



**This Week  
In Washington**

by Ralph E. Church  
Representative, 16th Congressional District

Washington, W. C., May 18 — "Our task is plain," said President Roosevelt in his message to Congress last Thursday, requesting an immediate appropriation of \$896 million for the army and navy. "The road we must take is clearly indicated. Our defense must be invulnerable, our security absolute."

That Congress is in full accord with that statement is evidenced not only by the enthusiastic reception it received at the Joint Session. It is more concretely evidenced by the fact that Congress has been giving both the Navy Department and the War Department practically every dollar of defense funds requested. We have been spending more on our army and navy, save during the period of the World War, than at any time in our history. And there is not the slightest doubt but that Congress will give the President the additional \$896 million requested this week.

The President stated "The American people must recast their thinking about national protection." He then pointed out how motorized armies sweep across territory at a rapid rate, how parachute troops are dropped from airplanes and landed at strategic points, how lightning attacks on airplane factories and munition works hundreds of miles behind the lines are made; and, finally, how supposedly "peaceful visitors" to a country are actually part of an enemy unit of occupation. It was in substance an outline of the German method of warfare, and it indeed behooves us to examine our defense to be certain we can meet such an attack upon us.

That we must "recast our thinking" on the essentials for an invulnerable national defense I thoroughly agree. But it is somewhat disturbing to me, as it must be to the people generally, that it has taken the Administration so long to recognize the need to "recast our thinking." Why has it taken these recent developments in the European War for those in charge of our military and naval forces to discover what can be done with mechanized units and with an air force?

It cannot be said that the potential power of such a force has not been many times stressed by individual Members of Congress. I cannot recall that a single army or navy authorization or appropriation bill has come before Congress but that the question was raised, both in committees and on the Floor, as to why more funds were not being allotted to tanks, airplanes, training of pilots and anti-air-craft guns. Time and again the question was asked at the sessions of my own Committee on Naval Affairs as to why it would not be more advisable to concentrate on aircraft development than building large battle-ships. But in every instance we were always assured that exactly what was requested was exactly what was needed. Now we are asked to "recast our thinking," because in the light of the war in Europe we find ourselves unprepared.

In his message to Congress the President very appropriately mentioned "the treacherous use of the 'fifth column' by which persons supposed to be peaceful visitors were actually a part of an enemy unit of

occupation." This is a factor with which we must deal. We have become awakened to it by the unfortunate experience of Norway. But at no time has the Dies committee, set up by the House to investigate subversive activities in the United States, received cooperation from the Administration. This lack of cooperation has served to handicap it in its work. There is more than substantial evidence — indeed it is abundant — of deliberate attempts on the part of various Administration officials, constituting a part of the various Administration officials, constituting a part of the Cabinet itself, to obstruct and embarrass that committee. That the committee has made mistakes no one will deny. But to date the committee has not had the assistance of the Executive branch of the government in throwing light on enemies within our borders.

Yes, Mr. President, "our task is plain." It is to establish an invulnerable defense. In that task you have the cooperation of all. Indeed, Mr. President, our task has been plain for several years as to the "road we must take" but we haven't been following that road as we should have been.

**Bronko Nagurski Is  
Featured in Main  
Event Next Friday**

Bronko Nagurski, 240-pound king of all heavyweight wrestlers and greatest football fullback that ever lived is coming to Lake county a week from Friday night, June 7, to wrestle in the main event of the all-star card of the 1940 summer season in Peg Berning's newly remodeled Grayslake Open-Air Arena.

Nagurski's opponent will be Juan Humberto, 232-pound Mexican giant heavyweight champion, who has run up a remarkable record of wrestling performance in the few short months that he has been campaigning in this country.

Nagurski, of course, needs no introduction to local sport fans for his fame on the gridiron both for his Alma Mater, the University of Minnesota, and for the Chicago Bears professional team will live on as long as the sport exists. Sports writers acclaim his feats on the mat as well as on the football field as nothing short of amazing.

"Nagurski is the only man ever to lead his own interference in a football game . . . all-time All-American fullback." That's what the famed Grantland Rice declared when he named the Bronk to his all-American team. According to Burris Jenkins, Jr., of the New York Journal American, a hip injury in 1934 slowed Nagurski down to a point where three tacklers could sometimes stop him. Now he's all right.

But not only is this primitive symphony of bone and sinew the mightiest mammal of the wrestling mat, he really can wrestle as well. In more than 500 matches since turning pro back in 1933, Nagurski has suffered only five losses, and since has whipped three of the five who beat him.

In Humberto, he is expected to have some real competition, for the Mexicano is noted for his nasty disposition and his lightning speed in the ring. Humberto scored a sensational four minute win in his only previous Lake county appearance on a benefit card in Libertyville three weeks ago.

**Discontinue Evening  
Services at Bethany  
For Summer Months**

During the months of June, July and August the regular Sunday evening services of the Bethany Evangelical church will be omitted. This plan has been followed for the past number of years, resuming the evening services on the second Sunday of September.

