

Xmas Special Jumps Track, Spends Holiday on Its Back

By LES LANGLOIS
Staff Writer

It seemed like I had been lying on my side for hours and nobody noticed I had toppled. Everyone was talking and joking at the dining room table, and even the kids had neglected me since seeing the huge turkey, surrounded by dressing and other holiday trimmings, placed on the table.

I recalled the fuss everyone made over me when I first arrived and how glad I was to get out of the crowded, stuffy compartments of my cheerfully wrapped box.

Oh, it was good to stretch out that cramped position!

THE CARDBOARD dividers dug into my sides and a few stray, sharp-edged tracks kept nudging my caboose until I thought I'd blow off some steam.

Now, I'm right back where I started, on my back out of action.

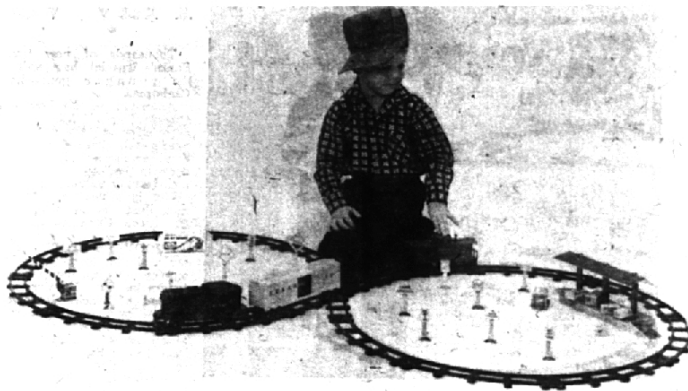
How I longed for the staccato of hearing mumbled voices from within my confinement, wondering when and who would let me out. And then there was the excitement of the morning when kids and grown-ups alike pushed and shoved to get their hands on me.

TO THINK THAT I gripped about "running around in circles" in answering the backward, then, forward signals of the electric switch—flipped with the frequency of a TV knob—was enough to make any train turn over on its tracks.

Boy, that running around made me dry. Sure could go for a squirt of oil.

But that was all over now. I tried to think of something that would take my engine off the piercing pine needles that tickled to a nerve-racking beat worse than a leaky faucet as they fell.

IF ONLY I could roll over on the other side and stretch my clogged gears. Then, there was that



"A-l-l a-b-o-a-r-d!" resounded the amateur conductor as the engineer blasted a toot away on the fire truck's bell. Up on my wheels I went, and around and around and on the whistle and the switchman banged a-r-o-u-n-d.

one dangling tree light which had already barbecued my box-car. But I thought how worse off other tired, abused, derailed trains must have been at that very moment, and I nestled down in my picky bed of pine needles.

The bulging, glaring eyes of a jack-in-the-box peeking through the cracked eye of an upended chemistry microscope resting at my wheels reminded me of tomorrow's big heads as I listened to the familiar ring of clinking glasses.

THE KIDS WERE too busy plucking the raisins out of the fruit cake to get at the cherries.

What's a hot toddy or a drumstick like anyway, I wondered, as I watched a hunched old gentleman sink into a large leather chair, munching around the leg of a tur-

key. The smacking teased my every gear.

But even I, in my paralyzed state, had to smile amidst the holiday mood that raced throughout the house. The bluish-green flames of the fireplace danced their warm reflections on the opposite wall to the crackle of their burning timbers as chuckles and garbled comments echoed from the room beyond.

THE CRUNCH of celery, the crack of walnuts, the snap of wishbones, the scent of pine and the tinkle of bells harmonized in a joyful spirit of cheer.

The couple under the mistletoe-embroidered archway noticed it too

as they joined in silent bliss. But even with the chatter and the clatter and even the latter, it wasn't home. I wondered what Nick and the boys were doing up north now that the Yuletide deadline had passed. Probably toying around with one idea or another.

FINALLY, THE THUNDER of little feet vibrated my stiff parts as the kids rushed to the "pine tree depot".

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Letters To Santa

Dear Santa,
work set
rocket set
ball and wood bat (both)
another mother cat (read Remco fighting lady Crayolon, No 72 Crayons Remco flying foxe (with battery)

Love Richard Loupeo

Also
Remco Radio
Portable Radio (With Batteries)
New Clothes
Matel Rifle set
Big Bulldog tank
Blocks (big)
Bow and Arrow
Big bag of marbles
Real horse
Real chicken
Real Duck
Real Dog
and more

Love Richard Loupeo

Dear Santa,
Please give me a two wheeler, and a bat ball and glove. Please

Love Doug

Dear Santa
Please give me a marybelle The get well doll, and a big doll suitcase, and a set of dishes and a set of bigdoll clothes Please The end

Love Janet

Dear Santa Clause:
Please bring me some nice toys this is my list. I will be a good girl and eat all my dinner and won't cry so much.
My list is this.
1-Kathy doll
2-Buggy
3-Kathy Doll Clothes—
4—Peppy needs a toy—
5—Washer + Dryer
6—New Car—
7—A new toy until he gets a new one

Vickie Lynn Nixon
4108 Buckingham
Royal Oak

Halibut Diving Sub Runs Automatically

Its manufacturers say the Halibut diving submarine is the only submarine kit with automatic action.

The toy is patterned after the Navy's nuclear sub of the same name.

When assembled, the vessel is two feet long and operates on a powerful battery activated motor. The sub can be directed by remote control or can be pre-programmed to dive, surface, turn and fire a Regulus missile—all automatically.

Building instructions and motorized fittings are included.

Games for Fun

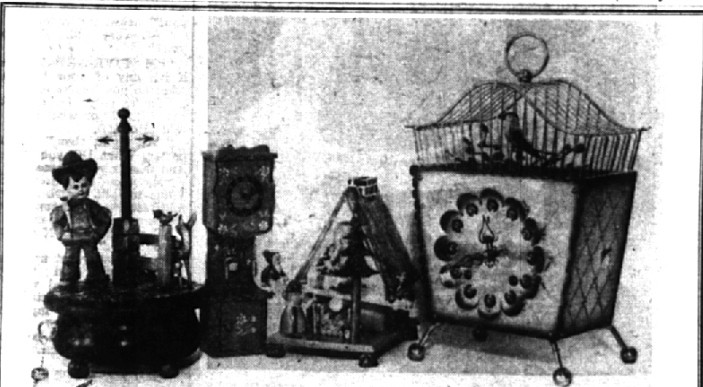
Some of the new games made for Christmas are "Shmo," "Notch" and "Melvin the Moonman." They are designed to be played without any mental gymnastics, are based on pure chance and fun and come complete with a dice spinner, brilliantly colored playing board, play cards and plastic characters.

OF COURSE GIVE BOOKS!

A book is such a pleasant way to surprise friends and family on Christmas morning. And a good book is still there to give pleasure long after the Christmas season is past. A book is a very personal gift, too. There is one to please every taste, age and interest. (Free gift wrapping, too.)

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