

Life Begins at Thirty Eight

I looked from the big front window of the U.S.O. club one Saturday night upon what appeared to be an endless stream of uniformed figures hurrying past. Plainly they were bound for the next train to the big city, with its greater week-end possibilities for change and recreation. This was going to be a dull evening, I thought.

But the hunch was wrong. The door opened to admit two middle-aged service men. Their look was familiar, and I recalled that earlier in the day they had checked their duffel bags at the desk, returning later to claim them and say goodbye. Having passed the new military age of 38, some time since, they had received an honorable discharge from service.

It was not age, alone, however, that gave unsteadiness to their steps and dimness to their eyes. Advancing, they stated that they had come for the duffel bags they had left.

"Why," I exclaimed, with a pre-emptive of struggle ahead, "you came for the bags some time ago—and took them away... Remember?"

They looked blank. They blinked and exchanged glances.

"You've been places since you left here," I told them. "You must have left your bags somewhere else."

They considered. Finally one said, "The lady's right, pal, they's psychology in what she says."

"If you can say 'psychology,'" I told them, smiling, "you should be able to find your bags."

They shuffled away, and business began to pick up. A husky lad from the south, with big brown eyes and perfect teeth, asked: "Do you reckon that you-all could find a room fo' mah wife? She's aimin' to make me a visit."

"How nice," I remarked, leafing through the room list, "I'll bet you've missed her."

"Right smart," he returned, shyly.

Soldiers began drifting in. They wanted air-mail stamps, change for telephone calls, ping pong balls for the game room, photographic paper for the dark room downstairs. The telephone whirred intermittently. A young poet in uniform, gripped in the throes of creative fervor, came to the desk in search of a typist. I offered my services, and presently a brain-child was born.

Then I glanced up to see two familiar figures approaching, a trifle more uncertain, a bit more unsteady on their feet. They eyed me hopefully.

"We've come for the duffel bags we left here this afternoon, ma'am," they said.

"But you've already taken them," I insisted. "You've left them somewhere else. Better retrace your steps and see if you can't remember where you left them."

They looked disappointed in me. Finally the spokesman said: "The lady's right, chum. We'd better retrace our steps."

They ambled off.

A young serviceman came to the desk to inquire about furlough fare and itinerary. His home was in Canada and he was taking his first furlough in three years. His dark eyes were lively with anticipation. One of those handsome high-spirited youngsters who find home too tame and later discover that there is no place like it. I observed his rosy cheeks and brilliant eyes. Some mother was soon to be made very happy.

The room was now filled with uniformed guests some writing letters, some enjoying a snack at the lunch counter, others reading or listening to the radio. In one corner a group of southern lads was listening as some of their number strummed out melodies on guitar and mandolin. Presently one began to drone the several stanzas of a hill song.

My eyes fell upon a familiar sight. It was the two elderly servicemen, a little shakier, somewhat more confused than before. They had retraced their steps all right but had entirely lost sight of their objective.

"We've come for our duffel bags," they announced, blandly.

I sighed. They were hopelessly off the beam by now. "You should have gone straight home in the first place," I told them. "Your bags are probably lost."

They regarded me suspiciously and exchanged a long look. Then, "The lady's right, Joe, one said," "We done lost our bags and our memory too."

The telephone rang. "Will you please page Alexander Dumas?" came a voice over the wire. "You'll probably find him at one of the writing desks."

Could be, I thought, doubtfully, and went in search of Alexander.

No one responded to my call. "Do you suppose someone is having fun with me?" I asked one. He thought it quite probable. I decided to have one more try, and stepped up to ashort, stocky, individual "Probably this is a joke," I began apologetically, "but I have been asked to page Alexander Dumas..."

He drew himself up to his full five feet four. "I," he stated, "am Alexander Dumas."

Since that time I have made the acquaintance of Henry Ford, Julius Caesar, William Tell, Robert Taylor and many other famous personages. I have learned to believe anything.

The evening was now no longer young. As I glanced up a familiar figure caught my eye. It was one of my old friends of the duffel bags. But he was alone. I wondered what had become of his companion. "No," I began wearily, "we have no..."

But this time he had a different idea. He wanted to make a long distance phone call, and needed cooperation. I procured the proper change and started for the telephone booth at the rear of the room, boy friend in tow. I got his number, inserted the proper coins in the slot, handed him the receiver and stood by for emergencies.

