

DEEPS and SHALLOWS

Anent Parsley

(Ogden Nash, and beauty consultants, please note.)

Sally was tall, black, and wore size 54 uniform. Her voice, soft and drawing, was pitched almost to high C; and when heard from another room, seemed to belong to a child of ten years.

One day the L. O. H. (Lady of the House), upon entering the kitchen, was greeted by a peculiar and unfamiliar odor. "What are you cooking, Sally?" she inquired.

"Oh, Ah'm makin' some tea," came the treble reply.

"Tea? What kind?"

"Parsley tea, ma'am," came the high-pitched voice.

"What do you do with it?" questioned our L. O. H.

"Ah drinks it, ma'am."

"What for?"

"So Ah doesn't feel mah age."

Mildred Simpson.

THE BARRED SEVEN CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Anybody unaddicted to the "no-body-loves-me" blues could never appreciate the utter dark-blueness of my mood as I crowded myself into a reclining position on the loveseat. The cheerful voices around Roger upstairs irritated me; I seemed to be the only one to remember that despite his cherubic pink face he might be a potential murderer, or at best, a dangerous sleepwalker. Worse, I was still stinging under the scorn of Mirthbone, now fraternizing with Hilda in the basement. Nursing my bitterness, I fell asleep.

Sounds of activity awoke me in the morning. My knees had not been unbent all night, and were painfully stiff; I had a dull headache.

Even after I had washed and had coffee, everything annoyed me. The telephone was in use constantly; Roger calling his office to say he'd be down, and then calling again to say he guessed he wouldn't; Mirthbone getting reports from other detectives, and his crisp "Yes... yes" while he scribbled in his notebook; Hilda doggedly doing just what she felt like doing. Only then I realized how much that trait annoyed me, and by what effort I had suppressed my feelings because I needed her. With her eternal dusting, there was no peace in the library. The drum table, the desk and the radio gleamed with odorous furniture polish, and still she doted, her grim glances telling me that she wanted me to move, which I stubbornly did not do.

Gertrude divided her time between the two men. Though Roger, between long technical calls to his plant, was available more of the time, it was evident that she preferred Mirthbone. They discussed travel. They had a bond: each had the inane hobby of collecting baggage stickers. She even went home and got her collection, and they bent their heads over the labels on the living room table. Mirthbone was especially interested in a rare one, from the Waldhaus Villingen.

"Everything on the menu ended 'u, h, k,' meaning 'und Bratkerotfein,'" Gertrude recounted, laughing. "I bet the potatoes grew fried... I was the only American that ever stayed there, I guess. The dumpy Germans thought everything was elegant."

Still intent over the Villingen label, Mirthbone reluctantly answered the phone. After the conversation, he beckoned Roger to the hall.

"I shouldn't tell you this after the way you held out on me," I heard Mirthbone say, "but we've done a little wire tapping at your office, and caught Miss Eilers reporting to a man we've spotted as a German agent."

"Not Miss Eilers?" Roger gasped. "Oh, I know she's probably a blond and looks innocent, but she's a smooth one. Said you kept your blueprints in a safe or actually in hand; but that shed noticed that you used the back of a rough drawing while you were writing an article, and that she found that the article was brought out here; so she phoned this address to 'Oscar,' telling him about the likelihood of an empty house on Thursday night. Then she told the agent Oscar'd get killed. Well, I guess they didn't get your drawing, after all."

Roger didn't answer. He came back to the library, and sank into a chair, mumbling about Miss Eilers. I was still too depressed to try to figure it out.

After Hilda, haggard with fatigue, had served a full dinner, I remembered that it was the night of Toscanini's broadcast. Let them ignore me, let them dust, jabber, stab and strangle all around me; I was going to listen to that concert. I slipped into the kitchen while Hilda was folding the cloth, and hid the heater blades of the electric mixer under the dish towels. I was determined not to have that music sabotaged.

