



En skandinavisk julen



Glædelig jul



Gleðileg jól



Gøg jul



Gledelig jul



Hyvää joulua

Central Alberta Historical Society Christmas Party

*at the Golden Circle, December 11, 2012
The theme this year is "A Scandinavian Christmas".*

Doors open at 5:30 PM, dinner and program at 6:00 PM.

Tickets: \$25.00 for members and \$30.00 for non-members.

For information phone Iris Loewan: 403-340-2588

Last day to purchase tickets: December 5, 2012

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Tickets available at:

Centennial Office

4816 – 50th Ave. (Little Gaetz)

Red Deer, Alberta

Phone 403-340-2013



CAHS AGM September 19, 2012

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Visit our website

www.albertahistory.org Link - CAHS

The Pioneer Lodge in Parkvale proved to be the perfect setting for the CAHS dinner, AGM, program and book launch. It was an ambitious undertaking and was very successful.

Many thanks to Dr. Gerhard Ens for providing a thought provoking and well paced program talk, and to Dr. Allen Ronaghan for welcoming us into the world of the Chokitapix. Thanks, also, to Mrs. Ronaghan for helping out at the book sales table. Some of us were trying to be in too many places at once!

The AGM committee enjoyed planning and organizing the event and we thank all of you who turned out to share dinner and/or enjoy the program and book launch.

Thanks, also, to HSA representatives Debbie Goodine and Vivian Sampson for attending the program and book launch, although they missed out on dinner and social time, which was our loss.

The evening began with a themed dinner of buffalo stew, bannock and saskatoon pie, (and for some, MORE saskatoon pie) which was enjoyed by all. Tables were decorated in fall colours and for those of you who missed our 'themed' member, Rod Trentham, when he arrived, please see photo. Unfortunately, it was too warm for Rod to wear his buffalo coat for very long. He did, however, look dashing.

Once the supper was cleared away, Bill Mackay began the AGM, which included a brief summary of reports, presentation of the financial report by outgoing Treasurer Gorm Hansen, and the election of officers and directors to the Board.

We neglected to thank outgoing members Margaret Herder, Annette Gray, Angela Carlyle and Gorm Hansen, so would like to take this opportunity to do so. Their contributions are much appreciated.

Angela continues on the Publications Committee, and Annette has agreed to continue as a member on the new Policies and Mandate committee as we move into the 21st Century and put together a comprehensive Board manual. For this, we are very grateful.



CAHS members and their guests enjoy a fur trader's meal of Buffalo stew, bannock and Saskatoon Pie.

AGM Report continues

The new Board was elected, with the addition of Krista Henderson as a new director, pending an orientation, as presented in the nominations report.

Thank you to all continuing and new members.

The AGM was followed by Dr. Gerhard Ens' well-paced discussion on the history of Blackfoot peoples in Central and Southern Alberta, covering the period from 1700 to about 1850. Dr. Ens thoughtfully distributed a map that showed the general territories of various aboriginal groups as well as significant trading posts for comprehensive reference. The talk was structured both to educate us on a point of view of what drove the Blackfoot speaking peoples to construct and defend an isolationist existence during this period, and to orient us to the significance of Dr. Allen Ronaghan's book, *Three-Persons and the Chokitapix: Jean L'Heureux's Blackfoot Geography of 1871*.

Dr. Ens' talk was well received and led smoothly into Bill Mackay's introduction of Dr. Ronaghan.

Bill drew our notice to the trophy sitting on the table, for Best Book Design at this year's Alberta Book Awards (Book Publishers Association of Alberta). The Society has stewardship of the trophy for one year, and a certificate for our archives.

Bill also provided a glimpse into the world of book publishing in his introduction of Dr. Ronaghan, who then gave us a few more insights into the frustrating and rewarding elements of publishing *Three-Persons and the Chokitapix*.

This book, translated and edited from Jean L'Heureux's original French manuscript by Dr. Ronaghan, is not only a very attractive book, but a significant contribution to academic studies of Alberta and to the Blackfoot peoples. Dr. Ronaghan occupied ten years in travelling Alberta to locate and map the points referenced in the manuscript. After the translation was complete, and geographic points mapped, he spent many intense hours with both Bill Baergen and Bill Mackay working the manuscript into a form for final editing by Dr. Ens. Maps drawn by Dr. Ens, a glossary, and the original manuscript in French complement the translation.

