

### 1: Short stories: How the Captain Made Christmas by Thomas Nelson Page | Prowl in virtual world

*How the Captain Made Christmas by Thomas Nelson Page. Published in his collection of short stories titled The Burial of the Guns (). It's about the importance of where you are from-- a young man's retelling of a memorable train ride in which the captain shared his stories of love and life to an appreciate group of no-longer strangers once they arrived in New Orleans for Christmas.*

Title Listing It was just a few days before Christmas, and the men around the large fireplace at the club had, not unnaturally, fallen to talking of Christmas. They were all men in the prime of life, and all or nearly all of them were from other parts of the country; men who had come to the great city to make their way in life, and who had, on the whole, made it in one degree or another, achieving sufficient success in different fields to allow of all being called successful men. Yet, as the conversation had proceeded, it had taken a reminiscent turn. When it began, only three persons were engaged in it, two of whom, McPheeters and Lespotts, were in lounging-chairs, with their feet stretched out towards the log fire, while the third, Newton, stood with his back to the great hearth, and his coat-tails well divided. The other men were scattered about the room, one or two writing at tables, three or four reading the evening papers, and the rest talking and sipping whiskey and water, or only talking or only sipping whiskey and water. As the conversation proceeded around the fireplace, however, one after another joined the group there, until the circle included every man in the room. It had begun by Lespotts, who had been looking intently at Newton for some moments as he stood before the fire with his legs well apart and his eyes fastened on the carpet, breaking the silence by asking, suddenly: That was -- thirty-three years ago," said Newton, slowly, as if he were doling the years from his memory. The great city, with all its manifold interests, was forgotten, and the men of the world went back to their childhood and early life in little villages or on old plantations, and told incidents of the time when the outer world was unknown, and all things had those strange and large proportions which the mind of childhood gives. Old times were ransacked and Christmas experiences in them were given without stint, and the season was voted, without dissent, to have been far ahead of Christmas now. Presently, one of the party said: I spent one once, stuck in a snow-drift, or almost stuck, for we were ten hours late, and missed all connections, and the Christmas I had expected to spend with friends, I passed in a nasty car with a surly Pullman conductor, an impudent mulatto porter, and a lot of fools, all of whom could have murdered each other, not to speak of a crying baby whose murder was perhaps the only thing all would have united on. Well, I went South one winter just at Christmas, and I took that train by accident. I was going to New Orleans to spend Christmas, and had expected to have gotten off to be there several days beforehand, but an unlooked-for matter had turned up and prevented my getting away, and I had given up the idea of going, when I changed my mind: I decided, on the spur of the moment, to go, anyhow, and thus got off on the afternoon train for Washington, intending to run my luck for getting a sleeper there. This was the day before Christmas-eve and I was due to arrive in New Orleans Christmas-day, some time. Well, when I got to Washington there was not a berth to be had for love or money, and I was in a pickle. I fumed and fussed; abused the railroad companies and got mad with the ticket agent, who seemed, I thought, to be very indifferent as to whether I went to New Orleans or not, and I had just decided to turn around and come back to New York, when the agent, who was making change for someone else, said: It leaves about this time, and if you hurry you may be able to catch it. Anything was better than New York, Christmas-day. So I jumped into a carriage and told the driver to drive like the -- the wind, and he did. When we arrived at the station the ticket agent could not tell me whether I could get a berth or not, the conductor had the diagram out at the train, but he thought there was not the slightest chance. I found the car and the conductor standing outside of it by the steps. The first thing that struck me was his appearance. Instead of being the dapper young naval-officerish-looking fellow I was accustomed to, he was a stout, elderly man, with bushy, gray hair and a heavy, grizzled mustache, who looked like an old field-marshal. He was surrounded by quite a number of people all crowding about him and asking him questions at once, some of whose questions he was answering slowly as he pored over his diagram, and others of which he seemed to be ignoring. Some were querulous, some good-natured, and all impatient, but he answered them all with

