



Peace On Earth, Good Will To Men

Christmas Spirit

2nd Prize Poem

by GEORGE GARDNER
(Grade 12)

What is this Christmas Spirit
We hear so much about?
Is it a different spirit
Once the Christmas lights are out?
I fear the answer must be "yes",
As I look about and see
All the hate and prejudice
Known to you and me.
Why does the Spirit of loving and giving
Come only at Christmas time?
While so much of our other living
Involves bitterness and crime.
The Christmas Spirit comes and goes
Just like our days at school,
Today it's here, tomorrow gone.
It vanishes with the Yule.
Oh! could we but that Spirit keep
Through all the entire year.
Just think what harvest we could reap
With sunshine and good cheer!
Then Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward
Men
Would be more than just a prayer;
For in each one, that Christmas Spirit
Each day would settle there.
So as we offer up our thanks
For all our gifts galore,
Let's ask for help that we may keep
The Christmas Spirit for evermore.

It's Christmas Eve

3rd Prize Poem

by MARCIA HARMON
(Grade 12)

When the velvet cloak of twilight
Is spread upon the earth,
And the twinkling stars begin to shine,
Heralding a joyous birth,
It's Christmas Eve.
When Dad brings in a Christmas tree
So tall and green and round.
You know he's hunted for many a day,
To buy the best in town,
It's Christmas Eve.
When you see in the face of a little child
Such wonder and happy delight,
Mingled with awe and a little fear
At the beauty and peace of this night,
It's Christmas Eve.
When the stockings are hung on the fireplace,
With skill and the greatest of care,
Each trying to find his biggest and best,
So Saint Nick can find it there,
It's Christmas Eve.
When softly and sweetly through the night,
Comes the sound of carolers singing,
Their music joyously fills the air,
With the glad tidings they are bringing,
It's Christmas Eve.
When people walk to the village church
To think and sing and pray,
The night has passed—and Christmas Eve
Has turned to Christmas Day.



The Spirit of Christmas

1st Prize Poem

by ELIZABETH HUBER
(Grade 11)

I walk in sadness this Christmas Day
For I know in my heart what I must say
As I enter through the door
Of my home so small and poor.
With empty hands I'll turn away
And pray to God that on this day
I'll have the courage to smile and say,
"A Very Merry Christmas Day;"
But in my heart, as I walk on,
All hopes of happiness are gone.
Thus, when I come into my yard
I've never faced a thing so hard;
The light is ablaze in my small home
Making me feel no more alone.
So I gather my courage and walk to the door
Remembering the faith I have in my Lord;
The voices of my children call out from within;
As the door is flung open, I walk slowly in.
There are no sad faces, but all filled with glee
As each in his turn comes running to me.
Before I can speak, I stand there amazed
So splendid a sight has caused me to gaze;
For there in the corner looking haughty and bright
Stands the most magnificent tree surrounded
by light.
Upon its full branches hang small silhouettes
And I know at once that I have no regrets;
At a glance I can tell, they were made by a
child.
As I look all around me my pride makes me
smile;
And up at the top, so proudly displayed,
Stands a beautiful angel of paper and clay.
It seems to be guarding us; for from its place
Its arms are spread outward with an upturned
face.
Its warmth spreads around us as we stand
together
With hope in our hearts it will go on forever;
And down at the bottom, bringing love to my
heart,
Stand the small wooden figures each playing
their part;
The bells in the distance ringing loud and
so clear
Sing out for their people and all who are
near
Come worship the Christ Child on this
Christmas Day
Who was born in a stable and in a manger lay;
At once I realize how lucky I am
For I have my family and the warmth from
within.
We may not have riches or presents galore
But friendship and love mean so very much
more;
I'll not walk in sadness this Christmas Day
For now I know what I will say
It's the Spirit of Christmas that has done this
for me
It has opened my eyes and caused me to see.

Christmas in Song and Story

The Gift

1st Prize Prose

by SOPHIE PYLE
(Grade 12)

Silence . . . white clouds creep over the moon, and gray clouds cover the white clouds . . . The silence thickens, and snow begins to fall, gently, almost warmly.

I press my fingers and nose against the glass; it's cold, pleasantly so; and a mist forms where I breathe and in the pattern of my fingertips. Far away, a bell tolls. Twelve, it's morning. Now in the dark, for it's just in the first few minutes of the new day, softly I go towards the stairs. Down the steps . . . I almost trip on the rug! I'm slightly nervous now, and my hands are colder than the glass they had touched.