Dr. Ronaghan was pleased to autograph copies of the book to appreciative members and guests.

Many thanks to those who lent a hand for set up and clean up – Michael Dawe, Rod Trentham, Gorm Hansen, Lianne Kruger, Bob Lampard, Bill Mackay, and Torben Andersen. If I've missed anybody, that is an oversight and you can be sure your efforts were appreciated!

Finally, the Society wishes to express very great appreciation to Iris Loewen for conceiving the idea of the dinner, for her inspiring ideas and great organizational abilities. Iris contributed tremendous time and energy to make this event a success.

Thanks to all!

Respectfully submitted,
Sheila Bannerman



Rod Trentham looking very dashing in his buffalo coat

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Dr. Patricia McCormack's Talk to the October 17, 2012 meeting of the Central Alberta Historical Society, "*Thanadelthur, a Canadian Icon of Contact*"

By Bill Mackay



Dr. Patricia McCormack

In recognition of Woman's History month, which is October in Canada, the program committee organized a talk by Dr. Patricia McCormack, Professor Emerita at the University of Alberta about Thanadelthur a Chipewyan Dene woman who was a significant figure in the early days of the fur trade. Dr. McCormack told us Thanadelthur's story both as passed down to this day through the oral tradition of the Dene people and as recorded in the Hudson's Bay Company records. In the HBC records she was known as 'Slave Woman' because she had been enslaved by the Crees. Her real name and the Dene version of her story was passed down over 200 years by Dene oral tradition. Dr. McCormack went on to show us how modern representations of Thanadelthur have been stereotyped as a result of a painting by Franklin Arbuckle, done for the 1953 HBC calendar, of Thandelthur meeting with and making peace between her people and their Cree neighbors. Dr. McCormack pointed out the stereotypes portrayed in the painting and how they have been inaccurately adopted in other representations of Thandelthur produced since then.

Thanadelthur's Story¹

Thanadelthur was born between 1697 and 1700 to Chipewyan Dene parents in the area of Great Slave Lake. In the spring of 1713 she and at least two other Chipewyan women were captured by Cree raiders and became slaves to the Cree. In the spring of 1714 she and one of the other women escaped from their captors and attempted to find her people.

During her capture she learned about the Hudson Bay traders and failing to find her people she attempted to reach the traders at York Fort. Her companion died five days before Thanadelthur found a hunting party from Fort York.

When she arrived, half-starved, at Fort York on November 24, 1714 she was between 13 and 17 years old. The Governor of Fort York at the time, James Knight, was glad to meet her because of the knowledge she brought about her people and the fur resources available to them as well as her knowledge of the Dene and Cree languages. Knight realized that the warring between Cree and Dene had to end before trade could begin. In the early summer of 1715 Knight arranged for a party of Cree to take Thanadelthur and William Stewart, an HBC employee, on an expedition to make peace between the Dene and the Cree. The expedition left Fort York on June 27, 1715 and spent the winter in the subarctic. Stewart was sure he was going to die but in February they encountered a large party of Dene people and a peace was arranged. Ten Dene men accompanied the party back to York Fort. They arrived at the Fort on May 7, 1716 after Thanadelthur had successfully negotiated a second peace between her people and another group of Cree. These peace agreements were mainly the result of Thanadelthur's influence with her people because of her strong personality. The Dene men who returned with the expedition included Thanadelthur's brother and another Dene man who would become her husband. The supply ship from England failed to arrive that year and there was wide spread starvation at Fort York. In early December 1716 Thanadelthur became ill and she died on February 5, 1717 at Fort York. The peace she negotiated enabled the HBC to expand its network of trading posts into the northern interior of Canada.

On the day of her death Governor Knight wrote: "...this Morning the Northern Slave Woman departed her Life after about Seven Weeks Illness...She was one of a Very high Spirit and of the Firmest Resolution that ever I see any Body in my Days and of great Courage...and I am Sure the Death of her was a very Considerable Loss to the Company...The finest Weather we have had any Day this Season but the most Melancholy [is it] by the Loss of her."