imperturbable good humor. It was very cold, so I pushed my way into the crowd. As I did so I heard him say to someone: I pushed my way in and asked him, in my most dulcet tone, if I could get an upper berth to New Orleans. The man pushed his way in angrily, a big, self-assertive fellow; he was evidently smarting from his first repulse. I did, I say. I was here before that man got here, and asked you for a lower berth, and you said they were all taken. He turned to her: Still, I was without a berth, so, with some misgiving, I began: The first person I looked for when I entered the car was, of course, the sick woman. I soon picked her out: She was all muffled up, although the car was very warm. Every seat was either occupied or piled high with bags. Well, the train started, and in a little while the Captain came in, and the way that old fellow straightened things out was a revelation. He took charge of the car and ran it as if he had been the Captain of a boat. At first some of the passengers were inclined to grumble, but in a little while they gave in. As for me, I had gotten an upper berth and felt satisfied. When I waked up next morning, however, we were only a hundred and fifty miles from Washington, and were standing still. The next day was Christmas, and every passenger on the train, except the sick lady and her husband, and the Captain, had an engagement for Christmas dinner somewhere a thousand miles away. There had been an accident on the road. The train which was coming north had jumped the track at a trestle and torn a part of it away. Two or three of the trainmen had been hurt. There was no chance of getting by for several hours more. It was a blue party that assembled in the dressing-room, and more than one cursed his luck. One man was talking of suing the company. I was feeling pretty gloomy myself, when the Captain came in. Someone asked promptly how long we should be there. He said, in answer to a question, that he had been in it. It was the only battle-field I had ever been over, and I was so much interested that when I got home I read up the campaign, and that set me to reading up on the whole subject of the war. We walked back over the hills, and I never enjoyed a walk more. I felt as if I had got new strength from the cold air. The old fellow stopped at a little house on our way back, and went in whilst we waited. When he came out he had a little bouquet of geranium leaves and lemon verbena which he had got. I had noticed them in the window as we went by, and when I saw the way the sick lady looked when he gave them to her, I wished I had brought them instead of him. Some one intent on knowledge asked him how much he paid for them? I happened to speak of him to the Captain, and he said: He could read and write a little -- a negro is very apt to think, sir, that if he can write he is educated -- he could write, and thought he was educated; he chewed a toothpick and thought he was a gentleman. I soon taught him better. He was impertinent, and I put him off the train. He is an excellent boy he was about fifty-five. The black is a capital servant, sir, when he has sense, far better than the mulatto. You could not help it. He had a way about him that drew you out. I told him I was going to New Orleans to pay a visit to friends there. He asked me who she was, and I told him her name. She always travelled with him when she came North, he said. He drew me on, and before I knew it I had told him all about myself. It was the queerest thing; I had no idea in the world of talking about my matters. I had hardly ever spoken of her to a soul; but the old chap had a way of making you feel that he would be certain to understand you, and could help you. He lived in Virginia before the war; came from up near Lynchburg somewhere; belonged to an old family there, and had been in love with his sweetheart for years, but could never make any impression on her. She was a beautiful girl, he said, and the greatest belle in the country round. But just then the war came on, and it was a Godsend to me. I went in first thing. I made up my mind to go in and fight like five thousand furies, and I thought maybe that would win her, and it did; it worked first-rate. I went in as a private, and I got a bullet through me in about six months, through my right lung, that laid me off for a year or so; then I went back and the boys made me a lieutenant, and when the captain was made a major, I was made captain. The war fixed me all right, though. When I went home that first time my wife had come right around, and as soon as I was well enough we were married. I found out that the great trouble with me had been that I had not been bold enough; I used to let her go her own way too much, and seemed to be afraid of her. I WAS afraid of her, too. You cannot help being afraid of her, for every man is that; but it is fatal to let her know it. Stand up, sir, stand up for your rights. You must consider this, however, that her way after marriage is always laid down to her with reference to your good. A man is not good enough for a good woman to wipe her shoes on. Lesponts said he had found it out, and proceeded. The Captain had told me that his home was not far from there, and his old company was raised around there. As the train drew up I went out on the platform, however,

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### 2: Why Marvel Needs To Make A Guardians Of The Galaxy Christmas Film

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### 3: Christmas Candy Crunch - Hoosier Homemade

*Here we are with our third Christmas short story: How the Captain Made Christmas by Thomas Nelson Page. You know the drill, I'm going to share a bit about the author and then we'll dive into discussing the story.*