**Name New Faculty  
Members for 1940  
At High School**

Highland Park high school has employed five new teachers for the 1940-41 school year.

Mr. Charles S. Stunkel, who is now teaching in the East high school, Aurora, Ill., has been secured to teach mathematics. He has a master's degree from the University of Michigan, he is married and has one child.

He will take over the math classes now handled by members of the commercial department, which has been overstaffed this year due to a drop in the enrollment in the department. Mr. Carpenter, who was the last person to be employed in the commercial department, consequently will not return next fall. He will teach next year in the Freeport high school.

Miss Alice E. Anderson, now teaching in the La Crosse (Wis.) high school, will teach Italian and French here next year in the place of Mrs. Prugger, French teacher, and Miss Cowles, Italian teacher, for whom it has not been possible to secure enough classes to put them on a full time basis in their respective fields. Miss Anderson has a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin.

Miss Lorraine Frick, who has a master's degree from the Iowa State university, has been secured to teach in the English and social science departments. She is now teaching in the University high school, the experimental school of the Iowa State university. In addition to her English classes now taught by Miss Barton, who was employed last fall on a temporary basis as a cadet teacher to take care of the large enrollment in the department.

Mr. Lloyd E. Cunningham, who is now teaching in the Warren Township high school, Gurnee, Ill., will teach the chemistry classes of Mr. Ball, who has been granted a year's leave of absence. Mr. Cun-

ingham took his master's works at the University of Illinois.

Mr. Walter Hargesheimer, who has been teaching at Oberlin college the past three years, has been secured as a full time gym instructor. He is a graduate of the University of Minnesota, which is where he also secured his master's degree.

Mr. Hargesheimer will assume the work of Mr. Parsons, who was secured as a part time cadet teacher last fall and who later took over Mr. Lauer's work, and that of Mr. Young, who was secured to teach several classes at the time of Mr. Lauer's resignation.

**Ravinia P.-T.A. Plans  
Field Day Events  
For Friday, June 7**

Ravinia P.-T.A. announces plans for Field Day. It will be held June 7th, Friday. Mr. Dewey has arranged the program. It will start at 2 p.m. with races by the Kindergarten, 1st grades West and East and 2nd grades North and South at 3 p.m. 50 yard Shuttle Relay by the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th grade boys and girls. 3:30 p.m. there will be a surprise novelty race by 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th 7th and 8th grade boys and girls. On the North terrace at 4:15 p.m. there will be rhythm, game, stunts and dance program. All the grades will take part in this number.

Mr. Wright, superintendent, will present the ribbons at 5:15 p.m. At 6 p.m. supper on the grounds with the parents. The parents are invited to bring picnic suppers or they can buy hot dogs and rolls, hot coffee, ice cream and cake and candy from Mrs. Schimmelfeng and her committee of room mothers. Then at 6:30 p.m. the 8th grade boys will play baseball vs. the 8th grade fathers. Also the 6th grade girls will play baseball against the 6th grade mothers.

The P.-T.A. hopes all will come and have fun.

**Mary Jane Greenslade  
Stars in Webster  
College Track Meet**

Mary Jane Greenslade, who is a sophomore at Webster, The Loretto Sisters four year college near St. Louis, Mo., shared honors with Ann O'Donnell, another sophomore, and materially aided their class to capture the team trophy in the twentieth annual Webster college track and field meet held Monday afternoon, May 13, on the school's campus.

The sophomores scored 49 points for first place, while the seniors counted only 29. Juniors struggled in third place with three points and the freshmen obtained only two.

Miss Greenslade took two first places, winning the baseball throw with a heave of 152 feet 7 inches exactly 12 feet 7 inches better than the second place winner. Mary Jane also won the 50 yard dash in 6.5 seconds and then tied Miss O'Donnell for first place in the high jump both going over the bar at 51 inches.

Mary Jane is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greenslade of 148 S. Second street.

"Smorgasbord" Luncheon Friday afternoon, June 7, at 1 p.m. Campbell Chapter will serve a "smorgasbord" luncheon in Masonic Temple. Mrs. Elsie Collins is in charge.

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**N. U. Settlement  
Spring Party June 5**

The spring party of the Northwestern university settlement will be given at the home of Mrs. Harold O. McLaine on Wednesday, June 5. It will be a dessert bridge and each member is inviting three guests.

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**A CURIOUS DREAM  
containing a moral**

(by Mark Twain, America's Most Noted Humorist)

The following "sketch" was written 70 years ago, but millions of Americans have forgotten it. It is evident that Mr. Samuel Clemens was very much in earnest in his efforts to interest his readers in more civilized methods for the burial of the dead. In that laudable aim, the management of NORTSHORE GARDEN OF MEMORIES is in line with that most brilliant of American humorists.

