

# Deep and Shallows

## My Best Remembered Christmas Tree

Christmas was always an enchanted day, but the one that stays in my memory is different from all the rest.

The letter carrier gave me two letters, saying, "Take these letters to your mother right away." To get one letter was something to talk about but to get two on the same mail was still more interesting. I trudged up the few stairs to the front room and took the letters to mother. She looked at them, remarking, "One from Father and one from Jane. Wonder what's happened." She read one and smiled and then the other and said aloud, "That would be nice." That was all the satisfaction I got then.

Dad came home at noon and after reading both letters said, "I'll see what I can do about it." I wasn't a bit wiser after he was gone than before he came. The next day mother asked me, "How would you like to go to 'the Farm' for Christmas?" We always went to "the Farm" in the summer, and the idea of going there in the winter, too, just left me breathless.

With Aunt Jane's letter in mother's purse, I was taken on several shopping trips down town. We came home laden with bundles. These were packed and finally the day came when we started for a ten day visit in the winter at "the Farm," which would include Christmas Day.

When we went in the summer we always traveled by boat, and were met by Grandfather at the dock with the carriage and a team of young black horses. But this time we were going by train. I had never been on a train and was excited!

We were waiting for the express man to come for the trunk and big box to take them to the depot. Mr. Hennessy, our next door neighbor, was to attend to our fires. I was very fond of Mrs. Hennessy, and suddenly decided to bid her goodbye. Without saying a word to anyone, and without hat or coat, I went out the back door and over to her house.

After the express man had gone, I was missed. Dad made the rounds of the homes of some of

my playmates, but nobody had seen me. Just as he was coming back, very much bewildered, Mrs. Hennessy realized it was about time for us to get started for the depot. Coming around the corner we met Dad, who was so glad to see me he didn't say a cross word. The ride on the street cars was always interesting, but when we boarded the train — well that was an event!

We changed trains at Milwaukee, and this one had a stove at one end. Unless you sat right close to it, you were cold. I couldn't eat a bite of lunch, the scenery that flashed by was too wonderful to miss.

The station at Manitowoc was no where near as wonderful as the one in Chicago. Grandfather, Uncle Chris and the hired man were all there to meet us, but no Aunt Jane. Grandfather had a two seated sleigh, and Uncle Chris and Carl put the trunk and box in their sleigh, which in summer was on wheels. Dad and I were tucked in the back seat of the sleigh under a mountain of blankets and bear robes and Mother sat with Grandfather. Each horse had a strap around his middle to which was attached sleigh bells. My! how they jingled.

After I was relieved of coat, bonnet, leggings, overshoes, mittens, scarf and veil and had been kissed and hugged by the rest of the family, I was placed against the frame of the kitchen door with head up and heels on the floor and the mark was made to see how much I had grown since last summer. That was satisfactory, but Grandmother said the same thing she always did, "If that child would get more flesh on her bones." And Mother would come back with, "If she would sit still a little more flesh would appear."

The next morning my two Uncles went to get the tree and I was allowed to go with them. They packed me in a box, which was fastened to a hand drawn sleigh, and were told just where to find the tree. But when we got there, the boys weren't satisfied with the size and off we went much further, until they found one that pleased them. Of course we were gone much longer than we were expected to stay, and of course it was expected that I would be frozen to an icicle. The boys had hung a strap of sleigh bells to the rope pulling the sled, and so our arrival was heard before we reached the house. Out of the door came Grandmother, Mother, and Aunt Jane. They all seemed to be terrible disappointed that I wasn't frozen stiff as a stick, but they couldn't help but admire the beautiful tree the boys brought.

The real reason for the Christmas invitation was to give Dad a chance to go hunting with the men folks. So the next day the women were to stay at home and trim the tree and finish the last of the baking while the men went hunting. During our summer visits

whenever there was something special going on, I was always taken along, and when this hunting was aired, of course I expected to go, too.

