

**Tells of 25,000 Mile Trip Across U. S. To Alaskan Wilds**

The following letter from Sequoia National Park, completes the series of round-robin letters written by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patton to friends during their 25,000 trailer trip across the United States to Alaska. The Patton's left Highland Park July 26, 1938, returning home Sept. 6, 1939. They went into Alaska July 17, 1938 remaining all during the winter and returning to Seattle March 10 the following spring:

Dear Gang:  
This will be the last episode as our plans have changed and we are headed toward home the end of this week. We spent six weeks in Santa Monica and then decided we would run up here for a couple of weeks before braving the torrid weather en route to Loredo, Texas and Mexico. Coming into Bakersfield our second speed refused to function as a brake kept slipping out, so I went into the service station to find out "how come." Apparently this difficulty had occurred before as the manager knew just what was wrong and told me there would be no charge.

Anyway it meant staying over a day in a camp with plenty of sunshine. We kept quite comfortable last winter at 40 below, but Lord help me if I should even try to tell anyone I enjoyed 115 above, with only a slight drop as night fell. We kept our fan going all the time, but neither Sue nor I could decide whether still hot air was worse than a blast of same.

Betty our car, came through her operation beautifully so we pushed on the next day through the torrid heat of sunny California. By the time we reached the park one and all of us were completely done up. Dick celebrated with a fever of 103, so we shoved him into bed and it came down during the night. However by the next evening he complained of a pain in his side, so we took him to the Emergency hospital and found his appendix was inflamed. A blood count showed normal, so ice packs, oil, etc., were applied. However, we are scared to face the heat en route to Mexico and the hot food after crusing the border. Our plans now are to take the northern route through Yellowstone, Glacier and across Canada to Duluth.

Sequoia is truly grand, the Big trees ever an inspiration of the beauty of nature. I got a fishing license so have been whipping the nearby streams after the wily trout. Some of them are so big here in California, that you can even see them without glasses, while others, if they are badly hooked, prick your conscience for days after for robbing the cradle. I will say emphatically though, my conscience is more elastic than my tummy and any pricking thereof quickly disappears as these delicious midgets go into my mouth. Before the 4th they were dumb and plentiful. Now they know their way about and don't have to walk home, don't even carry carfare.

Sue was most disappointed last week. I had wanted to climb Alta Peak (11,211 ft.) but could find no one that ambitious, so decided if I had to go alone I would be ferried to the top on the back of a horse. Let him do the pulling while I enjoyed the scenery. My horse back riding has only consisted of one previous ride when I visited my roommate in upper N. Y. State. Sue made no effort to conceal her thoughts about such a trip, in fact she told me I was a fool to consider a horse. She predicted dire results, with at least a siege in the hospital, and maybe a major operation thrown in. I invited her to go but no soap, and she quite dearly stated if go I must, I could get someone else to see me through my convalescence.

Guess I am determined. Got me a

docile lady named Queen and wound upward through the beautiful Sequoia for 5 miles and then along the side of Alta Peak with glorious vistas across to the mighty Sierras. The latter part of the ride of 5 hours required many stops to catch our breath. Each time Queen would look wistfully around at the back trail and with longing in her eyes glance upward to me. When she saw me serenely enjoying the surrounding landscape and showed no intention of dismounting she would turn back to the upward trek. However, each time she would remark, "You great lummo, why pick on a lady, get off and walk." At least this was what I understood. Maybe she wasn't a lady and curse me out in the Equine tongue.

We reached top, had lunch and registered in the Sierra club note book. The view from the peak was magnificent with snow clad Whitneys on the horizon. So I am told. My appreciation was limited to zero, and at times I had to pick my way through the fog to make sure Queen had not left me with only carfare. Our trip down was made in three hours and Queen had her revenge. Each step was sure and determined. I got in about 6 p.m., tired and sleepy but quite able to navigate to bed and up next morning with no after effects. Not even sore and gee how disappointed Sue was. The first thing she inquired was as to the state of my health, and was all ready to say "I told you so."

We are camped in almost the same spot as last year and are having many callers each day. Usually Mrs. Grouse and family appear first, then come Messrs. deer, with their girl friends, the Squirrel family bobs up and Mrs. Robin puts in an appearance. They all have the same idea to fill their empty stomachs. I am mean, for if they want grub, they must take it out of my hand. Some are shy and they go hungry, while others are plain gourmands. Owing to a change in plans I had to go back to Los Angeles to take care of several errands. I got in about 6 p.m. with no supper so decided to dine at the Trocadero and flirt with movie stars. Guess they didn't like the gray around my ears, cause nary a one gave me a tremble. Needless to say when I related my trip to this night spot to Sue she was not jealous of the Cinema Queens, but disgusted because she had missed out.

