DELL

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Still 10¢

WALT SCOTT'S Christmas Stories

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"The Songs of Christmas"

Song expresses the best in man's nature—his devotion, his praise, his happiness, his love. Of all the carols of joy and gladness, none is better known than "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen." No one knows who wrote it, or when. It goes back at least 300 years and is England's best loved carol.

Another of the merry songs of Christmas is "Deck the Hall With Boughs of Holly." This dates back to the pre-Christian era in England and the midwinter festival called "Yule."

Any list of favorite Christmas carols is likely to include "Good King Wenceslas," "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," "Joy to the World," "While Shepherds Watched."

And of course "We Three Kings of Orient Are," which is based on the story of the wise men from the east, who came to worship the infant Jesus and bring Him gifts.

But ranking first in general popularity is "O Come All Ye Faithful," known also by the Latin "Adeste Fideles." This has been translated into more than 75 languages.

"O Come All Ye Faithful" is believed to be one of the old Latin carols that were danced as well as sung. We know that many carols were danced. This kept them from being approved by the church for centuries. The word "carol" comes from the Latin "carolaire," a medieval ring dance accompanied by singing.

WALT SCOTT'S Christmas Stories

The LITTLE PEOPLE'S CHRISTMAS

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THERE, MR. DEER! IN THAT BIG LOG! I CONFESS I DID SNOOP IN THE WINDOW!
I WANT TO SNOOP, TOO.
I MUST HAVE A FAMILY OF SNOOPERS!

A GROUP OF LITTLE PEOPLE WERE VERY BUSY MAKING TOYS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE WHITE-WHISKERED OLD ONE
TIME OUT, MEN! WEVE DONE A LOT TODAY, AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR SOME CIDER AND BISCUITS!
GLUE

EVERY YEAR AT THIS TIME WE BUILD TOYS, AND EVERY YEAR ST. NICK GATHERS THEM UP FOR THE CHILDREN IN THE VILLAGE.
SO WE MAKE A LOT OF YOUNGSTERS HAPPY AT CHRISTMAS!

YEAH, BUT SOME BREAK UP THEIR TOYS FIRST THING!

THE BUSINESS OF BUILDING TOYS WENT ON... THE TINY HAMMERS WENT RAP-RAP, AND SLIPPETY-SLOP WENT THE PAINT BRUSHES. LITTLE SAWS SQUEAKED THEIR WAY THROUGH WOOD. THE SHELVES WERE FILLING UP WITH TOYS.

THERE WAS A TINY TOY VILLAGE FOR SOME LUCKY YOUNGSTER AND A ROCKING HORSE, TOO...

AND WAGONS AND SLEDS AND A BOW WITH ARROWS, AND MANY OTHER WONDERFUL TOYS...

EVENING SETTLED DOWN ON THE LITTLE TOY SHOP AND THE FRIENDLY GLOW FROM FIREPLACE AND CANDLE CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW. OUTSIDE, THE WOODS CREATURES SEEMED TO TAKE ON SOME OF THE CONTENTMENT OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE INSIDE, WHO WERE BUSY PLANNING THEIR CHRISTMAS PARTY.

AND MRS. JAY TOLD MRS. CARDINAL AND SHE TOLD THE SPARROWS, AND ONCE **THEY** HEARD, EVERY BIRD WHO DIDN'T FLY SOUTH KNEW OF THE COMING EVENT...

WEMBLY, WEESH AND WOOSH GO ON THEIR WAY, SPREADING NEWS OF THE CHRISTMAS PARTY...

BUT WEMBLY SPRINGS THE TRAP WITH A LONG STICK

IN THE MEANTIME, JINK, CHUB AND CORK, HAVING INVITED AS MANY ANIMALS AS THEY COULD FIND, WENDED THEIR WAY BACK TO THE WARMTH OF THE LITTLE TOYSHOP.

FOX HAD WARNED THE LITTLE PEOPLE ABOUT THE DEEP HOLE NEAR THE OLD OAK TREE AND IT WAS ON THE ROOTS OF THIS VERY TREE THAT THE LITTLE PEOPLE RESTED...

