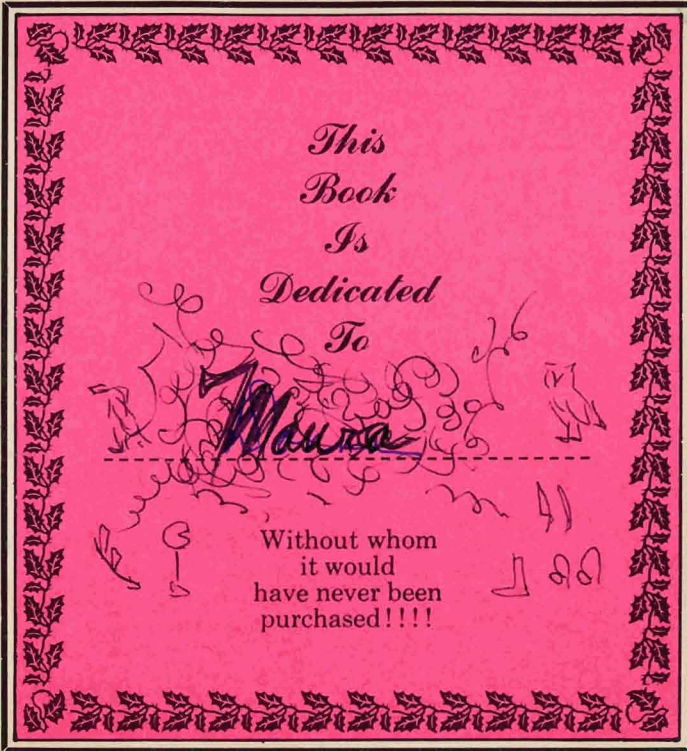


**A Treasury
of
Twisted
Tarnished
Topsy-Turvy
Yuletide
Tales**



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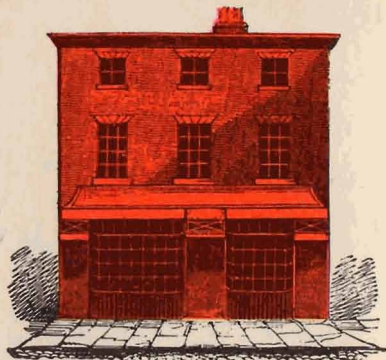
*This
Book
Is
Dedicated
To*

Maura

Without whom
it would
have never been
purchased!!!!

Christmas 1978

The Littlest Jingle Bell



By Rosemary Leitz Smithson

Once there was a store that sold jingle bells. There were big loud ones that went “JINGLE JINGLE”, medium ones that went “JINGLE JINGLE”, and the littlest one that only went “JINGLE JINGLE” when you shook him.



As Christmas drew near people bought lots of jingle bells, but whenever they shook the littlest jingle bell and heard him go “JINGLE JINGLE” they would say, “No thanks, I’m afraid that’s a little TOO small”.

On Christmas Eve, all the bells had been sold except the littlest one. He was very sad, because he had hoped so much that somebody would buy him and take him home for Christmas.

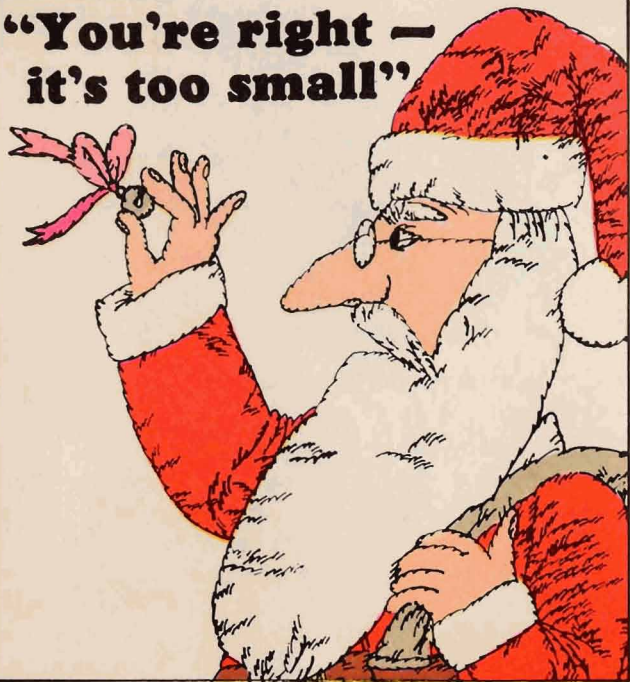


All of a sudden one last customer walked in. It was Santa Claus himself. “A jingle bell has fallen off my sleigh,” he said, “can you sell me one?”