(Continued from Last Week)

It used to have "GONE TO HIS JUST REWARD" on it, and I was proud when I first saw it, but by and by I noticed that whenever an old friend of mine came along he would hook his chin on the railing and pull a long face and read along down till he came to that, and then he would chuckle to himself and walk off, looking satisfied and comfortable. So I scratched it off to get rid of those fools. But a dead man always takes a deal of pride in his monument. Yonder goes half-a-dozen of the Jarvises now, with the family monument along. And Smithers and some hired specters went by with his a while ago. Hello, Higgins, good-bye, old friend! That's Meredith Higgins—died in '44—belongs to our set in the cemetery—fine old family—great-grandmother was an Injun—I am on the most familiar terms with him—he didn't hear me was the reason he didn't answer me. And I am sorry, too, because I would have liked to introduce you. You would admire him. He is the most disjointed, sway-backed, and generally distorted old skeleton you ever saw, but he is full of fun. When he laughs it sounds like rasping two stones together, and he always starts it off with a cheery screech like raking a nail across a window-pane. Hey, Jones! That is old Columbus Jones—shroud cost four hundred dollars—entire trousseau, including monument, twenty-seven hundred. This was in the spring of '26. It was enormous style for those days. Dead people came all the way from the Alleghanies to see his things—the party that occupied the grave next to mine remembers it well. Now do you see that individual going along with a piece of a head-board under his arm, one leg-bone below his knee gone, and not a thing in the world on? That is Barstow Dalhousie, and next to Columbus Jones he was the most sumptuously outfitted person that ever entered our cemetery. We are all leaving. We cannot tolerate the treatment we are receiving at the hands of our descendants. They open new cemeteries, but they leave us to our ignominy. They mend the streets, but they never mend anything that is about us or belongs to us. Look at that coffin of mine—yet I tell you in its day it was a piece of furniture that would have attracted attention in any drawing-room in this city. You may have it if you want it—I can't afford to repair it. Put a new bottom in her, and part of a new top, and a bit of fresh lining along the left side, and you'll find her about as comfortable as any receptacle of her species you ever tried. No thanks—no, don't mention it—you have been civil to me, and I would give you all the property I have got before I would seem ungrateful. Now this winding-sheet is a kind of a sweet thing in its way, if you would like to—No? Well, just as you say, but I wished to be fair and liberal—there's nothing mean about me. Good-bye, friend, I must be going. I may have a good way to go tonight—don't know. I only know one thing for certain, and that is, that I am on the emigrant trail now, and I'll never sleep in that crazy old cemetery again. I will travel till I find respectable quarters, if I have to hoof it to New Jersey. All the boys are going. It was decided in public convales, last night, to emigrate, and by the time the sun rises there

won't be a bone left in our old habitations. Such cemeteries may suit my surviving friends, but they do not suit the remains that have the honor to make these remarks. My opinion is the general opinion. If you doubt it, go and see how the departing ghosts upset things before they started. They were almost riotous in their demonstrations of distaste. Hello, here are some of the Bledsoes, and if you will give me a lift with this tombstone I guess I will join company and jog along with them—mighty respectable old family, the Bledsoes, and used to always come out in six-horse hearses, and all that sort of thing fifty years ago when I walked these streets in daylight. Good-bye, friend."

And with his gravestone on his shoulder he joined the grisly procession, dragging his damaged coffin after him, for notwithstanding he pressed it upon me so earnestly, I utterly refused his hospitality. I suppose that for as much as two hours these sad outcasts went clacking by, laden with their dismal effects, and all that time I sat pitying them. One or two of the youngest and least dilapidated among them inquired about midnight trains on the railways, but the rest seemed unacquainted with that mode of travel, and merely asked about common public roads to various towns and cities, some of which are not on the map now, and vanished from it and from the earth as much as thirty years ago, and some few of them never had existed anywhere but on maps, and private ones in real estate agencies at that. And they asked about the condition of the cemeteries in these towns and cities, and about the reputation the citizens bore as to reverence for the dead.

This whole matter interested me deeply, and likewise compelled my sympathy for these homeless ones. And it all seeming real, and I not knowing it was a dream, I mentioned to one shrouded wanderer an idea that had entered my head to publish an account of this curious and very sorrowful exodus, but said also that I could not describe it truthfully, and just as it occurred, without seeming to trifle with a grave subject and exhibit an irreverence for the dead that would shock and distress their surviving friends. But this bland and stately remnant of a former citizen leaned him far over my gate and whispered in my ear, and said:

"Do not let that disturb you. The community that can stand such graveyards as those we are emigrating from can stand anything a body can say about the neglected and forsaken dead that lie in them."

At that very moment a cock crowed, and the weird procession vanished and left not a shroud or a bone behind. I awoke, and found myself lying with my head out of the bed and "sagging" downwards considerably—a position favorable to dreaming dreams with morals in them, maybe, but not poetry.

Note—The reader is assured that if the cemeteries in his town are kept in good order, this Dream is not leveled at his town at all, but is leveled particularly and venomously at the next town.

(The End)

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