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WHITE HOUSE CAROLS AND BRILLIANT TREE USHER IN CHRISTMAS:

Thousands Join President in Singing Message of Saviour's Birth

TRUMPET FANFARE AS EXERCISES OPEN

President Touches Button Which Sets White Lot Aflame With Myriad Lights.

JOYOUS CELEBRATION AT THE NORTH PORTICO

Vested Choir and Thousands Sing 'Adesate Fidelis' As Goldplate Parishioners Enter.

From the doors of the White House came forth last night a mass

of singing voices. It was the response of the President to the invitation

given him to lend his presence at the service of Christmas. A special

church service designed to bring joyous thoughts to the people was

conducted in the presence of the President.

All nature was decked with its richest garb. A blinding light shone above

the treetops, while below was a sea of whitecaps. Hymns were sung with

great enthusiasm by the thousands who attended the service. A special

service was held at the North Portico.

The choir, which included both men and women, sang 'Adesate Fidelis',

a traditional Christmas carol. The service was attended by the President

and the First Lady, as well as other members of the White House staff.

The service was conducted by the Reverend John W. Smith, pastor of St.

Paul's Episcopal Church, who delivered a sermon on the meaning of

Christmas. The service concluded with the lighting of a large menorah

by the President and the First Lady.

The service was a fitting conclusion to the series of events that

had taken place throughout the holiday season, including the lighting

of the National Christmas Tree and the annual lighting of the White

House Christmas trees.

The Washington Post

Dec 25, 1923
CAROLS AT WHITE HOUSE USHER IN CHRISTMAS DAY

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sought, with their official leader, to voice their feelings on Christmas eve.

Forsake Preparations.

Forsaking for the moment the preparations for dispensing joy to their loved ones, these people, of all conditions of life, assembled to praise the Child for whose birth centuries ago there was no room. Many a tree was deserted, half trimmed, many a stocking half filled, that they might symbolically follow the footsteps of those who left their flocks unattended many years ago to follow a guiding star.

In front of the white walls of the executive mansion, which, in their purity gave some hint of the life of Him whom they honored, and under the vaulted roof of the portico, the crowd gathered.

At 9 o'clock, there filed out upon the porch, a hundred young men and women, clothed in the black and white vestments of the church. In each of the three windows before which they stood was a wreath of holly, and crossed above them were strings of electric lights.

As the voices of the choir, which was that of the First Congregational church, rose in the call of "O Come, All Ye Faithful," the last few hundreds passed through the gates of the White House, and took their places in the grounds.

By the time the choir had finished the first verse of "Adeste Fidelis," the thousands gathered in the grounds had raised their voices in a glorious hymn of praise, and through the carol service they continued their hymn.

The vested choir stood like a host of angels while their leader, Harry Edward Mueller, led them through the carol service which a few hours later was echoed in almost every church in the city. At times the choir carried the hymns by itself, through the more intricate parts of the service, but in alternate hymns the public joined in a peal of praise. Now and then a woman would step out from the ranks of the choir and for a few moments would carry the hymn as a solo, and while she did the silence of the throng was absolute, being dissipated only when the time would come for general singing.

Just within the center door of the north portico, during the services, there stood a smiling man and a cheerful-looking woman. They were the President of the United States and the First Lady of the Land. Beside them stood their two sons, the first youngsters to spend Christmas day in the White House since President Wilson had his grandchildren there.

And as truly joyful in the hymns of praise as the most humble of those gathered on the lawn were those who lead the nation. They joined in the singing, and participated in the happiness of the night as simply as did those who stood in front.

At the midnight hour, that invisible dividing line between Christmas eve and Christmas, there gathered around the community tree in the White lot, the colored citizens of the city, and just as earlier in the day, hymns and carols resounded through the air.

So the Capital, so the nation, and so the world, welcomed the advent of the 1923 Christmas.