



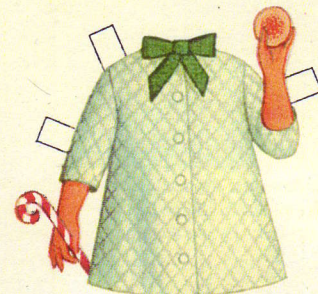
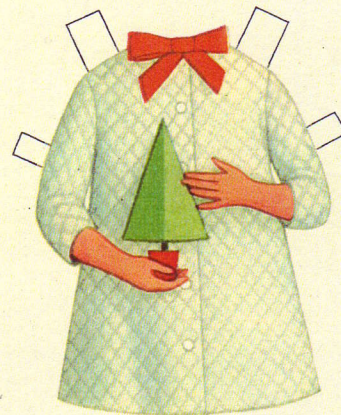
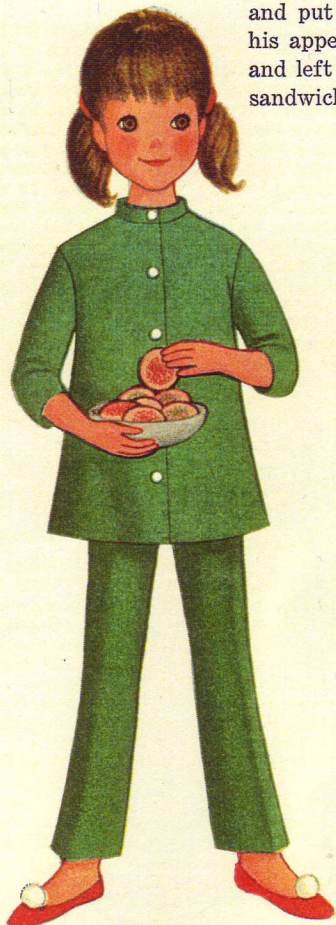
Betsy McCall Writes "Dear Santa"

Linda and I were wrapping Christmas presents when suddenly she said, "Poor old Santa! Nobody gives *him* anything." It's true, isn't it? So we decided we would surprise him with a Christmas stocking. What should we put into it? we wondered. No toys or games—they were for kids. Books? Yes, but what does Santa like to read? *Hmmmm*. Quite a problem. Then I remembered "A Visit from St. Nicholas"—and a little round belly that shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly. "Something good to eat!" I shouted. So we started wrapping cookies and stuffed dates, and everything looked simply *delicious*. Linda nibbled a cookie. I took a date. Then she took another. So did I. And with talking and nibbling and not noticing, there were only *four stingy little cookies* left. We couldn't leave that for a poor starving Santa, could we? So we made him some thick peanut-butter-and-jam sandwiches, and wrapped them, and put them in his stocking. "The little cookies would spoil his appetite," Linda said. *Hmmm*. True. So we finished them and left Santa a note. Oh, dear! I hope he likes peanut-butter sandwiches as much as Linda and I like dates and cookies!



For Mr. S.
Claus
Love

Betsy +
Linda



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