Visit Website Any shooting or fishing done on St. Lucia Day was done by torchlight, and people brightly illuminated their homes. At night, men, women, and children would carry torches in a parade. The night would end when everyone threw their torches onto a large pile of straw, creating a huge bonfire. In Finland today, one girl is chosen to serve as the national Lucia and she is honored in a parade in which she is surrounded by torchbearers. Light is a main theme of St. Lucia Day, as her name, which is derived from the Latin word lux, means light. Lucia lived in Syracuse during the fourth century when persecution of Christians was common. Unfortunately, most of her story has been lost over the years. According to one common legend, Lucia lost her eyes while being tortured by a Diocletian for her Christian beliefs. Others say she may have plucked her own eyes out to protest the poor treatment of Christians. Lucia is the patron saint of the blind. It is customary to visit the gravesites of departed family members. The ancient Norse used the Yule log in their celebration of the return of the sun at winter solstice. The Norse believed that the sun was a great wheel of fire that rolled towards and then away from the earth. Ever wonder why the family fireplace is such a central part of the typical Christmas scene? This tradition dates back to the Norse Yule log. It is probably also responsible for the popularity of log-shaped cheese, cakes, and desserts during the holidays. After , Christmas trees began showing up in other parts of Germany, and even more so after , when Johann Wolfgang von Goethe visited Strasbourg and promptly included a Christmas tree in his novel, *The Suffering of Young Werther*. In the s, the first German immigrants decorated Christmas trees in Pennsylvania. In , the first American newspaper carried a picture of a Christmas tree and the custom spread to nearly every home in just a few years. Poinsett, brought a red-and-green plant from Mexico to America. As its coloring seemed perfect for the new holiday, the plants, which were called poinsettias after Poinsett, began appearing in greenhouses as early as In , New York stores began to sell them at Christmas. By , they were a universal symbol of the holiday. In Mexico, paper mache sculptures called pinatas are filled with candy and coins and hung from the ceiling. Children then take turns hitting the pinata until it breaks, sending a shower of treats to the floor. Children race to gather as much of the loot as they can. Newly efficient post offices in England and the United States made the cards nearly overnight sensations. At about the same time, similar cards were being made by R. Celtic and Teutonic peoples had long considered mistletoe to have magic powers. It was said to have the ability to heal wounds and increase fertility. Celts hung mistletoe in their homes in order to bring themselves good luck and ward off evil spirits. During holidays in the Victorian era, the English would hang sprigs of mistletoe from ceilings and in doorways. If someone was found standing under the mistletoe, they would be kissed by someone else in the room, behavior not usually demonstrated in Victorian society. Plum pudding is an English dish dating back to the Middle Ages. It is then unwrapped, sliced like cake, and topped with cream. Caroling also began in England. Wandering musicians would travel from town to town visiting castles and homes of the rich. In return for their performance, the musicians hoped to receive a hot meal or money. In the United States and England, children hang stockings on their bedpost or near a fireplace on Christmas Eve, hoping that it will be filled with treats while they sleep. In Scandinavia, similar-minded children leave their shoes on the hearth. This tradition can be traced to legends about Saint Nicholas. One legend tells of three poor sisters who could not marry because they had no money for a dowry. To save them from being sold by their father, St. Nick left each of the three sisters gifts of gold coins. One went down the chimney and landed in a pair of shoes that had been left on the hearth. Another went into a window and into a pair of stockings left hanging by the fire to dry. During the warm and sunny Australian Christmas season, beach time and outdoor barbecues are common. Traditional Christmas day celebrations include family gatherings, exchanging gifts and either a hot meal with ham, turkey, pork or seafood or barbecues. In the far north of the country, the Eskimos celebrate a winter festival called sinck tuck, which features parties with dancing and the exchanging of gifts. Gifts are usually exchanged on January 1, St. Francis of Assisi created the first living nativity in to help explain the birth of

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Jesus to his followers. Jamestown, Virginia According to reports by Captain John Smith , the first eggnog made in the United States was consumed in his Jamestown settlement. Nog comes from the word grog, which refers to any drink made with rum. Get two months off on your gift subscription today.

