, and no supper. Eat a soda cracker if you should get hungry.

Sympathetically yours, Santa.

P. S.—You look O. K. to me now!

Please, Dear Santa, bring to little Miss Peggy Rakestraw a mind to decide which boy to date and a will power to say "no" to all the boys who ask her for a date on the same night, except one.

A good little elf.

Dear good little elf:

Does Peggy have a roommate? If so, she's fortunate, 'cause she can date the extras'. I'd say Peggy was rather fortunate, but I'll see what can be done.

Merry Christmas, Santa.

Dear Santa:

Please bring me a letter from my "One and Only."

A sad little girl, "Fooley"

Dear "Fooley":

You'll have to see your sister Susie about that!

Hopefully, Santa.

S.C.A. CHR'ISTMAS PAGEANT

From Page 1

all classes of people bow down before Him. The shepherds, having been told of the Lord's birth by angels, leave the fields where they were guarding their sheep and come to the lowly manger in the stable to praise the Holy Child. Wise men from Jerusalem, guided by a star, come to Bethlehem and find the God Child. They bow down and give him gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

"O Come All Ye Faithful!" Let us be joyful in this day, for the Lord is born—Come and Praise HIM!

HOMECOMING

From Page 2

Department in Nashville, Tennessee.

FRANCES BRIDGES, better known as Duncie, is a secretary in the Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte, North Carolina.

BETTY BLOUNT is with the board of Women's Work, Presbyterian Church U. S., in Atlanta, Georgia. While talking about her plans for next year, BETTY got that look on her face, as if she wanted to put her arms around Montreat, and said, "I want to come back."