¹ From various sources including Dr. McCormack's talk

Thanadelthur



Franklin Arbuckle's painting titled 'Ambadress of Peace: A Chipewyan woman makes peace with the Crees' from the 1953 Hudson' Bay Calendar. William Stewart is portrayed in the red hat to the left, Thanadelthur with her arms out stretched trying to convince her people to make peace with the Crees.

Members of CAHS are encouraged to send in Central Alberta Stories including their own story to be shared in this newsletter with all members.
Email to sadd@shaw.ca

Editors Deadline

February 15

May 15

August 15

November 15

Publication Date

March

April

September

December

Central Alberta Historical Society 2012 – 2013 Monthly Programs

December 11 – Christmas Dinner and program

Location: Golden Circle at 6:00 pm. Tickets required.

*The following programs are all held
at the Red Deer Public Library
4818—49 Street
starting at 7PM*

January 16, 2013– Red Deer's Ghosts

Speaker: Pat Matheson, City of Red Deer

Topic: *A look at Red Deer's 'Ghost' Sculptures
and the Stories They Tell*

February 20 – Commonwealth Air Training Program

Speakers: Gary Hillman & Jodi Smith, Harvard Historical Aviation Society

Topic: *The RAF base at Penhold during WW II
and its influence on Central Alberta*

March 20 – Red Deer Becomes a City

Speaker: Michael Dawe, Curator of History at Red Deer Museum and Art Gallery

Topic: *The Stories Behind the Incorporation
of Red Deer as a City in 1913*

April 24 – One Hundred Years of Natural History in Red Deer

Speaker: Jim Robertson, Waskasoo Environmental Education Society

Topic: *Nature Study:
Red Deer Through 100 Years*

May 15 – Railways and Red Deer

Speaker: Paul Pettypiece, Railway Heritage Preservation in Central Alberta.

Title: *The Railways as Parents of a City*

Bio for Annette Gray

Snow clings to the long spikes of cedar draped over my garden path and turns my lawn from a greenish-gold to white. Winter is upon us (my seventy-fifth winter, to be exact). With the warmth of the fireplace behind me, I stand at my living room window watching the cold, wet flakes swirl and fall, marveling at the changing seasons and thinking about the twists and turns in my own life. It's been exciting—this life of mine—and just as varied as the seasons.

Raised in a secure home, I became a teacher, then a mechanic's wife, a mother, a business partner and writer: our children's laughter mixed with my husband's and my own. Yet there were sad times, too, when even winter's cruelest blizzard seemed warm and wonderful by comparison.



My father, William Lees, holding sister Doreen, big sister Evelyn and myself as well as Dick the dog, my gopher-hunting buddy

I was born thirteen miles north of Leslieville, Alberta, in an area known far and wide (then) as the Carlos district. My first home was an ancient building with a sagging floor (500 square feet maximum), two rooms: a tiny bedroom with a double bed and child's straw mattress and crib hugging the wall. A slightly larger family room held a wrought iron cook stove, wire-framed cot, table, buffet and an assortment of wooden chairs, each stick of furniture challenging the others for floor space.

The house was no more than a shell with parallel studs evident under my mother's pink and blue floral wallpaper. Spruce shingles covered the outer walls and tarpaper coated the plank roof above. As far as insulation, there was none. Believe me, it was colder than the dickens in winter.

Of course these were post depression days, and all our neighbors were in the same boat. We lived like field mice, huddled together on cold days trying to keep warm, eating spuds, turnips, rolled oat porridge and wild berries. We didn't know we were poor, so I guess we weren't.

Balloons, umbrellas and dresses the color of a clear blue sky; those were the things I longed for as a child, simple things that a youngster growing up in the late '30s and early '40s only dreamt of having.

My parents emigrated from England—alone—so an extended family was another “cool” thing I didn't have. All the kids at school had grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins living nearby, and their bragging sent kin-folk to the very top of my wish list.

All the same, I was a happy child, shy as all get-out, but I loved to laugh. I knew I was lucky to have loving parents, food in my tummy and a roof over my head. Chickens were my best friends, and the year I got a small black doll for Christmas, I immediately ran to the chicken coop to show my feathered friends my new baby. I affectionately named her, “Nigger Baby.” I loved my black doll with all my heart, and that was her name. There was no such thing as politically correct terminology in that era.

