

PLATE-O-RAM

my accurate
spacing



Christmas Issue
Vol. IV

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Issue 6

WHAT I WOULD NOT LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS

Ah! Christmas morning! It's raining outside, and it's nice and warm in bed under all the covers. I want to get up, so what do I do? I get up.

I walk into the living room, and what do I see? A trumpet lying under the tree! I begin to say to myself "Oh, Boy!" But then I hesitate as I pick it up. This means hours and hours of practice for the lessons I'll have to take!

I begin to think again about such a problem as this. I've got it! I'll hide it so Santa Claus will think he didn't put it under the tree. I begin to think real hard. No, that wouldn't work. They know they put it there; that is, Santa Claus knew he put it there.

After thinking some more, I decide to send it to Harry James. But wait! It doesn't look like real gold, so I

don't think he would like it. But, after all, the gold paint won't wear off for about two or three days.

That's definitely it, I shall send it to Harry James for a Christmas present.

After searching all over the house, I find a nice box that some previous present came in. It is just the size of the horrible trumpet. I fix the box up nicely with a beautiful silk cloth for lining, so that the gold paint won't wear off before it gets to James. Now all I have to do is get the trumpet, put it in the box and send it off.

I go back into the living room, glad because the trumpet is almost on its way. I pick up the trumpet to take one last look at it, but what's this card! Gad! What a blow! It isn't my present!

Richard Faunce
Freshman





HOLIDAY

PARTIES

YULETIDE CHEER

Everyone is in that delightful can't wait state, eagerly anticipating Christmas vacation, holiday parties, gay packages, and all the gay-spangled decor of the season.

When something like Christmas comes along, we all feel enchanted, don't we? Well we have a good reason to, for Christmas is the gayest, happiest season in the year--the time of year when everyone is giving and receiving and enjoying every minute of it.

We're free as birds until Jan. 3, 1950, so drink in the Christmas spirit and have a good time!

Merry Christmas to all!

ROVING REPORTER

QUESTION: What would you like to find under your Christmas tree?

- Miss Keenan - Chuck Wilson's little yellow car. (?)
- Ted Gibbons - Female, 5'11", blond hair, blue eyes, always defending Texas.
- Mary Morris - Male, 5'10", brown hair, brown eyes, AND his yellow car.
- A Senior Roy - Jane Russell in a French bathing suit.
- Larry Morris - A two-toned job, and not a car.
- Sally Armstrong - Bud Gruff(would he fit?)
- Bob Tricarico - Barbara Hellwig (love that girl)
- Pat Eberon - Larry M. he would be a pleasant surprise after all this time.
- Bobby Borbonus - Nancy MacEachern wrapped up in a red ribbon.
- Chuck Wilson - The answer book to Wachter's math courses.
- Mr. Wachter - Miss Stengel

(Continued on Page 3)

The Christmas holidays bring with them numerous parties for Lago students. Heading the list is the New Year's formal dance sponsored by the Canteen. It is to be at the old Esso Club from 8:30 P. M. to 1 A.M. Recorded music will be provided and refreshments served.

Canteen cards will be required for admission.

Another holiday party is a beach party given by the C. Y. O. on Monday, Dec. 26. It will be given at the Yacht Club for members and their guests from 5:30 to 10:30 P. M.

Last Friday, the Senior Gril Secuts gave a Christmas Dance to which they invited some of their friends. It was given at Bungalow 266 from 8 to 12 P. M.

LAGO BEATS CHINESE AGAIN

Friday December 9, Lago High played a second basketball game with the Chinese Club. Between quarters, the Chinese were buegedy. Lago High's " Ballet-Grils " let loose with some of the Lago High Cheers, much to our opponent's amusement. This seemed to be quite an inspiration for our team, however, for at the first quarter the Chinese Club had forged ahead. But when the points were totaled, at the end of the game, Lago High was the victor, 33 to 25.

NEW COACH

Taking Mr. Downey's place as coach of the basketball team, is Mr. Cook. Last year, Mr. Cook played for the Junior Engineers and gave the Lago High team a tough time in several games. He has shown that he knows his Basketball. Already Mr. Cook is doing an excellent job of drilling the basketball team to perfection.

The PAN-O-RAM Staff wishes you all a Very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR



The Rock, Caribbean, CRY ON MY SHOULDER
November 2, 1949.

By Weeping Willow

Mr. Santa Claus
North Pole

Dear Santa:

We understand that you would like a few tips as to what a few Lago Students should receive for Christmas this year. We assure you that most of us have been real good, and we are hoping you will be good to us.

