



Christmas Tree Bargain

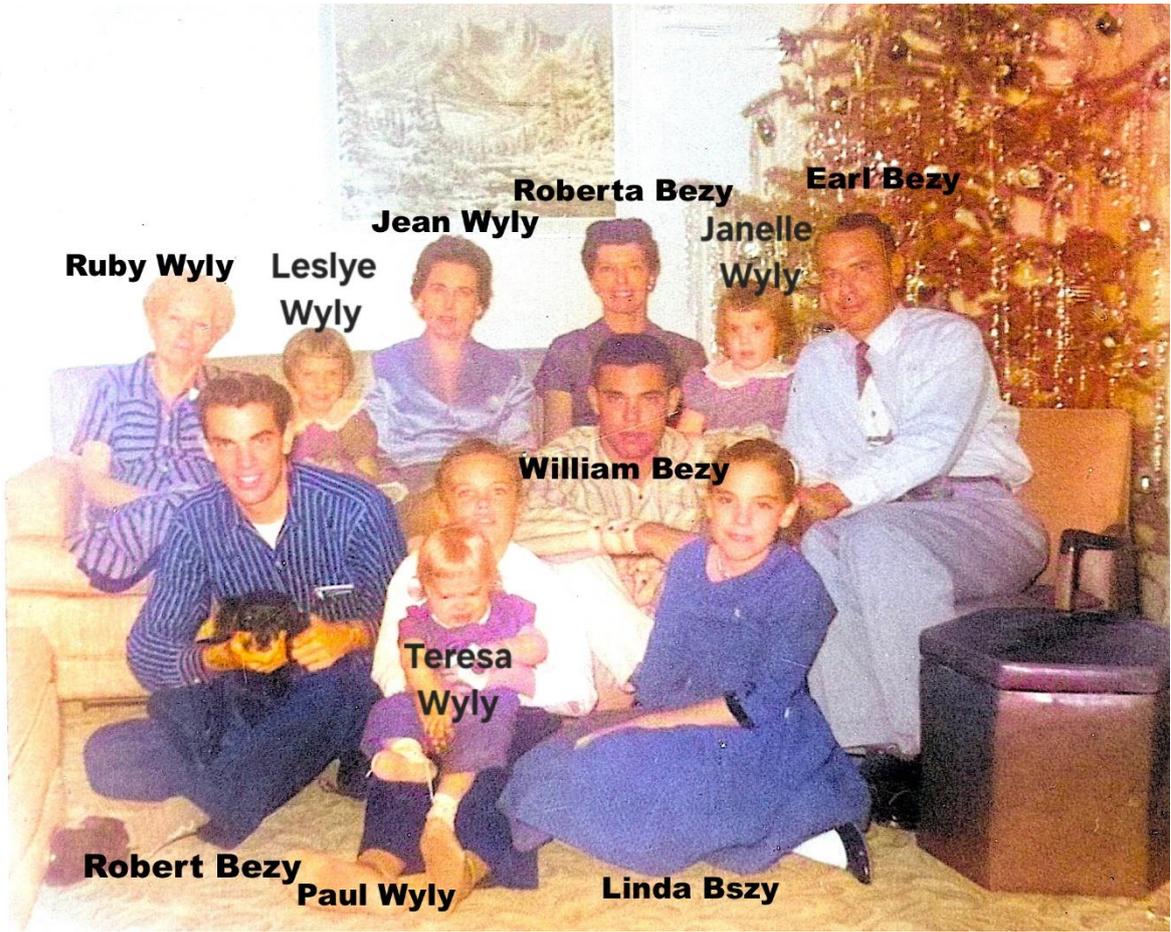
Robert L. Bezy

The night before a week before Christmas, all six of us, mom, dad, Grandma Wylly, Linda, Bill and I piled into the family car for the annual tree hunt. It was colder than she it, but the rugged, stubble-faced tree men kept a warm bond fire blazing on the lot at Central and Indian School. Dad, the consummate bargainer, sized up the crew and carefully picked his mark, asking him, "Where are your least expensive trees?" "Down that row, sir," he replied, gearing up for the battle to come. We kids tried to find the one with the smallest "hole" (gap in the foliage). Anxious to get it over, Linda and I finally exclaimed, "Daddy, we like this one." "Quiet, the man will hear you." Dad left the tree in place, fetched the seller, and pointed out the many defects in the conifer. "How much are you asking for us to take this thing off your hands?" "Six bits a foot; it would come to five bucks." "We can't afford that." "I will give it to ya for four fifty." "Its a deal, if you throw in the stand." We happily carried it off, tied it on the car roof, and headed for home.

Dragging it to the garage, we sawed off the end of the crooked trunk and nailed on the wobbly wood stand, hoping the tree would not fall over before New Years. Mom fixed the hot cocoa, lovingly skimmed the scum off the top, and added a marshmallow to each cup. We all joined in decorating the tree with the old Santa lights and the new candle bubble lights, leading to the grand finale of trying to get the star on top to stand up straight. Dad popped a tall cool one and coached us on filling the hole in with as many ornaments and long strands of tinsel as possible and then turning it to the back.

On the day after New Years all the kids went house to house down Coolidge Avenue and rounded up the dead trees, dragging them to the vacant lot, the one where Freddy Moore's house eventually stood. The pile of dry conifers was sky high when Billy Bowles' dad, a potato farmer from Idaho, poured on the gasoline and opened the box of wooden matches. The flames could be seen all the way to Central and Indian School.





Ruby Wyly

**Leslye
Wyly**

Jean Wyly

Roberta Bezy

Earl Bezy

**Janelle
Wyly**

William Bezy

**Teresa
Wyly**

Robert Bezy

Paul Wyly

Linda Bszy