

# Poems With A Festive Ring

The captain sat on the commo-  
dore's hat,  
And dined in a royal way  
On toasted pigs, and pickles and  
figs,  
And gunnery bread each day;  
The cook was Dutch and  
behaved as such,  
For the diet he gave the  
crew-ew-ew,  
Was a number of tons of hot  
cross buns,  
Served up with sugar and glue!

All nautical pride we laid aside,  
And we ran the vessel ashore  
On the Gulliby Isles, where the  
Poo-Poo smiles,  
And the Rubbly-Up-Dugs roar;  
And we sat on the edge of a sandy  
ledge,  
And we shot at the whistling  
be-ee-ee;  
And the cinnamon bats wore  
waterproof hats  
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

On a rug-a-bug bark from morn  
till dark,  
We dined, til we all had grown  
Uncommonly shrunk, when a  
Chinese junk  
Came up from the Terribly Zone;  
She was chubby and square, but  
we didn't much care,  
And we cheerily put out to  
sea-ee-ee,  
And we left the crew of the junk to  
chew  
On the bark of the rug-a-bug tree.

**Miss Fogarty's Christmas Cake**  
As I sat by my window this morn-  
ing,  
The postman came around to see  
me,  
With a little gilt edged invitation  
Saying, "Gilhooley, come over to  
tea."  
Sure I knew that the Fogartys  
sent it,  
So I went, just for old friendship's  
sake,  
But the first thing they gave me  
to tackle,  
Was Miss Fogarty's Christmas  
cake.

And in it was plums, prunes and  
cherries,  
Citron, raisins and cinnamon, too,  
There was nutmegs, whole cloves  
and strawberries,  
And a crust that was nailed on  
like glue.  
There was caraway seeds in  
abundance,  
It would build up a fine stomach-  
ache,  
You could kill a man twice,  
After taking a slice,  
Of Miss Fogarty's Christmas cake!

Miss Mulligan wanted to taste it,  
But really, there wasn't much use,  
For they worked at it over an  
hour,  
Before they could get any loose.  
Bill Fogarty went for a hatchet,  
O'Reilly came in with a saw,  
That cake was enough, by the  
powers,  
To paralyze a man's jaw.

Miss Fogarty, proud as a paycock,  
Kept smiling and blinking away,  
Till she fell over Flannigan's  
brogans,  
And spilled the whole pot of tay.  
"Oh, Gilhooley," she cried, "Yer  
not aytin,  
Try a little more for my sake!"  
"No thank you Miss Fogarty,"  
says I,  
But I'd like the receipt for that  
cake!"

Maloney was took with a fayver,  
McNulty complained of his head;  
McFadden lay down on the sofa,  
And said that he wished he was  
dead,  
Miss Daly fell down in hysterics,  
And how she did wriggle and shake,  
While every man swore he'd been  
pizened,  
By Miss Fogarty's Christmas  
cake!

## Christmas In Brazil

Christmas comes to Brazil in  
mid-summer and is associated  
with picnics, fireworks displays,  
fiestas, and other outdoor events.  
The religious observance how-  
ever, is quite similar to ours, with  
home and church devotions  
centered around a 'presepio' — a  
representation in miniature of  
the holy nativity of Christ. A pro-  
cession of priests, in full ecclesi-  
astical regalia, lead the way to the  
cathedrals for midnight mass.

# Christmas Bells

'Tis Christmas day, the sunshine  
sweet  
Streams golden down the city  
street  
And worshippers wend their  
easy way  
Unto God's house this holy day.  
From out the church a soft re-  
frain  
Sounds from the organ's sweetest  
strain  
But grander still in belfry high  
The Christmas bells sound from  
the sky.