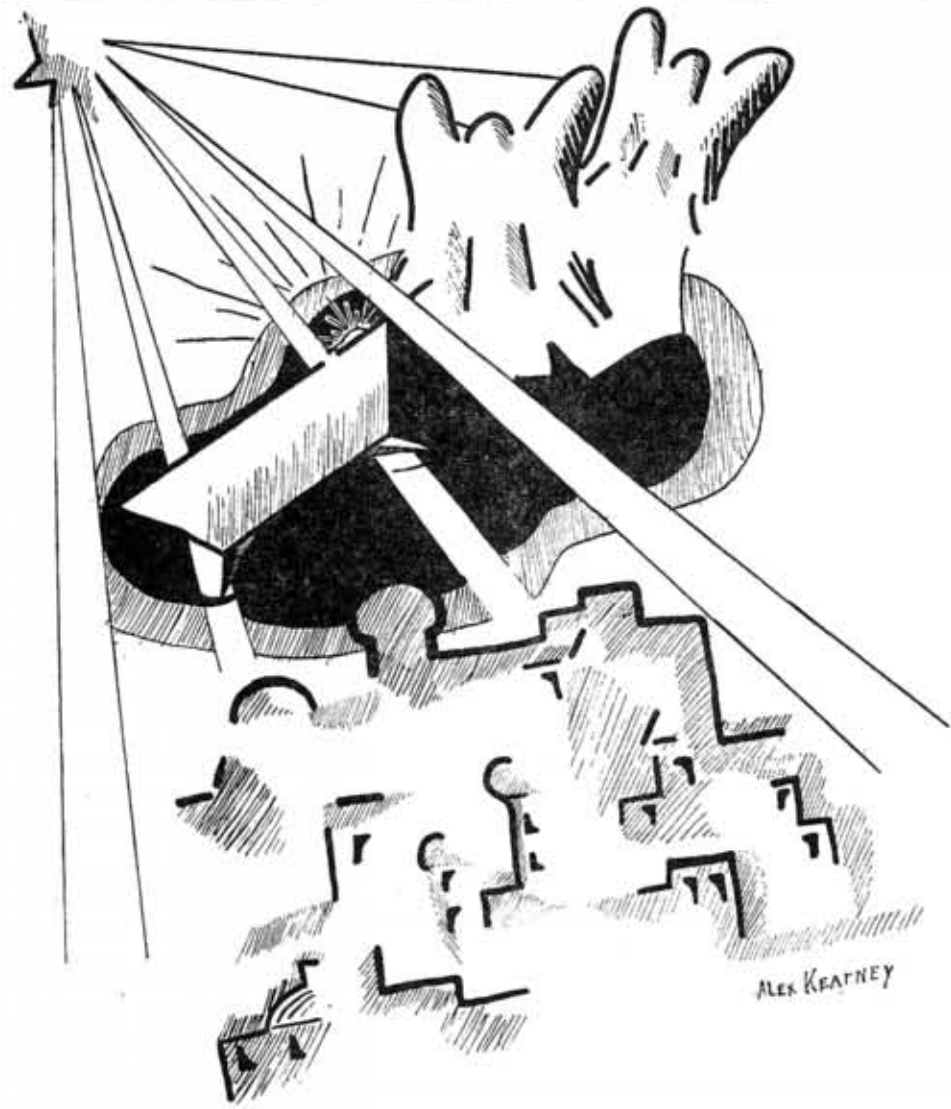
Across the banister I peer, trying to see through the night the fireplace opposite; and I can imagine the three stockings hanging there. Everyone is asleep. . . From my bathrobe pocket I take a small key chain flashlight. Over to the chimney I walk, past the television set, My stocking is the

one on the left, an old cotton one and the biggest of the three. I try not to look, for it is full with a coloring book at the top, and an orange in the toe. Right beside mine is Mama's stocking, full, too, but not bulging like mine; and only the orange at the bottom is the same. Next, Pa's. It's full, fuller than mine even.

I am tempted to turn to my stocking. Suddenly . . . a noise upstairs! I turn off the light, and crouch, trying not to breathe; suppose they should find me. . . It's so silent, a present silence as if someone were standing at the top of the stair. Minutes tick by. . . I yawn. I'd better hurry or I might go to sleep.