Zenia & Elvira, want a man (one each; must be 21 or over).

John Wade, could use a bottle of hair restorer.

Bob Drew, needs a new joke book.

Janet Polfman, just a little more peroxide

Ray Burson, another Atlas Course.

Ralph Stahre, some time.

Donald Cahill, needs another bottle of

Vitalis.

Dewey Johnson, Give some more strength!

Penny Richey, Needs a speedometer, (she's

apt to go too fast!)

Please bring Elizabeth DeWeese & Doug Scott, and Bert Baker, Alice-in Wonderland

cake to make them taller.

Chuck and everybody else, would appreciate it if you sent a motor for that yellow

car.

David Massey needs a spanking for doubting

that there is a Santa Claus.

Bill Hollwig, some mittens to keep his

hands warm at the movies. *(Bill Polley's hands)*

(Continued on page 4)

"SANTA'S VACATION"

A Christmas operetta entitled "Santa's Vacation" was presented last night in the elementary school auditorium, under the direction of Miss Betty Barclay. Seventy-five children of grades two thru six participated in the program. Between acts, a mixed chorus of high school students sang carols, with Miss Barclay as accompanist.

Miss Thomas supervised the making of the programs, and Mr. Leary's department provided the scenery. Grade school teachers took charge of costuming. Grades 3-6 saw the play Tuesday.

(This week a new feature is being added to the Pan -O-Ram--advice to the lovelorn or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof. If you have a problem you want solved, get in touch with our expert, Miss Willow. Communications to her can be left at P-O-R headquarters in Room 23.)

Dear Miss Willow:

Emmette
I'm not the worst looking male in Lago, but do I constantly have to be trailed? Every where I look it's girls, girls, girls...They're haunting me, night and day. I can't sleep! And worst of all, these girls are very much lower classmen or should I say women? My problem is what should I do?

Desperately,
Gigilo

My dear Gigilo:

You mentioned that you couldn't sleep because some nasty little girls are shadowing you. My advice to you is take an overdose of sleeping pills and your problems will be solved forever. Of course, if for some strange reason you should just happen to wake up, you would still have your little problems. The only solution then is to get a car and ride.

Weepingly,
Miss Willow

THE BIRT--YOU THINK IT, WE INK IT

Rumor has it that Donald Cahill is dreaming of a freshman girl who has recently been put on the loose.

The fishing season opened and Judy Ballard came in first with a prize catch, Buddy Berrisford. Nancy Koepman has baited her hook for another fish.

Polly Kingus begged us not to print that she has a crush on Bill H. so we will omit it.

Why is Mary B. giving Teddie G. such a rough time? After all, he does have a car.

It's too bad the Griffin-Pakozdi romance went on the rocks, but Griffin seems to be having fun with Pat E.

(continued page 4)

BEACHCOMBER

This week we are turning the spotlight on two new students. Kathleen and Ginny Hussey have come to us from Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Kathleen, is a sophomore and a very nice addition to Lago High. She previously attended Benedictine Academy, Elizabeth, New Jersey. This is Kathleen's first home abroad. Her favorite song is "I Never See Maggie Alone" and her hobby is collecting figurines and miniatures.

Loafing is Kathleen's favorite pastime, although she does enjoy tennis and swimming. At the moment her pet peeve, like that of most of us students in Lago, is not being able to attend the movies. Kathleen tells us that she likes Aruba and the kids, but she does regret being away from the states during the holidays.

Ginny is in the seventh grade and, like her sister, was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

She attended Hamilton Junior High School. Ginny likes dogs and her hobby is collecting shells and stamps. Her favorite pastime is oil painting. She is also interested in tennis, swimming and football.

LAGOITES RETURN

Bringing Xmas cheer straight from the good old U. S. on Sunday's noon plane were Lenny Teagle, '49 from Middlebury college; Ken Kenath, '49 from U. C. at Berkeley; John Teagle, '45 from L. S. U.; Jay Cahill, '49 from M. I. T.; and Bettine Horgan and Diane Chippendale from St. George's Visitation School in Washington, D. C.

They all seem to be enjoying the warm weather and tropical sun, having come from the cold and ice up north. Here's wishing them all a Merry Xmas, and a Happy New Year!

SPORTS FLASH

The Junior Engineers last night defeated Lago High 23 to 19!

