

DEEPS and SHALLOWS

Birthday Lines to a Fat Man: The tree, from birth, adds to its girth...

I Hate War! I hate war! I hate uniforms... specially sailors' uniforms...

Of course it's all over now, and my feelings for Rickey are strictly and entirely platonic...

Could I help it if the boss was out of town the day Rickey wanted me to dash out and marry him?

Oh, Rickey, how could you write me that awful letter, blaming the whole thing on me?

I wonder why that messenger is coming up the walk... It looks like — like he has — a telegram.

Twice Told Tales, Told for the Thoid Time

Hansel and Gretel, the First Juvenile Delinquents

Once upon a time, gates, there was a little house, just a little house, and in it lived the old dame with kids, two in number...

So off they go, and but natch' being complete duds, they get lost. Finally, about ten o'clock that night Gretel sees a light...

So they go up in the light and see it's coming from a house, shud-dup, Moigatroyd, lights don't either always come from houses...

This here house is made up of all sorts with good things to eat. Gives cookies, cake, ice-cream, pretzels, candy, and so on.

"Shuddup yessir," says Gretel (she's a tough one). There's a muttering inside the house, and then a old creep comes to the door.

"Come in, little cats," says this old babe. So the kids go in. Well, there's this, and that, and then again, and the kids get fresher and fresher...

THE MANOR HOUSE MYSTERY Chapter I

White petal purity in the paneled room, A spray of beauty that dipped and dipped again...

Cascaded satin, white as the flowers, Swirled around her. The wind touched it, too.

Perfect grace of the flowers. Beauty of the soft falling gown. Mellow dignity of the room, Its paneling smooth from the years.

Only the pose was awkward, Stiff and ungraceful. Only the knife was horrible; And the blood.

THE BARRED SEVEN CHAPTER 12

I had hardly set down the writing materials on my bedside table as insurance against insomnia when I must have fallen into a deep sleep.

It must have been George's suit that made me dream. The one he had worn the night of the murder was hanging, limp and wrinkled, in his wardrobe.

I dreamed that I got up to settle my anxiety or know the worst. I opened the wardrobe door and there it hung, the shoulders sagging over the ends of the hanger...

Somehow I was back in bed again, the wardrobe door closed, but the thuds kept on. They were more insistent; they seemed to come nearer; then they were no longer drops of blood from George's suit...

Calling out was impossible. I gathered my strength for a lunge, an effort without hope or purpose, but instinctive resistance against what might otherwise be death.

The fingers only tightened, but the unknown assailant leaning over me had to change position, and in doing so crashed against my bedside table.

There was a bumping noise on the table, and again the sound of liquid drops. But these were not heavy and slow like the drops of blood in the dream...

There was a quick intake of breath in the figure above me. The fingers loosened their hold. There was a pause while two more drops fell from the table.

I tried to see, but there were still only purple flashes in the dark. I tried to call or scream, but my throat hurt, and my voice was gone.

I tried another scream that was wasted effort. My sight was coming back though; there were the shapes of tie-back curtains against the windows, and the dark bulk of the high-boy.

It all came at once — the loud slam of Roger's door, the release in my throat that brought out a scream that was a sum of all the screams I

Should You Ever Be Lost in the Jungle

After the war is ended with Tojo and Schickelgruber compelled to eat the dust they have been raising, it is possible that you might want to tour the beautiful South Sea Isles...

Should this happen, and if you are foolhardy enough to wander away from your guide and become lost in the jungle, do not despair.

Let us say you have wandered in a circle till you feel your strength deserting you. Remember Pop-eye? Well, there is a jungle spinach which contains enough iron to restore the normal budge to your muscles...

Do you like chop suey? Consider the bamboo grove. Bamboo sprouts and roots are the very backbone of a good chop suey.

Many wild fruits will supply the moisture for which your system cries out. The pawpaw, the dawa, the Malay apple, wild fig and the ton, which latter reminds us of our plum.

Sated with fruit you resume your aimless, circular progress. You may find, blocking your path, a weird-looking monster in miniature resembling a lizard wearing a mottled green negligee.

See that black cone-shaped structure over there? It is about a yard high and as hard as iron. Take your trusty bolo knife — don't tell me you left THAT behind — and hack and hack till you shatter the cone.

By this time you are probably bored and would appreciate a spot of fishing. You don't need a line or a hook. Find a Barringtonia tree and smash some of its fruit.

Now how about dessert? Find a rotten log and dislodge it. Clinging to its underside are multitudes of the most delicious little white grubs, only you would probably take them for worms.

By this time you will probably have been rescued. If not, keep your chin up. Monkey meat is wonderfully tasty, as is also the flesh of the snake.

Over there is a pool of crystal-clear water, framed by delicate ferns and temptingly cool. Don't drink it! Never drink jungle water unless it has been boiled.

