

o
pa
rkl
ing i
n the s
tar ridd
en night
with beau
ty untouched by

human senses. illuminating the

entire blanketed car

th like a gr

eat God w

atching ov

er his ch

ildren

with lov

ing ov

es &

outs

tree

hed

ar

m

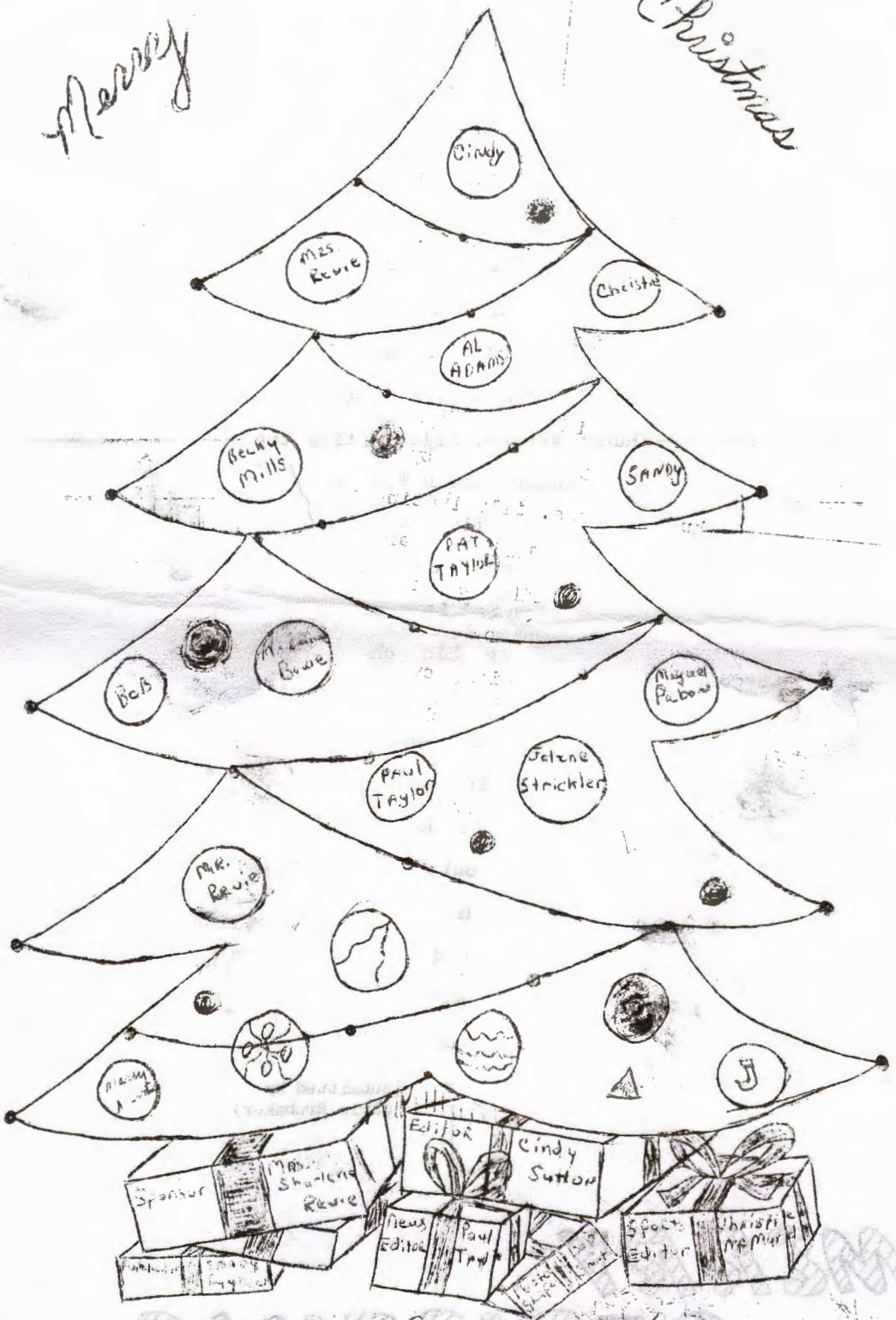
s

(submitted by
Chris Brubaker)

MERRY
CHRISTMAS

Merry

Christmas



Happy New Year

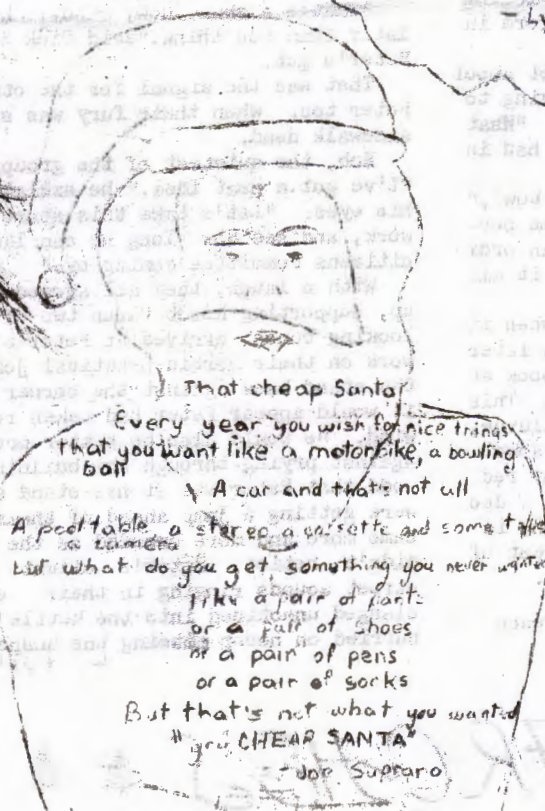
Patentates Promulgation Holiday Issue

Dec 15 Vol III No 5

A Snowflake

Whenever a snowflake comes
down from the sky,
It turns as though to say,
"Good-bye!"
Good-by sweet cloud, so
cold and black,
Maybe someday I'll
come back

-Lynn Beck



That cheap Santa

Every year you wish for nice things
that you want like a motorbike, a bowling
ball

A car and that's not all

A pool table, a stereo, a cassette and some tapes

But what do you get something you never wanted

like a pair of pants

or a pair of shoes

or a pair of pens

or a pair of socks

But that's not what you wanted

"you CHEAP SANTA"

-Joe Suparo

CHRISTMAS IN N.Y.

THE Christmas Rush

"O.K., drop the bag and put your hands in the air."

"I'm afraid you're making a mistake, officer."

"Yeah, that's what they always say when they get caught. Seems the police always make the same mistake."

The officer next advised me of my rights and told me that I was being taken in for breaking and entering, and attempted robbery. They, the police, soon had me up before a judge who kept saying that he knew my type with the long hair, beard, and baggy clothes. I kept saying "The reason I wear loose clothes is because I'm always loosing and gaining weight and your men happened to apprehend me while I was on a losing period, and therefore in baggy pants."

"Well, lets forget about that" he replied trying to change the subject, "What about the bowl you had in your possession?"

"That was not a bowl," now he was getting me perturbed. "That was an ordinary pipe, I smoke it all the time."

I think that was when it happened, ten minutes later he was throwing the book at me and sent me here. This place is called Bellvue, I'm sitting here in a white jacket, they took my red one away, talking to a doctor and wondering who is gonna deliver the rest of the presents by dawn.

by Leonard Lawrence

People no longer turned to stare at Peter as he walked home in his Santa Claus suit. He had been standing on the corner of Lincoln and Forty-second Avenue for two weeks now, ringing his bell and collecting assorted change for the Community Christmas Fund. He liked his job but this evening he had no time to reflect on his day. Charlotte was expecting him for dinner and he couldn't afford to be late after the quarrel they had had the day before.

As Peter glanced at his watch, he thought he'd better cut through the park and save the 15 minutes it took to walk around. He could run and be fairly sure no one would chase him to mug him. Besides, it was the Christmas season - everyone was good then.

As Peter rounded the corner, slightly out of breath he didn't see the four boys until he was colliding head on with them. He picked himself up, dusted off his suit, apologized and started on his way again. But the boys stopped him.

"What do we have here guys?" asked Tom, the unofficial leader of the four.

"I'll be!" exclaimed Joey! "There really is a Santa Claus!"

"Come on guys, I said I was sorry," Peter exclaimed. "I'm late to meet my girl."

"That's a shame now, buddy, because you'll be a lot later than you think," said Dick as he threw his fist into Peter's gut.

That was the signal for the other three to jump on Peter too. When their fury was spent, Peter lay on the sidewalk dead.

Bob, the quietest of the group, suddenly spoke up. "I've got a neat idea," he exclaimed with an odd gleam in his eyes. "Let's take this store - bought phoney back to work, and see how long he can last without the concerned citizens committee coming by."

With a laugh, they all agreed and began standing Peter up, supporting him between two of them. The strange looking bunch, arrived at Peter's corner stand, they began work on their morbid practical joke. First they moved the stand back against the corner of the building where it would appear Peter had taken refuge against the biting wind. He would also be better protected in the shadows against prying through the buildings no one thought it odd that Peter was at his stand so early. After all, they were getting a jump ahead of themselves. The streets became more and more crowded as the day wore on. Shoppers didn't notice Peter's silent bell with all the other street sounds ringing in their ears. His collection clanged unnoticed into the kettle of the contributions, hurried on never missing the unspoken. "Merry Christmas"

by Debbie Anderson

Ein FROHES



WEIHNACHTEN



The Bunnies Save Christmas

The elf's convention was in session, but so far nothing had been solved. The only conclusion drawn was a most obvious one—the North Pole was becoming much too small to contain the millions of elves who would be working at Christmas.

Santa Claus reluctant to change the tradition of Christmas by adding the South Pole to the North Pole, but something had to be done—Christmas was only a month away. The only other suggestion made at the convention was too silly to even consider. It was old Herman Elfshire's idea.

"Rent Bunny Land," he said. "That way we could recruit some of the bunnies to help us, too."

"Rent Bunny Land indeed," squaked Fairy Fawcett. "Every since that silly egg fight, they won't come near us."

But Herman was adamant. "Who can refuse Santa a favor at Christmas time?" he snapped, and with that stomped out of the room.

The matter was dropped as soon as Herman stepped out the door. The elves began to make plans to transfer some of their numbers to the South Pole.

