



# I'M IN THE ARMY NOW

By  
Col. Whitt N. Schultz

For This I Joined!  
Special to the Highland Park Press

CHANUTE FIELD, AAFC, May 18—

No one has ever asked me, but if they should, I'd tell them I enlisted in this Army for the little things I'd like to keep in my life.

Of course, I enlisted to protect my flag, to revenge the enemy, to fight for freedom and democracy. But a word like "democracy" is too broad for me.

**Democracy is little things . . .**  
To me, and to a lot of other soldiers, democracy is a lot of small, everyday things.

Like trimming a Christmas tree or eating a hot fudge sundae with pecans and whipped cream.

It's having a father-son chat with your Dad. It's mowing the grass, and digging dandelions, and planting a garden. It's going on your first date and meeting the girl's folks and being kinda nervous about the whole matter.

Yes, and it's having pie ala mode. And it's not hearing "Don't you know there's a war going on?"

And it's being able to drive up to a filling station and saying, "Fill 'er up with ethyl, Ed."

**It's spreading butter on thick . . .**  
It's spreading butter on bread so all the bread on one side, up to and including the crusts, is covered.

It's NOT seeing pin-up pictures in every periodical. It's reading about new homes being built, happy marriages, lots of children.

And it's the time when you can have your car washed and greased for a dollar. And it's the time, too, when you can listen to soap box orators rave on and on about any subject.

**It's NO strikes . . .**  
It's no strikes, nobody getting the bum's rush, no women wearing slacks, and hanging on bars, and forgetting they are mothers—or might be!

It's getting teased about your new haircut; your new girl; your new suit.

It's NOT wearing "dog tags" and identification badges.

It's traveling in clean coaches with smiling pullman porters turning the lights down low for a quarter instead of a dollar and a quarter.

It's no more troop trains, GI Joes, and worrying about whether there will be a barracks cleanup, so you won't get the pass you've been waiting for.

**It's wearing gray flannel suits again . . .**

Sure, it's writing what you want and saying what you want. It's not having to hurry, hurry, hurry to make trains, busses, planes to get back to an isolated Army post on time.

It's wearing gray flannel suits again. It's seeing Princeton play Dartmouth in football. It's women dressing as women were meant to dress—as women!

It's fewer carbon copies. It's no more betting about when the invasion will officially begin. It's no more casualty lists. It's a boy building a mud bridge, a girl mothering a doll.

**It's going to church . . .**  
It's going to church with Dad and Mom early Sunday morning.

Yes, and it's more than that, too, think.

It's building, creating, constructing. It's planning ahead. It's picnicking in the country.

It's creamy iced cream! It's eating ear after ear of corn on the cob. It's having your own home and living in the country and getting a kick out of seeing a cow, a pig, a horse.

**It's lots of "hellos" . . .**  
It's the buds bursting in spring; the song of the meadowlark; the odor of a summer rain.

Yes . . . and democracy is saying lots of "hellos" and few "goodbyes."

It's meeting new people. It's confiding in friends. It's swimming and playing tennis and getting sunburned so badly that you can't sleep or move.

It's a peeling nose in the summer; a cup of hot chocolate in the winter. It's hayrides and sleighrides. It's hearing fresh apples crunch as you bite into them.

It's eating popcorn with real butter on it.

**It's seeing good shows . . .**  
It's seeing shows like "Life with Father" and "Oklahoma." It's reading books like "The Robe," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and "Gone with the Wind." It's dancing in tails to Stardust—and having that high, starched collar bother you. It's the smell of gardenias.

Yep. Just a lot of little things. But that's what I joined the Army for, 'cause I want all those things and heaven too, I guess.

be passed before a shooter even becomes eligible to compete for the Expert rating.

Next and final aim for these boys is the Distinguished Rifleman qualification.

These Expert young boys are members of Highland Park High School Junior Rifle Club and have achieved their rating firing under the supervision of C. J. Winkley, instructor, who is in charge of the range.

