

Bob Lee, 11-25 or 26-'51.

CHRISTMAS

The mess, the mess, the beautiful mess
The mess that Christmas brings
The paper, the seals, the tinsel, the tape
And the Christmas bell that rings.

The tree with its lovely, woodsy smell
The stand we must make it fit
The row of lights upon its boughs
And the presents under it.

Joy reigns supreme for the Holiday week
The spirit of giving thrives
And we greet dear friends of near and far
As the Christmas cards arrive.

We sing the carols that folks have sung
And attend the Christmas play
Hear children tell of the Bethlehem Babe
Born on a Christmas Day.

The New Year falls in place too fast
The joyful bells soon tell it
As we store away for another year
Let's keep the Christmas spirit.

Mabel P. Hilton.