### 4: Christmas Crunch {Funfetti Popcorn Christmas Style} - Cooking Classy

*How the Captain Made Christmas by Thomas Nelson Page. It was just a few days before Christmas, and the men around the large fireplace at the club had, not unnaturally, fallen to talking of Christmas.*

Visit Website The end of December was a perfect time for celebration in most areas of Europe. At that time of year, most cattle were slaughtered so they would not have to be fed during the winter. For many, it was the only time of year when they had a supply of fresh meat. In addition, most wine and beer made during the year was finally fermented and ready for drinking. Visit Website In Germany, people honored the pagan god Oden during the mid-winter holiday. Germans were terrified of Oden, as they believed he made nocturnal flights through the sky to observe his people, and then decide who would prosper or perish. Because of his presence, many people chose to stay inside. Saturnalia In Rome, where winters were not as harsh as those in the far north, Saturnaliaâ€™a holiday in honor of Saturn, the god of agricultureâ€™was celebrated. Beginning in the week leading up to the winter solstice and continuing for a full month, Saturnalia was a hedonistic time, when food and drink were plentiful and the normal Roman social order was turned upside down. For a month, slaves would become masters. Peasants were in command of the city. Business and schools were closed so that everyone could join in the fun. Also around the time of the winter solstice, Romans observed Juvenalia, a feast honoring the children of Rome. In addition, members of the upper classes often celebrated the birthday of Mithra, the god of the unconquerable sun, on December . It was believed that Mithra, an infant god, was born of a rock. In the early years of Christianity , Easter was the main holiday; the birth of Jesus was not celebrated. In the fourth century, church officials decided to institute the birth of Jesus as a holiday. Unfortunately, the Bible does not mention date for his birth a fact Puritans later pointed out in order to deny the legitimacy of the celebration. Although some evidence suggests that his birth may have occurred in the spring why would shepherds be herding in the middle of winter? It is commonly believed that the church chose this date in an effort to adopt and absorb the traditions of the pagan Saturnalia festival. First called the Feast of the Nativity, the custom spread to Egypt by and to England by the end of the sixth century. By the end of the eighth century, the celebration of Christmas had spread all the way to Scandinavia. Today, in the Greek and Russian orthodox churches, Christmas is celebrated 13 days after the 25th, which is also referred to as the Epiphany or Three Kings Day. This is the day it is believed that the three wise men finally found Jesus in the manger. By holding Christmas at the same time as traditional winter solstice festivals, church leaders increased the chances that Christmas would be popularly embraced, but gave up the ability to dictate how it was celebrated. By the Middle Ages , Christianity had, for the most part, replaced pagan religion. The poor would go to the houses of the rich and demand their best food and drink. If owners failed to comply, their visitors would most likely terrorize them with mischief. An Outlaw Christmas In the early 17th century, a wave of religious reform changed the way Christmas was celebrated in Europe. When Oliver Cromwell and his Puritan forces took over England in , they vowed to rid England of decadence and, as part of their effort, cancelled Christmas. By popular demand, Charles II was restored to the throne and, with him, came the return of the popular holiday. The pilgrims, English separatists that came to America in , were even more orthodox in their Puritan beliefs than Cromwell. As a result, Christmas was not a holiday in early America. From to , the celebration of Christmas was actually outlawed in Boston. Anyone exhibiting the Christmas spirit was fined five shillings. By contrast, in the Jamestown settlement, Captain John Smith reported that Christmas was enjoyed by all and passed without incident. After the American Revolution , English customs fell out of favor, including Christmas. Americans re-invented Christmas, and changed it from a raucous carnival holiday into a family-centered day of peace and nostalgia. But what about the s peaked American interest in the holiday? The early 19th century was a period of class conflict and turmoil. During this time, unemployment was high and gang rioting by the disenchanting classes often occurred during the Christmas season. This catalyzed certain members of the upper classes to begin to change the way Christmas was celebrated in America. The sketches feature a squire who invited the peasants into his home for the holiday. In contrast to the problems faced in American society, the two groups mingled effortlessly. The family was also becoming less disciplined and

more sensitive to the emotional needs of children during the early s. As Americans began to embrace Christmas as a perfect family holiday, old customs were unearthed. People looked toward recent immigrants and Catholic and Episcopalian churches to see how the day should be celebrated. In the next years, Americans built a Christmas tradition all their own that included pieces of many other customs, including decorating trees, sending holiday cards and gift-giving. Although most families quickly bought into the idea that they were celebrating Christmas how it had been done for centuries, Americans had really re-invented a holiday to fill the cultural needs of a growing nation. There are 21, Christmas tree growers in the United States, and trees usually grow for about 15 years before they are sold. From to , the celebration of Christmas was outlawed in Boston, and law-breakers were fined five shillings. Christmas was declared a federal holiday in the United States on June 26, Poinsettia plants are named after Joel R. Poinsett, an American minister to Mexico, who brought the red-and-green plant from Mexico to America in The Salvation Army has been sending Santa Claus-clad donation collectors into the streets since the s. The copywriter wrote a poem about the reindeer to help lure customers into the Montgomery Ward department store. Construction workers started the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree tradition in Get two months off on your gift subscription today.

