



Old Fashioned Christmas
Holidays of Other Years Bring
Memories to Klamath Folks

By IDA MOMYER ODELL

In every person's life there is one Christmas which stands alone in memory, either for happiness received, or some event which tragic at the time, the years have softened into amusement. In the memories which follow you may catalog them for yourself.

The old Presbyterian church stood on the corner of 3rd and Pine. On this Christmas night of long ago it was a cheerful sight as the lights shone through the windows upon the glistening snow. Many were the teams tied to the old hitching rack with either a sleigh or a buggy as conveyances for those who lived too far to walk. Inside the old church all was warmth, and many a pair of young eyes were glued upon the magnificent tree loaded with gifts.

But before the arrival of Old Father Santa, little girls and boys had to sing, recite, or just stand on the platform in their dainty dresses or clean suits while someone else talked about them.

Little Nell
Thus stood little Nellie Boyd and her small companion, Lyle Fountain, one on each side of the grand tree, and a bit in front of and between them, Molly Reames stood reciting a poem all about the mission this happy evening of these two angels, for angels they were, complete with wings.

Lyle's mamma was an artist of note and many of her beautiful paintings adorn Klamath walls to this day. To make these two little angels as lovely as possible Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Fountain had created pretty little white tarleton dresses with many flounces, and on each small shoulder was fastened a lovely hand-painted wing.

Proudly the angels stood, very conscious of their wings, as Molly recited her part of the cantata — Molly of the dancing eyes and ready wit. Gesturing superbly toward angelic Nellie the look of derision on that small face made her pause, but not for long. Swiftly she took in the situation. One delicate hand-painted wing was drooping slanting, and although a little shoulder hunched high to hold it, while Molly watched it landed with a soft thud on the platform. On with her speech went Molly, but NOT as written.

No — whispered asides caught only by embarrassed young angels were freely sprinkled through that poem which should have recited only the virtues of the two heavenly visitors. Then her gestures, in the best of form, were directed toward the other celestial being, and to her glee she perceived that more wings

and boys wiggle on the hard old benches. Popcorn balls, big red apples, strings of popcorn and cranberries made lovely decorations for unsophisticated eyes. Bright mosquito netting bags of candy and nuts added to the beauty of the tree and proved acceptable gifts.

But there were more than sweets and nuts on the tree for those wee ones. Toys, books, dolls, mittens, caps, oh so many things that would be remembered not alone as welcome gifts but through the long winter ahead would provide warmth and comfort. But one small girl saw nothing else on the tree after she caught sight, far up in the branches, of a doll nearly as large as herself.

In that little girl heart she thought she just couldn't bear it when it finally was handed over to the lucky one. Finally the terrible moment arrived and Santa took it from the tree and looking in the other direction from where he knew she was sitting he called loudly "Hazel Fitch." Never to her last moment will she forget the thrill as she ran down the long aisle and clasped that gorgeous baby to her breast.

Today, among the treasured possessions of the Van Riper's are Garrett's 22, single shot, and Hazel's big 32-inch doll with its dress made by the loving fingers of her mother.

"Well, yes, I remember what good times we used to have at Christmas," Mrs. Sam Walker said thoughtfully. "We children looked forward to Christmas with as much anticipation as any family I know."

"Did you have a tree?" I asked. "Well, not in the early years. Later on we had trees at Christmas, but in the early years we hung our stockings up."

"There were several of you children?" I suggested. "Oh, yes, there were 11 of us without Father and Mother."

Stockings Go Up
So from the shelf behind the big kitchen hung the eleven Colohan children hung their stockings. Father Colohan solemnly assured them that Santa ALWAYS came in hungry, and the efficient little hands of the oldest girl, Nettie, mixed a toothsome cake on the 24th of December

DAVE MET HIS WATERLOO WHEN he tried to pick out a piece of furniture for his folks. Like Goldilocks, this young budding newspaper man couldn't resist a rest at the end of a long grueling day. It was bad enough to try to shop for Mom, Sis and the Girl Friend, but to have the photographer recording every move, was pretty rough going. These pictures are self explanatory. Note the hole in Dave's hand knit sock. Wedding bells should fix that little matter.

and put Christmas candles on it. It was truly a lovely thing and Nettie gazed on it with pardonable pride, as related by her sister, Mrs. Walker. On Christmas morning after the excitement from emptying the stockings had subsided Nettie glanced shyly around to see if her cake had had a piece eaten out of it, and the ENTIRE cake had disappeared. What a gratified little girl she was.

In or under the stockings were candy, nuts, apples from Joe Conner's orchard, and pride of a boy's

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