Something during the convention, Weather-Worry Winkle turned on the Sparkle-Caster so he could listen to the weather report. When the South's Pole weather was being forecasted, Santa silenced the elves and listened to the Sparkle-Caster closely.

The broadcaster's words were disappointing.

"One of the largest blizzards in the history of the South Pole was hit the eastern area today, and is expected to cover all of the North Pole by tomorrow morning," the Sparkle-Caster predicted.

The elves watched the glitter-screen dejectedly hoping foolishly to hear that it was all a mistake.

Just then, old Herman hobbled into the room and politely inquired as to whether anyone was having second thoughts on his suggestion to rent Bunny Land. Since it seemed to be the only way to solve their problem, Santa Claus retreated to his private phone and called the head Easter Bunny.

"Hello, may I speak to the head Easter bunny please?"

"Hello, head bunny speaking."

"Hello, this is Santa Claus," "Listen, we have a problem. Our operation's going to be too big this year so we need more room to work in. Since you're so close to us, we were wondering whether we could rent Bunny Land for the next two weeks, until Christmas."

"You can use the place," replied the head Bunny, "but we don't want to be paid for it. One thing though, if you hire any of my bunnies to help you with the toy-making, I'll expect them to be paid the regular elf wages."

"Of course," said Santa. "We'll be down in a couple of weeks. Thank-you very much." "Goodbye"

"It's all set," said Santa. "Let's start packing."

Even with everyone helping it took the whole two weeks to pack everything they would need. There were bolts upon bolts of brightly colored materials ready to become dresses for the smiling dolls. There were tons of wood, later to be formed into tiny pieces of doll-house furniture, little toy trains, and puppets. Finally they were ready to leave. Only one-third of the elf population was going to Bunny Land, leaving two-thirds at the North Pole with Santa.



Cont.

C The pickly evergreen with crystal bulbs bright
Gingerbread men and twinkling lights

A Stockings brightening the fire place
Toothless grins upon their face

R Look at the cottonballs fall to the ground
We'll make a snowman that looks like a clown

I My snowsuit, my mittens, my hat, where's my boot?
Fat bundled elves with red cheeks look so cute

S Wispered from the top of the star
"Careful or it just might tear!"

J "What do you think Dad would like?"
"I know. We can get him a pipe"

M "I'll make Mommy a present at school
And boy oh-boy is it ever cool."

A Being angels till Christmas Day
waiting for Santa and his sleigh

S Last minute sneaking from shop to shop
Stores unseen before. We really should stop

R Ribbons, paper, tape and string
While in the distance carolers sing

J Last Christmas night, They came down to peek
Long after little ones should be asleep

O There she finds to her surprise
That great big doll with crying eyes

Y There's the baseball. There's the bat
And look, even a Dodgers hat!

S Above the joys and crys of cheer
Come shouts of whats wanted and
needed next year!



The elves still at the North Pole started to work right away under Santa's supervision, while the elves in Bunny Land set up their workshops and began on the toys. For one week and six days, everything ran smoothly, and on Christmas Eve morning all the toys from Bunny Land were packed and ready to be taken back to the North Pole, when disaster struck. The reindeer had caught colds and were in no shape to pull the sled back to the North Pole. The elves were completely downtrodden and couldn't think of any possible solution.

The bunnies gathered in little circles, their large ears forming a roof, and talked among themselves. Eventually, the head Easter Bunny approached the elves and suggested a solution to their problem.

"I'll give you five hundred of my strongest bunnies if you will match that number with your elves so that they may pull the sled to the North Pole."

The elves agreed and the sled reached the North Pole fifteen minutes before Santa's scheduled departure. Santa thanked the bunnies, hopped in his sleigh, grabbed the jingling reins, positioned himself, relaxed, and flew into the snowy-air.



BHS HOSTS COOK-OFF

by Sandy Rayborn

In keeping with the holiday spirit, Miss Robinson's fourth and fifth hour home economics classes have engaged in a competitive cook-off.

Fourth hour contestants and winners were Betty Freeman, Jackie Martinez, and Nancy Weinmann. The trio was awarded third place for their Deep-fried Oysters. Beverly Owens won second place for her "On Top of the Stove Cookies" and Julie Brown and Ellen Williams won first place for their French Silk Pie.

Those competing in the cook-off from fifth hour were Donna Meroney and Valerie Hilton who baked Peanut Butter Cookies; Sum Ac. Van Meters and Mickey Morse who baked Jam Shortbread Cookies; Karen Renfro, Liz McMurdo, and Toni Haden who won second place with their Tacos Cindy Stover also won second place with her Barbecue Cups.

First place was awarded



Fourth hour winners were: (left to right) Beverly Owens, second place; Betty Freeman, Jackie Martinez, and Nancy Weinmann, third place; Ellen Williams and Julie Brown, first place honors.

to Brenda Colston and Sharon Brewer for their potato candy recipe. Charlene Davis and Waldean Green also won top honors for Charlene's Shepard's pie and Waldean for her German Chocolate Cake.

Official judges for the cook-off were Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Molloy, Mr. McKacren, Mrs. Mitchell, and Mrs. Revelle.

Waldean Green, when asked about the cook-off commented, "I was really surprised about winning. This is something I hadn't planned on since it was a 'Box Cake'."

Jackie Martinez replied, "I think we all did it for fun and we had fun doing it."

Sharon Brewer explained "Brenda Colston and I knew we wouldn't win so we were very surprised when Miss Robinson said we won first place. Brenda did all the work, all I did was help."

The following recipes are the first place winners.



All first place winners from fifth hour were: (left to right) Brenda Colston, Sharon Brewer, Charlene Davis, and Waldean Green.

FRENCH CHOCOLATE CAKE

Blend--- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter (let soften). Add gradually $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar.

Cream well.

Blend in---1 sq. - 1 oz. chocolate melted and cooled and 1 tsp vanilla.

Add---2 eggs one at a time beating five minutes after each addition on "medium" speed.

Pour into baked pie shell. Can put whipped cream on nuts on top. Never make a double batch, at the same time.

2 eggs

1 cake mix (German Chocolate)

Preheat oven to 350°. Beat until ingredients are thoroughly mixed. Place in greased pan about 30 to 35 minutes after baked-let it cool.

TOFFING

almonds and pecans

 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add milk and nuts to mixture. Place between layers and on top.

ON TOP OF STOVE COOKIES

1 cup sugar

 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cocoa

1 cup peanut butter

2 to 3 cups of oatmeal

 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of butter

Drain sugar, cocoa, milk, and butter to a boil. Then mix in peanut butter and oatmeal. Take off stove and drop on cookie sheet or wax paper.

1 lb. hamburger

 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onions

1 medium-sized potato

salt and pepper

1 slice American cheese

2 potatoes -ashed

2 boxes confectioner's sugar

 $\frac{1}{2}$ jar peanut butter

coconut

DEEP FRIED OYSTERS

Drain oysters dry between paper towels. Roll in all purpose flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Dip into mixture of one beaten egg and one tablespoon water, then roll in fine, dry bread crumbs. Fry golden in deep hot fat (375°) for about 2 minutes. Drain on paper towels. Serve hot with sauce.

SAUCE

1 cup mayonnaise

3 tablespoons finely chopped dill pickles

1 teaspoon grated onions

1 tablespoon parsley flakes

ash potatoes until all lumps are gone and add confectioner's sugar. Mix till very thick. Roll out on wax paper. Spread peanut butter on dough. Slice into pinwheels. The potato turns white after sitting for awhile and its ready to serve.

Christmas in the Philippines

In the Philippines, Christmas is a season in the real meaning of the word. For to January 6, the devout Filipinos express the spirit of the Christmas with a series of masses, processions, and festivals to the background of unending music by carollers and brass bands.

Celebrations begin at dawn on December 10, when townspeople are awakened by the pealing of church bells, heralding the first of the Novena of Masses. Many services begin at four a.m., thus the name *Misa De Gallo* has been applied to them (since the cock's crow, respectively, starts at the first cock's crow).

At night, star lanterns and strings of multicolored lights shine over windows and doorways. Lights are everywhere, illuminating the town plaza, public buildings, and trees.

In many towns, one of the most impressive pageants in Christendom, *Panunuluyan*, is staged each Christmas Eve. Characteristically, the holy couple reenact the search for shelter on the night Christmas was born. As the pair wanders through town, knocking on doors, townspeople follow them. Shortly before midnight, the procession, which has increased to include almost everyone in town, arrives at the church; there they knock and find shelter. There the nativity story is relived. Soft-lambled nannies in white dresses, richly dressed *Magi* bring gifts, and proud Filipino children in white robes and colophane wings are angels for one evening.

Christmas in Iraq

On Christmas Eve in Iraq, the family gathers in the courtyard while one child reads the nativity story. After the story has been read, a bonfire made of dried thorns is lit. If the thorns are burnt to ashes, the family will have good luck in the coming year. While the fire is burning, a *qadha* is sung. After the fire is reduced to ashes, every one jumps over it three times and makes a wish.

On Christmas day a similar bonfire is built in the church. While the fire burns, the men of the congregation chant a hymn. After the bonfire, there is a procession in which the officials of the church follow the bishop, who carries the image of the infant Jesus on a scarlet cushion. The day service ends with the blessing of the people. The bishop touches a member of the congregation who touches another, and so on until everyone has received the "touch of peace."

Japanese Christmas

Can you imagine December without Christmas? A lighted tree? No gifts hidden away in closets?

It is hard for one to imagine such a thing if he has lived his life in a Christian country. But in Japan, schools, banks, and offices are open until Christmas is no longer more than December 25. Of course, there are plenty of Santa Clauses prominently displayed in the big department stores. There are lights abroad in dance halls, cafes, and pinball parlors, where young moderns celebrate Christmas in a manner far from religious.

But among the Japanese Christians, what does Christmas mean? First, it is not a family day. It is in the U.S., for in Japan there are few families in which every member is a Christian. Next, there is no turkey or plum pudding. Other Christians for Christmas in Japan make a Christmas card for the first time into their life; they have never known him before. Thus it is truly a *Meri Kurisumasu!*

Christmas in the U.S.

In the U.S., Christmas is known as the Little Feast, with Easter being known as the Great Feast.

For the first 25 days of December, the Little Feast is observed, during which no meat, eggs, cheese, or rice is eaten. It is a time of peace and quietude for attending church services. When the Little Feast is over, the Christmas season begins with plenty of food prepared for the Christmas dinner.