### 5: History of Christmas - HISTORY

*The Captain's Christmas is a Christmas-themed theatrical animated short directed by Friz Freleng during his brief tenure at MGM, starring the characters from the newspaper comic strips The Katzenjammer Kids and The Captain and the Kids.*

They were all men in the prime of life, and all or nearly all of them were from other parts of the country; men who had come to the great city to make their way in life, and who had, on the whole, made it in one degree or another, achieving sufficient success in different fields to allow of all being called successful men. Yet, as the conversation had proceeded, it had taken a reminiscent turn. When it began, only three persons were engaged in it, two of whom, McPheeters and Lespotts, were in lounging-chairs, with their feet stretched out towards the log fire, while the third, Newton, stood with his back to the great hearth, and his coat-tails well divided. The other men were scattered about the room, one or two writing at tables, three or four reading the evening papers, and the rest talking and sipping whiskey and water, or only talking or only sipping whiskey and water. As the conversation proceeded around the fireplace, however, one after another joined the group there, until the circle included every man in the room. It had begun by Lespotts, who had been looking intently at Newton for some moments as he stood before the fire with his legs well apart and his eyes fastened on the carpet, breaking the silence by asking, suddenly: The great city, with all its manifold interests, was forgotten, and the men of the world went back to their childhood and early life in little villages or on old plantations, and told incidents of the time when the outer world was unknown, and all things had those strange and large proportions which the mind of childhood gives. Old times were ransacked and Christmas experiences in them were given without stint, and the season was voted, without dissent, to have been far ahead of Christmas now. Presently, one of the party said: I spent one once, stuck in a snow-drift, or almost stuck, for we were ten hours late, and missed all connections, and the Christmas I had expected to spend with friends, I passed in a nasty car with a surly Pullman conductor, an impudent mulatto porter, and a lot of fools, all of whom could have murdered each other, not to speak of a crying baby whose murder was perhaps the only thing all would have united on. Well, I went South one winter just at Christmas, and I took that train by accident. I was going to New Orleans to spend Christmas, and had expected to have gotten off to be there several days beforehand, but an unlooked-for matter had turned up and prevented my getting away, and I had given up the idea of going, when I changed my mind: I decided, on the spur of the moment, to go, anyhow, and thus got off on the afternoon train for Washington, intending to run my luck for getting a sleeper there. This was the day before Christmas-eve and I was due to arrive in New Orleans Christmas-day, some time. Well, when I got to Washington there was not a berth to be had for love or money, and I was in a pickle. I fumed and fussed; abused the railroad companies and got mad with the ticket agent, who seemed, I thought, to be very indifferent as to whether I went to New Orleans or not, and I had just decided to turn around and come back to New York, when the agent, who was making change for someone else, said: It leaves about this time, and if you hurry you may be able to catch it. Anything was better than New York, Christmas-day. So I jumped into a carriage and told the driver to drive like the "the wind, and he did. When we arrived at the station the ticket agent could not tell me whether I could get a berth or not, the conductor had the diagram out at the train, but he thought there was not the slightest chance. I found the car and the conductor standing outside of it by the steps. The first thing that struck me was his appearance. Instead of being the dapper young naval-officerish-looking fellow I was accustomed to, he was a stout, elderly man, with bushy, gray hair and a heavy, grizzled mustache, who looked like an old field-marshal. He was surrounded by quite a number of people all crowding about him and asking him questions at once, some of whose questions he was answering slowly as he pored over his diagram, and others of which he seemed to be ignoring. Some were querulous, some good-natured, and all impatient, but he answered them all with imperturbable good humor. It was very cold, so I pushed my way into the crowd. As I did so I heard him say to someone: I pushed my way in and asked him, in my most dulcet tone, if I could get an upper berth to New Orleans. The man pushed his way in angrily, a big, self-assertive fellow; he was evidently smarting from his first repulse. I did, I say. I was here before that man got here, and