BOWLING NEWS

Jr. League

Dec. 8

Boys	Girls	Team Score
J. Barbonus-179	A. Gregersen-164	A. Cleaners 566

Dec. 15

Gladman-159 M. Lloyd-163 Wood Choppers-541

Dec. 9

H. S. League

Boys	Girls	Team score
J. Stuart - 180	B. Hellwig- 155	
Ken Work - 180		Seven Tens 866

Dec. 16

E. Jones - 210 M. Anderson 168 Misseles 1036

Team	W	L
Misseles	5	1
Fire Balls	5	1
Splits	5	1
Alley Cats	4	2
Seven Tens	4	2
Schmoos	2	4
Holy Rollers	1	5
Keglers	0	6

NOTICE

Bowling will be continued over the Christmas Holidays.

Roving Reporter; (continued from page 1)

Brend Engle - A Typewriter and another bike.

Joan Holland - A typewriter, chemistry set.

Rose Ann Moyer - A statement from the teachers, NO MORE HOMEWORK!

Judy Ballard - Buddy, cause he looks like Santa Claus.

April Hatfield - Bing Crosby.

Donald Gray - Millie Anderson.

our team invited but I doubt it
115
A.S.

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY LAND

When I went to bed last night, it was very warm outside, and there was no wind. In fact, it had been a day just like any other day in the year. However, it wasn't much later when I found myself in an absolute fairy land. Somehow everything had changed--the whole town was covered with snow; people, heavily laden with brightly colored packages, were hurrying up and down the streets, stopping long enough to look into each exquisitely decorated store window; gay tunes and Christmas carols were emerging from music shops; and there was shouting and laughter to be heard at each street corner.

That evening as I was walking through the outskirts of the town, every house seemed to be calling to me, as if to say, "You're welcome any time!" Sometimes I caught a glimpse of a decorated tree through a window; and, not infrequently, did the delicious aroma of yuletide baking drift past me.

For a few minutes, "Jingle Bells" dominated the air as a family trudged through the snow, pulling a newly-cut evergreen on a bright red wagon. But before I knew it, Christmas Eve was here. I never saw such wonderful spirit and delightful gaiety. All day the department stores were crowded with children who eagerly awaited their turns to see jolly old Santa Claus; and busy parents were doing last-minute shopping.

That Christmas Eve, church bells rang and families and friends attended the services. After that, it was a cup of hot chocolate and early to bed, for Santa Claus was coming to town!

Christmas Day, needless to say, I awoke to the tune of, "Look what Santa brought me," and after presents were opened and breakfast over with, the customary calls were made.

Even though Christmas Day had come to an end, rejoicing continued for days. The frozen ponds were crowded with happy skaters, and sleigh bells were constantly ringing.

If my dream could only come true-- Christmas in a fairy land like this one!

Birgitte Gregerson
Senior

LETTER TO SANTA (cont. from page 2)

Miss Keenan, last year's seniors.

Mr. Krabs, a jeep so he won't have to walk to school.

Mr. Leary, a jet-propelled plane for buzzing out to Colorado Point.

Mr. Hoffman, rubber boots in case his office floods again.

Miss Barclay, an album of long playing bebop records for her free periods.

Miss Hagerhorst, Albert Einstein as a pen-pal.

Miss Thomas, a Pepsi-Cola fountain in Room 25.

Miss Hutchison, a Latin American History library.

Miss Driscoll, some pity for overworked Sophomores.

Mr. Zaner, some roller skates.

Miss Gallicani, a Spanish translation of Joe Miller.

Mr. Wachtler, a cushion in case he jumps through the louvres in desperation at his geometry geniuses.

Miss Pannavis, some students who can find their own reference work.

Miss Stengel, an expandable homeroom for that ever-increasing soph class.

Mr. Downey, a big juicy kiss.

To Miss Stuart, bring her boyfriend to Aruba for Xmas instead of Maracaibo.

Sharon Carroll, a knee guard.

Nancy Koopman and Kay Norris, two dozen autograph books for Emmette to sign.

Sherell Fletcher, an A in history.

Sally Armstrong, a truck load of chewing gum.

Shirley Hewlett, a certain sophomore boy.

Dominic Macrini, a bottle of chloroform.

Pat Pakozadi, some Bobby-pins.

Kieth and Doty, each other (or so it seemed last Tuesday night).

Bob Norcom, a new pencil to carry behind his ear.

Tubby Schmitt, invisibility to get into the library.

Nancy Morris, an alto voice.