The feeling of someone close has vanished. Click! On goes the light again. It is horribly loud in the night silence! My hand takes another object from my pocket. I almost drop it in my haste in putting it in the stocking. . . Done! Now, there is only the trip back to my room. I am heedless of the noise, and thus the steps seem to creak less.

(Continued on Page 3)



There's Always A Santa Claus

by PEGGY COLLINGWOOD
(Grade 10)

Marie glanced up at the school clock again. It was almost time to leave. Her eyes shone, for this was a very special day. This was the day that Santa Claus was coming to the big department store downtown, and all the children who wanted to see him were being excused for the morning. A bus was to take them there and back. To the Italian girl, spending her first year in America, the little trip seemed like a dream come true. It didn't matter to Marie that the other sixth graders laughed at her desire to see Santa Claus. She had heard so much about him, and wanted to see him so badly, that nothing they said bothered her.

The teacher raised her head and nodded to Marie, who rose, put on her coat, and left the room. She skipped down the hall and out the door, where she piled into the bus with the other children, all of whom were several years younger than herself. She did not join in the chattering of the others, partly because sometimes she found it hard to make them understand her, and partly because she was lost in her dream of Santa Claus. She was among the first to scramble out of the bus when they reached the store.

The sight of the toy department nearly took Marie's breath away. Then she saw Santa Claus. He was sitting at the far end of the room in a big white chair, with a mob of children crowded around him. At last Marie's turn came. She went to him, shyly, and sat upon his knee. She waited for a chuckle, and a merry voice to say, "Well, what can I give you for Christmas?" She heard the words, but there was no chuckle, and the voice sounded cross and tired. She looked at him closely and, to her amazement, saw that his cheeks were pale, not rosy, and that his beard was false.

Marie couldn't remember climbing down and leaving the store, but suddenly she found herself on

the bus. The other children trooped on, still laughing, and chattered all the way home. This time Marie was silent, not because she was still wrapped up in a dream, but because of the ache in her heart.

When the teacher returned early to the room after lunch she found Marie huddled at her desk, her head in her arms. When she saw the child's tear-stained face, Mrs. Hamilton cried, "Why Marie, why are you crying?"

"I cry because there is no Santa Claus," she sobbed.

"Of course there's a Santa Claus," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"No, I went to see him today, and that was not Santa Claus. His beard was not real, and he was not happy."

"Well, you see," replied Mrs. Hamilton, "the Santa Claus of the red suit and the sack of toys is the children's Santa Claus. We grownups realize that Santa Claus does not have to have a white beard and drive a sleigh, but that anyone who gives a gift with the spirit of Christmas in his heart is a Santa Claus. So you see, dear, there is always a Santa Claus."

That night, as Marie was walking home from school, she thought over her teacher's words. The phrases, "there's always a Santa Claus" and "we grownups" came to her mind. "Why, she meant that I was a grownup, too," the girl thought. "Discovering what Santa Claus really is must be a part of growing up in America. Truly this America is a wonderful country."



Christmas Can Be Anywhere

by BARBARA JOHNSTON
(Grade 12)

The wind blew cold and fierce forcing the cows to huddle closer together. They were tired and hungry, for pure white snow had covered the ground and, during the first part of the 2000 mile trek, the grass had been very sparse. Now, around the warm, glowing campfire, the cowboys sat, each with his own thoughts — the thoughts of home, feasts, and little freckle-faced children, waiting anxiously for a plump jolly man with a nose like a cherry. For it was Christmas Eve on the prairie.

As snow began to fall again, the men looked skyward. The white stuff was deep now and, if it continued to snow, it would soon be impossible to drive the cattle for any distance. The fact that the rations were decreasing brought panic to their hearts, for they feared they would starve to death before reaching their destination. At length someone spoke.

"This is a fine place to be on Christmas Eve," said a lanky man in a gruff voice. "The boss sure picked a good time for a cattle drive."

These words caught the others' attention. The little camp sounded like Macy's Department Store as they all began to grumble their grief and sorrows. They expressed their feelings by saying how much they missed their home, and what they would say to the boss if he were there. One by one they

Musical Letter to Santa

by CAROLE BIGGERS
(Grade 11)

Santa Baby,

You're All I Want For Christmas. I Wanted Sixteen Tons of Toys but My Mama Done Told Me that I'm Gettin' Nothin' for Christmas. Because when Little Jack Frost Came Knocking at My Front Door and Autumn Leaves were on the ground I did nothing but Run Around. Ain't That a Shame. I saw the cutest Doggie In The Window at Wildwood and I'm Wishin' that You, Jolly Old Saint Nicholas, will bring him to me.

