

DEEPS and SHALLOWS

CHRISTMAS TREE

Tinsel Drips from every Bough and silver fruit hangs From each twig. But nothing fit for Eating.

Ruth Thompson McGibeny.

The Little Lost Son of a Bach

Anna Magdalene Bach meant to be a good mother to her children and step-children, but there were times when she thought that an even dozen would have been enough.

One day near Christmas, around 1730, after Papa Bach had gone to his job at the church, Anna Magdalene decided to take the children to see Santa Claus and the toys in Heintzelsperver's Department Store.

Awed by the big city, none of the children sang along the way. Anna Magdalene thought the change would do her good.

In the toy department, Anchen went straight to the crying dolls, Carl Philip Emmanuel and Christoph Friedrich found the harmonica counter, the babies reached for the rattles; and Umbriago was fascinated with the escalator and would do nothing but go up and down, up and down.

"Wilhelm Friedeman, or Carl Philip Emmanuel, won't one of you get Umbriago off the escalator? I can't leave the babies," Anna Magdalene pleaded.

But Carl Philip Emmanuel was playing a mouth organ so loud he couldn't hear, and Wilhelm Friedeman, embarrassed to be among the toys, because he already had a little fuzz on his upper lip, had wandered off to look for new rolls for his music box.

And Umbriago went up and down, up and down.

The girl at the music box counter was taking notice of Wilhelm Friedeman.

"I've got a nice Gigue by Correll," she said.

"None of that old-time stuff for me," Wilhelm Friedeman told her.

"Here's a funny one that sounds like a hen, by Rameau."

"Rameau? Why he's as old as my father!"

"Here's a new Bourree by John Sebastian Bach. It's really hot."

"If you knew how many times I have to hear it! No, thank you exceedingly, gracious miss," he answered curtly, and walked away.

Mamma Bach was exhausted.

The baby squirmed in her arms and the toddlers pulled at her skirts.

Anchen was wailing because she wanted a doll, and the others were complaining loudly because Santa Claus had got immersed in his luncheon beer and hadn't shown up.

"Are we all together?" Anna Magdalene tried to make her tired voice sound above the tumult.

"If we are, then we'll go home."

She tried to count, but every time she got to 5 or 6, somebody got out of line. It looked like plenty of children, so she went on.

But still she was worried. She was going to check them with the list when she got home, but by the time she had stirred the fire in the majolica stove, she saw Papa Bach coming home from church.

His elbows looked tired, and his knees looked tired, from playing Bach fugues on the big pipe organ.

She had just time to open a can of Schneider's Beans (Ohne Speck) before he came in the door.

After supper they all tumbled into bed. Next day she was too busy with Christmas preparations to count her children. But that night, Christmas Eve, there would be a gift for every child, with his name on it, under the tree. If no packages were left over, then all the children were at home and accounted for.

Umbriago's present was a bag of hard candy. Solfeggio-H-Moll, taking advantage of the confusion, his upright tail wagging like a metronome, padded in slyly, and made away with it, bag and all.

After the presents had been claimed, Anna Magdalene remembered to look under the tree. Not a package was left over. After that she did not worry any more.

While the Bach family was descending, weary and wailing, from the toy department, Little Umbriago was experimenting, between the two top floors, walking up a down escalator. He was still at it, but slower, when Papa Heintzelsperver got ready to close his store.

Seeing an extra little boy, he took him along home to supper. Then they asked his name.

"Bach," said Umbriago.

"What did you say?" they asked.

"Bach," Umbriago repeated with emphasis.

Mamma Heintzelsperver shook her head. "The child has a bad cough," she said. So she greased his chest with goose grease and put him to bed.

Next day Umbriago played happily with the Heintzelsperver children. On Christmas there were plenty of toys left over from the store. He vaguely missed the Christmas music and the chance to add his shrill voice to the contrapuntal mixture. But the toys consoled him. In a few days everybody had forgotten how he got to be there, and even called him Umbriago Heintzelsperver.

Many years passed, and homes like the Bach's with 20 children, or like the Heintzelsperver's, with only 17, began to be crowded. When those children had each raised another 17 or 20 children, all Saxony and Thuringia began to be crowded. The Bachs, after supplying every German town with a town musician, moved with other Thuringians to Wisconsin and set up singing societies there. But the Heintzelspervers, never noted for music, settled in Texas and took up cattle ranching. Only now and then, for some strange reason, there was a persistent singer in the family.