My father wanted a son. Instead he got three daughters. Although my natural preferences leaned toward dolls, dresses and lipstick, I wanted to please my father and became a bit of a Tomboy, learning to use an ax, crosscut and bucksaw at an early age.

In my eyes, my dad was the most important man in the Universe. Not only was he the postmaster of Carlos, but he was the mail courier, too. The post office was housed in a lean-to addition attached to the east wall of our house. This was partitioned down the middle. One side of the partition was a mail-sorting area, the other a waiting room to hold the 30 or more families who arrived once a week to pick up their mail.

Many mail patrons came quite a distance in horse-drawn wagons and sleighs. Some rode horseback. I recall hearing the sound of boots stomping off snow, before a weather-beaten neighbor lurched inside, pulled off homemade woolen mittens and hurried over to hold their frozen fingers over our upright heater. The scent comes back to me: horse hair, damp wool and frosty air—the fragrance of winters past.

When my sisters and I were old enough to sling the heavy canvas mailbags around, we were pressed into service with the official “hand-on-Bible” swearing in ceremony. King George was then on the throne and, rather than referring to us as postal workers, Father called us, “His Majesty's loyal servants.” I recall my father reciting, “Come rain or snow or heat of day, His Majesty's mail will not be delayed,” and he meant it. He never missed a single mail run. Roads may have been impassable for everyone else, but not my patriotic father. He simply harnessed the team and away he'd go. I often accompanied him, and was treated to some pretty hairy-scary mail runs. One cold winter's day, when the wind was whipping up huge drifts, I borrowed skis, hooked on behind his sleigh full of outgoing mail and off we went. Then be darned if the horses didn't get stuck in a snowdrift. I took the reins while Father shoveled a path through a great wall of snow, and we made the 27 miles to and from Leslieville. Given the odds, this was quite a feat.

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Annette

Spring and summer were my favorite seasons because we always took in local school picnics where I played ball (usually short-stop), and won my share of red ribbons for broad jumps and foot races. Autumn was great, too, with berry picking and threshing bees which gave us a chance to join the neighbors in barrels of fun.

Statistics are among my least favorite things; yet since they tend to define what makes us tick, here are a few of mine: At age 3 ½ , after burning down my dad's hay shed, I vowed never to smoke another cigarette. Aurora, a one-room, log school with 38 pupils, offered my first brush with education. Three little Grade-oners, Katherine Cornforth, Donna Robinson and I sat together in a double desk. This was a strike of good luck, binding the three of us to life-long friendships.

I walked to school (two miles each way), for nine years, finishing grade school at age 15. For three years thereafter I was my dad's logging partner, while taking Grade Ten (plus some of Eleven), by correspondence.

At ages 16 and 17, I attended Farm Young Peoples' Week at the U of A. These "weeks" were actually ten days long, and both years I won the sport cups, beautiful silver trophies that grace my living room, today. (Incidentally, I can still run; just not as fast.)

At age 18, I returned to school, this time traveling to Leslieville High by bus, and graduating from Grade 12 as Class Valedictorian. Summer school courses were taken at the old Red Deer Armories. Then it was off to the U of A for a nine-month, crash-course in teaching.

Taimi, a one-room school, north of Rocky Mountain House, was my first teaching assignment. I was also Taimi's last teacher before being transferred to Rocky to teach Grade One (prior to marriage), kindergarten (when my children were enrolled), and I subbed for many years thereafter.

In 1958, Rocky had two movie theaters, the Rainbow near the top of Main Street, the Lux at the bottom. One evening, a tall young oil worker sat behind me in the Rainbow. After the movie was over, he followed me to the Ritz café where I got my first glimpse of my future husband in an overhead mirror. It was love at first sight. Dennis and I were married in '59, had five high-energy children, raised them and worked our selves silly for 30 years, then retired in 1989.