Tell Me Why Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer ran away with Frosty the Snowman.

My Sisters are Seventeen. Daisy is Wishin that she could get Mr. Flattop who is Growin-Up and playing Hard to Get. Mabeline is Falling in Love with a Soldier Boy. He is the answer to her Teenage Prayer. All that I want is a White Christmas. My brother Joey wants a Davey Crockett coonskin cap and a Daniel Boone gun.

Sincerely,
Cindy Lou

The girl that started the Muskrat Ramble in Smokey Joe's Cafe.

quieted down until the only cowboy speaking was the youngest of the group.

"I have never been away from home on Christmas, and how can I be happy without all the festive ceremony?" he protested.

"We are going to be here for a while, anyway," said another. "Look how fast the snow is coming down. Why not have our own celebration right here?"

"Yeah! with what?" grumbled another voice. He was the cook and no one knew better than he how they stood in the line of food.

"Well, can't we sing and have a-a prayer?" suggested the youngster.

"Sing! A prayer! We can't sing, and I bet none of us has been to church except for our weddings," retorted the cook.

It was becoming quite dark by now; so they dropped the subject and bedded down for the night. They slept well that night, for they were tired and sad, but as the sun ascended in grand splendor the following morning, it made the cowboys' hearts cheerful. The cook outdid himself that morning, for cured ham and fried eggs were enjoyed by all.

"How come all the good victuals, Cookie?" someone asked.

"Well, I have been holding out on you just for an occasion such as this," he answered.

After breakfast, they looked northward. It had ceased to snow, and they had hopes of starting on their way. Before long, the cook came to the others with a flask of steaming coffee which was made from the last of the sacks of coffee beans which the cowboys had lugged across half of Texas.

"This ought to pick up your spirits," he said, laughing, as he poured some into the cups.

As they lifted their cups to drink, they all paused and with sincere warmth in their hearts said, "Merry Christmas."

Having finished their draughts they packed up the equipment. While doing so, the youngest member of the group brought out some little carved figures from his saddle-bags. He gave each cowboy one of them, telling him it wasn't much, but maybe it would make his day a little brighter.

For a while, everyone was silent. The quietness was broken by the cook, singing a Christmas carol. Presently all had joined in. Even the cows pricked up their ears and listened. When the song was finished, a short but humble prayer was offered. With a solemn "Amen," they piled the equipment on the horses' backs. As they mounted, the young cowboy said with great thought, "You know, Christmas can be anywhere."

To The Editor:

I have always felt that Conrad is an honest school and I want to go on believing that it is.

But many of us were shocked to hear that the phonograph records, which the Student Council so willingly bought, were actually taken, supposedly by a Conradian.

I've heard students complain about not getting any results from the Council. This shows that some students don't deserve assistance.

I think our student body is one of the best, and I'm sure if we all cooperated with the Council, we would get more cooperation in return. Stealing council-purchased records is certainly not an example of cooperation between the Student Council and the student body.

—L. Collins

E-DAYS ARE ALMOST HERE

On February 7, 8, and 9, Conrad will be evaluated by a visiting evaluation committee, composed of administrators and teachers from various schools in this region.

This evaluation takes place approximately once every ten years and has a two-fold purpose. First, the committee determines whether or not our school meets those objectives set down by the commission of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Secondly, those fields in which Conrad is weak will be made known so that they may be improved.

Actually, our own faculty and administration do a great deal of the evaluation. Forms and booklets are filled out and various other information is supplied by them and this is checked by the committee.

During their three-day visit, the members of the evaluation committee will talk with and observe the students in action, as well as the teachers and administrators.

In the past, Conrad has met the standards and passed the evaluation and is now an accredited high school. Since we are an accredited high school, students from Conrad do not have to take entrance examinations before entering college, unless the college they choose requires all incoming students to take an exam—a situation which is becoming increasingly common throughout the country. If we fail to meet the requirements and do not pass the evaluation, we will then become a non-accredited high school. Very few colleges and universities accept students from non-accredited high schools, unless they pass a series of tests and examinations proving their scholastic ability and achievement.

Thus it is in the best interests of all concerned to show a fine spirit of cooperation next February, as well as throughout the coming new year.

