AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

My wife and I decide to have an old-fashioned Christmas at Great-Uncle Fred’s farm way out in Ipswich, South Dakota.

But on the way from our home in Lodi, Calif., we get lost on some country roads...and end up in Nebraska!

GAS

I WISH THEY'D HURRY UP AND LEAVE!

THE GAS ATTENDANT

PAY PHONE

HELLO UNCLE FRED! GUESS WE TURNED RIGHT WHEN WE SHOULD'VE TURNED LEFT! HA, HA!

THE WIFE

GRUMBLE GRUMBLE

WAH!

THE SCREAMIN’ KIDS
Just as we get about 50 miles from Great-Uncle Fred's farm, a blizzard hits...

Wah! We're stuck!! You kids, stop crying! We're going to have an old-fashioned Christmas!

Fortunately, the wife sees a light from a nearby farmhouse...

Come in before you catch your death of cold! Whoosh!

A stranger welcomes us into her home. She is very nice, which is lucky for us because we are stranded there for two days!

Dad, let's play another game of checkers! (Sigh!) Ok. But you've already beaten me 197 times!

Millie, stop pestering the cat! Oh, when is this storm going to end? Whee!

Don't fret, my dear! The Blizzard of '66 lasted for weeks and weeks!! Care for another piece of Kuchen?

Meow ow-w!
6. When the blizzard finally ends, we head once more for Ipswich—and Great-Uncle Fred's farm.

7. Five hours later...

8. The kids and I “help” Great-Uncle Fred with the chores...

9. ...while the wife and Great-Aunt Emma make the kitchen into a bakery with pies, breads, cookies, and strudels.

10. Outside, there's wood to be chopped...
...and a host of other jobs like gathering eggs, feeding the pigs, and shovelling snow out of the lane—again!
But we still had time to ice skate on the pond, sled, and build snowmen.

Then...on Christmas Eve...we all go to the country church for the children's Christmas program...

...AND A BABE WAS BORN IN A... IN A... MOMMY! I FORGOT!

...afterwards, we drive back to the farm (and nearly get stuck again!). Our Christmas eve supper of hot oyster stew hits the spot!

When bedtime can be prolonged no more, the children can hardly go to sleep because they’re so excited!

TOMORROW WE OPEN OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

OH, IT WILL BE GREAT FUN!

I CAN'T WAIT!
The wife and I sleep in the North Room, where there is no heat—just some old-fashioned blankets!

Oh, I can see my breath!

Then... at the crack of dawn...

They're making enough racket to wake the dead!

Whee!

Wake up, everybody! It's Christmas morning!

It's Christmas! Rise and shine, everybody!
After the gifts are all opened, we help Great-Aunt Emma in the kitchen because soon the relatives will start to arrive.

WHERE ARE THE 46 PLATES?

17. Our Christmas dinner is a banquet fit for a king—roasted turkey, dressing, baked country hams, potatoes and yummy gravy, cranberry sauce, baked beans with molasses, escaloped corn, salads, rice puddings, pies, cakes, homemade bread, freshly churned butter, homemade cottage cheese, date breads...and Great-Aunt Maggy’s special watermelon pickles!

The late great-grandmother Hepzibah

...And that’s how we spent an old-fashioned Christmas at the farm near Ipswich, South Dakota.

18. After such a feast, we’re all ready for a snooze.

Cookstove’s heat also makes everyone sleepy.

19. Merry Christmas, honey! Merry Christmas, sweets!

THE END