SUDDENLY WEESH'S FEET FLEW OUT FROM UNDER HIM! WEMBLY MADE A GRAB FOR HIM AND HE, TOO, SLIPPED...

IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THEY DECIDED TO WAIT TILL DAYLIGHT. TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP AND WE'LL LOOK AGAIN TOMORROW!

THE NEXT DAY THE THREE LITTLE MEN WENT IN AS MANY DIRECTIONS TO HUNT FOR THEIR PALS...

THEY ASKED EVERYONE THEY MET. TAR WAS SENT BY OLD ONE TO TAKE A LOOK FROM ABOVE. THE SEARCH WENT ON...

WEESH, WOOSH AND WEMBLY LOOKED UP FROM THE PIT THEY HAD FALLEN INTO TO SEE MR. DEER AND SOME OTHER ANIMALS PEERING DOWN AT THEM

WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?
WE FELL IN, AND WE CAN'T CLIMB UP THESE SLIPPERY WALLS!

JINK AND HIS GROUP MET, CIRCLED, HUNTED AND MET AGAIN WITHOUT HAVING SEEN A TRACE OF THE LOST ONES.

THE LITTLE TRIO ARRIVED AT THE PLACE WHERE TAR HAD LANDED JUST IN TIME TO SEE HIM HOLDING THE ROPE WHILE THE LOST ONES SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE PIT

THE RESCUED AND RESCUERS SHOUTED FOR JOY WHEN THEY WERE AGAIN UNITED. TAR STRUTTED ABOUT, PROUD OF THE PART HE PLAYED...

THE TROUPE OF TIRED AND VERY SAD LITTLE MEN WAS ABOUT READY TO GIVE UP, WHEN--

SOME BOARDED FUZZY, SOME CLIMBED ON DEER, AND OLD ONE FLEW AHEAD ON TAR. THEIR DESTINATION WAS THE BIG BEECH WHERE THEY WOULD MAKE THINGS READY FOR THE PARTY...

AND IN THE CLEARING NEAR THE HOMES OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE EVERYONE HAD HIS TASK TO PERFORM, FOR TOMORROW WAS THE DAY

JINK AND THE TWINS CUT THE TREE WHICH WAS SET UP AND DECORATED WITH STRINGS OF POP-CORN AND BERRIES. THE ANIMALS HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS...

WHEN AT LAST IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE, THE BIRDS AND ANIMALS FROM ALL OVER THE VALLEY ARRIVED. THE TRIMMED TREE WAS LIGHTED AND GIFTS AND SWEETS PASSED AROUND. THERE WAS SOMETHING FOR EVERY GUEST. SEEDS FOR THE BIRDS AND NUTS FOR THE SQUIRRELS. THE DEER HAD SWEET HAY TO EAT. EVEN FUZZY HAD HIS FILL OF HONEY. IN ALL THE LEGENDS OF THE VALLEY OF THE SMALL ONES, THERE NEVER HAD BEEN SUCH A CHRISTMAS...

the animals' Christmas

by Walt Scott

Children throughout the Valley were being asked the usual pre-Christmas questions...

At the home of Wilmot and Wilma Weasel...
YOU ARE THE LAZIEST MAN I KNOW! YOU COULD HOLD MY YARN FOR ME!
I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS CHRISTMAS STUFF! PLAIN SILLY, IT IS! YOU GIVE A PRESENT-- YOU GET A PRESENT! BAH!

I'M GOING SKATING!
SKATING! THAT'S ALL YOU EVER THINK OF!

IF YOU'D USE UP SOME OF THAT ENERGY DOING FOR OTHERS, YOU'D BE BETTER OFF!
DO FOR OTHERS? NO ONE EVEN TALKS TO ME! I HAVEN'T ANY FRIENDS--SO I SKATE AND I LIKE IT!

WHEN I'M SKATING, I'M NOT BOTHERING ANYBODY AND NO ONE BOTHERS ME! SO, LIKE I SAID, I'M GOING SKATING!