—Carolyn Sharp



Deborah Bennett

SMOKE SIGNAL

Vol. 6 DECEMBER 23, 1955 No. 3

Published six times yearly by the Journalism Class of Henry C. Conrad High School in Woodcrest, Delaware, under the sponsorship of the Conradian Press Club.

CO-EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Nancy Williams and George Kenyon

This Christmas issue of "Smoke Signal" has been planned and edited by the Journalism class. Almost all of the original poems and stories have been contributed by students in grades 10, 11, and 12 and all art work has been prepared in Mrs. Currier's and Mr. Carbone's art classes. More than 100 entries in this year's Christmas literary contest were received, due primarily to the interest and cooperation of almost all of the English classes. Cost of publication alone prevented printing more stories, poems, and drawings.

Prize-winning contributions, chosen by a special committee headed by Andrea Huth, are printed on page 1. Congratulations and thanks to all who entered the contest.

—Editors



SANTA '55

by DEBORAH BENOIT
(Grade 11)

The stockings were limp
But the house cleaned with care,
The Christmas tree standing
With branches quite bare.
The radio blarin'
With jive and be bops,
Better hit the sack
Before Santa Claus stops.
Off came my eye-lashes
And three layers of paint,
I rolled up my hair
So I'd look like a saint.
Heard a noise and a clatter
Outside my old shack,
And up came dear Santa
In his red Cadillac.
His suit was of cashmere
His collar of mink,
His appearance so dazzling
It made my eyes blink.
He was gunning his duals
As he opened the door,
But I spied a big bundle
There on the floor.
Some presents, I thought;
I hope they're for me.
I want lots of gifts
Under my tree.
But he didn't come in
And I wondered why,
Should I yell at him
Or let him go by?
He wiped off the windshield
And shined up the hood,
Then grabbed up his pack
As I hoped he would.
Ran up to my doorstep
And opened the door,
I sighed with relief
And breathed once more.
Happily, jumped into my bed,
For under my tree,
I knew there'd be presents
Waiting for me.

Christmas Bells

by BARBARA KENNEDY
(Grade 11)

The Christmas bells are ringing,
Ringing happily,
Calling all God's people,
To worship joyously.
The Christmas bells were ringing,
Ringing cheerfully,
When the angels announced the Birth,
To the shepherds on the lea.
The Christmas bells were ringing,
Ringing near and far,
As the undaunted wisemen came,
Guided by the star.
The Christmas bells are ringing,
Ringing once again,
Proclaiming Christ the Lord is born,
Over us all to reign.

Palermo Succeeds Chanowski as Head Baseball Coach

Joseph Palermo has been appointed head baseball coach and Jesse Malin assistant coach by the Board of Trustees, succeeding Mr. Chanowski, because it feels that, as far as possible, a teacher should be head coach in only one sport in order that he might have more time to devote to his ordinary teaching preparation. This decision has brought to light many of Mr. Palermo's activities which unquestionably qualify him for this post.

Mr. Palermo's older brother first aroused his interest in sports by having him throw lumps of coal at a target when he was still a little shaver of five or six. This practice was all for the good as he began playing varsity ball in fifth grade. He captained that same team when in the eighth grade before captaining and playing shortstop for Dunmore (Pa.) High School baseball team. Also at Dunmore he earned scholastic fame as a place-kick specialist in football quarterbacking, again captaining the team.

After graduating from high school, he won a football scholarship to the University of Scranton where he also became a place-kick specialist. Then he entered Stroudsburg State Teachers College for further schooling.

Following his graduation, he captained and played shortstop and third base for two years in a semi-pro league in Scranton, Pa. before he attracted the New York Yankees' eyes. He was given a try-out with the Binghamton Triplets of the Eastern League in 1942.

In 1943, he volunteered for the army where he became player-manager for the 14th Battalion at Camp Wheeler in Macon, Georgia. All in all, he spent four and one-half years in the army, three of which were overseas with the 36th Infantry Division in North Africa, Italy, and France. By the end of the war, he had been awarded the purple heart and two bronze stars.

It was during his term of service that he discarded the idea of a professional baseball career.

His most vivid memory as a player is of a game played while in semi-pro competition. While Palermo was playing his customary position of shortstop with runners on first and second base,

the batter hit a liner out near second. Palermo speared it, touched second base, and fired the ball to first base for a triple play.

Mr. Palermo has been a teacher at Conrad since 1948. He is married and is the father of four children. He resides at Newport.