Then I started, aghast at the importance of the secret military information which I could hear being divulged over a public wire.

"The war is over," he announced, jubilantly, "and I am coming home!"

R. B. O.

FAMED GERMAN ARTIST SELECTS HIS OWN "BEST WORK OF 1942"



NEW YORK, N. Y.—A new slant on prize awards comes from William Sharp, internationally-famous newspaper artist and cartoonist who escaped from Berlin in 1934 to rise to prominence among contemporary American artists.

Sharp didn't wait for Blue Ribbon Committees to make selections or tender invitations. Casting convention aside, he selected his own best work of 1942, which, he believes, is his portrayal of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," the featured illustration in a publication, "The Third Horseman."

Recently prepared by the Public Health Committee of the Paper Cup and Container Institute, "The Third Horseman" was intended as a warning to the nation of the hazards of disease in wartime, and was distributed by the Atlantic Coast Network over whose stations "The Third Horseman" dramatization was broadcast.

The former German artist, famous for his war illustrations, in Europe and America, stated that his "personal knowledge of the price of war—the

traditional swathe cut through humanity by war and disease working hand-in-hand—prompted my best efforts."

Sharp pointed out that his "Four Horsemen" drawing was a "lesson through art to all Americans." He maintained that national health is of vital concern to ultimate victory, and that everyone should remember and adhere to the five cardinal rules of general good health:

1. Play and relax
2. Get proper rest
3. Check your health periodically
4. Keep clean
5. Eat the right foods: avoid anti-sanitary utensils.

Above is picture of Mr. Sharp, adding finishing touches to his "Four Horsemen" drawing in his Forest Hills, N. Y., studio.

HIGHWOOD U. S. O.

The valentine formal party held at the Highwood N.C.C.S.-U.S.O. club on Saturday was attended by over 700 girls and boys.

With the ballroom decorated with lace and comic valentines depicting the characters and mannerisms of the staff as well as the girls and servicemen, and these interspersed with many hearts and cupid's darting here and there were a fine background for the girls in their formals.

Half hearts were distributed to the girls and boys in the grand march, and these had names of past real and fictional characters, and at a given signal the boys had to find his valentine in the person of the girl who hid the matching character to his own.

The party was sponsored by Mrs. L. Mayhew, her friends from Evanston and Highwood Victory Belles, who furnished some fifty cakes, many of which were shaped into valentines and hearts.

Another group of girls came from St. Bernard Women's club from the south side of Chicago under Mrs. Roy Flynn, Mrs. George Seven, Mrs. C. D. McDaniel and Gyle Storn.

Others who chaperoned at this party were, Mrs. S. Day, Mrs. Moles, Mrs. G. Werkel, Mr. and Mrs. William Neill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kilb from Evanston. From Highwood were, Mrs. Sam Bernardi, Stephen Sterba, Bruna Nardini, Helen Supanich, Ellen Bellei, S. Gianelli, Walter Smith, Sam Corso, Lydia Baldini, Clara Lenzini, Angelina Cappi and Angelo Cole. Mrs. C. P. Wagner from Lake Bluff and Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Spees from Glenview, made up the large group.

The decorations for the occasion were made by Misses Lenore Bellei and Nora Mahoney assisted by several of the Belles and soldiers.

Chairmen For 1943 Victory Gardens Named

Victory Gardens chairmen for 1943 have been appointed by 300 local defense councils outside the Metropolitan area, Lester J. Norris, chairman of the Victory Gardens committee, Illinois State Council of Defense, has reported to Gov. Green.

Norris added that 200 more leaders will be named soon. He said that with the nation facing a 50 per cent reduction in canned fruits and vegetables through rationing, Illinois' drive for 1,000,000,000 Victory Gardens is moving full speed ahead. Newly appointed chairmen, he said, are rushing organization of their communities.

Victory Garden radio broadcast by Prof. W. A. Somers of the University of Illinois will start on Feb. 23 and continue through May 25. They will be given on Tuesdays from 12:15 to 12:30 p.m. over station WILL, Urbana. Five minute summaries of these programs will also be made by Prof. Somers over WLS and WMAQ, Chicago.

The Men's Garden club of Illinois, cooperating with the state council's committee is broadcasting garden programs over WCFL, Chicago, at 10:45 a.m., every Sunday.