If you are still in doubt as to what is poisonous and what isn't, keep your eye on the monkeys. In some respects these goofy little fellows are wiser than you!

STRATEGEM By T/Sgt. Benjamin Goldberg

Cape Gloucester, New Britain (Delayed) — Short, stocky Marine Corporal Pete Iosua, 4 Willey St., Wakefield, Mass., carried our kitten mascot into the tent.

"Just took her away from a guy up the road," he said. "Stealing her?"

"Did you sock 'em, Pete?" "Sock him? Me staring him right in the knees — and I should sock him?"

If we are to have a "government of the people and for the people" it must be a "government by the people"

had attempted before, and the stirring noises all over the house.

I managed to get out of bed. My foot struck cold liquid. I could see clearly, then, the overturned ink bottle, the ink on my bed clothes, my nightgown, and the spreading puddle on the floor.

Gertrude was coming toward me. As we passed her door she reached in and got a robe to throw across my shoulders.

Cecil Mirthbone rushed up the stairs with Hurley and Keller following. The detective opened Roger's door and turned on the ceiling light.

Roger was sitting up in bed, his eyes wide and staring, regarding stupidly the green ink on the backs of his hands.

"Wh-what's the matter?" he stammered. "Is anything wrong?" (To be continued)

Lydia Castelli Weds Army Man

On Saturday, July 29, at the St. James' church in Highwood, Lydia F. Castelli, daughter of Mrs. Mary Castelli, 336 Railway, Highwood was married to Pvt. Benjamin Pasuccio, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Pasuccio, Kenosha, Rev. John Ward officiating.

The bride, gowned in trailing white marquisette, wore a fingertip veil fastened by orange blossoms and carried white roses.

Miss Louise Baracani, Highwood, in yellow marquisette, carrying tea roses, was maid of honor and Pvt. Elmer Lori, Kenosha, acted as best man.

A wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother, with dinner later at the Open House followed by a large reception at the Highland Park woman's club.

Creative Writers Meet With Mrs. O. L. Olesen

The N. S. Creative Writers' group is meeting on Thursday of this week at the home of Mrs. O. L. Olesen, 369 Moraine, for a picnic lunch and a discussion of literary problems.

Miss Luise Haessler, Vassar senior, is spending the month of August with her mother, Mrs. Mildred Haessler, 1737 Rice.

Marries American Girl In Stockholm, Sweden

The marriage of Maj. Robert W. Wood II, son of Gen. and Mrs. Robert E. Wood, to Miss Martha Cook of Charleston, W. Va., was revealed recently.

Organist at Trinity Passes Away in Chicago

Paul M. Mallory, choir master at Trinity Episcopal church, and church and concert tenor soloist in Chicago for many years, passed away in his home at 5200 N. Western Ave., on Wednesday of last week.

Highwood, H. Park Girls Plan Benefit Ball Game

Highwood and Highland Park Prosperity Girls baseball teams will tangle Sunday afternoon at 8:30 at Mordini's Highwood baseball park in a benefit game with the entire proceeds going to the National War fund.

North Shore Prepares for Fall War Fund Drive

North Shore residents are already taking steps to make sure that the fall war fund drive, to begin October 2, will exceed its goal of \$12,980,000.

Combine with Chest Drives

In Wilmette, Evanston, Winnetka, Glencoe, Highland Park, Waukegan and North Chicago, where there are regular Community Chest organizations, the Chest drive is combined with that of the war fund.

Waves to Serve as Gunnery Instructors

Gone are the days when gals trembled at the sight of a gun. At Great Lakes half of the 30 enrolled in the class which began last week for gunnery instructors are WAVES.

DOGOUTS For The Dogs of War

There are "dogouts" as well as foxholes in the island of Guam. These are the places where the dogs of war hole in with their masters at night.

Miss Luise Haessler to Spend Vacation in Town

Major Wood has been assistant military attache in Stockholm since December.

JIM MOONEY OVERSEAS

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GLENCOE Theatre 630 Vernon Avenue Highland Park 605 THU, FRI, SAT, Aug. 10, 11, 12 Robert Taylor, Susan Peters "SONG OF RUSSIA" SUN, MON, TUE, Aug. 13, 14, 15 Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains "PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE" WED, THURS, FRI, SAT, Aug. 16-19 Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray "STANDING ROOM ONLY" Coming: "Pin Up Girl," "See Here Pvt. Hargrove," "Home in Indiana," "Story of Dr. Wassell."

DEAR-- Did You Have A Hard Day in the Basement? When your wife asks you, 'Did you have a hard day at the office?' why not ask HER, 'Did you have a hard day in the basement?' Maybe you'd feel foolish but washing clothes at home IS foolish... especially when Reliable Laundry can do it much cheaper. Since your wife's health and happiness are priceless to you call in Reliable's this week! Reliable Laundry