Christmas is a time of unity of the faith. All Christians before Christmas are united in prayer for the coming of Christ. After Christmas, the faith is broken.

THE BOY WHO RUMORED
AT SANTA CLAUS

by Gordon Nash

CHRISTMAS IN ARMENIA

In Balti, a rather wild boy,
He wasn't anybody's joy.
Although his name was Jabez Dawes,
His character was full of flaws.
In school he never led his classes,
He hid 'ld ladies' re-din' asses,
His 'buth was green with no carved,
And colors to the table glued.
He stole the milk from hungry kittens,
He even licked through doors 'rked
HO-HO-HO-HO!
He was the one who said because
There wasn't any Santa Claus.
Father tried that time Jabez
Said, "Soot for little babies,
Brushed his teeth and in town,
Follows instead of up 'n' down.

Yet people pardoned every sin,
And showed his antics with a grin,
Until one day Jabez Dawes,
"There isn't any Santa Claus!"
Deplored how he did behave,
His parents swiftly sought their grave.
They hurried through the portals peery,
And Jabez left the funeral early.

Like whooping cough, from child to child,
He sped to spread the rumor wild:
"Sure as my name is Jabez Dawes,
There isn't any Santa Claus!"
Slunk like a weasel or a marten
Through nursery and kindergarten,
Whispering low to every tot,
"There isn't any, no there's not!"

The children wept all Christmas Eve
And Jabez chortled up his sleeve.
No infant dared hang up his stocking
For fear of Jabez' ribald mocking.
He sprawled on his untidy bed,
Fresh malice dancing in his head,
When presently with scalp a-tingling,
Jabez heard a distant jingling.
He heard the crunch of sleigh and hoof
Crisply lighting on the roof.

What good to rise and bar the door?
A shower of soot was on the floor.
What was beheld by Jabez Dawes?
The fireplace full of Santa Claus!
Then Jabez fell upon his knees
With cries of "Don't," and "Pretty please."
He howled, "I don't know where you read it
But anyhow, I never said it!"
"Jabez," replied the angry saint,
"It isn't I, it's you that ain't."
Although there is a Santa Claus,
There isn't any Jabez Dawes!"
(cont.)

Like the Americans, the Armenians
exchange gifts at Christmas. Each
child has a presents for each of his
friends. When all the presents are
exchanged, the boys go around with
baskets of apples in which their old
er friends and relatives stuff coins.
Occasionally, if they suspect that a
friend wants to give them more pres-
ents, they climb on the roof and low-
er a basket down the chimney which
is filled with candy and other home-
made gifts.

"Jabez," replied the angry saint,
"It isn't."
Said Jabez then with impudent vim,
"Oh, yes there is; and I am him!"
Your magic don't scare me, it doesn't
And suddenly he found he wasn't!

From grimy feet to grimy socks,
Jabez became a Jack-in-the-Box,
An ugly toy with springs unsprung,
Forever sticking out his tongue.
The neighbors heard his mournful
squeal
They searched for him, but not with
zeal.
No trace was found of Jabez Dawes,
Which led to thunderous applause,
And people drank a loving cup
And went on hung their stocking up.

All you who sneer at Santa Claus,
Beware the fate of Jabez Dawes,
The saucy boy who mocked the saint,
Dunder and Mitzel licked off his
paint.

*Have a very merry
Christmas and the
Happiest
New
Year!*

DAL SANTO SHOW CANCELS CHRISTMAS TEEL

By: Becky Mills

A long time ago, in the middle of Germany lived a group of people in a small Air Force Base called Bit-burg. They were a very jolly group of people who liked to have holidays nearly all year round. But this could not be possible as you all well know, so they just settled for two weeks at Christmas. They were very excited and full of the Christmas spirit by the 1st of December. They hung wreaths, planned parties and put books into lockers, never to be touched until well after Christmas.

But there was one grouchy man that just could not be merry, could not even make one little smile. He was Dal Santo who lived all alone in his office in back of his desk, for you see HE HATES KIDS. He hated the two weeks vacation and all the fun.

And it was one fine day, while he sat mulling to him self he thought of a wonderful plan to end all the fun. He knew what to do and exactly where to go and make sure that the students would have the most miserable Christmas of all. He would burn all the wreaths, make all the students eat at the mess hall, no more Senior or honor cards once and for all. He would fill all the lockers cram-packed full with books. And he would even give teachers extra lunch duty. But the most sinister thing that he wanted to do would to cancel the vacation for now and ever.

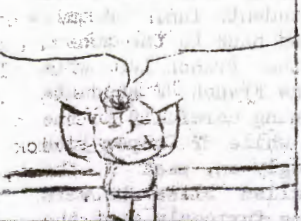
And he knew how to do it, he would dress up like Santa and sneak through the halls in the middle of class. He put on his suit and found a sack, the biggest sack he could find that was filled to the brim with an assortment of the hardest, the thickest and the most terrible books. He started on his task in the office with no one to disturb him at play. He went through the files and changed the Christmas vacation to nothing at all. Then he ran to the lockers and filled up the lockers with all sorts of books. And right in the middle of filling a locker he heard a small noise down close to his elbow. He turned around quickly and what did he see, the smallest, and tiniest, "littlest senior, Jolene Strickler by name. She asked in a small voice, "What is the matter? Are we having a fire drill or a bomb scare maybe? Oh what should I do?"

"Just go back to your class and forget about me!" said Dal Santo very angry indeed.

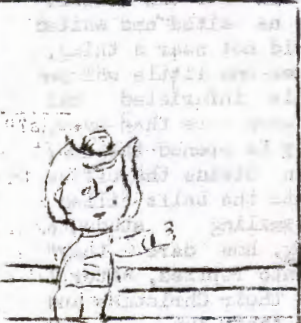
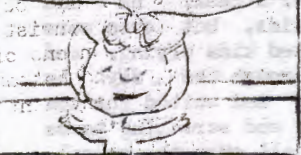
"But my book" she said, "I must get my book or Mr Walz will make me wash out all the sinks."

"Then take it" said Dal Santo, "and begone with you for I have a thousand and one things to do."

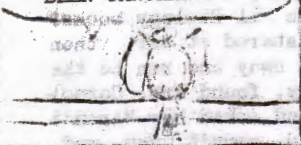
FOR "SHOW AND TELL"
TODAY, I HAVE A LITTLE
SURPRISE.....



I HAVE BROUGHT THE
FIRST SNOWFLAKE OF
THE YEAR! NOW, AS
YOU MAY OR MAY NOT
KNOW SNOWFLAKES ARE..



DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES
BEYOND OUR CONTROL,
THIS PORTION OF
"SHOW AND TELL" AS
BEEN CANCELLED.



DAL SANTO

CANCELS

CHRISTMAS (CON'T)

And so he went back to his task and soon had all the senior and honor cards, wreaths and all other decorations in his sack, and, took them outside in all the mud and the muck and hid them secretly in the darkest corner of the supply center. After he finished this task he was smug for surely this will finish the students fun. He quietly fled back to the school past the french lab with all the French. I student listening carefully to the tapes while Mr Cooper looked smugly on, past the journalism class who were working furiously, past the Lit Class doing something with the lights out. (he took the long way around) and into his office with the door closed tightly. He didn't even pass Mrs. Brooner's desk. He did hate kids, but even more he hated kids crying. And all through the day he waited and waited for the crying and screaming to be heard all over the school. But as he waited and waited he could not hear a thing, not even one little whimper and this infuriated Dal Danto even more than ever. Finally he opened the door and ran outside the office and into the halls filled with smiling students. Smiling, how dare they! Dal Santo replied, after I ruined their Christmas and ruined their fun.

He ran to a student Sue Wigdorski, and asked her "My dear don't you feel sad?" "But no" she said smiling brightly, "Oh no, no indeed, for you see you gave me all Biology books!"

He stared at her, then backed away and ran to the library, found Mrs. Cornelius, and asked her "Aren't you sad, aren't you mad, two more weeks with those

the meaning of Christmas

By: Meg Grimaldi

Christmas has a special meaning to most people. Many people sit in warm, cozy homes, decorating, buying presents and wrapping them in bright paper, trimmed with colorful ribbons and bows.

Other people engage in large feasts and a few small gifts are exchanged among children and adults. Stories of long ago are told to enchant the children. Adults sip brandy and nibble on tasty appetizers, children eat fruitcake and drink spiced eggnog.

But for all these people who have joyous, merry Christmases, there are those who are unfortunate and have never had a "real" Christmas. These people are poverty stricken, are starving. They have never had a great feast, decorated their homes, if any, or brought presents.

Countries are torn by civil war and strife. Homes are burned and people are killed needlessly. Small children have stomachs swelled as large as pumpkins, every bone in their body can be seen, eyes are sunk deep in their heads. They don't understand what Christmas is and probably never will.

Men are lost, either dead or imprisoned, which of these it may be, many people don't know. These men have not had a Christmas for seven or eight years, some have never seen one of their children. People send gifts, cards, and letters of hope, which many men never receive.

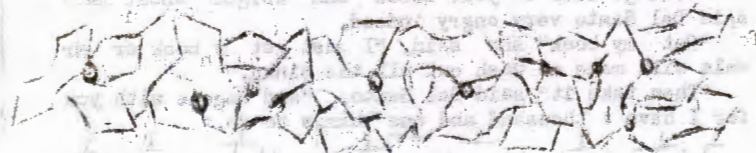
How many months or years will it be before these men can be home and spend a merry Christmas with their families? How much longer will war last and will starve or be without homes.

miserable kids?" "Oh no, I really don't mind them for you see, they read all my books.

Then he began thinking "What no kids, no teacher's meetings, nothing for two solid weeks!" He ran to the supply center and got all the wreaths, senior

cards, honor cards and gave them back to the students. He took back all the books, dropped the extra lunch duty for the teachers, but best of all he changed all the plans so again the students had two weeks vacation.

So you see he wasn't bad at all.



African Christmas

Christmas was observed in South Africa as a purely religious festival and was originally a day of prayer and quiet meditation the day above all others when the church was crowded with young and old alike who had come to worship and who immediately after the service exchanged small Christmas presents.

Teutonic customs began to be introduced and many traditions came into being.

In the union of South Africa, Christmas is a summer holiday because it brings many days of sunshine, and instead of snow, there are flowers of many kinds all around.

Father Christmas is a prototype of St. Nicklaus or Santa Claus. He is seen in many stores helping parents to choose their gifts and spreading fun among the children.

