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Excerpts From "Red" Miller's Journal Kept During His Antarctic Trip With Admiral Byrd

We take pleasure in presenting to our readers a few highlights from a journal kept by Walter "Red" Miller of Highland Park, who was a member of the history-making Byrd expedition to the South Pole.

Saturday, January 27, 1934 "Ice bergs to the right of us and to the left of us. Sea gradually calmed down. Keep alert lookout to dodge ice bergs. Deck load blinds the helmsman. The bergs — white barren looking things — are all various shapes and sizes. Some show sand on top of them. Must be glacial bergs or barrier bergs that at one time were grounded and broke off and tipped over.

Sunday, January 28 "Crossed the 180th meridian this morning so consequently we will have two Sundays. Our icebergs disappeared as fast as they appeared. The clouds this morning have a rather ominous appearance. Pale blue and grey with plumes of red thrown in. Numerous whales around and the skua and cille snowy petrels are still with us. The petrels are beautifully graceful birds. Much like a swallow. Most of them are a pure snowy white.

Wednesday, February 7 "The bay was all cleared of ice except for the pieces of broken barrier driven off by the off shore wind that has been blowing the last few days. The plain of the barrier was a white mass of driven snow with a howling wind to keep it in a constant uproar. The bunkers are finally filled, with about 25 tons of coal on deck to boot. Took a load of fresh fruit, vegetables and ice anchors at the last minute from the Ruppert. At 0400 the barrier started to give away so we threw off all our lines on the ice except the bow line. After we had swung out bow into the ice, that line was used to allow us to get on the ice to move supplies to a safer place further back on the barrier, and to take on a dog team and sled with full journeying equipment, including a good sized seal for food for the nine dogs. . . .

Sunday, February 18 "Tied up to the ice. . . . The barrier is dangerously undermined so we didn't moor alongside. In the afternoon a bunch of us took a walk to Little America. The pressure ridge is much higher than two weeks ago, due to increased pressure. . . . Played around on the rim of a crevasse for a while teasing a seal that was loafing around. Here and there along the flag marked trail, dead seals are piled up awaiting transportation to Little America. All the supplies have been moved to Little America on East Ridge camp. Little America looked like a busy miners camp. Stores piled up all over and buildings that looked like match boxes stuck up in unorganized positions. Work was just being completed on the radio shack. A fine mess hall had been constructed across from that building. Most of the tunnels are caved in, so there is plenty of work in store for the winter party digging out the supplies buried under tons of ice and snow. Tractors and dog teams were busy hauling supplies of Little America to East Ridge for safety's sake in case the ice should give way from under Little America. Returned to the ship with three dog teams and a crate of Wings the Admiral gave us. They returned to Little America with our mail that had to be cancelled. I borrowed the victrola record "Love Is the Sweetest Thing" from the victrola in the mess hall.

Sunday, February 23 "I raised the dickens with Fowler today for not having the table set at 12:00, while he casually reminded me that it was midnight, not noon. That's a common occasion here. . . . Wednesday, February 23 "I'm soaked in seal blood. Put into Discovery Inlet this afternoon after "lying to" in a dense fog for 9 hours in the mouth (of the bay) with the Ruppert near by. The whole bay was clear of ice up to the foot and mooring in the cove with a 50 foot over-hanging cliff of ice in the west and a 10 foot shelf on our port. If that overhang had ever caved in it would have sunk us sure. Robby and I while rowing about in the dinghy spotted two killer whales about 100 yards off plowing right towards us. Just beat them to the ship by rowing like blazes. I sure would hate to get tangled up with those ugly monsters. They're really ugly with their blunt pointed snouts,

Monday, February 19 "Saturday, we took on twenty empty oil drums to be returned to New York for refund. The coal bags, stored on the fore'stles were dumped into the forward bunkers. Left the ice Sunday and steamed north to meet the Discovery in latitude north not further north than 71° south. . . . Monday, February 25 "After returning to Little America) . . . "Cast off our bow and stern lines and rounded West Cape in a dense fog or sea smoke. The temperature was about 35 below. . . . As we cruised full speed out of the bay in poor visibility, we smacked head on into the barrier, breaking the jib boom off at the bow sprit. A beautiful job! . . . Wednesday, January 9, 1935 "Sharp lookout for bergs. Rather early in the year for their appearance this far north (latitude 61° 27') Johnson got the meridian sight. First in three days. Strong winds and high seas so had to have a double reefed mainsail in a driving and cold wind that brought rain, sleet and snow. Difficult to write with the violent rolling and pitching of the ship. Would be unfair to the ship to try to beat ahead in this sea. I saw the foreyard dip down to within four feet of the water. Can't get much sleep under these uncomfortable conditions. The wheel deck is constantly awash with waves breaking over the gunwales or dipping down into them. Johansen nearly wrapped the wheel around my neck when I took snap shots of the fellows in the rigging while I was helmsman. At meal time I think of that piece "The Bull in the China Shop" while all the mess gear and broken china is tossing back and forth in here. . . . Sunday, February 3 "I raised the dickens with Fowler today for not having the table set at 12:00, while he casually reminded me that it was midnight, not noon. That's a common occasion here. . . . Wednesday, February 3 "I'm soaked in seal blood. Put into Discovery Inlet this afternoon after "lying to" in a dense fog for 9 hours in the mouth (of the bay) with the Ruppert near by. The whole bay was clear of ice up to the foot and mooring in the cove with a 50 foot over-hanging cliff of ice in the west and a 10 foot shelf on our port. If that overhang had ever caved in it would have sunk us sure. Robby and I while rowing about in the dinghy spotted two killer whales about 100 yards off plowing right towards us. Just beat them to the ship by rowing like blazes. I sure would hate to get tangled up with those ugly monsters. They're really ugly with their blunt pointed snouts,