Over the mountains and over the  
sea  
Over the hillside and over the  
lea,  
Singing a glorious anthem of love  
Taught by bright angels from  
heaven above.  
Sound out ye bells in melodious  
chime  
Singing the joys of Christmas  
time,  
Telling the world in a joyous  
refrain  
"Jesus our Saviour is born  
again!"  
The weary walk with quicker  
feet  
While listening to the music  
sweet,  
The poor feel rich in heavenly  
love  
The while they hear those bells  
above.  
New hopes and joys are born  
again  
E'en in the saddest hearts of  
men;  
And while the bells make melody  
They're blessing all humanity.  
—Author Unknown

## The Night Before Christmas

While we are celebrating Christ-  
mas in our town way, it may be  
interesting to speak of how people  
of a distant island are observing  
the day.  
In the North Atlantic, the people  
of Iceland have only four hours  
between sunrise and sunset. Their  
"night before Christmas" lasts 20  
hours!  
The children of Iceland receive  
fewer presents than do boys and  
girls in many other lands. The  
old custom is serve a cold dinner  
on Christmas Day — that is, the  
meat is served cold. Smoked mut-  
ton is a favored dish and it is  
cooked two days ahead of time.  
Many kinds of "sweatmeats" are  
served in Iceland on Christmas  
Day. These include doughnuts,  
raisin bread and a tart made from  
a dozen layers of thin pastry, with  
a prune filling between the layers.  
Iceland contains more square  
miles than Ireland but not nearly  
as many people. A late estimate  
places Iceland's population at only  
138,000.

The capital city is Reykjavik. It  
contains about one-fourth of the  
population and has motor cars,  
electric lights and telephones.  
Christmas trees are set up in  
the homes of some families in  
Reykjavik and other towns. On  
Christmas Eve, the parents, child-  
ren and guests gather in the liv-  
ing room and wish one another a  
Merry Christmas. Each person is  
sure to receive the gift of a can-  
dle. The candles point back to a  
time when the only lights in Ice-  
land homes were candles and the  
glow of open fires.

## Guiding Light

The custom of lighting Christ-  
mas candles is an old one and  
somewhat obscure. One legend  
contends the custom is a hold-  
over from baronial days when a  
huge Yule candle was specially  
made to furnish light at the fes-  
tive board.  
Another source traces the ori-  
gin of the Christmas candle to  
Ireland. During the time when the  
English were attempting to sup-  
press their religious beliefs, Irish  
families were said to have placed  
lighted candles in the windows in  
the hope of guiding a priest to the  
homes.  
Whatever the source of the cus-  
tom, today it has become a  
traditional part of our holiday  
observance — our guiding light.