He is very pleased with his appointment as head coach. He is a firm believer in team cooperation and spirit. He likes a hustling and confident (but not overconfident) team. Realizing this first year will be trying, he will give everyone an equal chance to make the varsity.

Good luck to Coach Palermo this year and every year that he may coach our team. May he be successful in putting into practice those fine principles that he will be striving for.

Congratulations are in order to our former Coach Chanowski for providing Conradians with several championship teams, including an undefeated combination in 1951. Mr. Palermo will do well to match the achievements of his predecessor.

—Bob Masters

Blackway Fund Tops \$12,000

It seems that the spirit of giving has come to our community before Christmas this year. We have been witnesses to a most heart-warming spectacle. In the Jerry Blackway fund there is now \$12,562.33, given by many people from all walks of life.

But money isn't all that people have been giving. In many churches and homes, regardless of denomination, prayers are constantly being said for Jerry, for which he is most grateful.

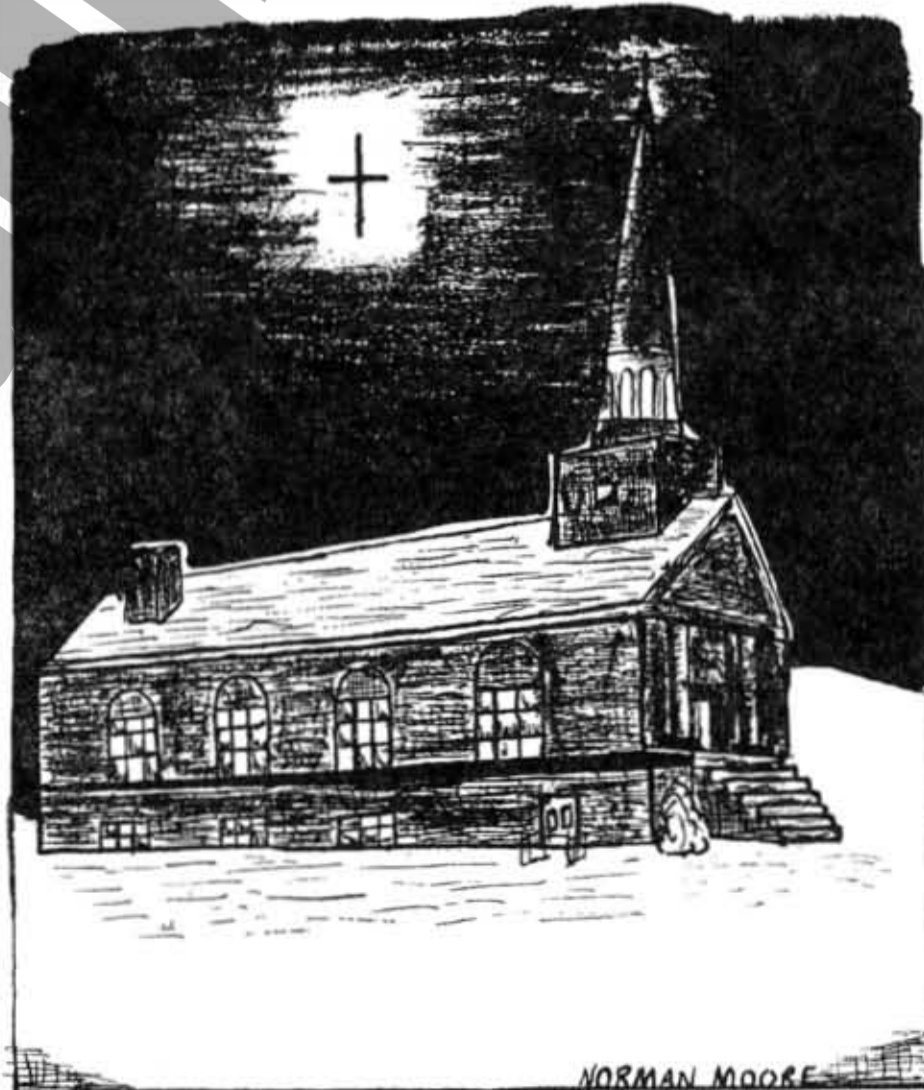
December 4 was Jerry's birthday and again the spirit of giving became prominent. Jerry's room was filled with flowers. Many students went in to see him that night.

Jerry is hoping to be home for a while on Christmas day and all of the students at Conrad are backing this hope with their prayers.