One sunshiny day, many generations later, a native cowboy, across from the Heintzelsperver ranch, flapped his chaps, hooked his high heels on a rail, and sang: "I've got spu-u-urs that jingle, jangle, jingle."

Umbriago Heintzelsperver, called 'Ombre for short, slapped his chaps, hiked his heels on a higher rail on his side of the road. He felt exaltedly inspired, and just as the native got to "jangle," 'Ombre started in with "I've got spurs;" and it sounded so fine it made his spine tingle.

The native stopped and frowned across at him. Chords on a guitar he understood, and barber shop singing, but this chiming in a few bars late!

"You — you —" the native said between his teeth.

"Heintzelsperver is the name, pardner," 'Ombre said politely.

"Bah!" the native cowboy barked, and something about the sound of "bah" made 'Ombre feel strange.

The cowboy went on with his song.

"Oh Lily Be-e-e-e-elle!"

"Oh Li-ly Belle," 'Ombre filled in, and he loved it.

"Do you HAVE to sing like that?" the native said, glowering.

'Ombre knew it was a rhetorical question and didn't require an answer. Still he knew in his heart that the answer was "yes"; he DID have to sing like that, and would go on singing like that every chance he got. He didn't know that it was because he was the son of a son of a son of a son of a Little Lost Son of a Bach.

Wisconsin Irma.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

May the blessing of the great All-Father, Whose love far surpasses that of the earthly parent, rest sweetly upon our dear ones this Christmas season, whether in the homeland or in some far-off corner of the earth.

And may the consciousness of His ever-presence abide with each of them, to soothe and strengthen in hours of peril, pain or loneliness.

We ask this blessing in the name of the Christ-child. Amen.

R.B.O. I.B.

The Robert M. Schillers of Chicago, with their young son and daughter, are now living at 828 N. St. Johns. Mr. Schiller is connected with the Schiller Hotel chain.

The Everett Fontaines Like Barrington

A unique Christmas greeting from the Everett Fontaines, now of Barrington, takes the form of a bulletin entitled, "Appreciation of an American Village," which lists some of the reasons why they like the town of their adoption.

The man of the house likes his garden with its rich soil where he may work with flowers and vegetables in season. They all like the friendliness of the town of 3600 with the neighborly running-in and out with culinary tokens of regard.

The fire department with its volunteers, housed beneath the well-patronized library. The PTA, the high school square dances in costume, the skating, the scouting, the Saturday night groups at the stores and markets. Barrington seems just about O.K., but best-liked of all are the Chimes of Barrington, ringing out every noon from the tower of a white-steeped church.

Roger W. Strecker Wins Football Honors

At a football dance, following a banquet celebrating a recent victory over Pullman Tech of Chicago, Roger W. Strecker, a junior at Lake Forest academy, was awarded a varsity letter.

Coming a long way, Roger has shown much ability, which was climaxed by his rugged game against Pullman Tech. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George O. Strecker, 338 Linden.

Honors were also gained by three of his classmates, who were elected, by a vote of Mid-west prep coaches, to honorary positions. Bill Richards, '45 captain, was placed as first team, left end; Bill Malcolm, star guard, at guard; and Tom Priester, a fine back, made the second team at half-back.

Christmas Program at Chicago Sunday Eve. Club

Dr. E. Stanley Jones, famous writer and evangelist, will speak on "What Christmas Means to Me," and a large chorus of one hundred voices will give selections from "The Messiah" and other popular oratorios, at the Christmas Eve service of the Chicago Sunday Evening club, in Orchestra hall, Dec. 24, at 8 p.m.

At an early "carol sing," the public is invited to join in old familiar songs, led by members of the chorus and quartet and pianist. This songfest will occur at 7:00.

Edgar Nelson, long time conductor of music for the club, will make his first public appearance at this meeting after an absence of two months because of critical illness.

PAULA RAFF ENTERTAINS FRIEND DURING HOLIDAYS

Paul Raff, a junior at the University of Iowa, will spend the Christmas vacation at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Raff of Cedar Ave. A college friend, Miss J. Margaret Malcolm, of Wellesley, Mass., will be the Raff's house guest during the holidays.