sharp fins that rip open their enemies, and their dirty yellowish grey spots on their backs. While maneuvering the ship to dock, the dinghy, swinging in the davits, was smashed to smithereens when it was crushed between the shelf ice and the ship. I hopped off the jibboom and waited for a seal that was waddling down toward the ship. I smashed it over the head with a shovel and Eilifson ripped its breast open. He had the skin off with a layer of blubber an inch and a half thick before the poor sucker had stopped kicking. Friday, April 5, 1935 "Here we are in the middle of the Pacific rolling home on our 7000 mile 40 day trip. Whoever said the Pacific was calm must have been in a daze. This scow hasn't stopped rolling since we left. Balboa must have been drunk when he christened this pond the Pacific. . . . "After lying about 10 miles out all night, we closed into within about 3 miles of the island (Easter Island). It's quite a long affair, consisting of very hilly landscape which in places is a sheer drop of 200 feet to the breakers below may be seen. Apparently the whole land is of volcanic origin. . . . Its slopes are occupied by stone images. One, the largest, is about 60 feet high. In the afternoon a long boat with about eight fellows in it, came rowing alongside with their boat loaded with wooden images. It wasn't long before they were relieved of them. There was some high pressure trading going on here for a couple hours. They were a swarthy dark-skinned, rather healthy looking bunch. . . . I traded everything from soap to nuts. I haven't got a shirt left to go home in. Tuesday, May 14 "In Washington I discovered that I weigh less now than I did when I left home two and one half years ago. It's this darn cook's job. . . . There's always certain guys that are never content. They'd kick with their legs cut off. I also discovered in Washington how ignorant the public is as to the units of the expedition. I had a rather difficult time making it clear to them that I am not one of the heroes who stayed on the ice in the 90° below 100 miles per hour weather. But my one consolation is that I saw more of the Antarctic than possibly ninety per cent of the men on the ice party. (NOTE) — To clarify the above statement, "Red" explained he was one of the crew of The Bear of Oakland which cruised through virgin waters of the antarctic and charted several thousand miles of unexplored waters, in search of land. One of the most important features of the "Bear's" activities was cruising along the Admiralty Range and surrounding islands and recharting the Ross sea barrier. (The "barrier" referred to throughout this article, is the frozen part of the Ross Sea). (EDITOR'S NOTE: "Red" doesn't

know that we are going to print the following but we found it in the back of the journal and think it good enough to pass on):

ODE TO A SEAMAN When 8 bells strike you'll always find Miller in the galley feeding his face; when we hit a growler, floe, or roll the lee rail under; you'll find Miller at the wheel — when you man the yards, you'll find him on the to'gallant and when an extra hand is needed to help out below you'll find him first to reach the (coal) bunkers. Some boy, this lad Miller, he takes bearings on auto signs on the beach instead of harbor beacons — he's going to do big things some day — maybe wrestle elephants or something! When the call for seamen is sounded, give me "Miller and Robbie" — they suit me! — Lieut. Robert A. J. English, U. S. Navy Commanding.

Behind the one-hit pitching of Johnny Castellari, the Highland Boosters defeated the Waukegan Merchants by a 5-1 score. The one-hit was gotten by Peddicord, center field for Waukegan, in the fourth inning. The Boosters collected only four hits off the Waukegan pitcher,

Boosters to Play Highland Park at Highland Diamond

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Sunset Valley Tee Club Opens Season June 4

Members of the Sunset Valley Tee Club will elect officers for the coming season at the luncheon following next Tuesday's event which will be best score on odd holes with one half handicap.

Annual Field Day at Ravinia School

The annual Field Day of Ravinia school was held Friday, May 31.

The following children won places in the "track" events!

Table with 2 columns: Grade and Name. Lists winners for 4th, 5th, and 6th grades in various events.

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Used Car Department is Not Sold "AS IS" but as you "HOPE IT IS" JOS. B. DEIBLER 22-24 South First Street Tel. H. P. 4110 - Glencoe 98.

Highland Food Shop advertisement. Features a logo with "FREE DELIVERY" and "PHONE YOUR ORDER". Lists various food items and prices: BUTTER 26c, EGGS 29c, COFFEE 29c, POST TOASTIES 15c, GRAPE-NUTS 17c, JELL-O 17c, PEAS 29c, TOMATOES 29c, BEANS 29c, PEARS 45c, VEGETABLES 25c, SHRIMPS 27c, SALMON 29c, POTATOES 29c, ORANGES 49c, LEMONS 15c, CARROTS 5c, ONIONS 10c, BEER 25c.



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