Christmas cards are sent and carol singers make their rounds on Christmas Eve. Church services are held on Christmas morning. In many of the larger centers, special screens and floor show decorations are displayed.

African homes are lavishly decorated usually with pine branches and all have a fir tree in the corner with presents and children all around. There is no holly, because of the African climate, but there is mistletoe.

Cities and streets are colorfully lighted up at night on prominent buildings and a sparkling Christmas tree on the city square.

Christmas Eve children hang up their stockings and wait for Father Christmas to bring their gifts.

Open-air Christmas is a traditional dinner of either turkey, roast beef, mince pies, or suckling pig, yellow rice vegetables and plum pudding, paper hats and all. Later, families go out into the country where there are games or bathing in the warm sunshine. The day comes to an ending as the sunshine and people quietly settle down.



Snow Snow
On the ground,
Snow Snow
All Around,

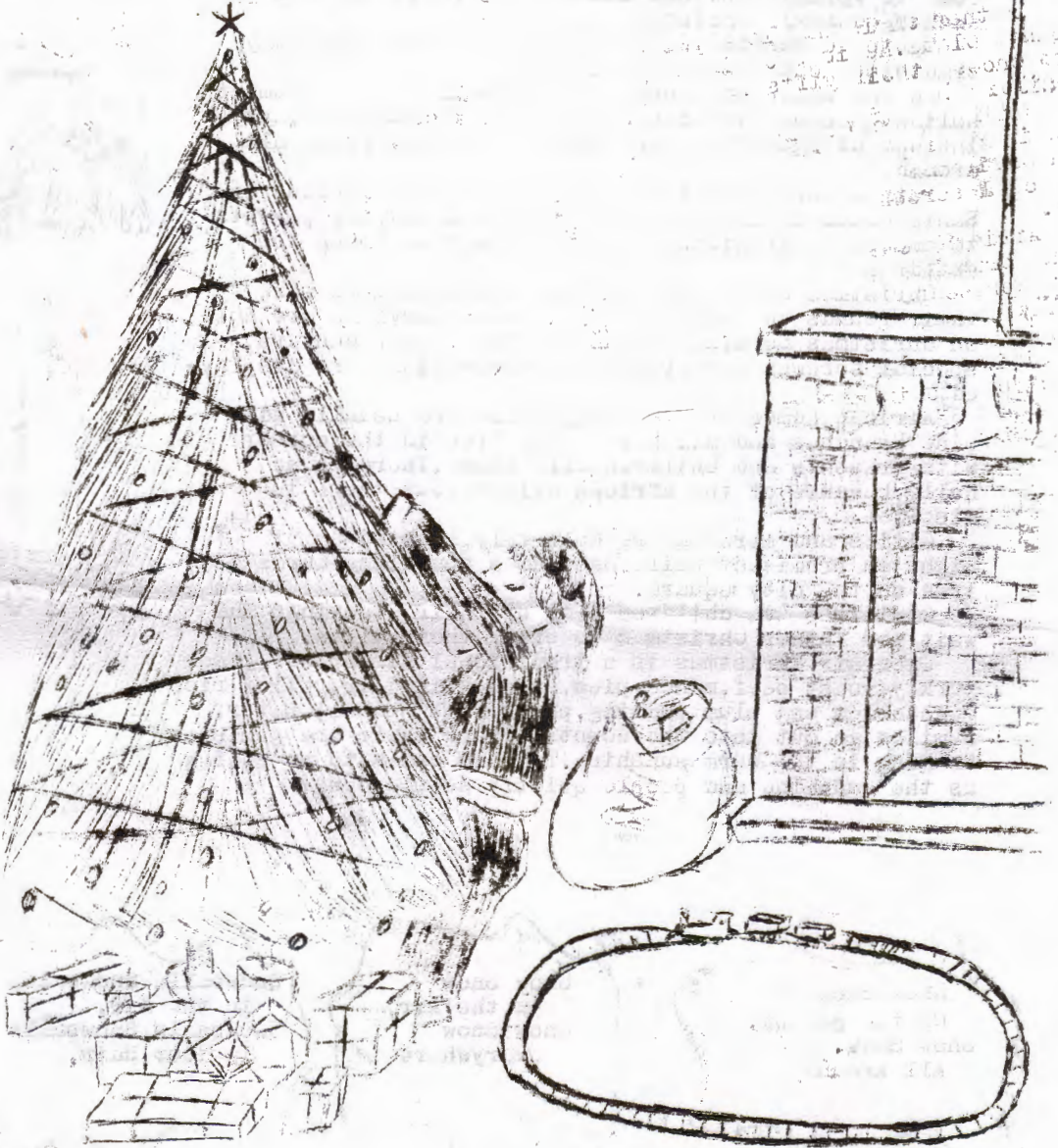
Snow Snow
In the Air,
Snow Snow
Everywhere

Snowballs Snowballs
In the Air,
Snowballs Snowballs
In Your Hair,

Presents Presents
Under the Tree,
Presents Presents
All for ME!

Isn't it nice this
Christmas Thing,
Boy, I can hardly
wait for Spring.

G. A.



CHRISTMAS: AS OTHERS SEE IT.

Christmas in Spain

In Spain, the people try to do some good deed before the stroke of midnight on Christmas Eve so that they may face the Holy Day with a clear conscience. Churches there are crowded with people for midnight mass.

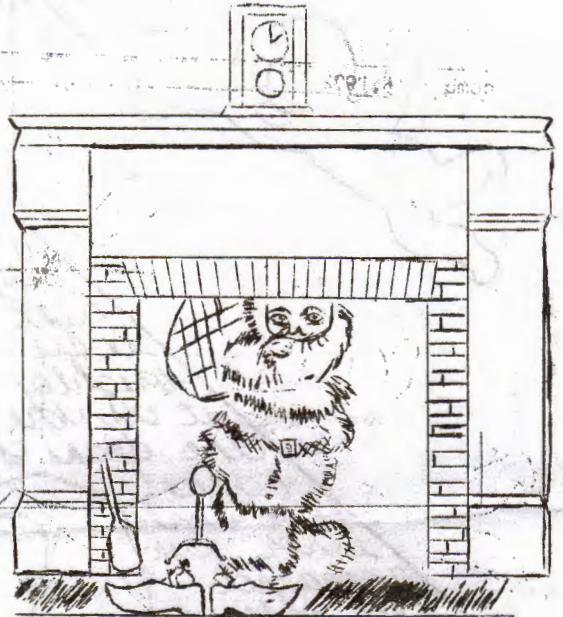
After the mass, there is dancing. The Spanish express their joy in the Christmas season with a dance called the jota.

Christmas is celebrated with a small replica of a manger called a nacimiento. Names are drawn from an urn to decide who will be the family's close friends during the coming year.

Each year, the Three Wise Men visit the children of Spain. Before they go to bed, the children place their shoes on the door steps with straw in them. The straw is meant for the camels that carry the Wise Men.

The next morning, when the children awake, they retrieve their presents from the door steps and find that the straw is gone.

As in Italy, on the next day there is a feast to round off the festive activities.