The others, it developed, would enjoy Toscanini too. Roger, his eye on the downy davenport in the living room, suggested using the big radio - phonograph combination there. Mirthbone leaned idly over it, drawing figure 8's in the dust. "That machine is fine for phono-

Fijis Are Nice People Says Pfc. John Lemmon

"I am going to have a big celebration on my 22nd birthday," writes Pfc. John Lemmon, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Lemmon, 418 Glencoe. He does not state the nature of the festivities, but with two years' overseas service to his credit, he is surely deserving of a good time.

Pfc. John, who possesses the Purple Heart awarded for a wound inflicted by a Jap sniper, is an Army bugler. Of all places in the Pacific where he has been stationed—Fijis, New Hebrides, New Caledonia and others, John likes the Fiji islanders best. They are, he says, gentle and friendly. Musical, too, with a nice sense of rhythm and harmony. He used to enjoy fishing with the native boys.

It was while stationed here that he owned a pet horse which followed him everywhere. It could do tricks, too. But on inspection days John had to tie his pet up, for a bugler followed by a doting equine would surely upset the gravity of the proceedings.

When he left the Fijis he took sorrowful leave of his pet, but now he has a dog which, for obvious reasons, he has named Shadow.

The fancy soap sent to him by his folks was a curiosity to the natives. One girl thought it was edible. Whether or not she changed her mind is not recorded.

Pfc. John is now stationed in New Caledonia.

A younger brother, just 18, Pvt. James Lemmon, has finished his basic training at Camp Robinson, Ark., and after his present furlough will be stationed at Camp Pickett, Va.

The youngest and last of the three sons, Philip, still at home, is an amateur printer, having established a private printshop in his home.

Announce Engagement Of Grace E. Goosman

The engagement of Grace Edith Goosman to Sgt. Philip S. Scully, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Scully, 944 Chestnut, Deerfield, has been announced by her mother, Mrs. Charles E. Goosman, 528 Central, Highwood.

Miss Goosman is employed by the local Illinois Bell Telephone Co., and Sgt. Scully, now stationed in the Pacific area, is a radio gunner in the AAF.

No date has been set for the wedding.

Announce Engagement Of Miss Mary Passini

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Passini, 39 Elm, Highwood, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Mary, to Pfc. August Cervetti, AAF, now stationed at Lincoln, Nebr. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cervetti, Madrid, Ia.

Shirley May Wilson Weds Edward Passini

The marriage of their daughter, Shirley Mae, to Edward Passini, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Passini, 39 Elm, Highwood, on Monday, Aug. 21, has been announced by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wilson, 590 Home-wood. The couple will make their home in Zion.

"graph records," I told Roger, "but the radio in the library really has finer reception."

We crossed the hall, Roger managing, without obviously crowding, to get the wing chair.

The concert started with the dainty "March Miniature" by Tchaikowsky, and then went on with the Beethoven Fifth, which, because its rhythmic pattern at the beginning spells V in telegraphic code, has become our symbol of victory.

Under Toscanini, the over-familiar symphony glistened, and became new and meaningful. We sat through the first movement, forgetting murder and suspicion. The second movement was marred by a buzz whenever the cellos took a low note. But the scherzo was impossible. In the part where the basses and cellos play alone, the melody was drowned by a vibration as of something loose, in, or behind, the loud speaker. It was an impudent noise, like a Bronx cheer, taunting our victory symphony.

We all looked at Roger. "You're an engineer," I said. "Can't you fix it?"

"I don't know anything about radio," he said, without stirring.

Mirthbone strode up and shoved the radio from the wall. The bass theme had begun its repetition, and this time the buzz sounded fainter, and on a different note.

"It's not in the machine then," Roger said, betraying a little knowledge of radio after all. "Is there anything behind it?"

The rest of us got up to see. In the wall behind the radio was the cold air duct to the furnace. Something shiny, like the end of a curved handle, had caught in the grill.

"I'll need a screw driver," the detective said. I got up to get it, but he went himself; and we heard him call Hilda: "Now's your chance to dust in the library—behind the radio."

We heard Hilda give a gasp that rose almost to a shriek. There was a little scuffling noise, but she came with him, her wrist in Mirthbone's strong fingers. I.B.