asked you for a lower berth, and you said they were all taken. He turned to her: Still, I was without a berth, so, with some misgiving, I began: The first person I looked for when I entered the car was, of course, the sick woman. I soon picked her out: She was all muffled up, although the car was very warm. Every seat was either occupied or piled high with bags. Well, the train started, and in a little while the Captain came in, and the way that old fellow straightened things out was a revelation. He took charge of the car and ran it as if he had been the Captain of a boat. At first some of the passengers were inclined to grumble, but in a little while they gave in. As for me, I had gotten an upper berth and felt satisfied. When I waked up next morning, however, we were only a hundred and fifty miles from Washington, and were standing still. The next day was Christmas, and every passenger on the train, except the sick lady and her husband, and the Captain, had an engagement for Christmas dinner somewhere a thousand miles away. There had been an accident on the road. The train which was coming north had jumped the track at a trestle and torn a part of it away. Two or three of the trainmen had been hurt. There was no chance of getting by for several hours more. It was a blue party that assembled in the dressing-room, and more than one cursed his luck. One man was talking of suing the company. I was feeling pretty gloomy myself, when the Captain came in. Someone asked promptly how long we should be there. He said, in answer to a question, that he had been in it. It was the only battle-field I had ever been over, and I was so much interested that when I got home I read up the campaign, and that set me to reading up on the whole subject of the war. We walked back over the hills, and I never enjoyed a walk more. I felt as if I had got new strength from the cold air. The old fellow stopped at a little house on our way back, and went in whilst we waited. When he came out he had a little bouquet of geranium leaves and lemon verbena which he had got. I had noticed them in the window as we went by, and when I saw the way the sick lady looked when he gave them to her, I wished I had brought them instead of him. Some one intent on knowledge asked him how much he paid for them? I happened to speak of him to the Captain, and he said: He could read and write a little "a negro is very apt to think, sir, that if he can write he is educated" he could write, and thought he was educated; he chewed a toothpick and thought he was a gentleman. I soon taught him better. He was impertinent, and I put him off the train. He is an excellent boy he was about fifty-five. The black is a capital servant, sir, when he has sense, far better than the mulatto. You could not help it. He had a way about him that drew you out. I told him I was going to New Orleans to pay a visit to friends there. He asked me who she was, and I told him her name. She always travelled with him when she came North, he said. He drew me on, and before I knew it I had told him all about myself. It was the queerest thing; I had no idea in the world of talking about my matters. I had hardly ever spoken of her to a soul; but the old chap had a way of making you feel that he would be certain to understand you, and could help you. He lived in Virginia before the war; came from up near Lynchburg somewhere; belonged to an old family there, and had been in love with his sweetheart for years, but could never make any impression on her. She was a beautiful girl, he said, and the greatest belle in the country round. But just then the war came on, and it was a Godsend to me. I went in first thing. I made up my mind to go in and fight like five thousand furies, and I thought maybe that would win her, and it did; it worked first-rate. I went in as a private, and I got a bullet through me in about six months, through my right lung, that laid me off for a year or so; then I went back and the boys made me a lieutenant, and when the captain was made a major, I was made captain. The war fixed me all right, though. When I went home that first time my wife had come right around, and as soon as I was well enough we were married. I found out that the great trouble with me had been that I had not been bold enough; I used to let her go her own way too much, and seemed to be afraid of her. I WAS afraid of her, too. You cannot help being afraid of her, for every man is that; but it is fatal to let her know it. Stand up, sir, stand up for your rights. You must consider this, however, that her way after marriage is always laid down to her with reference to your good. A man is not good enough for a good woman to wipe her shoes on. Lesponts said he had found it out, and proceeded. The Captain had told me that his home was not far from there, and his old company was raised around there. As the train drew up I went out on the platform, however, and there was quite a crowd assembled. I was surprised to find it so quiet, for at other places through which we had passed they had been having high jinks: Just then he came out on the platform, and someone called out: They crowded around the old fellow and shook hands with him and hugged him as if he had been a girl. He introduced us to them all. He rushed off to send a

telegram to his wife in New Orleans, because, as he said afterwards, she, too, might get hold of the report that he had been killed; and a Christmas message would set her up, anyhow. I was going in with a party, but I thought the old fellow would be lonely, so I waited and insisted on his dining with me. Well, they were on hand when we got there, and we took them aboard, and the old fellow made one of the finest eggnoggs you ever tasted in your life. The rest of the passengers had no idea of what was going on, and when the old chap came in with a big bowl, wreathed in holly, borne by Nick, and the old Captain marching behind, there was quite a cheer. It was offered to the ladies first, of course, and then the men assembled in the smoker and the Captain did the honors.