I got into some of my outdoor garments and came into the kitchen for help with the overshoes. I was surprised when asked where I was going. HUNTING! Who ever heard of women going hunting? That was a man's business, same as plowing and harvesting and shoveling snow and feeding the cattle and a lot of other things that men did, and women stayed at home and baked the bread and made the meals and spun the cloth. There were many more reasons why women didn't go hunting. But still the tears flowed, and my nose needed attention.

Then Grandmother got a grand idea. She ordered Aunt Jane to get the popper and some corn, for we were going to get ready to trim the tree. Aunt Jane and I popped corn until we had the bushel basket filled. Then Grandmother brought out a huge dish of cranberries. She threaded a needle with a long thread and I was seated on the footstool with a big chair in front of me holding popped corn and cranberries. I was to string four of the corn and then four of the cranberries until I had a string filled. It was fascinating work; and then to see these strings arranged on that beautiful tree.

Of course there were some shiny balls and colored candles, but the most wonderful ornaments were made by Grandmother. They represented every animal, plus girls, boys, men and women. Each and every one was decorated with either raisins, crushed nuts, colored sugar coating or little dabs of citron in a most artistic fashion. There were many patties of maple sugar tied with colored pieces of yarn, and on one side was stuck a little scrap picture. I knew they came from Chicago, because I was with her when she bought 'em.

All the neighbor children came to see our tree and we went to see theirs. Each youngster was allowed to pick some eatable thing from the tree and take it home. The ones who came first had a wider range to choose from and when only shiny balls and candles and the cranberry-popcorn strings were left, Grandmother removed the balls and candles and the tree was put out in the garden, where the birds ate the popcorn.

The men went out hunting several times. They brought back a young bear, a deer and a lot of rabbits. But what was that — compared to our beautiful Christmas Tree?

—A.C.O.

## Legend of the Mistletoe

Mistletoe at Christmas; The right to claim a kiss; Did you ever chance to ponder The origin of this?

Long ago, a god named Loki, Malevolent and dour, If vexed, would spare no slightest

pains To work his wicked power.

When Balder, son of Frigga, The goddess of the sky, Incurred the wrath of Loki, (Legend doesn't tell us why),

This ruthless, evil Loki, From a branch of mistletoe, Fashioned a fatal arrow, To wreak revenge and woe.

Bereft, the weeping Frigga Begged that the gods restore Her son to life; and in her joy To hold her love once more,

In gratitude unbounded, She wove a magic charm, That evermore might mistletoe Bring good instead of harm.

Since then, each year at Yuletide, (Frigga has willed it so,) A kiss unites the two who pause Beneath the mistletoe.

Well, Whaddaya Know!

Too big to drink her bottle, To insure the right-sized sup Barb'ra's been promoted To a — MUSTACHE CUP!

A merry Christmas, you-all. —R.B.O.

## Patsy Ann Casey and Wm. H. Thomas Betrothed

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Casey of Seaser, Ill., announce the engagement of their daughter, Patsy Ann, to William H. "Bill" Thomas, son of Mrs. Wm. H. Thomas, Sr., of S. Green Bay road.

Miss Casey is at present employed at Ft. Sheridan in the department of officers' affairs, and Mr. Thomas is a member of the firm, Kirk, Roberts & Thomas, advertising agency, of Chicago. Plans for the wedding are, as yet, indefinite.

## Robert Brothers Home From Military School

Daniel G. and G. Noel Robert, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Robert, 740 Princeton, are expected home at the beginning of the Christmas furlough at New Mexico Military Institute, Roswell, N. M. They will arrive about Dec. 21.


Enrollment at the Institute is limited to 595 cadets. Of this number, six are from Illinois. Thirty-four states and foreign countries are represented in the geographic distribution of cadets at the school.

## Joan Holt at Iowa U

IOWA CITY, IA., Dec. 10 — Joan Holt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Holt, 1330 Judson, has been selected by Pi Beta Phi, national social sorority, as their candidate for Honorary Cadet Colonel of the Military ball, to be given Jan. 17 at the State University of Iowa, here.

Miss Holt, a senior majoring in advertising journalism, is a member of Theta Sigma Phi, women's professional fraternity.


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Let's catch that spirit! Merry Christmas to you, and you, and you!  
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