In the meantime, Freddy Fox goes from house to house...
SNIFFER MOUSE HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE SCHOOL LET OUT, AND HE'S SUCH A TINY FELLOW, MISTER POSSUM!
I'LL GET SOME DUDS ON AND GET OUT AND HELP THE OTHERS RIGHT AWAY, FREDDY!

HE DIDN'T COME HOME AFTER SCHOOL AND SNIFFER'S FOLKS ARE REAL WORRIED!
I IMAGINE THEY WOULD BE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK FROM UP IN THE TREES--MAYBE I CAN SPOT HIM!
12-7

MAN! AM I TIRED! SEEMS LIKE I'VE WALKED A HUNDRED MILES, BROON!
ME TOO, GUFFER, BUT WE JUST GOTTA KEEP GOING!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THAT MOUSE COULD GET SO LOST!
LET'S GO THROUGH THAT PATCH OF BIRCHES ONCE MO-- WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT?

LOOK AT HIM! EVERYBODY'S OUT HUNTING FOR SNIFFER AND HE SKATES!
WILMOT WEASEL WOULDN'T TURN HIS HAND TO HELP ANYONE, HE WOULDN'T! WELL, IT TAKES ALL KINDS!

JUST A MOMENT!
KNOCK! KNOCK!

HELLO, FREDDY! COME IN! AREN'T YOU OUT AWFULLY LATE?
HELLO, MIS' WEASEL! IS MISTER WEASEL AT HOME?

NO, PLAYBOY HAS GONE SKATING! CAN I HELP YOU?
SNIFFER MOUSE IS MISSING! HE'S BEEN GONE SINCE SCHOOL WAS OUT! I'VE BEEN TELLING ALL THE MEN FOLKS! THEY'RE ALL OUT HUNTING FOR HIM-- THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT--

FREDDY, I'M SORRY WILMOT'S NOT HERE, BUT THEN HE WOULDN'T BE MUCH HELP ANYWAY! OOOH, THAT MAN MAKES ME SO MAD!
I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME -- THIS WAS THE LAST HOUSE!
While men hunted for Sniffer -- Wilmot skated...
LET 'EM FUSS WITH THEIR OLD CHRISTMAS STUFF! WHAT'S THE GOOD -- HUH! WHAT'S THAT?
Help! Help!

SOME JOKER'S HOLLERING AT ME -- THEY USUALLY DO! LET 'EM HOLLER!
Help! HELP!
12-11

THERE'S THAT YELLING AGAIN!
HELP! HELP!

PROB'LY A JOKE SOMEBODY'S PLAYING ON ME -- SOUNDS REAL ENOUGH!
help! HELP!

HELP! GET ME OUTA HERE! HEY, YOU MISTER WEASEL! PLEASE HELP ME!
THAT YELLING'S COMING FROM THAT OLD SHACK, BUT I STILL BET IT'S A TRICK!
12-12

OH, PLEASE HURRY! I WANNA GET OUTA HERE!
A'RIGHT, A'RIGHT! I'M COMING!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME OUT?
CAN'T--DOOR'S STUCK AND THE WINDOW'S JAMMED! PLEASE, MISTER WEASEL!

SNIFFER! WHAT IN THE WORLD--
I'VE BEEN HERE SINCE SCHOOL LET OUT! CAME IN TO GET OUTA THE WIND AND THE DOOR BLEW SHUT! I'M COLD AND I WANNA GO HOME!

STOP THAT BLUBBERING, SNIFFER! SOON'S I GET THESE SKATES OFF I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!

YOU ARE AWFUL NICE, MISTER WEASEL!
I'M NOT NICE--NO SENSE TO IT!

A little later at Sniffer's home...
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH WE'RE IN YOUR DEBT! WOULD YOU LIKE A CUP OF TEA?
THE ONLY THING WE CAN SAY IS, "THANK YOU VERY MUCH!"
MISTER WEASEL'S A HERO!
HERO! BAH!