(To be continued)

Ann Speed Home From College for Vacation

Miss Ann Speed arrived home last Saturday from the University of Michigan for an eight week's vacation with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg Speed, 530 S. Sheridan.

The two older sisters of the Speed family are members of the WAVES. Petty Officer Patricia, yeoman 3/c, has been in the service for one year. She is now holding an executive office at Hunter college, N. Y. Helen Margary, who was graduated from University of Michigan in February, entered officer training school at Northampton in May, graduating an ensign in July. She is now stationed at the naval powder factory, Indianhead, Md., where she is engaged in mathematical work.

Lt. R. B. Gourley Will Wed Connecticut Girl

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lyle Gourley, 271 Cedar, will soon leave for the east to attend the wedding on Sept. 2 of their son, Lt. Robinson Burroughs Gourley, to Miss Cornelia Trowbridge, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mason Trowbridge, recently announced the approaching event.

The date will be of double importance, featuring also Lt. Gourley's graduation from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in electronics.

After a short leave the lieutenant will report to Boca Raton, Fla., for further orders.

Opportunity to Assist in Big Medical Achievement

North Shore residents will aid in one of the greatest medical achievements in history when they make their contributions to the Red Cross bank during the two-day stay of the mobile unit in Highland Park on Sept. 15 and 16.

Despite the victories achieved by the Allies on the fighting fronts, the war is not yet over and blood plasma will continue to take a paramount place in saving lives before the peace is won.

With this in mind, home front workers are asked not to relax in their effort to keep these life-saving blood donations flowing through the Red Cross to every battle front and to ships at sea.

Appointments can be made by telephoning the Red Cross center in the Public Service store building, H. P. 1018, between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. Mrs. Charles Mason, chairman of the blood donor service here, may be telephoned evenings at Highland Park 2398.

Those who plan to donate are asked to make their appointments at the earliest possible date. Any normal person between the ages of 21 and 60 can contribute. Those whose health would be harmed will be rejected during the brief examination given by the registered nurses on duty, or by the army medical corps officer who is in charge of the unit.

As in the past, the mobile unit will be housed in Highland Park Woman's club, Sheridan road and Elm Place.

Lake Bluff Plans An Early Christmas Party

A benefit Christmas party is slated for Sept. 2 at the Lake Bluff public school, the proceeds to be used in purchasing Christmas gifts for Lake Bluff service men and women.

The school doors will open at 7:30 p.m. and local families and their guests are invited. Many of the prizes to be awarded for games played were made by disabled veterans at the Downey hospital.

Announce Engagement Of Doris Jo Nizzi

Mr. and Mrs. John Nizzi, 679 Deerfield Ave., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Doris Jo, to Pfc. Sylvester L. Reitmeyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Reitmeyer of Whitelaw, Wis.

W.O.T.M. to Meet at Witten Hall Sept. 6

The regular monthly meeting of the Women of the Moose will be held on Wednesday, Sept. 6, at Witten hall, at 8 p.m. Virginia Garino, senior regent, will preside.

Reports for the month of August will be due from the following chairmen: War Relief, Marguerite Sequin... Social Service, Ann Jacks; Membership, Mary Allen; Home-making, Theresa Rainey; Publicity, Ruth Koopman and Alumni, Mary Benevanti.

After an hour of closed meeting, Pvt. Howard Strouth will talk about his experiences of the war. Pvt. Strouth is a graduate of Cambridge (England) and master of seven languages. He joined the French army in 1939, taking part in the battle of Dunkirk and others. He came to this country in 1942 and enlisted in the American army. He is now connected with the Intelligence department at Fort Sheridan.

Members of chapter 806 are asked to attend this meeting and bring their friends. Refreshments will be served by hostess Mary Williams.

Rites for W. D. Mann Well-Known Architect

Funeral services for William David Mann, who passed away at his home, 218 N. Sheridan, last week after a year's illness, were held on Monday at the Kelley chapel, 27 N. Sheridan.

Mr. Mann, an architect for 40 years, designed hundreds of homes, many of the finest residences on the North Shore being his work. Ten years ago he moved his offices from Chicago to this town. He made his home here for the last 32 years.