In the years between '59 and '89, Dennis worked thirteen and a half years as a motor mechanic/service manager for Edward's Garage. Later, we owned our own business consisting of a gas bar, front-end parts and sales, garage bays, fuel truck, tow trucks and café—the whole nine yards. We had a large staff, including several mechanics, and were open 17 hours a day, 7 days a week. Simultaneously we owned a 700-acre horse and cattle ranch, raised our children and made a home for a nephew. Taking a quote from the Tale of Two Cities, "They were the best of times and the worst of times." On the plus side, we had wonderful customers, build a lovely new home, threw parties and wiener roasts, mostly for the kids. On the minus side, each of our children had life-threatening accidents. Both of our daughters were treated for cancer. Our two youngest sons developed serious medical disorders. These were helter-skelter years, totally out of my control, and I felt like I'd been sucked into the eye of a tornado. I marvel to think that Dennis and I actually survived them.

During my lifetime, I've been involved in various community organizations. I was a Girl Guide Leader for 7 years; belonged to the Rebecca Lodge and taught Sunday School. I chaired Parents on Patrol and Rocky Home and School; became a director of Canadian Mental Health and a long-time member of Central Alberta Writers' Ink, CARMN, CAHS and Markerville's local SGSI Society.

In the 1960s, I helped compile Rocky's first community history book, and from 2000 to 2004, I was the editor/coordinator of its sequence, **THE DAYS AFTER YESTERDAY**, a four-year (night and day) project. I must say I'm extremely proud of this book—typos and all. Within its 900 pages lies an excellent cross-section of people who lived (or still live) in the Rocky, Nordegg area or on the First Nation Reserves.

A couple more bits of trivia:

- 1) I delivered our last baby by myself, with no help whatsoever.
- 2) I chased a bear (that was threatening my 3 year-old) for several minutes through a mountain campground--with me wearing nothing but a grimace. Ask for details—I'll tell you.



Writing Journey of the heart began with the Anza Historical Society's horseback trip in 1994.

Continued on page 8 See Annette

Annette

After retirement, Dennis and I bought a house in Arizona, and I was able to take life easy: biking, crocheting, knitting, oil painting and writing books. I've written six books: **BUTTERFLIES IN THE DARK**, **JOURNEY OF THE HEART—A TRUE STORY**, **TWISTED HEART**, **TWIN HEARTS**, **MOUNTAINS AND MOONBEAMS** and **REARVIEW MIRROR**.

JOURNEY OF THE HEART has been a real delight, winning a US national award and making the Canadian best seller list. On completion of this book, a banquet was given in my honor at the University of Arizona.



This is a picture taken on January 30, 2012, in Mammoth, Arizona. As you can see, promoting and selling books is a lot of fun.

JOURNEY OF THE HEART has also taken me on multiple book presentations in Arizona; a five week book tour through Missouri, Kansas and New Mexico and to Las Cruces where the book has been adapted to live theater. Although I've appreciated the accolades associated with my writing, nothing has brought me greater pleasure than the friendships made while writing and promoting my books. Nor can anything compare with the memory of five weeks spent alone in a remote cabin fending off Mexican drug runners-- a worthwhile adventure which allowed me to ride horseback (as **JOURNEY OF THE HEART**'s heroine did), through the tangle of mesquite and cacti on the century-old Arivaca Ranch.

Speaking of journeys, I was born to wander and have traveled through the majority of Canadian provinces and US states; I've spent over six years of my life in Arizona. Four times I've trekked across England, coast-to-coast, and have made shorter trips to the Yukon, Australia, Cook Islands and Tahiti.

Dennis and I spent twenty years in retirement. How we enjoyed life at a slower pace, that is, until cancer struck, and Dennis passed away at home on the last day of summer, 2010. He was more than a husband; he was my very best friend.

If I have learned anything in life's journey, it is that my children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and the memory of Dennis are my most treasured possessions. I've learned to appreciate my friends, neighbors and extended family, regardless of the distance that lies between us.

Yesterday, as I sat beside my two-year-old, great-granddaughter, watching cartoons on a big screen TV, I was reminded of Lord Tennyson's words: "The old order changes, giving place to new, and God reveals himself to us in many ways."

As I glanced down at the tiny blonde head and listened to the mix of childish gibberish and newly-learned words, I realized that Tennyson's message holds the same truth today as when it was spoken so many years ago.

Just as winter precedes spring, we grow older--our season has passed--yet hope, love and true happiness remain in the sparkling eyes of a new generation. ■

We Need your email address!

We would like to send more newsletters and events notices out by email.

Please send your email address to Shirley Dye at sadd@shaw.ca

Save our society money in printing & stamps and volunteer time stuffing envelopes.