### 6: How the Captain Made Christmas

*To some, the start of the holiday season is plugging in a woman's fishnet stocking leg lamp from the film, A Christmas Story. This season, Captain Morgan is adding their own little pirate spin to the classic lamp.*

Product history[ edit ] Grandma would like to make this concoction with rice and the sauce that she had; it was a combination of brown sugar and butter. It tasted good, obviously. While typically an American naval captain wears four bars on his sleeves, the mascot has been variously depicted over the years wearing only one bar commodore , two bars lieutenant or three bars commander. According to a humorous Wall Street Journal article, the mascot, whose full name is Horatio Magellan Crunch, captains a ship called the Guppy, and was born "on Crunch Island in the Sea of Milk" a magical place with talking trees, crazy creatures and a whole mountain Mt. In jest, the Wall Street Journal reported that the U. Vinton Studios produced a claymation ad during the s. There was a version of Crunch Berries available briefly in which the berries, instead of being spherical, were three small berries in a cluster. The Crunch Berry Beast mascot was introduced alongside the cereal. There are currently four Crunch Berry colors: All the berry pieces are flavored the same, regardless of color. First released in , with a large elephant named Smedley as its mascot; according to sales charts, this version was the most successful at the time. It consists of peanut butter-flavored corn puffs. Three more editions issued in the early s but later discontinued. Punch Crunch was fruit-flavored cereal rings, and the mascot was sailor-clad hippopotamus named Harry. Vanilly Crunch was a vanilla flavored cereal with Sea Dog as the former mascot which was replaced with Wilma the white whale. In , a variant called Choco Crunch, featuring the mascot "Chockle the Blob", was introduced. This version contained the yellow corn squares, plus chocolate flavored pieces similar to Crunch Berries. Introduced in , consisting of chocolate flavored corn squares. A special edition first released for the Christmas holiday season. Originally, it contained a toy or Christmas tree ornament inside the box. A version of the cereal introduced in , which featured Crunch Berries shaped like sea creatures. This version was discontinued but returned in First released in , "Oops! All Berries" contained nothing but the berry flavored Crunch Berries and none of the corn squares. In , , and again in , "Oops! All Berries" has made limited time only returns. All Berries" colors are red, purple, blue and green. A limited edition version of the cereal introduced in This includes green Crunch Berries in the form of ghosts. A discontinued version which featured space-related marshmallows. A discontinued version which featured chocolate flavored doughnut shaped cereal with candy sprinkles. A limited edition version of the cereal, currently available, released in which featured baseball-related marshmallows, like home plates, caps, and mitts. It has the flavor of Crunch Berries but the pieces of the cereal are shaped as bats and balls. It occasionally comes back during the summer. All Berries cereal with flat berries that the kids smashed. Star shaped berries with "orange space dust that turns milk green". A version of the cereal in which the Crunch Berries change color to blue when milk is poured. Star shaped crunchy yellow corn and oat rings. Donut-flavored cereal rings smothered in sprinkles. Features blue, light blue and white corn and oat puffs with natural and artificial blueberry and maple syrup flavoring. Turned the milk blue.

### 7: How the Captain made Christmas by Thomas Nelson Page @ Classic Reader

*How the Captain made Christmas Little Darby My Cousin Fanny We do not keep Christmas now as we used to do in old Hanover.*

### 8: Christmas in Hawaii - Wikipedia

*These crafts are a great way to get the kiddos involved in decorating for Christmas! Article Image From: CleanAndScentsible 1. Popsicle Stick Sled Ornament. Homemade Christmas Ornaments are the best!*

### 9: Ugly Christmas Sweater Party Ideas [& FREE Invitations] - The DIY Lighthouse

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