

# Christmas Greetings

## THE OMAHA GUIDE

JUSTICE & EQUALITY

ALL THE NEWS WHILE IT IS NEWS

HEW TO THE LINE

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And mamma in her kerchief,  
and I in my cap,  
Had settled our brains for  
a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there  
rose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to  
see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew  
like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters  
and threw up the sash.



The moon, on the breast of  
the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a lustre of mid-day  
to objects below;  
When what to my wonder-  
ing eyes should appear,  
But a miniature sleigh and  
eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver so  
lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it  
must be St. Nick.



More rapid than eagles his  
coursers they came,  
He whistled and shouted,  
and call'd them by name:  
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now,  
Prancer! now, Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Don-  
der and Blitzen!"  
To the top of the porch, to  
the top of the wall!  
Now, dash away, dash away,  
dash away all!"

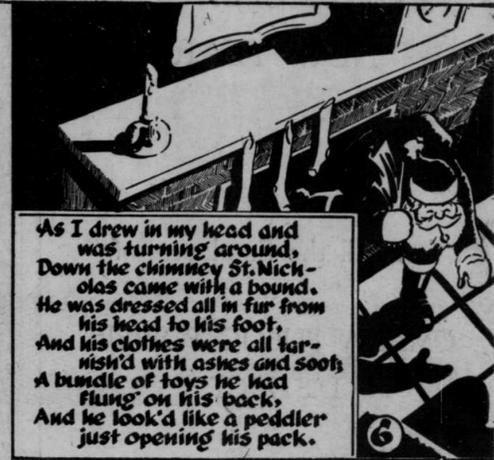


AS dry leaves that before  
the wild hurricane fly,  
When they meet with an ob-  
stacle, mount to the sky,  
So, up to the house-top the  
coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys  
and St. Nicholas too,  
And then in a twinkling I  
heard on the roof,  
The prancing and pawing  
of each little hoof.

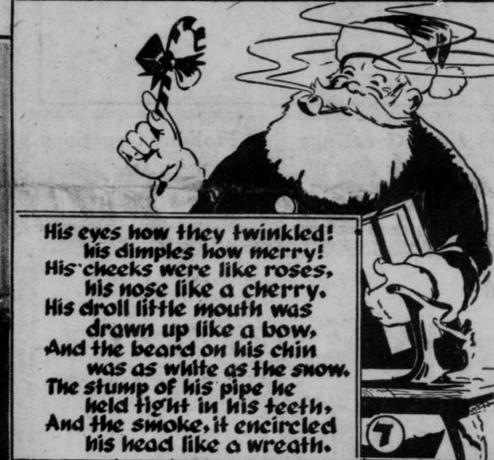
### A Visit from St. Nicholas



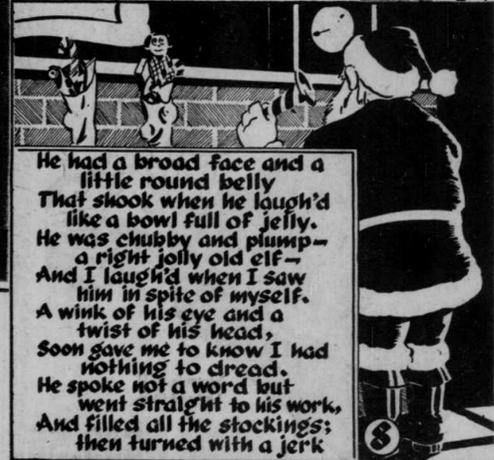
'Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
not even a mouse;  
The stockings were hung by  
the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas  
soon would be there;  
The children were nestled all  
snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plums  
danced through their heads.



As I drew in my head and  
was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nich-  
olas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur from  
his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tar-  
nish'd with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys he had  
flung on his back,  
And he look'd like a peddler  
just opening his pack.



His eyes how they twinkled!  
his dimples how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses,  
his nose like a cherry.  
His droll little mouth was  
drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin  
was as white as the snow.  
The stump of his pipe he  
held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled  
his head like a wreath.



He had a broad face and a  
little round belly  
That shook when he laugh'd  
like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump -  
a right jolly old elf -  
And I laugh'd when I saw  
him in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a  
twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had  
nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word but  
went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings;  
then turned with a jerk



And laying his finger aside  
of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the  
chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to  
his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like  
the down of a thistle;  
But I heard him exclaim, ere  
he drove out of sight,  
'Happy Christmas to all  
and to all a good-night!'