

1961 Dan age 17

It sounds like Christmas. The soft new-fallen snow crunches as my boot buckles jingle. The long pine needles scrape my heavy cloth coat with a musical note as I search for the perfect tree. I breathe heavily and excitedly as my saw makes its way through the trunk. I drag the tree carefully home and startle a ringneck who startles me even more with his loud squawk and his rapidly beating wings. In the distance an unprepared motorist's wheels hum as he tries to mount the crest of the hill. The icicles tinkle like an oriental wind bell as they fall down on the porch cement.

In the house my dad and two smaller brothers have erected the Lionel, which clicks, clanks, and whistles. Mom is in the kitchen busily rattling the countless pots, pans, and dishes, and propelling the spoon from side to side of the gravy pan. Over the sound of merry voices and giggling, a careless hand drops a Christmas ball. The dead silence which follows is only momentary and soon the fun begins at an even higher pitch. By Dan McNary 1961

Christmas 1962 Helen Dorothy Scott



Corn crib Hay Barn feed house 1963
The green banana



1963 Carol (prob. X-mas '62)