Peter Boros, Vivian MacEachern (vice versa)

Bobby Borbonus, blinders to keep his eyes on the blackboard and off the girls (N. M. J. B.)

Emmette Jones, a fountain pen for signing autographs.

(continued on Page 7)

We need it!
He will soon

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

Christmas Eve had come again as methodically and unvaryingly as ever on December 24. Visions of sugar plums were said to be flying thick and fast but as I hadn't the slightest idea what a sugar plum was I turned my thoughts elsewhere. So, thinking about the snow which should have been and wasn't falling outside, I settled down to meditate on Christmas. Not just Christmas, but Christmas, the real Christmas, the joy of giving and receiving. With this in mind I settled back in my chair and very soon I was engulfed in the endless floating mist of a dream.

Suddenly, ahead of me, an indistinct figure loomed up. As I neared it, a vague feeling passed over me that I had met this forlorn man before. His eyes, which stared gloomily at me, seemed pitiful in their loneliness. He appeared to be weighed down by something infinitely heavy. Although I could note nothing else unusual about him, the despairing groan which he gave every once in a while, moved me to overcome my fear and speak to him.

Timidly I asked a few questions and after deciphering the almost incoherent answers which I received, a great realization dawned. The identity of my companion was revealed!

Just then, however, the mist cleared, and we found ourselves standing in an enormous hall, devoid of all furniture except a high platform on which was a large table. I knew then; with sudden surprise, that my man-of-the-mist was on trial and for what, I had already begun to suspect.

As the minutes crept by I noticed for the first time that there was no jury, not even a lawyer to defend the wretched man. Only a judge--and not a very sympathetic one at that.

In a moment I knew what I must do. I who had no experience whatever, I must act as the absent lawyer. Intent on this mission, I quickly sped away.

Over and over in my brain there whirled a message-- "Witnesses, get witnesses." Out into the gaily decorated streets I ran. It surprised me that none of the passing throng seemed concerned with the fate of the man inside. But then perhaps they didn't know. By a strange device which sometimes works at tense moments like these, I sent out a call by mental telepathy to the great humanitarians of the world,

Before long, several had arrived. Superman, Florence Nightingale, Daniel Webster (I was sure he could help me-- hadn't he won a debate with the devil?), and Abraham Lincoln. All but one ~~very~~ arrived. I quickly hurried them inside. Before the startled judge could stop me, I demanded to be heard. Not even the threat of contempt of court stood in my way.

One by one, I had each of my witnesses plead. "Mercy," they cried, and then weighed all the argument for the man. "Hadn't he suffered more than his share already?" Still the judge was unconvinced.

Then, at the very last moment my star witness rushed in. I held my breath; if any one could save my companion, he was the man.

He began to speak. "This man has done these frightful deeds mostly through his own ignorance of the consequences of his actions. He has more than paid for his crime. If he be freed the court may hold me personally responsible for him! What thrilling and heroic words!

A moment later, the prisoner stepped down, only now he was a free man. Wonder of wonders his face held a smile.

With tears rolling down his cheeks, he approached the star witness, Mr. O. Dickens. At long last Jacob Marley was a free man--or to be more accurate, a free spirit. His horrible crime against Christmas had at last been forgiven. His soul would now rest in peace, as all souls should.

My greatest task had ended in happiness for all.

I awoke to find the last notes of some carolers dying away in the distance. Stuffed turkey and sugar plums were all dancing in my head now, and needless to say, I spent a wonderfully "Merry Christmas."

Kathleen Hussey

Sophomore

Gossip--(continued from Page 2)

Phyllis Taylor tells us that her heart-throb is reported coming back for the holidays.

Martin Smith, formerly of Illinois adds one more to the man-power (and what men!) of the Sophomore class.

WHAT I GOT FOR CHRISTMAS

Has anyone ever given you anything for Christmas that you really couldn't use? It seems strange that some people will pay \$30,000 for a Christmas present, but that is, exactly what happened to me last year. I always make it a practice to exchange Christmas gifts with my friends and relatives. The year before last when I was on vacation, Old J.G. Van Snort, the oil well owner, asked me what I wanted for Christmas. Since I didn't know the man very well, I thought he was just kidding, so I told him I thought I'd like a locomotive. A month later when I got back to Aruba, I had forgotten all about my little talk with Mr. Van Snort. As the days passed, and it got closer to Christmas, I looked forward to Christmas morning and the two weeks Vacation.

