

DEEPS
and
SHALLOWS

Kitchen Police

Last Sunday, I was straightening and dusting the living room while my spouse was in the kitchen dawdling over French toast and a copy of "See Here, Private Hargrove." Periodically the air was rent with loud guffaws from the kitchen, presumably elicited by one or another of the tragi-comic predicaments which were forever engulfing the poor Private.

Suddenly a Mazda lamp somewhere in my medulla oblongata seemed to ignite. Bill is going into the Army within a month or so, and if I know anything about my Bill, he'll be as thoroughly acquainted with the company-kitchen as he is with his own den at home before he's been in uniform a month. You know how Bill is about rules and regulations. A regulation to him is just a challenge to figure out a method of getting around it.

Well, I thought, why not give him a little prior experience in K. P. duty, and earn the undying gratitude of his future mess sergeant?

So I trod softly into the kitchen and stood behind him until he threw back his head for another guffaw. I let him finish his laugh, and then I stepped into view and purred, "Dear, would you like to vacuum the living room for me?"

He stared at me, a frown of utter astonishment creasing his brow and his lower jaw dropping fully an inch. There were generations of outraged male prerogatives in that look!

"Wh-what did you say?" he managed to stutter.

"I said, would you like to vacuum the living room for me?"

"You want me to vacuum the living room? I thought we had a girl to do those things." The way he said it, you'd have thought he was a colonel and I was asking him to polish a private's shoes.

"We haven't a girl any more, dear," I replied drily. "Her father made a fortunate connection with the brewing interests, which makes it unnecessary for his daughter to work her fingers to the bone in other people's houses."

"Oh, can't you handle it yourself? I'm busy reading."

I tried to think what Dale Carnegie would do to influence a recalcitrant husband. Hmm, motivation—that might do it.

So I said craftily, "As you may or may not remember, dear, we are invited to your mother's for dinner. And on Sundays those two vultures whom you call your brothers always have 'important' engagements, so if we don't get there on time, they'll eat without us. And you know what that means—no succulent, golden brown, fried chicken for us!"

The struggle between his love of fried chicken and his loyalty to Private Hargrove was visible on this countenance. Fried chicken appeared to win by a nose, for at length he said, reluctantly, "Well, all right, I'll do it. Just let me finish this chapter."

"O. K." Well, that wasn't too difficult, I said to myself, as I picked up my dust cloth and dust mop and tripped off to the bedroom. I changed sheets, pounded pillows, and spread the chenille bedspread, and all the while my ears were straining for the "music" of the vacuum cleaner. But, alas, the only music to be heard in the apartment was coming from the phonograph, where Grace Moore was doing the finale of the second act of "Butterfly" for the third time. It was the last record in the stack, and no one had gotten around to turning them over or taking them out and putting on new ones.

An investigation was in order. I tiptoed into the kitchen. Just as I feared—Bill was still blissfully living through K. P. assignments, furloughs, and sergeant-baiting episodes with "Private Hargrove."

"Is that still the same chapter, dear?" The bees could have used my voice as raw material for their product.

"Oh!" His head jerked up and he fixed those brown eyes upon me, but it was obvious that his mind was still at Fort Bragg, in sunny North Carolina.

"I promised to do something for you, didn't I," he said vaguely, after a second or two.

"Yes, you did. You promised to vacuum the rugs. That was half an hour ago?"

"I'm sorry. I'll get at it right away. But why do I have to mess around with putting the vacuum cleaner together? Why can't I use the carpet sweeper?"

"Because, my dear," I explained patiently, "the carpet sweeper is the instrument that is used every day for just a surface cleaning. Once a week the rugs need a more thorough treatment than the carpet sweeper is equipped to give them."

"Oh, you women!" he exploded. "Fanatics, all of you! I used to think you were different, but quite obviously that was only because the cleaning was done behind my back."

As he stalked off toward the living room to replace the "Private" in the bookcase, I called after him, "while you're there, dear, will you turn over the records? This is Grace Moore's fourth rendition of that aria."

"Now how do you like that? Am I the only one in this house capable of operating the phonograph?"

I maintained a prudent silence. It seemed to be the wrong moment to confront him with the indisputable fact that most of the time it is I who load the mahogany citadel of sound and turn over the gleaming black platters. One must be ever so careful with the male ego!

So I swallowed my pride and returned to the bedroom for mopping up operations. Pretty soon my ears detected the voice of Nino Martini expressing the duke's contempt for women in "La donna e mobile," and shortly thereafter Martini was all but drowned out by the foggy bass of the vacuum cleaner.

This happy duet went on for perhaps three minutes. Then the Martini record was finished and Tibbett began to suffer in "Erlkoenig," and the low bass of the vacuum cleaner

came to an abrupt halt. "Barbara!" "Yes, Bill." "There's something wrong with the vacuum cleaner." "What is it?" "The brush is loose." "Oh, that! No, Bill, there's nothing wrong with the brush. You may call it 'looseness,' but the literature and the nice salesman called it the 'floating brush!'" "Oh." Poor Bill, his tone was distinctly crestfallen. Evidently he thought he had quite a scoop, and here it had fallen flatter than Mussolini's dreams of empire.