SNIFFER'S FOLKS ARE REAL NICE-- FRIENDLY, TOO! SHUCKS, WHAT AM I SAYING?

Next morning--
FOLKS ARE SAYING YOU FOUND SNIFFER AND TOOK HIM HOME! I'M REAL PROUD! I'LL FIX US SOME BREAKFAST SOON'S I GET SOME WATER!
SO I FOUND HIM! HE GOT HIMSELF LOCKED IN AN OLD SHACK--AND I TOOK HIM TO HIS FOLKS--IT WAS ON MY WAY ANYHOW-- HERE, GIMME THAT BUCKET, WOMAN!

WELL, I NEVER...
SORTA NICE HAVING FOLKS FRIENDLY TO YOU, EVEN IF YOU DIDN'T DO ANYTHING TO SPEAK OF!

HI THERE, WILMOT! GETTING ALL SET FOR THE BIG DAY?
BIG DAY? OH-ER-- CHRISTMAS! I S'POSE SO! HAVEN'T FUSSED ANY, RINGER!

GUESS THERE'LL BE PRESENTS FOR MOST EVERYBODY! FREDDY FOX HAS HIS HEART SET ON SKATES AND HIS FOLKS JUST CAN'T FIND ANY--HARD AS THEY'VE LOOKED!

HE'S A REAL NICE LAD AND HE WON'T MIND TOO MUCH! THERE'LL BE OTHER GIFTS! WELL, S'LONG, WILMOT! BE SEEING YOU AROUND!
GOSH! HE CALLED ME WILMOT! MAYBE IT WAS MY FAULT ALL ALONG THAT FOLKS WEREN'T FRIENDLY!

HOLD UP THERE, WILMOT! NICE THING YOU DID FOR SNIFFER!
SHUCKS, 'TWASN'T ANYTHING, MISTER BEAR!
MISTER BEAR? CALL ME BROON, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE!
SURE--ER-BROON!
MY WORD!
I MOST FORGOT! CAME BY TO TELL YOU WE'RE HAVING CHRISTMAS AT MY HOUSE! HOPE YOU AND THE MISSUS WILL COME!
THANK YOU, MI--ER-BROON! WE'LL BE HAPPY TO!
I DECLARE I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER THAT MAN! HE'S SO BUSY ALL OF A SUDDEN! HE'S FILLED THE WOOD BOX AND BROUGHT IN THE WATER--NOW HE'S WORKING IN THE SHED!
WIL-MOT!
DID YOU YELL, HON? I GOT ALL THE CHORES DONE!
WHAT ARE YOU SO BUSY AT OUT THERE?
JUST PUTTERING AROUND--YOU KNOW WHERE THE SAND-PAPER AND OIL ARE?
IN HERE ON THE SHELF! RIGHT WHERE YOU PUT THEM!
NOW WHAT'S HE WANT THAT STUFF FOR?

At last Christmas Eve came as it always does...
NICE OF BROON TO INVITE US TO HIS PLACE... ONLY HOUSE BIG ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!
MARVIN! YOU BE CAREFUL NOT TO DROP THAT PUDDING!
YOU CHILDREN SCOOT ON AHEAD! YOU'RE GETTING UNDER FOOT!

MY, MY! JUST LOOK AT THAT TABLE!
YOU CAN HARDLY SEE THE TREE FOR TRIMMINGS!
LET'S EAT BEFORE EVERYTHING'S COLD!
YOU CHILDREN WILL JUST HAVE TO WAIT WITH THE GIFTS TILL AFTER YOU'VE EATEN!

SEEMS LIKE NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO THANK HIM FOR ALL OUR BLESSINGS!

Dinner was over and the table was cleared for the opening of the gifts...
WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT BIG ONE!
LOOKIT ALL THE PRESENTS!

They weren't new skates, but they were shined up like new... for you see they had been Wilmot Weasel's...

The LITTLE TREE that TALKED

by Walt Scott

Was it you who sneezed?
No, it was that runty old spruce!