Life at Santa Monica was quite uneventful. We were camped square on the beach, so spent the mornings tanning our hides except for abbreviated trunks. I had a daily swim in the surf, but somehow Sue could not keep her teeth from chattering at the thought of a salt bath, so kept her suit dry all except once, when a martyr to the cause she went in. Each Friday I got dressed up in my Sunday go meeting clothes and attended Rotary.

I finally enticed a pass out of Warner Bros., through the Santa Monica Rotary, so Sue and I went through the studio. Unfortunately no four star pictures were in production, but we watched a couple of lesser importance. Another night we went out to the S. S. Rex anchored three miles off shore, to gamble. Sue played the slot ma-

chine and was quite disgusted to see her nickles disappear so rapidly. I reserved my contributions for the bar, at least getting something for my money.

We spent a day at Catalina inspecting the Marine Gardens through a glass bottom boat. None of us were greatly impressed with the minnows we saw swimming around.

Amusing incidents have been few and our travelling curtailed, so au revoir until September.

As ever,  
Bob, Sue and Dick.

**Filipinos Will Be Guests at Bethany**

A group of Filipinos from the Filipino Center of Chicago and their pastor Rev. Fernando A. Laxamana will be guests of the young people at the Bethany Evangelical church next Sunday evening. This Filipino group will tell the young people of Bethany something as to the customs and traditions of their people during the young people's hour at 6:45 p.m. Following this Rev. Laxamana will speak at the 7:45 p.m. evening service where he will tell of the great work that is being done by the Christian church among his people. The young people of Bethany will have charge of the 7:45 service. A cordial invitation is extended to those who are interested.

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**Many Laughs Are Offered at Selwyn Comedy Production**

"Thanks for My Wife" starts its fifth week in the Selwyn theatre, Chicago, with no indication of decreased audience interest, and while this engagement is a limited one booking arrangements now being made may force a nearly Spring departure from the Loop.

Bobby Crawford, producer of this farce starring Alan Dinehart, Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, left Monday for New York to negotiate contracts for a Broadway theatre and other key cities. Present plans schedule "Thanks for My Wife" to leave about Easter and possibly play St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Washington and Philadelphia prior to the New York premiere.

Theatre managers in other cities seem particularly interested in the emphasis placed upon the farcical highlights of this play by the Chicago drama critics, because this type of comedy usually is a guaranteed ticket seller at box-offices of all the road cities.

Ashton Stevens in the Herald-American said that "If you don't see 'Thanks for My Wife' you will suf-

fer a vitamin deficiency of about 300 laughs—mostly vitamin E." Lloyd Lewis, historian and dramatic critic of the Chicago Daily News thought: "Alan Dinehart is a master of farce."

"Glenda Farrell tears through a tempestuous scene of mixed fury and frustration in delightful style. In an earlier day Alan Dinehart successfully discovered the public pulse with such light, farce comedies as 'Applesauce' and 'The Patsy'." Such was the opinion of the Chicago Tribune's Cecil Smith. Claudia Cassidy in the Journal of Commerce, interpreting what she said were hilarious whoops of laughter, expressed the opinion that "Thanks

for My Wife" "looked like hilarious farce to send an audience into howls of ribald laughter."

The Selwyn play was written by Joseph Carole and Alan Dinehart in collaboration with Alex Gottlieb and Edmund Joseph. In addition to such former stage favorites in the starring roles as Alan Dinehart, Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, the featured players had established stage reputations before entering the movies and these well-known names include Mozelle Britton, Austin Fairman, Jack Smart, Archie Robbins and Madora Keene.

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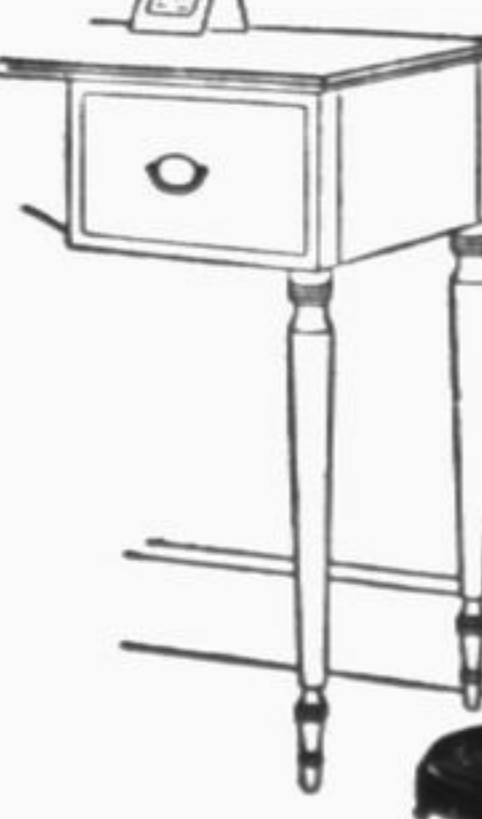
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