**NOW IN CHINA**  
Word has been received by Mrs. Ruth Koopman from her brother, Cpl. Jack Stratford, stating that he has arrived in China.

# In The Nation's Service



A/C Eugene Peddle, of Butler University, Indianapolis, called home by the illness of his father, is spending a 5-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Peddle, 619 Homewood Ave.

The Peddles have two other sons and a son-in-law in the service. Roger, USN, has recently been promoted to the rank of Bugle-master 3/c. He is stationed in the Pacific area.

Lt. Vincent J., of the Air Corps, whose wife, the former Jane Schneider, is with him at Salina, Kansas, is identified with the new B-29s.

S/Sgt. James A. Jacobs, U. S. Army, husband of the former Ruth Peddle, is stationed at Spokane, Wash.

Pvt. Wm. E. Walker, USMC, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, 225 No. St. Johns, who is completing his basic training at San Diego, Calif., has received his marksmanship rating, and is leader of his squad. Pvt. Walker, whose wife and two small sons live at the above local address, was formerly a lineman for the Public Service Co.

Another son of the John Walkers, David is now receiving his basic training at Great Lakes. His wife and two small children live in Kenosha.

Pvt. John Groff, husband of the former Laurel Walker, is stationed with the Army Signal Corps at Camp Crowder. He is expected home, presently, on furlough. In civil life he was an employee of the Bell Telephone Co.

## India A Strange Land, Writes Al McPherson

"In this place the sun rises in the west and sets in the east," writes Alexander McPherson, attached to the U.S. Medical corps, somewhere in India, "and that's no phooey!" He does not explain the cause of this astonishing phenomenon.

Alex, the grandson of Mrs. A. G. McPherson, 360 Park Ave., has evidently been going places. When last heard from he was in North Africa, and now, arriving in India, he found the first letters received in a month awaiting him, in a bunch. His letter is dated May 7.

The sun, he continues, is hot—even in the shade. Three Turkish towels are necessary to take care of the perspiration. Mosquitos are terrible. For recreation one may listen to short-wave broadcasts of baseball games—which come through at 3 a.m. Through the courtesy of the Red Cross, he, with some buddies recently, toured a nearby city.

Probably, in reading his Kipling, Alex never expected to witness some of the exciting scenes described—for instance a fight between a cobra and a mongoose. But that was one of the highlights of his recent experiences. And, a la Kipling, the mongoose won.

## C.P.O. Jack Witten Is Decorated By the Brazilian Government

An honorary membership in the Brazilian Air Forces, with the "golden wings" presented to him by the Brazilian Minister of the Air in the presence of General Gomez of the Brazilian Air Force, Admiral Ingram of the U. S. Navy, the air base personnel and his shipmates. This was the distinction accorded Chief Petty Officer Jack Witten at the completion of his first assignment in South America, for services rendered while working in conjunction with the Brazilian Air Force.

Jack is the son of Mrs. Harvey and the late Harvey Witten, 620 Central Ave., the husband of the former Vera McCreadie, and the father of Robert, aged one month, born while Jack was in Brazil. Recently home on a two-weeks' leave, C. P. O. Witten has returned to the east coast, and from there will go to South America on a new assignment.

A delightful radio treat  
"BOWMAN MUSICAL MILKWAGON"  
WGN MON. THRU FRI. 10:15 A.M.

# UP TO NOW

While both the avid followers of the vagaries inherent in Highwood politics, and the citizenry of the North Shore at large were waiting this week with varying degrees of interest for Highwood's Friday night council meeting, the ordinary citizen of Highwood was wondering again, as he has wondered many times before, why it is that only the less creditable aspects of life in Highwood receive widespread press chronicling.

The answer is, of course, that there are really two Highwoods. There is the comparatively little known Highwood, of well-kept homes, a large percentage of which have sent sons and daughters into the armed forces. This Highwood supports two USO's that are hard to equal anywhere, it supports fine schools, and churches. And, unfortunately, it is as unspectacular as it is praiseworthy.