Illinois led the nation with 600,000 Victory Gardens last year and Norris declared every effort was being made to keep the state in first place in 1943 to help meet the country's greatly increased demand for food.

Blood Donors Are Needed

An appeal has been made by Mrs. H. B. Pearson Jr. of 1206 Marion avenue for blood donors. Mrs. Pearson's father, Charles C. Montgomery, a retired court judge of California, is suffering from a rare blood disease and any type of blood is urgently needed.

Anyone caring to donate blood and help save this man's life may call Mrs. Pearson at H. P. 2287.

Creative Writers Plan Russian-Chinese Luncheon, Feb. 25

The North Shore Creative Writing group is sponsoring a Russian-Chinese benefit luncheon to be held Thursday, Feb. 25, at the Highland Park Y.W.C.A. The public is invited to attend, bringing their own sandwiches. Tea and coffee will be served at 12:30 p. m., and the program is tentatively scheduled to begin an hour later so that guests who cannot come earlier may attend.

Taking part in the program are Miss Laura Cross of Highland Park, Dr. Judith Shouisky, of Kenosha and Miss Laura Helen Coupland of Winnetka.

For several years Miss Coupland was a resident of Canton, China, during which time she studied the music of China, on the street, in the theatre and in Chinese literature. She will sing several Chinese songs, accompanying herself with original piano arrangements and explaining the songs with stories and incidents taken from Chinese life.

Miss Cross has recently come to Highland Park after living in China for many years. She will give a most illuminating talk on modern China.

Dr. Shouisky was born in Turkistan, Russia, and came to America following the revolution. She will deliver her unusual and interesting "Eulogy to Oriental Women," in native costume, with music.

A small admission fee will be charged, the entire proceeds to be donated to Russian and Chinese relief.

In charge of arrangements and publicity are Meses. Everett Fontaine, Arthur Raff and John Lemmon of Highland Park and Mrs. Arthur Guttman of Glenview.

BIRTHS AT THE HIGHLAND PARK HOSPITAL

Mr. and Mrs. John Sordyl, 520 McDaniels avenue, boy, Feb. 12.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Krass, 817 Woodward road, Deerfield, girl, Feb. 13.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kay, 26 S. Green Bay road, boy, Feb. 14.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hemming, Greenview drive, Northbrook, boy, Feb. 16.

Women's American Ort Will Meet On Tuesday, February 23

The North Shore chapter of the Women's American ORT will meet on Tuesday, Feb. 23, at 1:30 p.m., at the home of Mrs. Gordon Bazelon, 226 Mortimer road, Glenview.

The present work of ORT will be explained stressing its importance today as war work. ORT—Organization for Rehabilitation through Training—conducts trade schools, workshops and farming projects in Europe, Canada and South America. In them Jewish refugees are being trained in skills necessary to the production of essential war materials.

At a recent meeting of the American ORT federation held in his honor former Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, now director of America's program of foreign relief and rehabilitation, stressed the urgency of immediate economic relief as a war weapon as well as a means of promoting an enduring peace after the war.

Post war reconstruction plans for ORT and their relation to America's program of foreign relief and rehabilitation will then be discussed.

Mrs. William Borkovitz, president, and Mrs. Gordon Bazelon, hostess, extend a cordial invitation to all women.

Boy Scout Annual Dinner To Be Held February 23

The North Shore Area council Boy Scouts of America, has established a reputation for having nationally famous figures as speakers at its annual meeting and Scout Leaders' appreciation dinner. This year, H. Roe Bartle, Scout executive of Kansas City, Missouri will be the principal speaker at North Shore Area council's sixteenth annual Scout Leaders' appreciation dinner to be held Tuesday, February 23, at the North Shore Congregation Israel at Glenview.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Pollack of 601 S. Sheridan road are vacationing in California, and are among the recent arrivals at the Desert Inn in Palm Springs, California.

Down the ways goes a new Tank Landing Ship to join America's Navy. Following modern mass-production methods, this vessel was constructed in sections which were electrically welded together at the launching ways.



At another ship-building plant in the Chicago area a Naval Patrol Vessel is built in sections which are fitted and welded together.

Ship Building and Electric Power in Northern Illinois

In time of war, as in peace, electricity is the power of industrial activity, the force that speeds production.

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