GEORGE B. TAPNERS NEWCOMERS IN TOWN

Moving into the old Jesse L. Smith home, 334 Vine, this month, are Mr. and Mrs. George B. Tapner, formerly of Chicago, with their mother and two daughters, 2 and 8. Mr. Tapner is district manager of the Industrial Tape Co.

Alec Templeton at Orchestra Hall Dec. 29

It is exciting news to Alec Templeton fans to learn that the brilliant young pianist and musical satirist will appear in person at Orchestra hall Friday evening, Dec. 29.

Although Templeton is an established artist and a composer of note, it is his gift for mimicry and touch of sardonic humor that have made him one of the country's foremost musical attractions. Three of his own humorous compositions will be included on the Friday evening program. The intriguing titles are "Handel With Care," "Gounod Weds Nola," and "Nocturne from Lick in E Flat."

Of course no Templeton program would be complete without improvisations — considered by many his greatest talent — and these he will play, first, on a five note theme, and again in the styles of the various composers.

Alec Templeton came to the United States in the early 1930's after touring England, France, Holland and Germany. He has appeared on numerous important radio programs here, has played with most of the major orchestras and has given many "straight" recitals. "If Bach, Mozart, and some of the other masters were alive today," he says, "they would be considered 'popular' composers."

Templeton loves his audiences and says he can usually "feel" their reactions before he begins to play. "I like it better when the audience is restless," he says, "for then I know it will be eager and listening. If an audience is quiet before the concert I have to work twice as hard to wake it up."

Tickets for the Templeton concert are now selling at the Orchestra hall box office, from 60c to \$3.00. For information, call Ran. 6933.

Announce Engagement of Josephine M. Lloyd

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lloyd, 293 Central, announced the engagement of their daughter, Josephine Muriel Lloyd at an informal egg-nogg party at their home last Friday. Miss Lloyd's wedding to Ens. George E. Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Jones, Sr., of Granville, Mass., will take place early in January at Miami, Fla., where Ens. Jones is stationed.

The couple met at University of Michigan, where the ensign, who had already received his degree at New Hampshire college, completed his course in law.

MONTICELLO STUDENTS HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Alton, Ill., Dec. 14 — Misses Jean Easton, Mary Alice Larson, Mary Katherine McClure, Barbara Patricia Osborne, and Caroline Wible, students at Monticello college, left for Highland Park today to spend the holidays with their parents.

These girls, who are among over 300 students at Monticello, will be returning when the college resumes sessions Jan. 4.

Major John M. Mohardt of the U. S. army has taken residence at 395 Morraine Rd. Mrs. Mohardt will arrive later.

New residents in town are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dubinsky, jeweler, now living at 2229 Lakeside.

UNITED STATES WAR BONDS BUY THEM . . . KEEP THEM!

The Richard D. Crisps, with two young sons, of Ft. Atkinson, Wis., are now living at 1334 Judson. Mr. Crisp is with the Johnson Wax Co., of Racine. Atty. and Mrs. Hyman Pierce, with their three children, are now living at 340 Sheridan Rd. They are formerly of Glencoe.

Christmas Greetings 1944 THE nearness of Yuletide is unmistakable. Whether snow festoons the fir trees or whether earth still awaits its mantle of white, woods and fields, city and town breathe Christmas and its spirit of kindness. We sincerely hope that the Christmas season of 1944 will be richer for you, fuller, and more satisfying than for many a year, and thank you for twelve months of very pleasant relations. We will close all day Christmas until 6:00 p.m. PARKSIDE RESTAURANT

Christmas sparkle. Best Christmas Wishes 1944. HARK, THE ANGEL VOICES! May the sweet old Christmas story bring to you this year a deeper meaning . . . a larger store of its joy and peace and gladness than it ever has before. Mutual Coal Company TEL. HIGHLAND PARK 27. To highlight her costume: Lapel Pin and earring set—gold reindeers \$6.50; Lapel pin. Large imitation topaz \$4.95; Friendship rings—one with hearts a-dangle, one with belt buckle design \$1.00 & \$2.95; Bracelets—A chunky sterling silver one and a simple band with hearts entwined \$10.00 & \$5.95. GARNETT & CO. Store Hours 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.



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