He is survived by two sons and four daughters. Thomas, president of the Great Lakes Transportation Co., of Detroit, lives in that city. F. O. David of the AAF is stationed at Biggs Field, Tex. Mrs. Donald Cameron lives in New York, Mrs. Myron Graham in Decatur, Ill., Mrs. Lee Jackson in Galesburg, Ill., and Miss Isabel, Y2/c, of the SPARS, is stationed at Norfolk, Va.

Also surviving are a brother, Chas. A. Mann, local electrical engineer, and two sisters, Mrs. Chas. Scott, Haines City, Fla., and Mrs. Elizabeth Williams of this town.

Ministers Prepare For Day of Peace

Ministers of Highland Park churches held a meeting this month to formulate plans for the observance of the day when peace is declared.

We quote from a published announcement:

"On the day when the fighting ceases on either front it is only fitting that many people will want to gather in the churches to give thanks and to invoke a continuance of the divine blessings on us in all ways of our lives. On that day there will be service in each of the churches of the city... inviting all people to meet in prayer."

"It will be a day of real tasting. We will all need great patience to wait the day later—it may be many months later—when the men and women of the services will return home."

Rites at Birthplace For Edwin C. Jones

Services for Edwin C. Jones of 1630 Judson, who passed away at the Passavant hospital in Chicago last week, were held Sunday at his birthplace in Portage, Wis.

Born 55 years ago, Mr. Jones resided for 21 years in Highland Park. He was senior field representative in the recreation division of the Community war service, and had been executive secretary of the local Community chest since 1935.

Surviving are his widow, his mother, Mrs. Philena C. Jones, of Portage, and two sisters.

Death Takes Infant Son of R. A. Goslings

Bruce A. Gosling, the infant son of Lt. (j.g.) and Mrs. Robt. A. Gosling, passed away Wednesday, Aug. 23. Burial was held Thursday, Aug. 24, at Rose Hill cemetery.

Mrs. Gosling is the former Ann Mills of N. St. Johns Ave. Her husband is stationed overseas.

Mrs. Gosling, accompanied by her mother, left this week for Ely, Minn.

H. P. Students Receive Degrees at Northwestern

Among the 350 students to receive degrees and diplomas at the close of the summer session of Northwestern university, are Alexander Danakas, 593 W. Park, master of arts; and Margaret K. Jones, 324 Roger Williams, bachelor of science in business administration.

Local Women Complete Nurses Aide Training

Mrs. Hal C. Kimbrough, chairman of volunteer special services, American Red Cross, Chicago chapter, announces the graduation on Friday evening, Aug. 1, of Patricia Fitzgerald, 12 Ravine Terrace and Janet Smalley, 485 Fairview Rd., as nurses' aides of the American Red Cross.

Decorative Place Mats for your table

Colorful, Lady Sylvia place mats for festive table settings. They're practical, too... just run a damp cloth over them, and they're bright and fresh again. Saves on laundry. Special corktex back, charming colorful designs. Wonderful for presents, prizes.

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PUBLIC LIBRARY Current Books

We Jumped to Fight, by Colonel Edson D. Raff.

Celone Raff was the commander of a paratroop unit in Tunisia. He tells of a paratrooper's training from selection and first jumps at Fort Benning through intensive final preparation in England and the operations, following jumps over southern Oran and Tebessa, in and around Gafsa, El Guettar and strategic Kasserine Pass.

We Live in Alaska, by Constance Helmericks.

The venturesome spirit, sharp observation and frontier resourcefulness of this young couple during their primitive existence on the Yukon provide lively, entertaining reading, and at the same time present a vivid picture of the country, its people and their way of life.

The Christ of the American Road, by E. Stanley Jones.

More significant to Americans than anything E. Stanley Jones has yet written is the moving interpretation of the land he loves and the Christ he would have her love. A challenge to cast off our un-American and un-Christian hesitations and walk boldly the American road with Christ.

Lake Superior, by G. L. Nute.

Lake Michigan, by M. M. Quaff. These two volumes are the second and third in the American Lakes series. Nowhere else is there any parallel to our Great Lakes. They are rich in historical associations, in heroic characters and thrilling and noble actions, in majestic natural scenery.