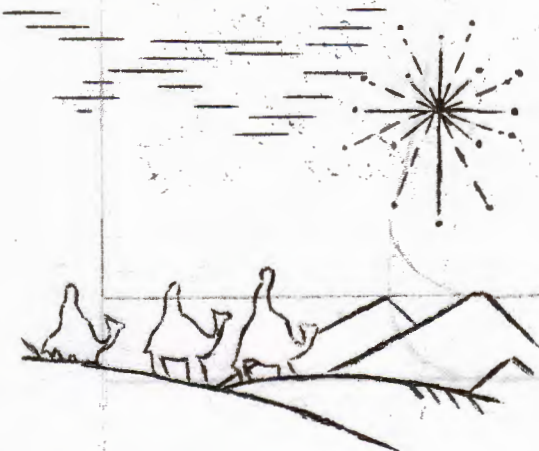


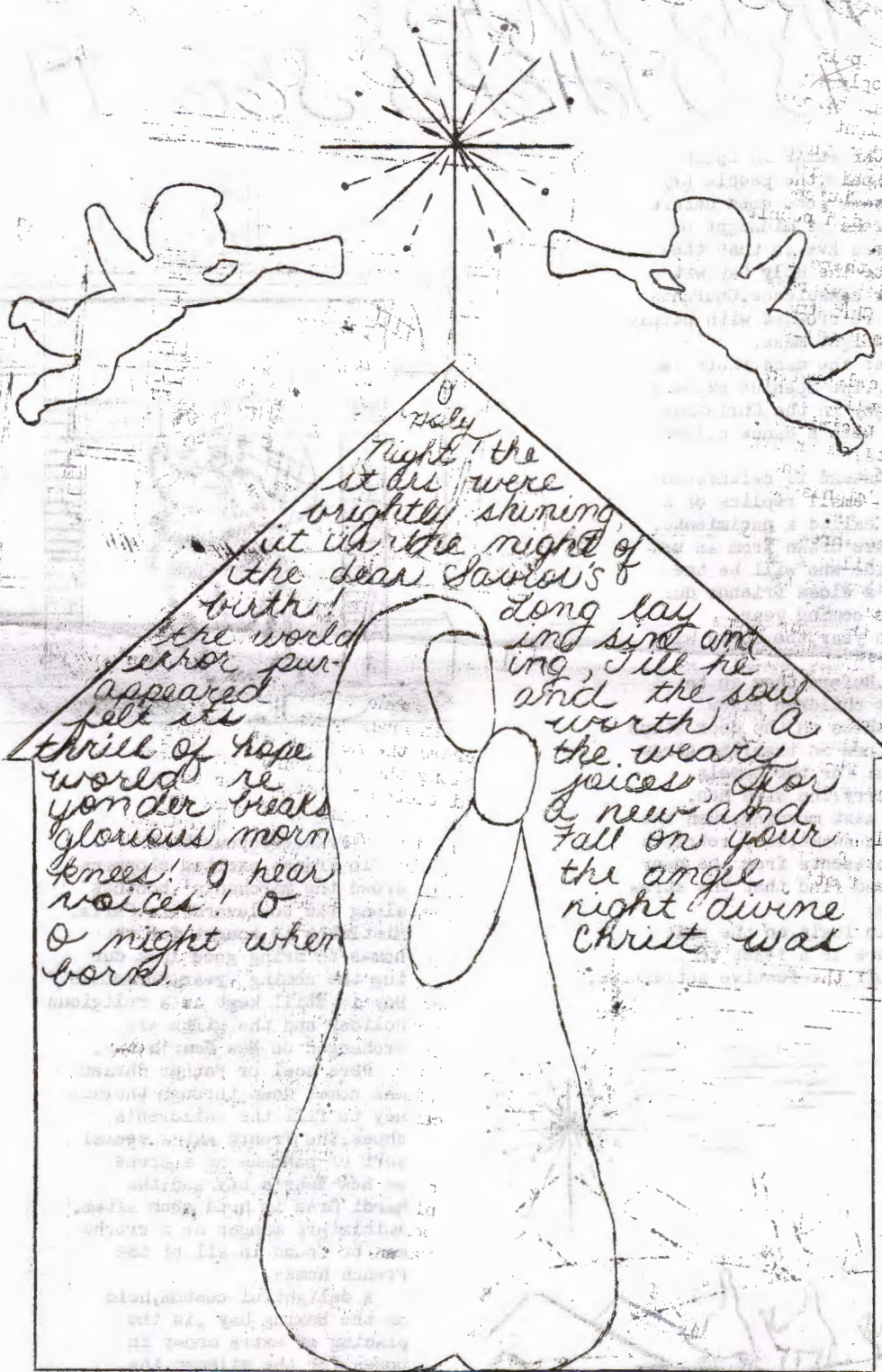
France: Joyeux Noel

In France, excited shoppers crowd the merchants' booths along the boulevards in Paris. Mistletoe is bought for the homes to bring good luck during the coming year. Christmas Day is still kept as a religious holiday and the gifts are exchanged on New Year's Day.

Pere Noel or Father Christmas comes down through the chimney to fill the children's shoes. The French eat a special sort of pancake or a crepe on New Year's Day and the Mardi Gras is held soon after. A miniature manger or a creche can be found in all of the French homes.

A delightful custom, held on the Boxing Day, is the placing of extra money in boxes for the milkman, the maids, etc.

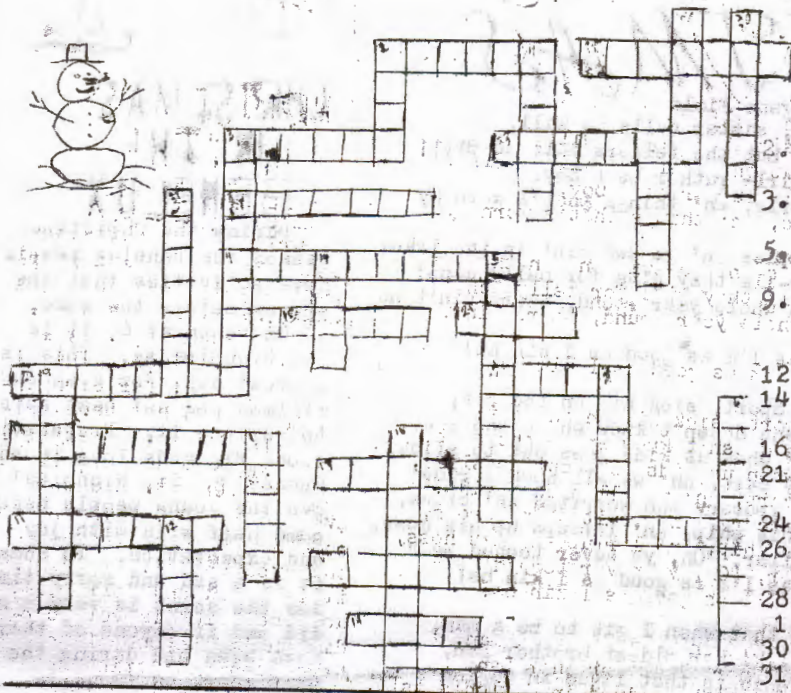




Holy Night the
 stars were
 brightly shining
 it was the night of
 the dear Saviour's
 birth
 the world
 in terror and
 surprise
 appeared
 felt its
 thrill of hope
 the weary
 world re-
 venter broke
 glorious morn-
 knees! O hear
 voices! O
 O night when
 born

Long lay
 and slept and
 ing, till he
 and the soul
 worth. A
 the weary
 voices for
 a new and
 Fall on your
 the angel
 night divine
 Christ was

XMAS PUZZLE



CHRISTMAS PLAY PRESENTED

The Christmas spirit has and is recognized in many ways. One event that helped bring out the Christmas Spirit this year was the presentation of the play, *Amahl And the Night Visitors*. The play is sponsored by the Catholic and Protestant Chapel Choir. The producer is Mike Rhodes, a retired opera star. He also worked for the Berlin Opera House.

The play was presented to the Bitburg public, on Sunday the 3rd and Monday the 4th of December at 8 o'clock, at the housing chapel. The Trier people were able to see the play on Saturday the 9th at 8 o'clock at the chapel on the hill. The presentation to the Spang public was on Sunday the 10th at the Spang chapel.

On January 6, the group will go to France and perform for the Duke and Duchess. They will then go to a ball.

The cast and choir is made up of 50 people some of which are students, parents, and teachers. All started practicing in the summer and started staging around the end of September.

The story is about a crippled boy who gives his crutch to the baby Jesus. In the process of the play he is healed. It is the opera of the first miracle. The play as presented to the public free.

2. Objects for the children.
3. December is the season.
5. Hanging from the chimney are.
9. The animals permanently employed by Santa.
12. And The Night.
14. An ornamented plant at Christmas is.
16. Objects on the tree.
21. What is a man made of snow?
24. Electrical bulbs.
26. Santa is a old elf.
28. Christmas candy.
1. Santa's helpers.
30. A door decoration.
31. The reindeer Santa in a.
- Across
2. Silver icicles on the tree.
4. Jolly old man in red.
7. Reindeer with red nose.
3. Christmas songs.
10. A branch placed over the door at Christmas.
11. First of January.
15. Brotherhood.
17. Miser in Charles Dickens story of A Christmas Carol.
18. The people with whom you live with.
19. Natures white blanket on the ground.
20. Shines brightly in the sky.
21. At Christmas we should be.
22. The three present gifts to the new born child.
23. Down the came St Nic with a bound.
25. Author of the poem, "The Night before Christmas".
29. The leaves and berries used as a Christmas ornament.

JEST 'FORE CHRISTMAS

By: Eugene Field

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, an' things that's worn by
Fautheroy!

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake-
Hate to take the castor-ile thay give for belly ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no
flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat,
First thing she knows she doesn't know whee she's at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes when the grocery man worrited an' cross,
He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man,
I'll be a missionarier like her oldest brother Dan,
As was et up by the cannibals that lived in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospect pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West Show,
Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she d
know.

That Buff'lo Bill an' cow-boys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

And then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn-like an'
atill,
His eyes they seem a-sayin: "What's the matter, little
Bill?"

The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders wha's
become,
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things
hum?

But I am so perlit an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,
That my mother says to father: "How improved our
Willie is!"
But fathcr, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

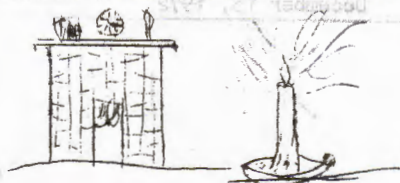
For Christmas, with its lots an' lots of candies,
cakes an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naugh-
ty boys;

So wash your face an' brush your hair, an' mind yer
p's and q's,
An' don't bust your pantaloons, and 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 kin be!



CHRISTMAS IN THE BENELUX

During the Christmas season the Benelux people have activities that are approximately the same.

On December 6, it is St. Nicholas day. This is a great day, for even Christmas has not been able to replace it. Preparations are made long in advance. St. Nicholas' Eve the young people become half wild with joy and expectation. To some, it is a sad and sorry time, doe the saint is very candid and if anyone of them have been bad during the past year, he is quite sure to tell them so. Some times he carries a birch rod under his arm and advises the parents to give them scoldings in place of confections in their wooden shoes. They leave carrots, hay, and pieces of bread for St. Nicholas' donkey.

St. Nicholas is a dignified saint who wears a bishop's robe and miter, white gloves, an huge bishop's ring on his left hand. He brings small toys and sweets to fill the small wooden shoes in chateau and cottage alike.

On Christmas Eve the presents are opened. These usually contain articles of clothing.

Christmas Day is strictly a religious holiday. It is devoted to church rites and pleasant family gatherings.

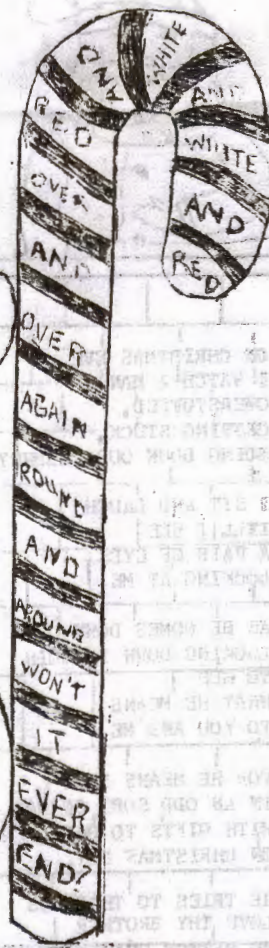
CHRISTMAS
IS COMING,
IT'S COMING FAST!
SO WE WE'D BETTER
HURRY AND
DECORATE
THE CLASS.
WE'LL DECORATE
IT WITH THIS
AND WE'LL DECORATE
IT WITH THAT;
AND MAKE THE TREE LOOK
ROUND AND FAT
WE'LL PUT
UP POEMS,
WE'LL PUT
UP PICTURES,
WE'LL PUT UP
SNOWFLAKES AND
OTHER MIXTURES.
WE WON'T MAKE OURS
LIKE ALL THE REST,
BUT IT WILL
BE THE
VERY BEST.
SO COME AND
HELP US; AND
NOT BE SELFISH;
AND HAVE A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS!!

by
Terry
Trumpf

OUR
CHRISTMAS TREE
STOOD THERE
ALL COVERED WITH SNOW.
THE LIGHTS WERE
BLINKING, THE TINSEL
AGLOW. THE PRESENTS WERE
WRAPPED WITH RIBBONS AND CARE
AND PLACED UNDER THE TREE FOR
ONES SOON TO BE THERE.
D.K.