“I’m sorry” said the clerk, “but all of mine are sold except this littlest one you can hardly hear.” “Well” said Santa, “I don’t want one that would wake the children up when I land on the housetops, maybe this one is just right for me.”

So he picked up the littlest jingle bell and, when he heard it go “JINGLE JINGLE” in its cheeriest way, he turned to the clerk and said . . .

**“You’re right —
it’s too small”**



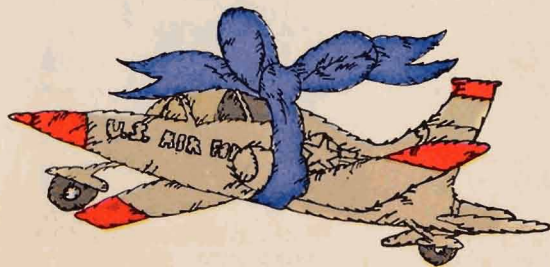
Santa's Helper Finds a Way

By Marvin Ira Honig

Tis the night before Christmas and all of Santa's Headquarters is in a dither.

It seems that dear old St. Nick has just received a special delivery letter from a little boy in Kansas who was asking for a toy airplane. The letter had been delayed due to a snow storm. His factory is closed, and all the toys are already loaded on the sleigh and ready to go.

All, that is, with the exception of one toy airplane for a little boy in Kansas.



“What shall I do? What shall I do?”, said Santa. “Oh dear, I just don’t know,” said Mrs. Claus. “If I open the factory, it will delay my trip for hours, but that looks like the only way,” sighed Santa. “Where’s Lenny, maybe he’ll know what to do. Where’s Lenny?”

Lenny is Santa’s first helper, and the little fellow is always called on in an emergency such as this.

“Here I am, Santa, and I think I have the answer to the problem,” cried Lenny. “Hoorah!” shouted Santa, “What can we do, tell us.”

“I will give that little boy in Kansas my very own airplane,” said Lenny, modestly. “Oh!” said Santa. “Oh!” said Mrs. Claus. “We know how much that airplane means to you and how long you worked on it after hours every night.” “I’ve already put it in your sleigh,” said Lenny, “so as not to delay your trip one moment longer.”

There was nothing more to be said. Santa walked briskly toward his team of waiting reindeer, climbed aboard, waved a fond goodbye, and was off like the wind.

Mrs. Claus turned to the proud helper and said, “Good boy, Lenny.” A smile filled Lenny’s face, as he replied . . .



A Home for Tommy Tree

By John Paul Gibbons

Once upon a Christmas time, lived a very sad Christmas tree named Tommy.



Tommy Tree was sad because Christmas always came and went, and nobody ever picked Tommy for *their* Christmas tree.

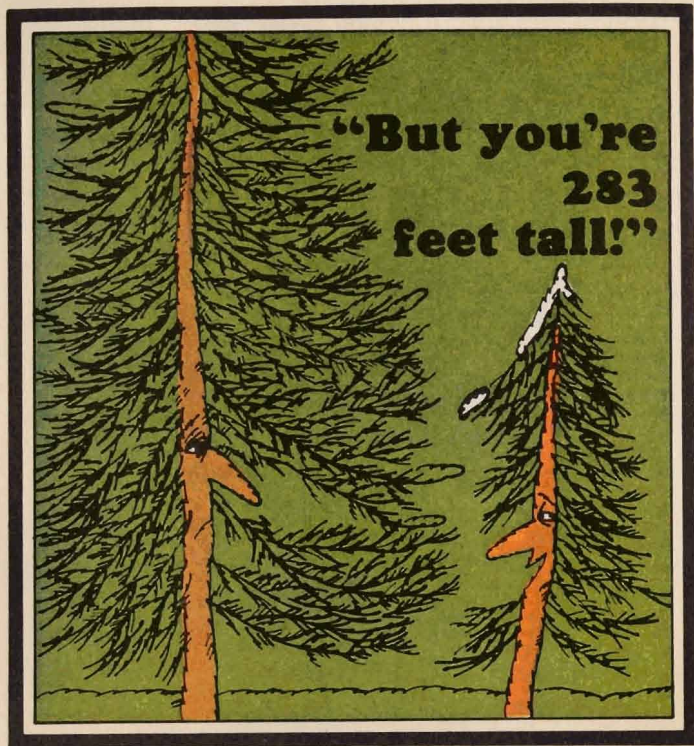
One by one, his friends in the forest were taken away to make some home happy for the holidays. As the years went by, there were only two Christmas trees left in the whole forest . . . Tommy Tree and his little friend, Sylvester Spruce.