THE GIFT

(Continued from Page 1)

Back in the safety of my room I see the fingerprint outlines are still on the window; it is no longer snowing. We won't have a white Christmas after all. In the tree limbs I can fashion Saint Nicholas, but I am no longer a child; I know. . . . But perhaps my gift can fool Mama; she doesn't know I know.



LET IT FALL

by CAROL HUDON
(Grade 12)

Snow is out of fashion, but it still comes down,
To whiten all the buildings in our town,
To dull the noise of traffic,
To dim each glaring light,
With star-shaped feathers of frosty white.
And not the tallest building, halfway up the sky,
Nor all the trains, and buses, and taxis scudding
by.
And not a million people—
Not one of them at all—
Can do a thing about the snow,
But let it fall.

The Voice of An Angel

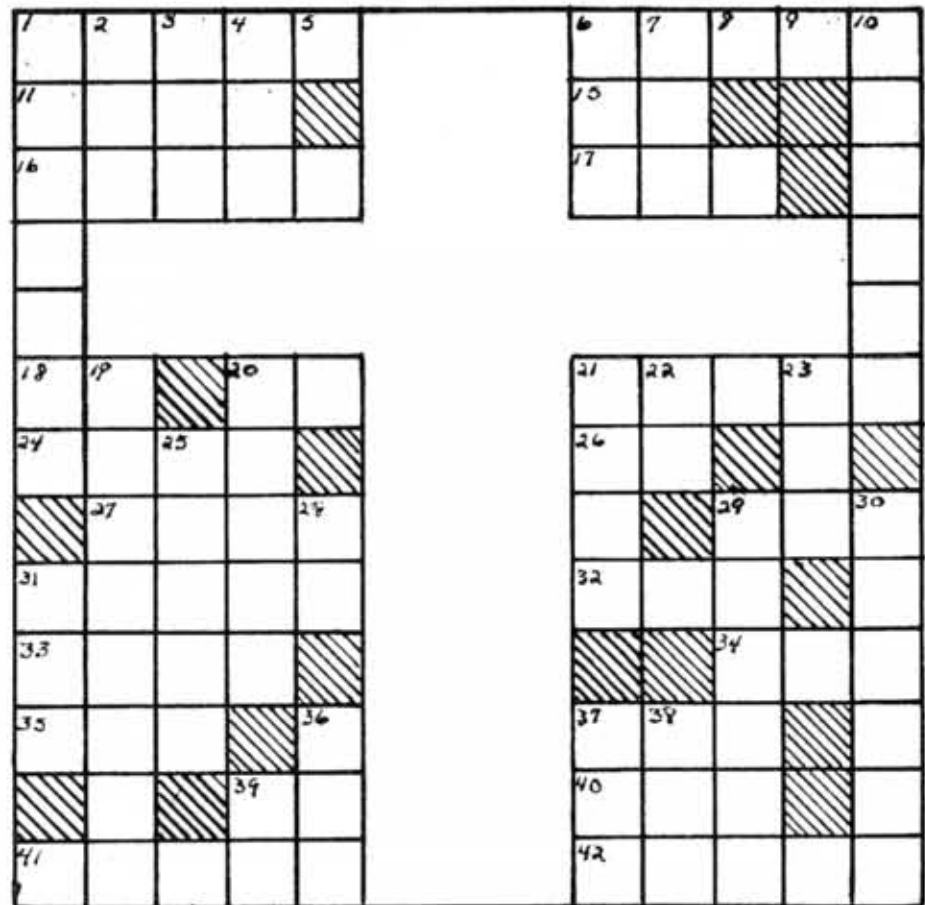
by ELLA De COURCELLE
(Grade 10)

On a night long ago, in a town far away,
All was quiet where the poor shepherds lay,
When lo! a bright light from the heavens above
And the voice of an angel as soft as a dove,
Pierced through the darkness as clear as a gem:
"Glory to God in the Highest!" Amen.
They continued their heavenly music for Him,
Their God and their King long before ages dim,
And there came a star from the East, bright
as day,
Showing three wise men the place where He lay,
While the voice of an angel announced to all
men:
"Glory to God in the Highest!" Amen.
After all had been said, and all had been done,
Years later, folks said, "Christmas is fun."
They forgot 'twas His birthday. Now how
would you feel
If someone you loved just forgot Christmas were real!
Just remember the angel, chanting again:
"Glory to God in the Highest." Amen.