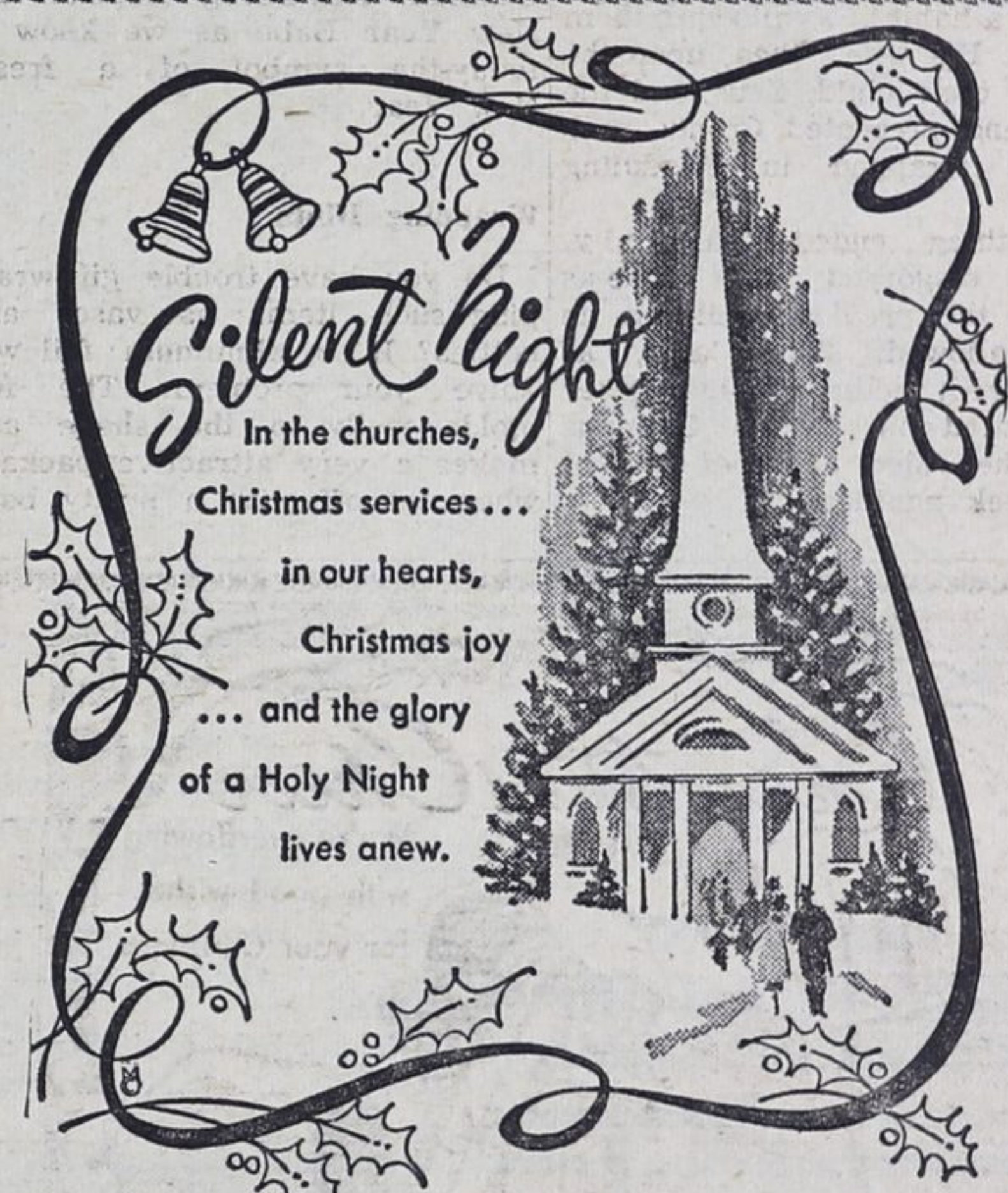
## Christmas, or JUL: Baked Cakes and Boar

In Scandinavian countries, the  
celebration of JUL, or Christmas,  
begins on Christmas Eve and con-  
tinues for 13 days, ending with a  
'twelfth night party.'  
Baked delicacies and sweets  
are abundant during the 13 days  
and cakes are baked in the shape  
of a boar, recalling the ancient  
feasts of the Norsemen which al-

ways centered around roast boar.  
Scandinavian Christmas trees  
are decorated with bright gold  
and silver stars and long strips  
of gaily colored paper. A small  
figure of a goat constructed of  
straw serves as a reminder of the  
custom of saving the last sheaf  
of the harvest for the magic it  
was supposed to possess.  
Presents are brought by the  
TOMTE, tiny, gnome-like figures  
dressed in Christmas outfits.



**RUTH'S BEAUTY SALON**  
Osborne 2-5242 Haileybury



**WHITBY'S PHARMACY**  
Osborne 2-3211 Haileybury



**S. G. SMALLMAN**  
Druggist  
Osborne 2-5261 Haileybury



We wish a  
Merry Christmas to all

**PIONEER  
CONSULTANTS  
Limited**

OS 2-3030 Haileybury

**DRIVE CAREFULLY**



**ST. MARY'S ACADEMY  
HAILEYBURY**

For you, we wish a  
wonderful Christmas,  
one that recalls  
in fullest meaning  
the holy time  
of the birth  
of our Lord.