

YULETIDE YEARNINGS

By MARGUERITE HARRISON
With due apologies to Edgar Allan Poe

As I sat in Math class dreaming
Of the Christmas tree's bright gleaming
And the things my heart did wish for
Candies, nuts and fruits galore
Mr. Farthing called upon me
Called for corollary seven
For that mean and hard old problem
That my eyes had not looked o'er
"It pertains to lines", I muttered
"Parallel!" (I finally stuttered)
"Equi-distant from each other."
This I knew and nothing more
Only this and nothing more.

Oh, how well I do remember
On that third day of December
That hard look my teacher gave me
(Not of love, nor things of such!)
Long he gazed, disgusted, angry
Thinking of sarcasm for me,
"Have you studied today's theorem?"
Answered I "No sir, not much"
Then he asked some other member
The same thing; as I remember
He received the correct answer.
That answer got me bad in Dutch
Got me into terrible Dutch.

Again my thoughts to Christmas wan-
dered
Long on holidays I pondered
On the two weeks more of school work
Then my dreams would all come true.
All the figures on the blackboard
Seemed to be of Christmas colors
Brilliant red with trimmings silver
Draped with green and gold and blue.
Mr. Farthing (like all teachers
Cruel to dumb and ignorant creatures)
Once again did call upon me
The results I leave to you
Those sad results I leave to you.

CHRISTMAS WITH SAMBO

By WELDON BEACHAM

"Yas suh, diss heah is gwine'a be one fine Christmas fo' me. I ain't gwine'a fool along wif no half way doin this time. I done started ma preparashuns to make dis de bos' Christmas what we an' my family eber had.

"You know that lil' closet where I keeps my brooms an' mops what I uses in janitorin around dis office, well, 'at lil' closet is just packed full o' toys fo' them no' count young'uns 'o mine. I got a rattler fo' the baby what he can't break 'cause its made out o' iron and a monkey on a string for Abraham Jefferson, that' ma next to the baby one, an' a stopper gun for ma oldest boy, who am five years old.

"An' Lindy, 'at's ma wife, done bought three dolls fo' our girls. She sho did show some diplomacy about dem dolls. Everyone of 'em is exactly alike and them girls ain't got a thing to argue about.

"An' yer know, boss, gess what I got for Lindy. Why I got her a set of them lectric hair straightners like Linda sed Rastus Jones wuz gonna give his wife fo' Christmas.

"An' 'en too, boss, gess what, last night I got a great big turkey fo' my Christmas dinna. No, no, suh, boss, I bought and paid fo' dis turkey. I wasn't gwine take any chance on spendin' Christmas in 'at jail house, eber if it is new.

A LAST YEAR'S DOLL

By MARGUERITE MASON

Lying out in the cold alley, with one arm off and her head all battered up from many knocks, is a poor little last year's doll. She has on the remains of a once-beautiful dress made by the loving fingers of Mrs. Santa Claus, nearly a year ago.

The poor thing little knows that there are just two more days till Christmas and remembers very well indeed how happy she made the heart of a little girl last year. How she wishes she could be pretty once more and go back to live over her thrilling experiences in the cozy doll house. But, alas! She realizes that this year she cannot make the little girl happy. Her days of beauty and good times are over. Her lot is, but to lie there in the alley near the trash pile. A beautiful shining new doll will come to live in the doll house.



Kris Kringle's Jingles

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

By JOHN MEBANE

"Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse."

"Get off my head!"
"Ow!"

"Here, don't you fussboxes make such a racket or you'll have the whole house on us before morning."

"Yeah, brother Horn is right."

"I, too," quoth the fur rabbit, "agree with brother Horn."

"And I," added Dancing Tom.

"And we", put in the nuts.

"Let's make it unanimous", suggested the raisins, "All in favor say I'."

"I", came in a mixed volume of bass, baritone, alto, and soprano.

"Goodness", exclaimed the "Tale of Cuffy Bear, "We made enough noise then to raise the dead."

"Who dropped a nickel on you?" tooted brother Horn.

"Brothers and sisters, will the meeting come to order? Secretary, read the minutes."

"Last meeting was held at the home of Mr. Claus, North Pole.

"Brother Ingersoll was elected President. A by-laws committee consisting of the apples, the oranges and the almonds, was appointed by the president. Sister Doll was elected secretary and treasurer."

"Help!"

"Brother Jumping Jack has fallen over board. Throw out the lifeline."

Wh-r-r-r.

"Hurrah, he got it."

"Uh. Now don't fall out again."

"Well, I told you Santa Claus put too many things in this boy's stocking."

"Oh!"

"Ring-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling."

"Hush, the alarm clock."