The other Highwood is a city with which the real residents of the town have little to do, so far as supporting its activities are concerned. It is a Highwood of some 20-odd taverns, a well-known playground for other residents of the North Shore.

The political high jinks that accompany the administration of a town that depends upon the income from tavern licenses for a large portion of its revenue are easily understandable. There are two extremes in any such town; those who would, despite the extra revenue, like to see the taverns eliminated, or at least held down under rigorous, almost tyrannical supervision, and those who feel that they should be encouraged because of the revenue they produce. In between these two extremes lies the large majority of the citizens who are not particularly interested in patronizing the taverns nor in closing them. "Live and let live, but keep it clean," is their motto. Thus it is that when an administrative official takes office, he finds the two extremes pulling at him.

Things have happened in Highwood that should not have happened. Probably they will happen again. Nevertheless it is unfair to regard Highwood as a sort of modern version of the Barbary coast of early Frisco fame. It's just a little town with big problems, trying its best, fumblingly sometimes, to solve them.

## Patrick Cawleys Married 51 Years

A quiet family dinner marked the 51st milestone in the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick F. Cawley, on Thursday of last week, at 233 No. Second St., where they have lived ever since their marriage. Both are natives of Ireland.

The Cawleys have three sons and three daughters. A daughter, Mrs. Marguerite Weifuss, a granddaughter, Miss Peggy Haggie, and an infant great-grandson, of Grand Rapids, Mich., were present for the occasion.

## Lt. Philip R. Dering Reported Missing in Flight Over Aleutians

An extensive search is being made to locate Lt. Philip Dering, husband of the former Nancy-Leigh Bowes, who has been reported as missing after a reconnaissance flight over the Aleutians.

Lt. Dering, 27, attended Taft school and Princeton University, earning his wings at Corpus Christi, Tex. He is a Navy pilot, and last November was awarded the Navy and Marine corps medal for the rescue of a drowning woman, off the coast of Florida. He is the son of Mrs. Chrystal Knutson of Chicago.

Mrs. Dering is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome P. Bowes, 176 Laurel Ave.

## Open Your Hearts and Your Closets to Our Needy Russian Allies

Ten million Russians have died. Forty million more have lost all their possessions. The enemy destruction of homes, farm buildings and factories in this titanic struggle beggars description. Americans may well shudder as the Arctic cold closes down relentlessly on the unfortunate Russian people, searching in vain for what were once their homes, struggling to build shelters against the approaching winter.

"For twenty-seven months, at enormous cost of life, the Russians have been destroying mankind's enemy. We cannot let those who have escaped die for lack of medical supplies, clothing and food. Rush clothes at once!" This is the appeal of Edward J. Carter, president of the Russian War Relief.

Highland Park is responding to this appeal with its usual generosity. The four local grade schools and the Highland Park high school under the leadership of Miss Link, head of the Victory corps, are cooperating, bringing clothes to the respective schools.

while those in the middle intercede only in the occasional matter of a storm sewer, street pavement or some like improvement. So—he goes along, trying to be as fair as he can to both sides and everything seems fine until something happens that makes the public print in a big way. Then he wishes that he had never run for office.

Then his plight is two-fold—not only that the Highwood first mentioned in this piece gets no recognition, but that the better side of the other Highwood is also largely overlooked.

As a matter of fact, cooperation between military and civilian police in Highwood has reduced friction between celebrating soldiers and citizenry, to a remarkably low point. Crime is rare. Disorderly conduct, other than that of the minor sort which will be found wherever anyone imbibes, is at a minimum. People do get drunk in Highwood as they do anywhere else where liquor is sold, but a combination of official tact and firmness has made arrests a comparatively rare necessity. No tavern town in the United States can be prouder than Highwood of the low number of complaints from servicemen that they have been overcharged for food or drink or have been otherwise fleeced out of their money. The streetwalker does not exist in Highwood. It is true that the watchful eye of the military is responsible for some of this virtue, but it has been made with the full approval and cooperation of both the citizenry and officials of the town.