Thank You. Shirley

President's Message

By Bill Mackay

We are rapidly approaching the winter equinox, a time for looking forward and a time for reflecting on what has happened in the past year. Since we as a group are interested in history we tend to look back but we also need to look forward so that we have some hand in shaping our history.

Looking back on this year I am happy to report that we have had some major successes – a great series of programs, the launch of both an award winning book and a terrific society website and the planning of events for a great Red Deer Centennial celebration in 2013, a successful and sold out tour to the Kootenays in June and the biggest and most successful AGM ever in September. All of this is possible because of the energy and abilities of the volunteers from the CAHS who make these things happen. Thanks everyone.

Looking forward we have the *Scandinavian Christmas* dinner coming up on December 11. Tickets were selling fast in mid-October so don't delay in getting yours. I expect we will sell out.

We have a very interesting series of programs planned from January through May. For all the details about our programs check out our website at: <http://www.centralalbertahistory.org/events.html>. If you click on any month you will see the details for that month.

We have also mostly completed the planning for hosting the Historical Society of Alberta's AGM which will be held in Red Deer from May 23-25, 2013. Events will start at 4PM on Friday with the HSA's AGM followed by a light dinner, then at 7PM the launch of our first digital book as well as a look at the new gallery at the MAG. Saturday will be an all day bus tour which we are calling the Scandinavian Trail which will include many stops in the Markerville/Dickson area. This must be the Year of the Scandinavian for our society! There will be the usual Saturday night dinner, with awards and a presentation on Red Deer's Old Schools. On Sunday there will be a breakfast with presentations by the regional winners of the Heritage Fairs.

We are also in the early stages of planning for next June's tour which will be to the Caribou Country of British Columbia. This will be a six day tour because of the distances involved. Expect to see some interesting sites between Hope and Williams Lake including historic Yale, Lillooet, 100 Mile House, and Barkerville to mention a few.

Finally be sure to keep track of all the events that Sheila and her group have organized to celebrate Red Deer's Centennial. The Centennial First Night skating party will take place on December 31 from 6:00 to 9:00 at Bower Ponds. There will be music from the decades, debut of the Centennial Mascot, heritage actors, free cake and hot chocolate as well as a countdown ball drop to kick off Red Deer's Centennial Year. Check out the Red Deer 2013 website, <http://www.reddeer2013.ca/>, for all the events throughout 2013. Mark the July long weekend on your calendar as this will be the BIGGEST celebratory event for Red Deer's Centennial. It will include a Homecoming, *River of Light* spectacle and much more.

**“May the good times of the present become
the golden memories of tomorrow.”**

OUR PRECIOUS HERITAGE

Christmas Eve On The Ranch

T'was the night before Christmas and out on the ranch
The pond was frozen over and so was the branch.
The snow was piled up belly-deep to a mule
The kids were all home on vacation from school.

And happier young folks you never did see -
Just all sprawled around a-watchin' TV.
Then suddenly, some time around 8 o'clock,
There came a surprise that gave them a shock!

The power went off, the TV went dead!
When Grandpa came in from the shed
With an arm load of wood, the house was all dark.
"Just what I expected," they heard him remark.

"Them power line wires must be down from the snow.
Seems sorter like times on the ranch long ago."
"I'll hunt up some candles," said Mom. "With their light,
And the fireplace, I reckon we'll make out all right."

The teen-agers all seemed enveloped in gloom.
Then Grandpa came back from a trip to his room,
Uncased his old fiddle and started to play
That old song about bells on a sleigh.

Mom started to sing, and first thing they knew
Both Pop and the kids were all singing it, too.
They sang Christmas carols, they sang Holy Night,"
Their eyes all a-shine in the ruddy firelight.

They played some charades Mom recalled from her youth,
And Pop read a passage from God's Book of truth.
They stayed up till midnight-and would you believe,
The youngsters agreed 'twas a fine Christmas Eve.

Grandpa rose early, some time before dawn;
And when the kids wakened, the power was on.
The power company sure got the line repaired quick"
Said Grandpa—and no one suspected his trick.

Last night, for the sake of some old fashioned fun.
He had pulled the main switch—the old Son-of-a-Gun!

-anonymous