Never heard of a tree talking!
Most trees don't! I'm different--say, thanks for brushing off that snow! It gets heavy!

S'pose you could find some moss to put around my roots? They get so cold and my rheumatism is bad!

I'll be back tomorrow with a quilt or something. I must hurry because we're just about finished making toys for Christmas!

BACK IN THE TOY SHOP, THE MYSTERY OF THE TALKING TREE IS THE MAIN TOPIC OF CONVERSATION..
Says his roots get cold. I'll take him a blanket or quilt!
Are you real sure you didn't dream this up, Chub?

WHEN THE TOYS WERE FINISHED AND READY FOR ST. NICHOLAS, THE LITTLE PEOPLE WENT TO VISIT THE LITTLE TREE THAT TALKED..

This is indeed a pleasure! And thanks so much for the quilt--it feels mighty good!

How come you never grew into a Christmas tree?
No choice in the matter--but I **would** like to be able to look around like the other trees!

Still, it's not bad being runty. No one will cut me down and hang popcorn on me--yet maybe it would be fun to be all lighted up--one last fling, so to speak!

My, that quilt feels good on my roots. Makes me feel real spruce-- there I go again!
I don't see how anyone so scraggly can be so cheerful!

Well, I've been pretty lonesome. Lived here long before Old One came. You see, I wasn't always a spruce tree!

No, siree! I was a real live little person just like you! But things weren't so peaceful in the valley as they are now. **There was evil here!**

It wasn't at all good here. The meat eaters came! I mean people who killed animals and ate 'em up! Imagine!
Who were these bad ones?

The TREE'S STORY
"Well, there was an old woman, sort of a witch, who knew some magic. Had an evil eye, too, she did! Two men helped her. I think they were relatives!"

"These two men -- I still remember their names -- Radcliffe and Melvin -- were just as bad as the old witch!"

When I found out the Mean Ones were catching and eating the animals -- pull that quilt up, will you, please? -- I got busy and passed the word around.

"First thing you know the animals fled to safer places out of the Valley! Maybe a few mice and moles stayed, but they were safe enough!

"After awhile the Mean Ones had to live on fish, and soon they tired of this and began to get even meaner! Then they saw me!"

"I didn't think they would eat me", continued the little tree, "but I stayed clear of the Mean Ones just in case. This meant a lot of running on my part because I didn't want the Hag to put her evil eye on me!"

"Now, a little man such as I was can only run **so** long and his short legs give out. That's just what happened..."

"Old evil eye and her boys cornered me! She gave me the **eye**, said some strange words, and **Zingo**--I was a young deer!"

"Now, a deer can be eaten", the little tree went on, "but my enemies forgot that a deer can run fast, too. So I ran some more!".

--when I was too tired to run another inch--they came. But they were tired, too, and weak from hunger."

Days went by and the evil trio was getting **real** hungry. Then one day--

...Next thing I knew I was a scraggly spruce tree. There I was, rooted to the spot so to speak."

"Hunger finally drove the terrible trio out of the Valley, and it was peaceful but awfully quiet and lonesome!"

"It wasn't long till the animals began coming back. Later on Old One came and finally you Little People."

UNABLE TO HELP THE TINY TREE MAN, THE LITTLE PEOPLE WERE GETTING READY TO GO HOME WHEN SUDDENLY A MIGHTY VOICE BOOMED OUT...
a very sad tale! sad indeed!

Where are you? Come out where we can see you!

Just a second, friends! I'll fix it so you can see me!
There, by that tree! I see something!

There now! Greetings! I was eavesdropping, I guess! Sorry!
Who are you, sir?

Oh, I'm just a spirit. This time of year I walk the land. Sometimes I fly, for I must cover a lot of territory!

I sort of help St. Nick with his Christmas chore.. You see, I'm the Spirit of Christmas and without me, Christmas presents aren't much good!

"Why, do you know that in one town I went to," said the Spirit, "folks just didn't bother with Christmas at all? It was just a number on a calendar."
Did you help them?
Help them? Indeed I did! Put a few drops of my Christmas Elixir in the well water!