And when the blue-eyed, curly-headed little boy came down stairs and looked at his stocking crammed full of toys, he noticed a smashed banana on the floor.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX FROM GRANDMOTHER

(Continued from page five)

one could have looked on at the packing he would have heard: "Well, I'm sending Agnes this beautiful silver bowl and goodness knows I hope she comes across with something handsome. Land knows she has money enough. You know I'd rather like to keep the bowl myself (Cousin Grace gave it to me last year) but I'm hoping it will draw one of those priceless Italian luncheon sets Agnes got in Europe last summer. My! but Christmas gifts are a nuisance!"

The other package was very small—so small in fact that it seemed to fade into insignificance beside its huge companion. No bold address ran across its front. Instead it was directed in small cramped somewhat shaky letters to a small farming village in Kansas.

What a different sight one would have seen had he peeped into this box for here reposed no silver bowl, but a tiny pink pair of baby mittens. The remarks made at the packing had been quite different too, for there had been tears in the eyes of the little wrinkled grandmother as she gently folded away the tiny mittens; she had whispered in her low smart voice: "Poor little mittens, you're all I can afford for my John's baby but all the gold in the world would not be enough to buy the love I send with you."

Christmas gifts! Yes, though different in every way, both are called Christ-

CASSY IS CONVINCED

By MARGARET FERGUSON

"Cassandra Louisa Evangeline Brown, aren't you ashamed of yourself for darning to tell me there isn't any Santa Claus? Why I know there is. Every Christmas he fills my stocking up good and full and brings me dolls an' everything. I just know there's one."

"Wal I ain't aiming to give you disillusionment, but I'm might nigh sure that thar ain't no sech person. He ain't neber filled me no stockin' ner nothing," responded Cassy, the whites of her big eyes rolling dangerously as she vainly tried to convince her little white friend Betty, as to the falsity of Santa Claus.

It was nearing Christmas and Jenny, who cooked for Betty's family, had brought ten year old Cassy along to help her with the extra work which naturally came hand in hand with the holiday season. The two little girls, the one as white and gold as a Christmas angel, the other as black as a moonless night, were sitting on the floor in the big play-room engaged in the fascinating pastime of cutting paper dolls. The discussion of the truth of Santa Claus had arisen when Cassy had clumsily cut off the head of one of the most beautiful ladies and Betty had calmly announced that it made no difference because Santa Claus would bring her another. "You know Cassy," she had continued in a very wise way, "All you have to do is write him a letter, and zip he brings you all you want." Then Cassy had dropped her bombshell and a heated discussion had ensued.

"Well, Cassy," Betty continued, "I think its just horrid of you to believe such a thing. Why if there isn't any Santa Claus, who fills all the stockings an' all? Maybe he doesn't take time to come to see little colored girls. Then after a long pause in which she puckered up her dainty brow she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I know what we'll do. I'll hung up two stockings this year. A black one for you and a white one for me and we'll see if there's a Santa Claus or not."

"Lordy Miss Betty that'll be real sweet oh you. I do hope thar am a Santa Claus."

On Christmas morning nearly a week later little Cassy eyed with unsuppressed delight a small black stocking which hung before a roaring fire just beside a white one of similar size. From the top a plump red Santa Claus holding a little nigger doll in his arms smiled out at her and she saw that in one hand he held a note which read, "Dear Little Cassy—Never doubt your old friend at the North Pole." And Cassy muttered under her breath, "Wal I do declare to goodness I guess it musta been the black stockin' what done it."

mas gifts, but are they? Tennyson has said "The value of all gifts must vary as the givers." How then is the first one, sent out only to bring returns, as valuable as the second, prompted by a spirit of love and good will? Is it the thought and love, or the gift itself that counts? The wise men, who were the first givers of Christmas gifts, offered their tributes to the infant king with a spirit of love, adoration and reverence. "Does the world follow the example set by these first givers? Do people really give Christmas gifts?" Are the thoughts of wondering filling the minds of the student of G. H. S.

The best spirit of Christmas is Charity—Charity rising out of remembrance of the long bitter road that the little child trod.

—J. E. Avery.

PEGGY

By MARY TILLEY

It was the night before Christmas and only two dolls were left in the shop window. Two, beautiful, lonesome dolls and they were sisters.

Jane, the older, was dressed as a young flapper. She had adorable, short, golden tinted hair and enormous blue eyes with sweeping lashes. Could any one have wished for a more modern, attractive doll?

Peggy, the baby sister, was a tiny, appealing little thing. There was a longing in her little heart to be cuddled closely and mothered. She was dressed as all other babies are dressed. Her dark brown eyes were very expressive and there was a babyish pucker to her mouth.

Yes, they were all alone; all the other dolls had been sold. Would they both be left over and packed away in a box?