Finally one day I got up, and realizing it was Christmas, rushed into the living room up to the Christmas tree. Mom and Pop came out, and the usual unwrapping of presents followed. Later, after we ate breakfast, Mom asked me to go outside and throw away some coffee grounds. It was then that I saw the impossible. Into the garage ran a railroad track and a short distance away someone was trying to play a practical joke because everyone knows that I like railroads. I opened the garage doors and looked inside. There sat a shiny new Baldwin-Witcomb diesel switcher. On the door to the cab hung a Christmas card with these words on it: "Merry Christmas, from J.G. Van Snort."

Needless to say, I was stupefied. I was so stupefied in fact, I was practically stunned. The first thing I did, of course, was to climb all over it to see if it was real and then read the instructions as to how it was started. I read the instructions thoroughly, and it seemed so simple I decided I'd start it myself. I flipped on the ignition switch, knocked off the brakes, latched the transition lever to series parallel, and widened her out to the eighth throttle, it wouldn't start. In my rush to get started I forgot to look at the fuel gauge. The tank was empty. (Continued on next column)

WHAT I DON'T WANT TO GET FOR CHRISTMAS

I was sure that there was something that I didn't want to get for Christmas, but I didn't know exactly what it was.

I thought about the subject all day, ever since I learned we had to write an English theme on it, and I got quite a few ideas, but I discarded them all as quite impractical.

At first I thought I wouldn't like to get an alarm clock, because I am fond of sleeping late in the mornings, but then I decided I'd like to get one after all. I'd give it to Kathleen so that she'd be on time to school at least once in a while.

Then I was sure I didn't want a million dollars, but Kenneth wants a million dollars so bad, I'd like to get them just to give to him.

Finally I thought maybe it was a foot stool I didn't want, but right away I thought of Tinker. How happy he would be if I had a foot stool to give him to bring to school so he wouldn't have to put his feet up on the desk and have Miss Keenan asking him to take his feet down from the desk.

I knew it wasn't a box of pencils I didn't want, 'cause I'd love to have several dozen boxes to give to Jimmy Smith and Bill Moyer so that maybe they'd leave mine alone.

And so it went; one idea right after the other until I finally gave up in despair.

I still don't know what I don't want for Christmas.

In the days that followed, I rode kids back and forth on the one hundred feet of track that ran out of the garage along the side of the house. This was fun, but we needed the garage for the car, and so we sold it to the Company for the price that Mr. Van Snort paid for it. I sort of missed it, but \$30,000 is a lot of money. I got an HO gauge model of it costing \$14.95 leaving me with a net gain of \$29,986.05.

Of course, you know that this story is utterly fantastic, but the moral of it is this: Some people will give you something coating a lot of money that to you is absolutely worthless, but some things that you will never get, you can dream about at Christmas.

Dewey Johnson
Freshman



SOPH WRITES TO SANTA CLAUS

The following is a letter written to Santa by a little boy by the name of Samuel G. Evans. (I am not sure if Sam would want me to reveal his real middle name, and besides I like life.) Here it is:

Dear Santa:

I am writing you a letter to tell you how good I have been the past year. Except for a few bad moments I was just like an angel's brother. If you could see me you would think I am the spittin' image of an angel.

Believe it or not, I haven't been boosted out of class the whole year. The time I rode Broz's bike over the curb was nothing bad, and besides he didn't get angry--much. In Spanish class I didn't mean to hit Sally as hard as I did, and besides she really deserved it, because she marked all over my clean tablet. Considering that I get a tablet only once every green moon, that was a serious offense, and I was justified in hitting her. Why, even an angel gets an insolation to cause mischief sometimes.

Another thing you ought to know is that I am a Star Scout and do a good deed every day and am always prepared.

For proof of the preceding information, you can ask my mother and my school teachers. I don't mean to brag or anything like that, but I think that I am a very good boy.

Yours truly,
Sammy Evans

P. S. Our house has no chimney so I guess that you will just have to use the door.

Written by Boris Broz
Sophomore

Letter (continued from page 4)

Robert Hodges, some more ideas for smart replies.

To That Little Yellow Car, more room in the front seat.

8th Grade and especially Judy Ballard, Lad Mingus.

Nettie and Jim, that birthday dance that was called off.

Patsy Faunce, an automatic machine to do all of her homework.

