

Christmas Tree Dream Suggests Possibility

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Last night I dreamed I was a Christmas tree. I was that healthy little green spruce that still stands in front of the comfortable big red brick home of my parents. Except that I wasn't outside by the fireplace. I was inside between the fireplace and the front window.

And I wasn't wriggling my toes (oops, roots) in black earth. No, I was settled securely in a crimson bucket filled with warm water, two aspirins and a tablespoon of sugar—for strength, my folks used to say.

IN THAT DREAM, I wasn't coated with snow and I didn't comfort a chilly sparrow and Beggar, our rascally but personable hibernating squirrel. Nope, I was inside laden with the contents of 14 boxes of bulbs, five strings of multi-colored lights and innumerable packages of tinsel—some neatly hung and some—well it sort of got tossed.

I was the kind of tree our friends from England called "indecent." I guess I was a bit overdone, a little too much of this and that, but who has the heart to discard peeling bulbs that a small child purchased with three months allowance?

DURING THAT midnight fantasy, I had a chance to survey my trimmings a little closer. I saw Wynken, Blynken and Nod, carved from wood and brightly painted. I saw a tarnished tinsel heart with a red bulb in the center. It was on my father's first tree and still bore traces of candle wax.

And what else to my wondering eyes should I spot? Believe it or not—a bird! A real one!

That fat little budgie fluffed his down and made himself at home. He sat on my branch just as calmly as he sits on my sister's finger. He celebrated his first Christmas at our house; the yuletide season of 1960 will be his 14th observance of the happy holiday.

I DREAMED OF some humorous

Helmeted Driver In New Toy Racer

"Road-r-r-r." sounds streamlined speedster No. 8 as its helmeted driver excitedly bounces up and down.

No, it's not an Indianapolis 500 racer — it's a new toy for this year's Christmas.

It has resilient, blown-polyethylene tires which makes it easy to bounce and push the toy about on the floor.

The toy is "beautifully" finished and has an unbreakable, lithographed and enameled wood body. It has a strong steel roll-over bar and axles.

Look, 'Farmers', Here's a Tractor

For pre-school age "farmers" there's a vermilion chain driven tractor this Christmas. It has a realistic motor-tone gear shift, spark-plugs that can be plugged in and tires with genuine tractor tread.

An all-steel spring seat smooths the ride over the furrows (or the bumps in the sidewalk).

The tractor has a trailer hitch for a companion tractor-trailer with dump box, operated from the seat.

She's a Real Saucy Gal

Saucy Walker is life size. She has a pixie hairdo and an impish expression that will make her a favorite companion of any little girl.

When her hands are held she toddles along. Her specially "desensitized" hair falls neatly in place. It can be washed and set.

Saucy wears white leotards. She has a choice between two dresses, each with her name embroidered on it. Saucy is a doll.

A new lightweight walking doll made of "indestructible" plastic.

times too.

Before the days of our bird, we had a cat. Now this cat could scale a tree faster than you could scream, "Get Down!" Well he did—and so did the tree.

And then there was the time a wicked little cousin came to visit. He was nasty. He also owned a green pea shooter. Four bulbs and

a light hit the dust before my father grabbed him by the scruff of his neck.

Oh yes, we had a minor fire once too. I can still hear my usually gentle father screaming, "Don't pull the cord—pull the plug!"

THEN IT WAS the day after New Year's. Know what that means? Mother begins the day-long chore of stripping my decor. Like all good things, my days as a Christmas tree came to an end. Conveniently, my dream did too. Self control cut off what could have commenced a nightmare.

But the dream brought something to mind. "I think that I shall never be as dippy as when I was that Christmas tree."

'Branch' Office

A human Christmas tree with more personality than most, Courtney Davis, 7, daughter of Mrs. Irma N. Davis, of Franklin, pretends she's a yuletide bush, trimmings and all. Mark Altekruze, 8, son of Mr. and Mrs. Max Altekruze of Franklin, decorates his pal. Either the make-believe is becoming tedious—or someone doesn't like the scheme of things.



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