"Never saw folks get so Christmasy all of a sudden! They handed out presents and invited each other to dinner-- it was wonderful!"

"Another place I went to," the Spirit went on, "the folks all gave each other presents. It looked like Christmas...

... but it wasn't!"
I know very well she's had this vase ever since she got married!
Well, I gave him some ties I didn't like! It evens up!

I fixed 'em good! The next year they said "Merry Christmas" and meant it! Gave each other nice things, too! They even went to church!

I've been doing a lot of talking when it seems like this little fellow could use some help!
Oh, could you please help him, Spirit?
Let's see now. Have to take things in order. Before he was a tree-- yes, a deer. Just one drop of this--
OPEN-MOUTHED, THE LITTLE PEOPLE SAW THE SCRAGGLY TREE TURN INTO A DEER...
He's a beautiful deer!
And the scraggly spruce is gone!
Now another drop... Stand still, White Tail... and...
... PRESTO! He's a little man with scraggly whiskers!
WHERE ONCE WAS A RUNTY LITTLE SPRUCE TREE, THERE NOW STOOD A LITTLE MAN WITH A RAGGED QUILT ABOUT HIM...
You never told us your name!
Oh, just call me "Scraggly." Thank you so very much, Spirit!

Scraggly, there's no need for you to be lonesome any more! Would you like to come and live with us?
We've lots of room!

(Sniff, sniff!) I am so very grateful to you! Just to think of having friends after all this time!

See what I mean, folks! That's it! The Spirit of Christmas! Oh, I almost forgot!

I almost forgot what I came for! St. Nick wanted me to find you and give you these presents! There's something for all of you and the animals, too!

There you are, lads! Help yourselves! But don't open 'em till Christmas eve!
Aw-w-w! HEY! Look up there!

MYRIADS OF TINY STARS BEGAN TO FALL OUT OF THE BLACK WINTER SKY...

The Spirit! HE'S GONE!
Must be on my way folks! I've got to be all over the world, tonight! Be seein' you!

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!
PRESENTS WERE FORGOTTEN AS THEY LOOKED ON THE GLOWING CHRISTMAS TREE MADE OF STARS... AND THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS DRIFTED BACK TO THE LITTLE PEOPLE...

"Silent Night, Holy Night"

How It Was Written

It was Christmas Eve, 1818, in the little village of Oberndorf, high up in the Austrian Alps.

The young parish priest, Joseph Mohr, was discussing preparations for the Christmas celebration. Father Mohr had given much thought to the composing of a beautiful Christmas song.

Franz Gruber, organist of Oberndorf, broke the sad news to Father Mohr that the organ had broken down on Christmas Eve. "We shall have music tomorrow anyway," said the priest.

He then agreed to write some verses of a Christmas song if Gruber would set them to simple music.

That evening a howling blizzard swept down from the Alpine peaks and there came a call for Father Mohr to go to a home where a boy baby had just been born.

"Silent Night, Holy Night"

On his way home from his mission the wind died down and the storm stopped. The moon came out and stars twinkled in the sky.

Inspired by this calm and beauty, as well as by his visit to the young mother and child, he hurried home and began writing. The first words were "Silent Night, Holy Night."

When the people of the little Alpine town gathered for Christmas worship there was no sound from the organ, for it was out of repair. But the organist strummed his guitar and, joined by Father Mohr, sang "Silent Night, Holy Night."

It was many years before the lovely carol, "Silent Night, Holy Night," came into its own. Roving choral groups carried it to other parts of Austria. Not until 1842, twenty-four years after its birth, was it printed.

In 1854 the full choir of the Imperial Church of Berlin sang it before Emperor Frederick William IV. He immediately ordered it to be placed first in all religious Christmas programs.

"Silent Night" is sung all over the world. It has been immortalized by the unmusical and by the great voice of Madam Schumann-Heink. And in the little Alpine town of Oberndorf a statue honors Father Mohr and Franz Gruber for their great gift to Christendom.

Steven Bell