“Surely I’ll be picked now” thought Tommy. “I’m much better looking than Sylvester.” But alas, the people picked Sylvester Spruce.

“Why? Tell me, Sylvester, why? Why wasn’t I picked? I’m much prettier than you!”

“That’s quite true” replied Sylvester.





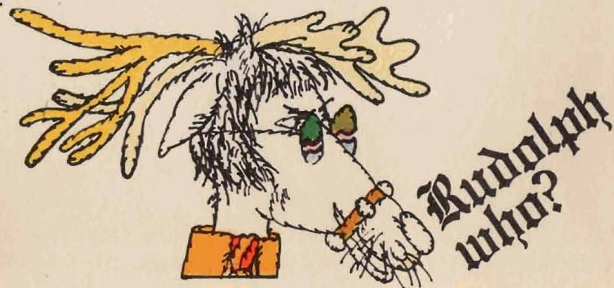
The Return of Rudolph

By Rosemary Leitz Smithson

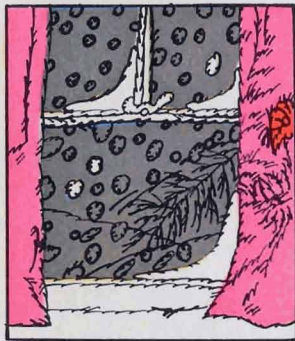
After Rudolph became famous, (you remember how he led Santa's sleigh with his bright red nose?), he retired and rested on his laurels.

As the years went by, Rudolph grew old and his laurels grew flabby from all that resting on.

The new sick generation of teenage reindeer didn't respect Rudolph's flabby laurels very much, and he wished for a chance to show the young whippersnappers a thing or two.



Well, along came another foggy Christmas Eve, and it was snowing and blowing too. A much *worse* night than that first foggy night when Rudolph led Santa's sleigh.



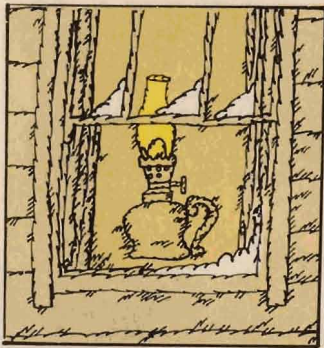
Santa came to Rudolph and said, "I hate to ask it of you again, Rudy old buddy, but it looks like I'll be hung up here unless somebody with a red nose can lead the sleigh through this blizzard. Do you think you can do it again?"

Rudolph shook his flabby laurels, strode to the window, looked out at the raging blizzard, and then turned to Santa with a twinkle in his eye and said . . .

"No... I think I'll just turn in early tonight."



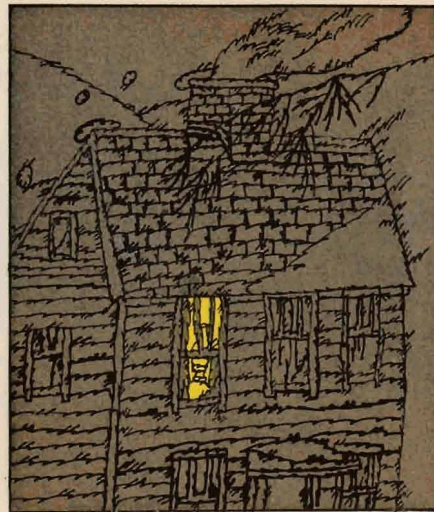
The Lamp in the Window



By John Paul Gibbons

For all the many years that we've had Christmas, none of us has had to worry about whether or not Santa could find our homes —

But take the case of the little boy who lived in the misty old bog, and had never seen Santa's merry sled and eight reindeer. Every Christmas he had his lamp in the window to guide Santa to his neat little home.

