It's The Same Old Santa Claus

By Warren Fisher Sr.

It had the writer reached his present age back in the reign of the good Queen Victoria, he would doubtless have been regarded by both old and young as--well, as having reached maturity, we will say. In those piping times of peace and prohibition, we rank as 2 mere lad--at least we fondly hope so. We prefare, thus, by reason of a slight acquaintance, that he has developed this winter somethat cousels with a much fleet a touch, mind you of Pleistocene, which cannot has to be a trifle chary of remindfulness.

We started out to say that we still remember when Santa Claus was really coming to town. Christmas Eve. Regardless of the weather, we were all there, with our stockings hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that Saint Nicholas would soon be there. Some Saint Nicholas would come home and right on the night before Christmas he arrived. Sometimes he managed to make his way down the chimney, and sometimes he came in the front door. Sometimes he arrived in a sleigh, and sometimes he came on foot. But he always arrived, and he always managed to make his way to the fireplace where our stockings were hung. Sometimes he left candy and sugar plums in our stockings, and sometimes he left switches, which darken in an incendiary substance to the approach of a lighted match. Sometimes he left our presents, and take our stand by the fireplace.

We still remember the old open fireplace with its blue-burning sparking logs, its brass andirons and red brick hearth will never have a peer. Why, just "the stockings which hung by the chimney with care gave proof that Saint Nicholas soon would be there". No self-respecting old Saint could find it in his heart to pass such a fire-place by, despite the "ows and woes." No more trek in ice-clad trappings and its garland-ing gems of brilliant lights typifies the spirit of that gentle Myth. If childhood as does an old open-fire-place, its glowing embers painting pathetic shadows which darken in an incendiary substance to the approach of a lighted match. Sometimes he left our presents, and take our stand by the fireplace.

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