CHRISTMAS

by CAROLYN SHARP
(Grade 11)

Christmas is the time of year
Which makes our hearts glad and full of cheer,
The time when sinful men realize
The Hope that shines in the Christian's eyes.
Christmas is the time of year
When all good men gather to hear
The story of our Savior's birth
That is being proclaimed throughout the earth.
Christmas is a time of joy
For every man, woman, girl, and boy.
It leads us to our Savior's Light—
The Light followed by the shepherds on the
first Christmas Night.
On Christmas we should thankful be,
Not just for our gifts and a Christmas tree;
But for our Master, Friend, and Guide
In whose love we shall always abide.



Christmas Crossword

by JACQUELINE de SHAY

- Across**
- Biblical King
 - Christmas Song
 - egg-shaped
 - article
 - allows use
 - club in Conrad
 - morning (abb.)
 - to or not to
 - woody plants
 - log
 - exclamation
 - part of shoe
 - encountered
 - stringed instrument
 - health resort
 - deeds
 - neither
 - it is (contraction)
 - child's game
 - musical note
 - part of verb
 - heavenly being
 - jolly
- Down**
- festive day
 - night before
 - sped
 - feline
 - girl's name
 - illuminates
 - composer
 - Carol of the
 - playthings
 - blood factor
 - before
 - robs
 - each (abb.)
 - place of Jesus' birth
 - fowl
 - tub
 - petroleum
 - beret
 - era (spelled backwards)
 - personal pronoun

Board Announces Referendum on New School Site

Several times during the past year various members of the Henry C. Conrad High School Board of Trustees have stressed the growing need for a second high school unit, to be built at some strategic location in the district, to serve the needs of the area's expanding population. Now that the state legislature, in a recently enacted law, has provided \$120,000 to help the district purchase the land and make improvements such as sewers and water mains, all that remains is for the voters in the school district to approve the use of local tax money for these purposes. The local district's share of the cost will be \$80,000.

The Board of Trustees has announced that there will be no necessity for an increase in the present school tax rate of 5c per \$100 evaluation, due to the fact that property values have risen markedly throughout the district in recent years and more taxable property has been assessed. However, the voters will be asked to approve a change in the terminology of the present directive to the school board, so that the board will be

able to spend all the funds collected at the 5c rate. At the present time the amount is limited, making it impossible for the school to use money badly needed for new equipment, maintenance, teacher salary increments, and other immediate needs.

Need for New School

The need for a second high school in the district (which will be designed to serve about 500 students) has been shown by the board in a recent release of estimated enrollment figures. At the present time there are 344 in Conrad's tenth grade. Conservative estimates indicate that in 1956 the tenth grade will have an enrollment of 387; in 1957, 501; and in 1958, 528. Total school enrollment in the three grades (10th, 11th, and 12th) will probably be as follows:

- 1955-56—862
- 1956-57—952
- 1957-58—1232
- 1958-59—1403
- 1959-60—1544

Since the present building, including present additions and alterations, is not designed for more than 1000 students, the need for facilities for the extra 500 by 1960 is obvious.

REFERENDUM DATE

The referendum will be conducted in the school gymnasium on Saturday, January 14, from 1:00 to 8:00 p.m. All persons qualified to vote in a regular state election are eligible to vote on this school referendum. A citizen must have lived in Delaware for one year, in New Castle County for 3 months, and in his election district for 30 days.

SNOW

by GEORGE KENYON
(Grade 11)

Floating through the city's trees
Landing on the square,
Gently lifted by a breeze
Waltzing through the air.
Lightly falling in the night
Whisking across the plains,
Forming mighty mounds of white
On secluded country lanes.
Slowly piling on steep-sloped roofs
And fluttering to the ground
Covering tracks left by horses' hoofs
And a wandering orphan hound.
Softly sprinkling in a mountain lake
And in a valley far below
When the happy people slowly wake
They see the fresh new snow.

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| 35. val | 24. yule | 24. yule |
| 30. turkey | 21. trees | 21. trees |
| 29. manager | 20. be | 20. be |
| 28. ea | 19. m | 19. m |
| 25. loots | 18. A.M. | 18. A.M. |
| 23. are | 17. L.N.T. | 17. L.N.T. |
| 22. R.H. | 15. an | 15. an |
| 21. toys | 14. oval | 14. oval |
| 20. bells | 13. carol | 13. carol |
| 19. musician | 12. neither | 12. neither |
| 10. lights | 11. Herod | 11. Herod |
| 7. Ann | 32. spa | 32. spa |
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