Things have happened in Highwood that should not have happened. Probably they will happen again. Nevertheless it is unfair to regard Highwood as a sort of modern version of the Barbary coast of early Frisco fame. It's just a little town with big problems, trying its best, fumblingly sometimes, to solve them.

on Monday and Tuesday, May 22 and 23. Other organizations or individuals wishing to help may bring warm clothing to the entrance of the Highland Park USO on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 24, 25 and 26, where it will be picked up and taken to the Evanston Church St. Station, packed in bales and sent on to Seattle. From there are journey to Siberia will be completed in Russian ships.

## Breakfast Served On Mother's Day At Highland Park USO

About 65 guests were present last Sunday at the Mothers' Day breakfast given at the Highland Park USO.

An appetizing meal was served by members of the GSO and a committee of Service Mothers, under the direction of Mrs. J. O. Schmidley.

Carl Paridiso, from Great Lakes, favored the guests with songs, and the door prize of a telephone call home was won by Tom Laughlin, Army, of Medford, Mass. Mrs. Gus Noorlund was the lucky mother to win a pot of flowers.

# GLENCOE

Theatre 630 Vernon Avenue

THU, FRI, SAT., May 18, 19, 20

John Wayne, Martha Scott  
"OLD OKLAHOMA"

SUN, MON, TUE., May 21, 22, 23

Olivia DeHavilland  
Sonny Tufts  
"GOVERNMENT GIRL"

WED, THU., May 24, 25

Joan Bennett, Fredric March  
"TRADE WINDS"

FRI, & SAT., May 26, 27

Kay Kyser, Marilyn Maxwell  
"SWING FEVER"

## Two Local Junior Riflemen Awarded Expert Rifle Rating

Washington, D. C., May 12, 1944—Up in the forefront of junior riflemen in Illinois are two boys, John Zahne, 16 years old, and Richard M. Bruce, 16 years old, who have just been awarded the Expert Rifleman rating by the Junior Division of the National Rifle Association.

Only a relatively small number of junior riflemen have this year gained the Expert award, although thousands compete monthly in the N.R.A. Medal series. Most of them win awards for the 13 progressively more difficult qualification tests which must

be passed before a shooter even becomes eligible to compete for the Expert rating.

Next and final aim for these boys is the Distinguished Rifleman qualification.

These Expert young boys are members of Highland Park High School Junior Rifle Club and have achieved their rating firing under the supervision of C. J. Winkley, instructor, who is in charge of the range.

## NOW IN CHINA

Word has been received by Mrs. Ruth Koopman from her brother, Cpl. Jack Stratford, stating that he has arrived in China.

# JOHN ORSAN

369 Roger Williams Ave., Ravinia Tel. H. P. 1774

## Fine Shoe Service

Shoe Restyling — Remodeling — Custom Repairing

Orthopedic Work

Misfit Shoes Made to Fit

Cleaning — Refinishing — Dyeing

PROMPT SERVICE

Moderate Prices — High Quality Material

Thank You for Your Patronage

JOHN ORSAN, Prop.

James A. Smith, son of Alex S. Smith, 278 Beech St., is one of the high school seniors who is receiving his basic training at Great Lakes, at the end of which he expects to receive a short furlough.

S-Sgt. Thomas E. Garrity, son of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Garrity, 1615 Deerfield Road, and crew chief of a P-47, stationed somewhere in England, has been awarded the Bronze Star, presented by Col. Einor Malmstrom, in recognition of services in connection with the air offensive against enemy-occupied Europe.

S-Sgt. Garrity, 24, is a graduate of the local high school and of Loyola University. His training was received at Chanute Field, and on June 1 he will have been in the service for two years.

Among the Highland Parkers now known to be stationed in New Guinea are Pvt. Richard Ronzani, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ronzani, 438 No. First St., and Cpl. William J. Moore, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moore, 193 Central Ave. Cpl. Moore of the Army air forces is a weather observer Sgt. Neil Ronzani, uncle of Richard, is also stationed on the island.