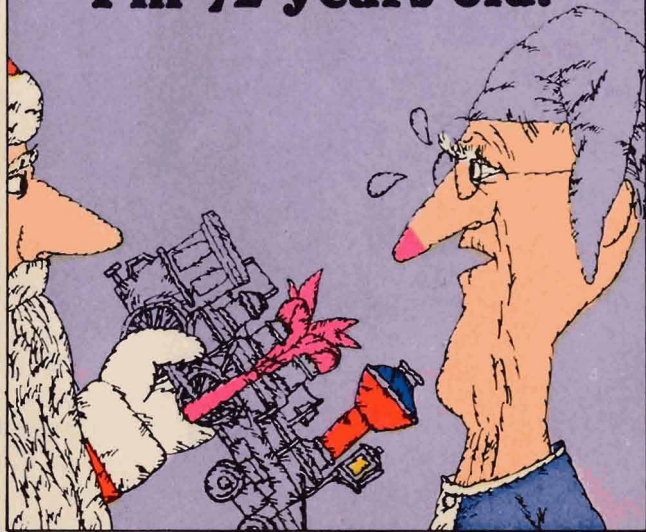


Finally, after what seemed to be years and years, his perseverance paid off, and Santa did manage to find his way to the little home in the bog.

"Merry Christmas!", greeted Santa. "Here is the electric train and sled you've always wanted."

Tears came to his eyes, and he looked at Santa and said:

**“Electric train! Sled!
You danged fool,
I’m 72 years old!”**



The Happiest Christmas Tree Light

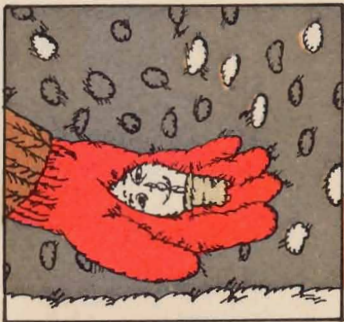
By John Paul Gibbons

Once upon a time there was a happy little Christmas tree light bulb, called Ed.

He had just been bought by some nice people, and was being carried home to light their tree. On the way though, Ed fell unnoticed from the shopping bag into the deep snow.

Alas! He was in a bad way — night was coming, and his socket was already beginning to rust. “What shall I do?” he thought.

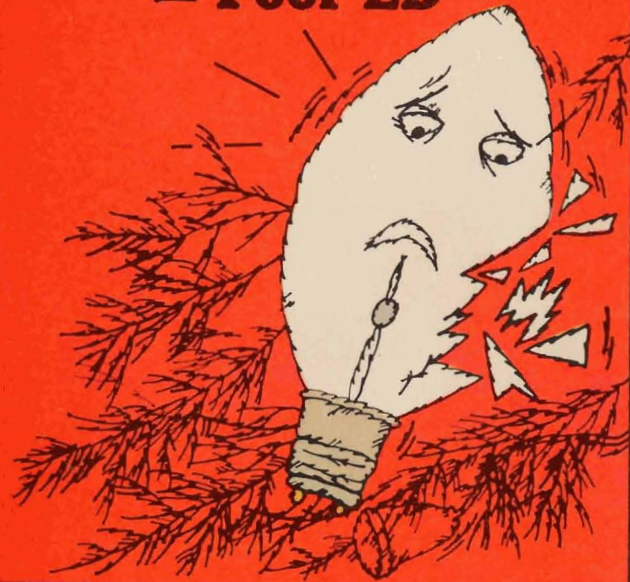
As he was wondering what to do, he felt himself being lifted carefully from the snow. A man who had happened along found Ed, and was so happy because he didn't have *any* lights for his tree.



The man hurried home and polished up Ed, warmed his cold little socket by the fire, and put him up on the tree! “I'm the only light on this whole tree! Just think, it's up to me to light it *all* up!”, thought Ed.

He was so happy, he almost burst with pride!

**Did we say ALMOST?
— Poor ED**



Here's wishing
You a Very
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year!

From

Dad & Mom



Illustrated and Designed by Ted Bick

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