Island in the Sky, by E. K. Garin.

Ernest Gann, himself a flyer, has based his narrative on a true incident. He tells of a pilot and his crew forced to land in the unknown lake country of northern Canada, and of how their comrades found their camp. This novel is an expression, in terms of the air age, of the romance formerly associated with ships and the sea.

\$3,000 Is Highwood's Goal for War Chest

Early September will see the beginning of the Highwood Community and War Chest drive, under the leadership of Mrs. Lyman Dean and A. L. Ladurini, chairman. The goal is \$3,000, \$1,200 of which will be divided among Highwood organizations; \$600 going to Social Service, \$400 to the Boy Scouts and \$200 to the Girl Scouts. Captains in charge of the drive solicitors are John Pasquesi, Arthur Amidei, Americo Ladurini, Robert Salielli, Mrs. Aldina Minorini, Mrs. Eva Phillips, Mrs. George Kenry, Roy Russell, Mrs. Margaret Dean, Mrs. Mae Smith and Mrs. Sam Somenzi. Each captain will choose 10 house-to-house solicitors.

The executive board consists of Egidio Moeogni, treasurer; Jean Robasse, secretary; Robert Salielli, John Pasquesi, Mrs. Eva Phillips, Mrs. Sam Somenzi and Roy Russell.

W.O.T.M. OFFICERS TO MEET SEPTEMBER 1

There will be an officers' meeting on Friday, Sept. 1, at 8 p.m., for all officers of Women of the Moose, chapter 806, at the home of Mrs. Margaret Bench, 582 Glenview.

Mrs. Louise Onesti, recorder of the lodge, will preside. A social hour will follow the meeting.

Births at the H. P. Hospital

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Rankin, 624 Prospect, Lake Bluff, a girl, Aug. 23.

Cpl. and Mrs. J. R. Harper, 53 N. Second, Highland Park, a boy, Aug. 24.

E/Sgt. and Mrs. James Fetty, 320 Oak Terrace, Highwood, a boy, Aug. 24.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Hara, Kilpatrick St., Skokie, Ill., a girl, Aug. 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bakken, Pfingsten Rd., Northbrook, a girl, Aug. 27.

Pvt. and Mrs. Tom Ono, 160 Prospect, Highland Park, a girl, Aug. 28.

The Bonnie Bluejackets and Club Around the Corner

For many weeks the Friday evening calm of Central Ave. has been shattered by masculine mutterings and the tramp of GI shoes. The sidewalk is blue—or white, according to the season—with blue-jackets on their way to the club around the corner. Dozens of 'em—scores of 'em. Aha. Dance night at the USO. A light-hearted, discreetly noisy bunch, they are, kidding and chanting bits of "Anchors A-weigh."

There is something about a sailor... it is that certain lack of dignity which characterizes other branches of the service? Perhaps dignity is thrown to the winds in scrambling up riggings and along cat-walks. Possibly it goes w/ Possibly it goes out with the acquisition of sea-legs.

Anyhow, there is a definite appeal in the bonny bluejacket, with his swagger, the saucy tilt of his white cap. Irving Berlin caught it and gave it to the world in his wistful little song: "I Threw a Kiss in the Ocean." There is so much feeling, so much pull in this simple little number that it is a wonder it is not more widely known.

THE WILLIAM HENNIGS VACATION IN WISCONSIN

Fire Chief and Mrs. Wm. Hennig, with their son, Frank, are spending their vacation fishing at Minocqua, Wis.

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT RADIO BROADCASTS DIRECT FROM GOVERNOR'S EXECUTIVE MANSION

Open Round Table Discussions of Public Plans and Problems Between Representative Groups of People and Governor Dwight H. Green.

Station WGN (Chicago) 7:30-8:00 O'Clock & over 15 Downstate Stations

Advertisement for Garnett & Co. featuring decorative place mats. Text includes '4 for 1.95 50¢ each', 'Colorful, Lady Sylvia place mats for festive table settings...', and 'GARNETT & CO. HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS'. Includes an image of a place mat.