A passerby looked in the shop window and saw the dolls. He glanced first at Peggy, but gazed long at Jane. He entered the store and bought Jane—thus separating the two sisters.

Apparently Peggy looked the same, her little face wore the same expression, but she was heartbroken. No one wanted her, she would never see her sister again, for tomorrow she would be packed away in a wooden box and forgotten by all.

A BED-TIME STORY

By PAUL SCURLOCK

Once upon a time Little Red Riding Hood was walking through the briar patch, picking golden daffodils. Suddenly she remembered that she must be on her way to her grandmother, old Mother Hubbard's, to take a couple of bones. Just as she stepped out of prince Charming's Carriage she met three bears. The little Bear said, "Snowwhite, what are you doing? Are you looking for your lost sheep? And Jack, seeing the situation, jumped from behind the bean stalk and cut off the giant's head, exclaiming, "Uncle Remus, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet. Now Brer Rabbit was vexed at this great outburst of applause and with a gentle swat of his long bushy tail exclaimed, "I accept the nomination." Now Cinderella was afraid she would lose her little glass slipper because she had a hole in her stocking. So little Jack Horner put in his thumb and pulled out the three blind mice, with their little tails behind them. Little Boy Blue belived in that old saying, "He that tooteth not his own horn, the same shall not be tooted." So this gave old King Kold an excuse for cutting the black-berry pie, when out jumped the fiddlers three playing, "Yes, We Have No Bananas." Now when the cow jumped over the moon she strained her milk, and in the excitement Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall, breaking the Ten Commandments. The old witch paused for a moment as the "coo-coo" clock in the church tower struck thirteen. She exclaimed, "Alice, 'tis time you were turning home; one of your dwarfs has the pip. The Fairy Godmother cried out in childish glee, Oh,—Ha!—'Tis Easter and not an egg in the house. The motley crew stood aghast as Jack and Jill slowly faded away in the distance. They were going up the hill to get a gallon of gas. Now Little Tommy Stout arrived just in time to receive the wedding cake and all lived very happy ever after.

Now all you little folks, you must take warning from this terrible tragedy. Don't run away when your ma says stay in the yard or the goblins will get you if you don't watch out.

Goodnight.

Tinkling Bells

A bashful boy—a pretty girl—nothing amiss,
A piece of mistletoe—the two below
Then—a naughty kiss.

I'm only 'bout sixteen n' my hearts s'bout to break—
I'm so worried—that all night I stay awake—

If you want to know' Ill tell you the cause

That naughty boy says there's no Santa Claus.

Stockings are very useful,
Sometimes they're very neat
But in most cases—they are filled with feet.

But when Santa Claus comes at Christmas,

And these stockings he greets,
He fills them full o' goodies
Instead of just—plain feet.

One Christmas night when I woke up,
I heard a awful noise,
And I knowed 'twas Santa Claus,
A fixin' up my toys.

And then I heard a racket,
And, oh, 'twas such a fuss,
Santa stumbled on a chair,
And, gee, how he did cuss.

Winter night;
Then a cold black morn
Out of the night
Is slowly born.

Soon a light,
Just a feeble ray;
Then out of the morn
Is born the day.

Each single nook,
Every hidden place,
With the winter sun
Has a golden face.

On pillows white
Little golden heads
Welcome the light
In their downy beds.

Shouts of joy
Over dolls and skates,
Shouts of joy
In each household waits.

Out of the dawn that covers me
Black as a pit from sky to ground
I jumped from my bed on Christmas morn,

And this is what I found—
A stocking full o' good things
A rifle, a drum and a train
A bright, glossy yellow slicker
To wear whenever it rains.
I could keep on naming
Yea, naming—many things more.
But, by heck! I can sho'ly tell you
I was far happier
Than I had been before.

THE ATTIC

By SAMMY GOODE

Why is the attic a place of such mystery around Christmas time? No one seems to know anything about it but Mother and she won't tell a single thing. The door is always locked, the key hidden, and I can't see a thing thru the keyhole. Sometimes I see the merchandise truck stop at our house and Mother always says that it's a hat or a pair of hose or shoes, but I never see anyone wearing all those new shoes or hats so I just don't believe that's what it is. Last night when I was almost asleep, I heard the attic door open and I thought maybe it was a ghost, but then I heard it going up the steps. I knew that a ghost wouldn't walk that loud. About five minutes later I heard it coming back down and then I knew it was Mother 'cause she stopped and peeped in at my door, but of course I was fast asleep.

I'll tell you what I think: I believe Mother and Dad have kidnapped Santa Claus and are keeping him in the attic so he wont forget to come to our house Christmas night.

Mr. Mason Fields, coach of Monroe Football team, complimented the G. H. S. team on sportsmanship and good playing. He said that he would rather have lost to Greensboro than to any other team.