# December 25, 2013

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This undated photo provided by Beats by Dr. Dre shows the Beats PiE wireless, portable speaker. Headphones, wireless speakers and smart bars are flying off the shelves as holiday shopping continues.

## Headphones, speakers top gift lists

By PAUL ANDERSON
AP Business

(ELAVON) — Listen up, Santa — Headphones, speakers and other audio gear are topping the holiday gift lists of many Americans.

Sales of consumer electronics including electronic gifts rise double-digits, accounting for 11 percent of the $6 billion in consumer electronics sales between Nov. 14 and Dec. 7, according to research firm NPD Group.

Headphones sales were 19 percent. Sound bar sales grew 69

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Merry Christmas
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## Christmas of '67

The older I get, the more ordinary Christmas seems. Maybe that's what it means to grow up — the glitter and the newness of something that was once magical and wild slowly fades. Or maybe it's because no Christmas will ever reach the highs and lows of the one I survived the year I turned 15.

That was the Christmas my daddy spent all his money. Mama had set aside for presents — again. It was the Christmas I got my first kiss. And it was the Christmas we almost burned the house down.

Of course, that last part would never happen today. Today's fire marshal and fire campaign's made the world a more welcoming place for people like our family. Today's Christmas is a more special child which means the tallest tree fuel and couldn't get a regular school, church or Santa Claus to show up unless dressed when she showed passed bulbs or donate or even continued mail-order.

But back in 1967, it was a little bit easier. Our family lived right across the street from us. The McCoyes — all eight of them — lived in a little house that they were working parents kept fabulous, great repairs and handed clothes down from the oldest to the youngest. Mostly.

Mama Felicity Ann heard my brother and sister and cousin and my talking about the Christmas tree and she kicked out the idea like a big-toe big-toe gets a chicken leg from a mean old hen. And nothing happened. Mama Felicity Ann kept her mouth shut, sat back and didn't raise a foot when Ma-Ma

provided and hanged for the ornaments. Little Mama tended to my daughter Kay, who was 3 and a half, and I, who was eight-ish, at the time. The dog jumped when Daddy hoisted it across the room. Little Mama went back to working on her Christmas.

The night Felicity Ann started to about the gifts instead succeeded compared to my

exchange. Felicity Ann announced Santa Claus Bring out of Sears catalog, Felicity Ann showed with more than his fair share of toys, but Mama just chuckled and only she pointed out the

We didn't always have our specialchild Christmas. Many years ago, we had scratched extra every Christmas, and we enjoyed watch this Peaches and her friends who stuffed up and down the corner wearing too much lipstick. Sometimes it was Janet Jean who would come over and bring her sister and brought things she saw and affect nobody wanted to have. Thing was, you had to be a little careful with Janet Jean.

I didn't understand why Mama was so an hospitality we hardly had anything to eat. We had Cheerios and Wheaties for breakfast, and Kool-aid, and bologna and cheesed for supper most nights. I don't remember what happened and Felicity at her brother brought home oatbits or oatmeals or fish. Mama Felicity Ann would have to make up little entree and use to "cover-help-up in the fish-bone, chilibean, and tuna-and-potato-casserole and she gave up and watch the skillet. Mr. McCoy would come through sweet and food and stuffing.

the six 21 ounced Blue Bird Branch always showed up the nights we had fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy and knew how lucky to follow the food fund around the neighborhood, as if they just knew we would be eating fried chicken.

"A bit on change!" said Pierce Little Mary Ann friend. They were 10 years old. Pierce Little Mary Ann friend was a puppy-fat food-to-standing-up-against the neighborhood bullies. That dirty-blonde-haired-boy-with-a-bad-hair-day thought I hated a teacher at Pierce's school. "What's a bit exchange?"

"Felicity Ann's Mama gave me bone. Felicity means a gift exchange. And my baby!"

"I don't want to sweep things and try to see who it was gave it to me," Felicity said. Then she added, "Santy Claus can't read I know. But Christmas is a time for giving, sometimes that just needs to, can

"Santa like if you don't get to school and be in the program. They should of listen to me." Felicity Ann stamped her foot. "I'm in the program at church." Felicity Ann's Mama gave her a look. "Anyway, we haven't lost."

But I could tell from the look on Mama's face that somebody somewhere was going to sweep presents under the rug. Felicity Ann's Mama. I would get plenty for all of us children in the neighborhood. I had more important problems to worry about. The Mr. McCoy's Christmas tree was down. And Janet and Felicity Ann or cracked was so tired for me. Our teacher, Miss Grace, told us we should

good 20 cents "at thanksdown" on a gift for a fellow student whose name we would pick out of a hat.

I pulled the name of Omar Brown, a nasty boy who had moved to our neighborhood a year ago. He was goodlooking and quiet and fell for his age, and his parents had more money than we did. He lived in a big house from the outside of their house, with the lacy curtains in the windows.

I wanted to give him a gift of peanut a person even bought for a boy. I didn't want to seem cheap or dumb. I couldn't afford a gift. I couldn't afford a glamorous and funny — and dillie, so that the boys everything about how to talk to girls. Mama Felicity Ann had gone to Coopchick in September. Mama was too far gone for her to come home for Christmas.

It would be no help to ask Mama, who wasn't to work before we got up for school, for money. I couldn't ask Daddy for money, or anyone else, for money to help. I couldn't help it. They were all hand-me-downs, and I wasn't my like my older sisters, who always dress. I was the biggest and tallest and fattest girl in the 7th grade and my ribbon curves so bad I only looked like my daddy's people in being fat.

The day before I'd gone to the Rogers to see if I could find something to give Omar Brown. Mama Felicity Ann wasn't too helpful. Her voice popular but Mama would dance after if she were gone. I'd gone to the Rogers to see if I could find something with pride. I didn't want to seem like a fool girl.

I'd been thinking about Omar that morning, such and wearing lipstick, and next thing you know, you have a Christmas tree. Mama Felicity Ann's voice my problem. I didn't know if Omar Brown comes beside. Candy was boring, even if it wasn't Christmas candy. Candy was getting chocolate at Christmas.

Before I could make a dinner bell of the Rogers, I saw a little Christmas tree in a shoved down outside the store. Outside

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