QUIETNESS CLINGS TO
THE AIR
TO A GREAT DISTANCE
LISTEN!

THIS IS THE SNOW.
IT ENCLOSES US
TIME IN THE SNOW
IS ALONE.
IT'S PAST.



BUMMER

WHAT'S THAT JINGLING IN THE AIR?
 SOME MADMAN ON A MIDNIGHT SCARE.
 I TURNED THE CORNER AND SAW WHIS SLED,
 AND SOME OLD MAN ALL DRESSED IN RED.
 HE LET OUT A LAUGH HO HO HO.
 AND I SAID TO MYSELF, IS THIS SOMEONE I KNOW?
 HE LAUGHED AGAIN AND WITH A TWINKLE IN HIS EYE
 HE CLIMBED IN HIS SLED AND FLEW TO THE SKY.
 MY FRIEND SAID YOUR MIND IS STARTING TO SLIP,
 "YEH, I SAID, "MUST HAVE BEEN A BAD TRIP!"

by Dave MacDonald



ON CHRISTMAS EVE
 I WATCH A MAN
 OVERSTUFFED,
 GETTING STUCK,
 GOING DOWN OUR CHIMNEY.

I SIT AND LAUGH
 TILL I SEE
 A PAIR OF EYES
 LOOKING AT ME.

AS HE COMES DOWN
 LOOKING DOWN I BEGIN
 TO SEE
 WHAT HE MEANS
 TO YOU AND ME.

FOR HE MEANS LOVE
 IN AN ODD SORT OF WAY
 WITH GIFTS TO CHILDREN
 ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

HE TRIES TO TEACH US
 LOVE THY BROTHER
 NO MATTER WHAT RACE
 WHAT COLOR.

Bill Maloney

PLEASE O' LORD ON CHRISTMAS
 DAY LET IT BE A HAPPY DAY.
 STOP THE WAR AND STOP
 ALL HATE, LET THERE
 BE PEACE EVERYPLACE.

Is He Black Or
 Is He White?

SANTA IS WHITE!
 SANTA IS BLACK!
 WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?
 HE'S BRINGING YOU BOTH A BIKE.
 SANTA IS WHITE!
 SANTA IS BLACK!
 DON'T WORRY KIDS
 HE'LL LEAVE YOU SOMETHING
 ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.
 SO DON'T FIGHT THAT WAY!
 OR SANTA WON'T LEAVE YOU NOTHING
 EVEN IF IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

by Fred Jarvis

HOW THE FIR TREE BECAME THE CHRISTMA TREE

This is the story of how the Fir tree became the Christmas tree. At the time when the Christ Child was born all the people, the animals, and the trees, and plants were very happy. The Child was born to bring peace and happiness to the whole world. People came daily to see the little one, and they always brought gifts with them.

There were three trees standing near the cypt which saw the people, and they wished That they, too, might give presents to the Christ Child.

The Plan said: "I will choose my most beautiful leaf, and place it as a fan over the Child."

"And I," said the Olive, will sprinkle sweet smelling oils upon his head."

"What can I give the Child?" asked the Fir, who stood near. "You!" cried the others "You have nothing to offer Him. Your needles would prick Him, and your tears are sticky. So the poor little Fir tree was very unhappy, and it said, "Yes you are right. I have nothing to offer the Christ Child."

Now, quite near the trees stood the Christmas Angel who heard all that the trees had said. the Angel was sorry for the Fir tree who was lonely and without envy of the other trees. So, when it was dark, and the stars came out, he begged a few of the little stars to come down and rest upon the branches of the Fir tree. They did as the Christmas Angel asked, and the Fir tree shone suddenly with a beautiful light.

And, at that moment, the Christ Child opened His eyes for He had been asleep and as the lovely light fell upon Him he smiled.

Every year people keep the dear Christ Child's birthday by giving gifts to each other, and every house a Fir tree, also. Covered with starry candles as it shines for the children, as the stars shone for the Christ Child. The Fir tree was rewarded for its meekness, for no other tree is it given to shine upon so many happy faces.

By Bill Franklin

T'was the night before Christmas
All through the house
Everyone was up
But one stupid louse.

Everyone was talking,
Then came a pause
Down through the chimney
Came old Santa Clause.

His hands were cold,
His checks were red.
Then he told us,
He'd just left his bed.

He claimed he was Santa,
But he lied pretty bad.
His beard fell off
And we saw he was Dad.

A DAY TO REPENT

By Charlotte McGhee

Repent, Repent, Repent, Run in fear
Christmas day is coming near.
And all you nasty kids I'm sure,
Won't forget to lock your door.
For all you kids sugar and spice,
Santa will bring you something nice.
But all you monsters, Repent in fear,
Christmas day is coming near!

By Caralee Speigle

The joys of living
Are expressed through Christmas as
Joys not forgotten.

CHRISTMAS IN LATIN AMERICA

Feliz Navidad is Merry Christmas in most Spanish speaking countries of Latin America. If you live in Brazil "Bom Natal" would mean Merry Christmas.

In most of the Latin countries they have the hottest seasons of the years during Christmas time, while other countries are expecting snow during this time.

People get together during Christmas for religious purposes, and they also celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ with singing and gay carnival behavior.

School closes at the end of Nov. and starts again the sixth of Jan. During these days they celebrate the Feast of Purissima or the Immaculate Conception, Nochebuena (Christmas Eve), Holy Innocent's Day, and the Feast of the three Kings.

All over the Latin countries one will find the scene of the Nacimiento (the crib scene). In various parts of Latin American countries, the ceremony of killing and cooking of the pig, and then roast pig is eaten on Christmas day.

The Christmas ends with the celebration of the Three Kings and on these days the art of giving is also carried out as on Christmas, just like the, Three Kings have the Christ Child presents of incense, myrrh and gold.

It's christmas time addicts

By Robbie Murray

It's Christmas time all you chicks

Don't get hung up on LSD trips

All you brothers and sisters be cool

Cause my man Santa a'int no fool

To all you addicts smoking the dope

Here's a message from Santa: "have hope"

Look forward to Xmas, not your next trip

For Santa is here to give you a tip.

Let's lead this Christmas to a great big yell

Don't let drugs lead it to hell

Remember the Xmas you had as a child?

Now you're messing around and running wild

A Xmas ago I saw you smile

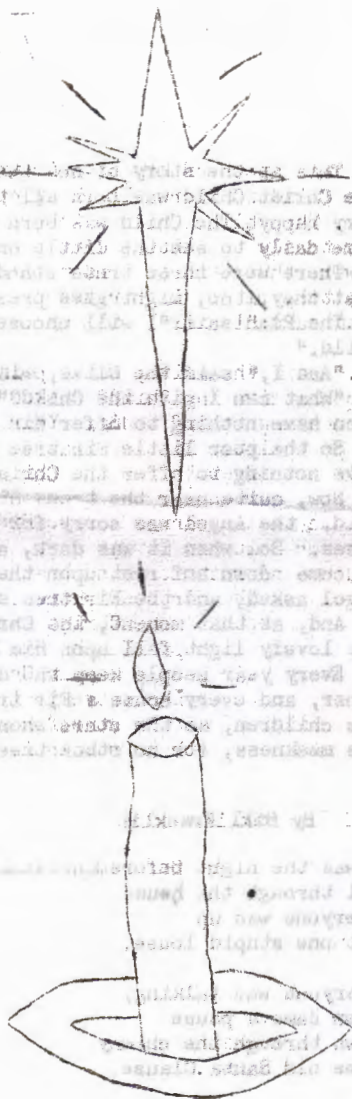
But now you've decided to turn on a while

Last year you were thinking of gifts brand new

Now your thinking of your habits and you

Don't give jolly old Santa a fuss

Be happy on Xmas, with the rest of us.



merry

christmas

from

the

staff

"CHRISTMAS" then and now

Ever hear old folks talk about the rough times that they have had, even during Christmas? About how they made their own gifts, or else they earned the money for them with hard work? Or how they had to go out in the cold and chop down their own Christmas tree and have to hunt for fresh meat for the big dinner? And finally, the way they decorated their tree with homemade ornaments before Christmas day arrived?

Well, they don't have anything over us. After all, they never had to cram their way through a crowded store and spend hours waiting in line for a twenty-three cent item. Or when Christmas is near go to buy a tree and find that the only ones left are scrawny and crooked and the only ones for miles are to be found in the city park. And how about the merchandise you buy that breaks within twenty-four hours after you give it to someone. And then there's the gift that comes in 213 pieces with complex diagrams and instructions in four different languages--none of them English. But don't forget the Christmas tree that you can't see because there's fifty dollars worth of decorations hanging on it with lights that need replacing every few days.

But even through all this mayhem, the Christmas spirit prevails.

by Errol Lawrence

FELIZ NAVIDAD

In Mexico, the Christmas season lasts from December 16 to January 6. Each family looks forward to the Posada on each of the nine nights before Christmas Day. The members of the family enact the Posada in memory of Mary and Joseph's search for rooms on the first Christmas Eve.

A social hour follows the last Posada. The host invites everyone into his courtyard to help break the piñata. This is a gaily decorated crock or papier-mache figure filled with gifts and candy. The children are blindfolded and take turns trying to break the piñata with a stick. When it breaks, gifts and candy scatter to the ground, and the children scamper after them.

The children believe that the wise men, instead of Santa Claus, bring them Christmas gifts.

People use flowers instead of evergreens for decorations since the weather is warm. The poinsetta and the Noche Bueno are in full bloom in Mexico at Christmastime.

With Christmas Comes Giving

With Christmas comes giving,
but to whom do we give riches
to the rich,
why not wealth to the poor.
Worship to the famous,
why not thought to the obscure.
Reward to the free man,
why not freedom to the slave.
Congratulation to the well man;
why not condolences to the sick.
Admiration to the strong,
why not sympathy to the weak.
Praise to the righteous,
why not understanding for all.

by Mike Bills.

santas, santas, santas

I bet all of you people don't
really know,
There are more than one of those
fat ho, ho, ho's.
A Santa for every race and creed
How many do we really need?

by Sidney Ham

ABC's Wide World of Sports presents "CHRISTMAS"

by Craig French
(who else would claim it?)

