



Each year, when the Christmas season begins (some-
time before Halloween these days) I remember my child-
hood Christmas programm at our lovely school tucked deep
in the snowy woods...

...I was Mrs. Cratchit, a mother of a large but poor
family. And it was time to serve up our modest goose
to my eager children all crowding around me...

...I felt the excitement in the audience; the play was
a great success on this Christmasy evening. Forgotten
were the true everyday identities of the actors and
even the parents. I sensed that we had all been trans-
ported to the old English atmosphere Americans treasure
so at Christmas time.

... It was the goose; the goose was not cooperating...
The shiny papermache' goose was slithering, careening
to the edge of the platter...The audience leaned forward
in their seats and mentally reached out to stop it...