

THE LOOKOUT MAN

Now, listen little chil'run, a tell a story true,
 An' better you remember, 'cause us a lot to you.
 An' if you heed the lesson, then w Chris'mas time is here
 You'll git a lot of presents, and a lot of Chris'mus cheer.
 The Lookout Man is walkin' when the stars begin to peep
 To see if little chil'run are in bed an' fast asleep.
 An' all who act up naughty an' don't mind their ma's and pa's,
 The Lookout Man is watchin'—an' he'll tell of Santa Claus.

I knowed a little feller onet who got real bad an' said
 He didn't care 'r Santa Claus an' just wouldn't go to bed;
 Said that he didn't have to mind—Oh, he was awful bad,
 And didn't care the leastest mite 'bout makin' folks feel sad.
 But when it come to Chris'mus mornin' he didn't get a thing—
 'Cause Santa Claus had heard o' him and not a thing he'd bring.
 He knew that had boy's record—better mind you ma's and pa's,
 The Lookout Man is watchin'—and he'll tell of Santa Claus.

I also knowed a little girl who was just awful bad,
 She wouldn't learn her lessons an' she allus got so mad
 If anybody told her to be still and hush her noise.
 Well, she was always wishin' for a lot of Chris'mus toys,
 But when 'twas Chris'mus mornin' to her wonder and surprise
 An empty stockin' hangin' in the corner met her eyes.
 You see, she acted naughty—better mind your ma's and pa's,
 The Lookout Man is watchin'—and he'll tell of Santa Claus.

The Lookout Man is peepin' through the windows ev'ry night,
 And countin' up the chil'run who are allus actin' right,
 An' goin' off to bed at wunst when told it's time to go,
 An' never puttin' not a bit, or takin' clothes off slow.
 He puts 'em in his good book, but the bad ones in the bad;
 An' when he writes a bad one he looks, Oh, just awful sad—
 'Cause he knows they won't git nothin'—better mind your pa's and ma's,
 The Lookout Man is watchin'—an' he'll tell of Santa Claus.

CHRISTMAS EDITION--1939

The Centre Democrat



JES' 'FORE CHRIS'MUS

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
 Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill.
 Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy
 Without them sashes, curls and things, that's worn by Fauntleroy,
 Love to chaw'n green apples, an' go swimmin' in the lake—
 Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache.
 Most all the time the hull year 'round there ain't no flies on me,
 But jest 'fore Chris'mus I'm as good as I can be.

Got a yaller dog named Sport—sick 'm on the cat.
 Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at.
 Got a clipper sled, an' when us boys go out to slide,
 'Long comes the grocery car an' we all hook a ride.
 But, sometimes, when the groceryman is worried and cross,
 He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his hoos,
 An' then I laff and holler: "Oh, you never teched me!"
 But jest 'fore Chris'mus I'm as good as I can be.

For Chris'mus, with its lots and lots of candies, cakes and toys,
 Was made, they say, for proper kids, an' not for naughty boys.
 So wash yer face, an' brush your hair, an' mind yer p's and q's,
 An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes;
 Say "Yessum" to the ladies, an' "Yessur" to the men,
 An' when they's company don't pass yer plate for pie again.
 But thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
 Jest 'Fore Christmas, be as good as yer can be!

Another year! Another Christmas! Christmas, you know, is the one time of the year when all people are imbued with the desire to express the very best wishes of which they are capable . . . and so it is with us. We extend to all of our readers, contributors and patrons, the sincere greetings of the season. And we know no better way of expressing our compliments to you and yours than by the three simple little words we have in mind . . . even though they've been said over and over again for generations, they still express the true spirit of the season . . .

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!