"Hello Christmas fans. This is Frank Gifthouse here at ABC's Christmas Control Center. There's plenty action in store for you this holiday season. Howard Cosell will interview Santa Claus live from the North Pole for our pre-game show. ABC will be covering Santa's frantic dash around the world into almost every country except, those of the godless communist heathens. For added thrills and excitement, this year we have a camera in every chimney in the United States of America. We will also show that classic Christmas movie, "The Rudolph Story". The story of how a poor deformed reindeer from the wrong side of the Pole grew up to be the greatest reindeer of all times. It just goes to show you that any nobody with horns and a big red nose can be a famous freak. And last but not least, ABC will bring you live action coverage of the Elk's convention in Miami Beach on New Year's Eve. At exactly 12:00 midnight, the Elks will play "C'd Save the Queen" on their kazoots and drop 12,846 pounds of elk fur from the top of Jackie Gleason."

"And now we go to Howard Cosell interviewing Santa. Take it away Howard!!"

Howard- "Tell me Santa, is Santa Claus your real name?"

Santa- "No Howard. My real name is Elmo Noodnick, but who wants to go through life with a name like that?"

Howard- "Do your elves really make all those Christmas toys?"

Santa- "I get all my toys from Santa San, Inc."

Howard- "That sounds like a Japanese firm."

Santa- "Actually, the company was started by a Polish immigrant who now operates out of Yugoslavia."

Howard- "Did you really give your reindeer names like Cupid and Donner?"

Santa- "No Howard. I gave them good American names like Arnold, and Elmer, and Ziegfeld, but some stupid songwriter changed them around so they would rhyme."

Howard- "Santa, do you really have a lot of elves to help you?"

Santa- "I don't have any elves, but I did get a couple of circus midgets real cheap from Barnum & Bailey. And as you already know, they don't make toys. Mostly they spend their time cleaning up the reindeer stables."

Howard- "About those reindeer Santa. Who's going to be the lead one this year?"

Santa- "Well Howard, my numero uno came down with leprosy, so I'm going to have to use a stupid looking rookie named Rodney, or Randolph, or something like that."

Howard- "Rudolph, Sir. You know, Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer had a very shiny nose."

Santa- "REINDEER!!!(?)! I could've sworn he was a warthog."

Howard- "Santa, I was wondering if you could tell us what your first stop is going to be?"

Santa- "Well, my first stop is going to be a hardware store so I can buy a shovel. People are getting pretty tired of the way my reindeer mess up their roofs every year."

CHEERS

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring especially the mouse.

For that morning he'd happened to fall in a pail, which to his surprise was brimming with ale. To save himself from drowning he drank the pail dry, and found that he was soon very high. The bucket turned over to his persistent attack, but when he tried to run away he fell flat on his back. The next morning he was glad that Christmas was over, because he had a terrible hangover. He shouted in a voice loud enough for all to hear. "Have a Merry Christmas, but forget the good cheer."

by James Welden

Howard- "I'm sorry Santa, but our time is just about up. Do you have anything you want to say to all those people out there in T.V. land?"

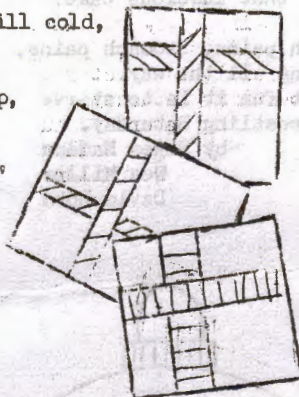
Santa- "Happy Hannakah!"

Well Christmas fans, that's all for now, but be sure and tune in Christmas Eve when we bring you Santa and the Elks convention. And in conclusion, I would like to say, may you wake up Jan. 1, 1973 without a hangover."

ANTI-OF GIVING

by Vivienne Tong

A mother and father as poor as can be,
 Lived with their poor little children three,
 Christmas was coming and closer it grew,
 But they were too poor to get anything new.
 Their stockings were hung by the chimney with care
 But still they knew nothing would ever be there.
 But still they had hopes that someone would come
 With presents and candy and cookies and gum.
 They were even too poor to eat three meals a day
 But for Santa's milk and cookies were their for his stay.
 And wishing as hard as their little hearts could
 They went to bed hoping Santa saw them good
 But they knew no one loved them, for they were still cold,
 No one would ever buy things that they sold.
 Their mother and father were in bed asleep,
 And later at night for the stockings they'll creep,
 And put in some candy and small things to eat
 A weeks worth of supper for a very small treat.
 Then long in the night, after nothing was happenin'
 Outside one could hear a whip out there crackin'.
 A jolly, bold man jumped out of a sled
 With a big, fat belly and all dressed in red.
 He jumped on the roof and down thru the chimney
 Tho' the door didn't even have a key.
 He looked around and saw the tree,
 And knew he was the only hope for these three.
 He saw three stockings within arms reach,
 Then put in a couple more things for them each.
 Then three big presents he put under the tree,
 Right in front where all could see.
 He jumped out the chimney, and slid down the roof,
 And accidentally landed under a reindeer's hoof.
 Then he got up and into his sled,
 He was just about ready to fall into bed.
 When, in the morning the children awoke
 They saw those presents and none of them spoke.
 Their mother and father were both so surprised
 Neither of them could believe their eyes.
 As they stood they felt a warm breeze
 Then all fell down to their knees,
 And said, "Thank you, dear God, that we're living,
 For now we know Christmas is the time for giving!"



Santa's Moody Night

by Jeff Hoover

It was a dark, snowy night
 cold as the Poles.
 Santa's a little grumpy,
 He's getting old.

Santa plumed to his sled,
 and was chuggin' real fast.
 Many houses were left,
 He wished for the last.

One night a year,
 Ol' Santa was cool.
 "Let's stop this jive,"
 It's just for fools.

Santa was ready,
 to give up this pace.
 But up and jumped,
 this happy little face.
 It's voice rang out,
 full of cheer.
 Stay cool Santa,
 We'll see you next year.

A Wrestler's Ballad

Stomach pains, stomach pains,
Starving all the way.
Oh what fun it is to starve
On a wrestling Saturday.

Cakes and pies, and french fries,
Ice cream all the way.
Oh what fun it is to run
Fifteen laps a day.

A day or two ago,
I thought I'd lose some weight,
I saw a chocolate cake,
And boy I couldn't wait
To eat that luscious cake.

Stomach pains, stomach pains,
Starving all the way.
Oh what fun it is to starve
On a wrestling Saturday.

by Roger Nadeau
Wes Miller
David Lord

the art of snow

The art of snow fills
the air on Christmas
Day everywhere.

Snowflakes softly
cover the ground
without a noise,
without a sound.

Wouldn't children really
care without snow
on Christmas Day?

by Carol Eldmonds

Overworked elves
croaking with pain
push an old man
up in a sleigh.

A crash is heard
and they sigh in dismay,
for good ole Santa
has broken his leg.

Doctor Higgins
calmly arrives,
stating that Santa
can't survive.

Minutes pass and
he applies a cast,
silently praying
that Santa will last.

Again on his sleigh,
Santa give us a smile;
Then off with a swoosh
he heads for the Nile.

by Randy Hawkins



If you drop this
shiny ball, you won't
get your Janey doll.

You should be
hanging this very
carefully.
You must not mess
this nice bulb up,
or Santa Claus won't
make a stop.

by Valerie Pendegrass

MAILMEN AT CHRISTMASTIME

THE
WORLD

During the year about this time,
The mailmen have to work overtime.
A package, a letter, and a Christmas card too.
One for dad, mom, and you.
He walks through the streets delivering the mail
Through the rain, sleet, snow, and hail.

by Bruce Abbott

At the North Pole

The North Pole at this time of the year is the scene of the usual preparation for the occasion of Christmas; the climax of all the year's work done there. This year I was invited by Mr. Santa Claus himself to tour the facilities at the North Pole to get a firsthand account of what goes on there.

Arriving at the Claus residence after a lengthy journey by jet, airplane, and dogsled, I was met at the front door by the man himself! He seemed to be as I had always imagined from my childhood stories - not too tall, extremely overweight, with rosy cheeks and a long, white beard. He quickly welcomed me inside, and soon proved to be a very friendly and jolly man.

Not having seen Mrs. Claus, I asked Santa where she was. He called her in from the kitchen where she had been baking Christmas cookies (and burning quite a few, judging from the smell of things). Expecting to see a matronly, plump, grandmother-type, I was extremely shocked to see a young, very beautiful girl who could have passed for a Playboy Playmate emerge. She wore a fur-lined skirt no larger than a Band-Aid, and went over and plopped herself into Santa's lap, giggling and kissing Santa on his nose as she sat there.

Recovering from my astonishment, I asked, "where is the old, plump, lovable Mrs. Claus I read about in Children's books? What is SHE doing here?" I explained as I pointed at the girl.

Santa said matter-of-factly, "I had to get rid of the old Mrs. Claus. The Women's Lib people were getting on my back for having a wife who was perfectly happy being a wife and not interested in women's rights or anything like that. So I sent her away to Pluto to deliver Christmas gifts there, and she won't be back for a few thousand years. Besides that, my PR man decided my public image could use some bolstering, since people say I never change with the times. My friend Hugh Hefner found this little gem for me, in return for all the many things I have given him."

"Won't the little children be confused and shocked when they find this out?" I asked.

"I don't know. All they care about are presents anyway," Santa grinned.

I managed to get Santa to leave his little woman for a while so we could tour the place. On the way out to the elves' workshop, I asked Santa if he minded being such a fat person.

"No," he laughed. "Actually, I used to be rather thin until I started making the Christmas rounds many years ago. I mean, can you imagine a couple million servings of milk and cookies? That's enough to make anyone fat!"

Reaching the elves' workshop, we walked into a clean, modern, automated factory where the many elves were working on an assembly line making all kinds of things. "We had to make so many toys, that we soon needed more efficient ways of making them. So we set up an assembly line this year to help us out. As you see, we have an assembly line for each type of toy. Over there is the stuffed teddy bears, and back there is the toy cars and

CONTINUED PG. 26

Betty Crocker Comes to Bitburg

On Dec. 5, 1972, the Betty Crocker Homemaker of Tomorrow test was administered to Bitburg High seniors. Surprisingly, there were also three guys: Tim Olnick, John Minieris, and Craig French. When asked why, their answers ranged from, "We were attempting to break down the barrier of female chauvinism", to "Just for the heck of it".