Everyone, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

HERE COMES 1950

It's Saturday night in Lago Colony. The date, March 7, 1950. The time, 7:30 Place, New Esso Club. The eighth grade is sitting around a table. I haven't turned my head and see Nancy MacEachern and Nancy Koopman whispering. By some sixth sense I can hear what they are saying:

"Look at Ray Burson, he finally got what he has been trying to get for years--muscles!"

"Buddy Berrisford looks just like Ray did."

"Poor Buddy."

"Look at Judy Ballard; look how she sits all alone. The reason for this is because none of the boys are interested in girls."

"Richard Beers has gotten so conceited that no one will talk to him."

"It seems that Shirley Hewlitt doesn't go swimming as often as she did. Hmmm, I wonder why?"

These two finally break up and walk away. I walk over to the refreshment table and pick up a cookie; I turn around and see Jack Wiley down on his knees studying the fight of two cock roaches. Scientist Jack they call him. Oh, yes I see Robert Featherston dancing with Marion Fernando. Robert is the star shortstop of the high school team! Yes my "thump - thump!"

I decide to stroll into the Soda Bar and order some ice cream. Just think ten cents for two dips of chocolate. Pepsi-Colas are five cents each. Yeah 1950!

I happen to stroll into the pool room and see Robert Gladman shooting. So far he has won 26 tournaments. "Pro Gladman," he's called.

It's getting late so I must go home. So I go out to the drive, clap my hands, and in a flash 156 beautiful girls come and carry me home. Well, that's the life! So now I wait until 1951.

By Bobby Borbonus
Grade 8



Y DREAM

It was the night before Christmas and the whole house was dark except for the light from the Christmas tree. Every one was asleep, so I decided to hop out of bed and wait for Santa.

After being up eating candy and nuts for about an hour, I heard something outside. It was a queer sound. I ran behind a door to hide. I kept watching but nothing happened. Then just as I was about to get out of hiding place, in came the oddest, funniest, most ridiculous looking creature. This sure didn't look like Santa, for I always thought Santa had a big red nose and a beard and wore red and white clothes. This strange creature wore an old fashioned bathing suit and a life preserver around his neck. He was so fat that he looked quite fantastic. I decided I had better chase this odd creature out of the house, but then I thought it might be better to watch him first to see what he was up to.

He stood in the middle of the room with a look in his eye that seemed to say "Now what do I want?" Then he went outside again. I supposed he was going to get some of his gang to help him. But to my surprise he came back with a sack full of presents. He put some of them under the tree and then went outside, got in a wagon drawn by eight donkeys and left.

Suddenly the truth dawned! Of course--that was Santal! He must have found his traditional outfit a little hot!

Sharon Carrol
Grade 8

A WHITE CHRISTMAS IN ARUBA

"Hurry up and come outside and see the snow," were the first words I heard as I awoke early Christmas morning. At first I didn't know where I was because one does not hear these words very often in Aruba.

As soon as I was fully awake I rushed outside to see what was going on. Upon arriving at my door I saw that the snow was coming down so thick that I couldn't see for more than a block. Summing up all my knowledge about snow, I figured that it would be about three feet high within an hour.

I rushed down to the Jr. Esso Club where two gangs of kids were having a snow fight. I joined forces with one of them and was having a great time when I decided to go home and find out "how come" it was snowing.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

There are many different kinds of Christmas gifts: The kind people like to receive and the kind they don't like to receive; the breakable kind; the edible kind; the readable kind and many others. There is the kind you can play with, the kind you can use practically, the kind you can wear, the kind you can hang on your wall. All of these and many more may make the difference between a merry Christmas with happiness and good cheer or a sad Christmas because you didn't get what you wanted.

There are also many different ways in which people receive these presents. One way to receive them is to be cheerful and kind even though you didn't get what you wanted. Another way is to say, "Aw gosh!! I have one of those already," when you receive a present. Maybe it isn't what you wanted, maybe you have got one already, but try to think of how the other person feels when someone says an unkind thing like that to him.

Well, I have put before you the examples of different presents, and the different ways in which to receive them, so you can judge for yourself how I feel about both of them!

Patti Pakozdi
Grade 7

(Continued from Col. 1, this page)

On my way home, I noticed that the snow was turning to rain. As I entered the house I heard the radio blare out the news that it was snowing in the West Indies, but the weatherman could not explain why.

Outside once again, I saw that the snow on the ground had turned into slush and that it was raining instead of snowing. Upon seeing this, I decided to go to bed again because I knew the rest of the day had been ruined by the so-called snow.

The moral of this story is--do not think that everything you want to happen will turn out well.

Donald MacEachern
Senior