When asked if the test was very hard Mr. Olnick replied, "Yeh, there were some real toughies on that test." Here are just a few questions from the Betty Crocker Mind Cracker Test:

When a preschooler shows you an unrecognizable picture he has drawn, you should -

- A. Slap him, because it is probably dirty.
- B. Burn it.
- C. Laugh at it.
- D. Throw it away.

Answer: A

Yogurt is a good source of

- A. Calories
- B. Capdlewax.
- C. Hog fat.
- D. Income for health food stores.

Answer: D

Women are demanding day care centers, fair employment practices, and legalized abortions primarily because they want to -

- A. Do the same kind of work as men.
- B. Dominate men.
- C. Escape household responsibilities.
- D. All the above (Ans. D)

Which concept of an individual most affects what he is like?

- A. How ugly he is.
- B. How ugly his parents are
- C. How ugly his grandparents are.
- D. How ugly his great-Grandparents are.

Answer: A

CONT. PAGE 26

CONTINUED PG. 25

trucks. Stuffed teddy bears are one of our most popular items."

We walked outside, where one of Santa's aides rushed up and excitedly shouted, "We won't be able to fly this year!"

"Why not?" asked Santa.

"The government man came by and said we had no pollution-control devices for our sleigh. He also said we have no license to drive, and no anti-hijacking insurance."

"But that's preposterous!" Santa growled. "Sleighs don't make any pollution!"

"He didn't say it was the sleigh. He was worried more about pollution from the reindeer!" shouted the aide.

"Why do I need a license?" asked Santa. "I've been riding for a few thousand years without any accidents. And who is going to hijack a sleigh?"

"I don't know," answered the aide. "But that's the rule. You either get a license and insurance and control reindeer pollution, or else you don't fly."

"I guess I'll have to send the packages by Railway Express," said Santa very dejectedly. "All those children!"

Another traditional Christmas at the North Pole!

Continued PG. 25

Which of the following is the best way to loosen the skin of a peach or apricot?

- A. Threaten it
- B. Beat it with a club
- C. Kiss it
- D. Talk nice to it

Answer: B

What is the worst cause of air pollution in the U.S. today?

- A. Dirt
- B. Crud
- C. Politicians
- D. Smog

Answer: D

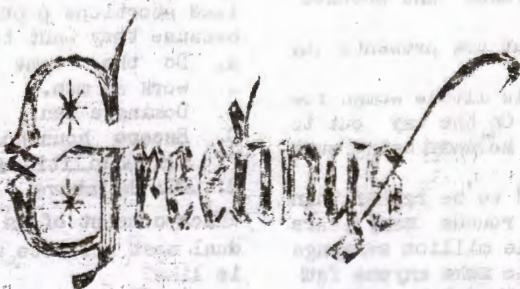
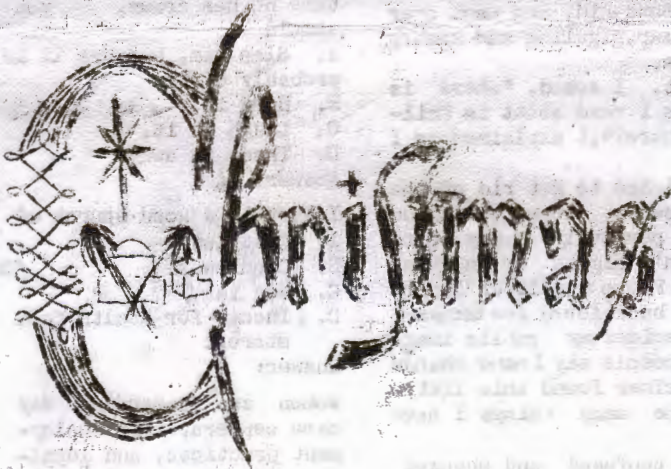
There was also an essay question, "Children should be free from restraint except for one rule: Never hurt anybody." Is this a workable approach? One of the essays went like this,

"I think that's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. You've got to be so strict that the kid doesn't dare breathe without asking your permission. If he does something wrong, beat the you-know-what out of him. If ya don't hollar at the brat and slap him around a little, he'll feel neglected."

When asked if he thought he had a chance, Craig said, "I don't know, but wouldn't it be funny if I won!"

According to John, it was a very embarrassing situation. "When we went in there, all those girls were looking at us kind of funny. I felt real stupid."

All three of them agreed on one thing. They're going to kill Betty Crocker if anyone finds out about it.



from the Staff

CHRISTMAS IN SCANDINAVIA

Sweden

In Sweden, celebration of the Christmas season begins December 13, St. Lucia's Day. Swedish children believe that elves called "Jult Nisse" help them with many of their holiday tasks. The children show gratitude to the elves by leaving gold on the table for the elves each night.

The traditional Christmas feast most Swedes enjoy is fish. They prepare their "lutfish" from the finest catch and it is served with a special sauce. Another Swedish favorite is "Jultrot", a pudding made of rice and milk.

Norway

In Norway, the yuletide season starts on December 21 St. Thomas' Day. On Christmas Eve, Norwegians bake cakes especially for St. Thomas.

Another Norwegian custom is called "Rings in Julen", or ringing in Christmas. At four o'clock in the afternoon on Christmas Eve, church bells throughout the country are rung. The bells symbolize the Norwegians welcome to Christmas.

The Norwegians prepared a special Christmas pudding that contains one almond. It is believed by the people that if a single girl gets the almond in her portion she will be the next to be married.

Finland

In Finland, villagers cut pine boughs and pile them in a long, green carpet for the Christ Child from the top of a hill to the center of the village. Finns eat a special St. Stephen's Day porridge on Christmas Day and for Finns, cookies are a special treat.

Not only the Finns, but people of all the Scandinavian countries give food to birds at Christmas Time, because all the seeds, nuts and insects are covered by snow. On Christmas Eve extra grain is left in the yards for the birds.

views vary for Christmas wishes

When asked, the kids on bus "2" were eager to tell what unusual things they wanted for Christmas. Russell Colston, 7th grade, wanted a brand new pair of sneakers, a new bed, and a 36-24-36 inch woman!!!

Chuck Hertzog, 7th grade, wanted his teeth straight. (He wears braces!) Lore Michall, 3rd grade, wanted

a time doll and some check-ards. Tony Lujwan, 3rd grade wants "stamps"!!

Bill Lujwan, 4th grade, wants his teacher put in jail, and a kiss from a pretty girl, and a 1" teddy bear!!

David Curry, 4th grade, wants 2 new sisters and his teacher put in jail too! (Pity the teacher).

Christmas In Old Russia

Christmas in Old Russia was spent as processions went through the city singing carols. These were old sacrificial songs surviving from heathen days and dealt with the gods and goddesses which have been endowed with Christian characteristics so that they seem to be sacred yuletide songs.

The processions visited noblemen begging for money or presents. With their gifts they returned to their homes and masqueraded in imitation of the Holy Nativity manger animals.

As soon as the evening star appeared a supper was served. The table was covered with straw, with a cloth over this. A samout was placed on the table with fish and cakes. The feast began by dividing the blessed wafer of which all partook.

When the feast was over the peasants went to noblemen's homes for a Christmas tree celebration. Here presents are distributed and peasants were given small coins.

Tim Hertzog, 3rd grade, wants a girlfriend. (What could be more natural?).

Then there's old Charles Schweik, 6th grade, who wants a 1972 uncirculated coin. (That's a new one, isn't it?) Tim Lujwan, 2nd grade, wants 10 bottles of beer and a kiss from me!!! (Wonder if he'll get it?)

Tom Jessicky wants a walking and talking teddy bear for his little brother. (Isn't that sweet?) Liza Lujwan, 2 years old, wants a talking telephone!! Dennis Slade wants a microphone! (Whatever for? He's only 4 years old!!)

Have you ever wondered what Frank Mathis wants for Christmas??

RUDOLPH'S VIEW

Christmas

in

Bethlehem

Out of all the Christmas stories you've heard about Santa and his little elves viewpoints on Christmas preparations, no one has written or heard Rudolph's viewpoint. At least I haven't, and I'm Rudolph!

You see, just because I'm a reindeer everyone thinks that I don't worry about getting ready to pull Santa, all those presents, and that big heavy sleigh all over the world in one night. But I do!

I have to stay healthy to make sure my nose will keep shining. If my nose quits shining I won't be able to see anything or guess all the other reindeer.

Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, Blitzen and I are Santa's "first string" reindeer, and every year at Christmas children wait, watching out their windows to see us in the sky. There is one thing that people don't know about us. We have soft hearts. We just can't take seeing a disappointed little boy or girl. So we practice all year long up at the North Pole doing exercises and keeping up our flying so we don't forget or get lazy to do anything. It would really be terrible if we couldn't fly anymore!

But we also play games with each other. Santa always says, "the best reindeer, is a happy reindeer." And I guess Santa's right.

All us reindeer have a lot of fun whether we're working or playing, just making you happy. So from all ***** Santa's reindeer, to all you young ladies and gentlemen, Merry Christmas!!

Dasher, Dancer,

Prancer, Vixen,

Comet, Cupid,

Donner, Blitzen,

And Rudolph

By:

Lynette Mills

Some people have all the luck. For instance, Christmas is celebrated on three separate days in Bethlehem.

Most of the Christians celebrate Christmas on December 25th, but members of the Greek Orthodox, Syrian, and Armenian Church recognize January 18th as the day of the Christ Child's birth.

Each year, on Christmas Eve, people from all over the world converge on Bethlehem to witness the religious ceremonies, procession, and masses. Each person also hopes to get a first-hand view of where the manger stood.

Among the people who converge on Bethlehem are a great number of former citizens of Bethlehem who attempt to return home every year in order to observe the Holy day with relatives. And to feast on homemade cakes and home-pressed grapes.

History of Christmas

Many people do not know the correct date of Christ's birth. For a long time people observed his birthday on various dates. In AD 354 Bishop Liberius of Rome ordered the people to celebrate on December 25th. He probably chose this date because the people of Rome already observed it as the Feast of Saturn, celebrating the birthday of the sun. Christians honored Christ, instead of Saturn, as the Light of the World. The Christians of Egypt celebrated Christmas on January 6, and many members of the Eastern Orthodox Church still observe this date.

Why is it that I stand
on this troubled earth,
Wondering just what people
are really worth?

Men, Women, and Children
have their fun.

But only I
have none

Then Christmas Appears

Though I still stand

I'm but only in tears

But why am I in tears?

I should not be in fear

For I know that the Christmas

Spirit is always near