When he had finished coaxing dirt from the rugs, he ralled me into the living room to inspect the project.

"Is the job satisfactory and agreeable to your royal highness?" he demanded truculently.

I noticed he had forgotten to move his big, green upholstered chair and the table beside it, but I smiled brilliantly. "You did a magnificent job, darling. I couldn't possibly have done it better myself." My voice simply oozed with "you great, big he-man" stuff.

"Yeah, and I did it in half the time it would have taken you to do it. I takes a man to operate work, no matter what kind of work it is."

"You're probably right, dear. Come to think of it, all the professional efficiency experts I've ever heard of were men."

"Darned right they were!" Since he was feeling so cocky about his achievement in the field of housekeeping, I suggested that while I gave the bathroom a beauty treatment he do the dishes. He assented without a squawk.

When the bathroom was neat and slick and shiny, I went to the kitchen to see how Bill was coming along. He was just drying the last of the silverware. The dishpan had been put away, and I was pleasantly surprised to find that the sink was clean.

I remembered the can from the peaches we had for breakfast.

"Bill, what did you do with the peach can? Did you fix it up as the Government asks us to and drop it in my salvage bag?"

"I threw it in the garbage can," he replied nonchalantly, just as though he hadn't listened to dozens of radio exhortations to save cans.

"Fine patriot you are," I said. "And when you get in the Army, where do you expect the Government to get the steel for the gun you're going to shoot with and the jeep you're going to ride in?"

"O.K., my little propagandist. Don't fret. You're peach can shall be retrieved and added to Uncle Sam's stockpile." He stepped on the pedal that lifts the cover of the green and white refuse pail and rescued the precious tin and steel from among wads of crumpled wax paper and crumbs and a few apple cores.

"Now just explain, slowly, and in simple language, what has to be done with it," he said.

"It's very simple, you rinse the can, and peel off the label and fold the top in. Then you get a can opener, open the bottom, and fold that in. When that's done, you just flatten the can and you're through."

It seemed simple—but apparently not to Bill. He got the can rinsed and the label peeled off, all right, but then he folded in the top and squeezed the top edges of the can together, which left the bottom bulging.

"Not that way, Bill," I protested. "You're supposed to open the bottom and fold that in, too, and then flatten the whole affair—to conserving shipping space, you know."

"Listen, if the Government wants my cans, they'll take them the way I choose to turn them in. This can goes as is!" And he opened the door to the back porch and flung the can into the salvage bag with a loud and determined crash.

Just then I glanced at the stove and noticed that the coffee grounds were still in the Silex and the frying pan was in exactly the same condition as I left it when the last piece of French toast was finished.

"Bill, you didn't finish your dish-washing," I said accusingly. "Look at this stuff."

"I've had just about enough of this," he growled, and with that he dried his hands on the dish towel, threw the inoffensive piece of linen on the sink, and strode toward the living room. But he didn't get very far. There was the sound of somebody tripping over a heavy object, following by the splintering of glass and a barrage of cuss language that would have done credit to Sergeant Quirt. I dashed to the scene, trying frantically to recall what I had learned in First Aid about treating cuts and fractures.

The look he gave me practically burned me at the stake. You and your—housecleaning! Now look what happened! I tripped over this—vacuum cleaner and nearly killed myself and broke my glasses, besides!"

He had left the vacuum cleaner in the corridor between the kitchen and the living room, instead of putting it away, and that corridor is a little dark. So there he was, sprawled across the black cylinder of the vacuum cleaner. The little brushes and nozzles of the attachments were scattered all around him, and among them gleamed particles of glass, like oddly shaped jewels.

It turned out he wasn't mortally wounded, but he did feel his bruises for quite a spell afterward.

Well, that ended my experiment in training Bill for the Armed Forces, and an expensive lesson it was, too. They'll just have to train him themselves. But I feel sorry for his future mess sergeant—in fact, I feel sorry for all his future sergeants.

CLARA GRABOWSKI, I.B.

THE RICHARD RIXOU PARENTS OF DAUGHTER

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Rixou of St. Louis are the parents of a baby girl born on Thursday, October 26, who has been named Diana Celeste.

Mrs. Rixou is the former Honor Beere, daughter of William Beere, 606 Vine. For over two years Mr. Rixou has been associated with the Robertson Aircraft Gliders corporation, of which he is now a manager.

These Critical Times Demand Competent and Trustworthy Leadership

REPUBLICANS

and

ANTI-NEW DEAL

DEMOCRATS

will vote for

CONGRESSMAN



RALPH E. CHURCH

(Republican Candidate, Tenth District)

On his established 24-year record of constructive public service in State Legislature and U. S. Congress

AND BECAUSE

1. He Pioneered in Preparedness

Served 6 years as member Naval Affairs Committee; Pioneered in urging air supremacy and airplane production inland; Reopened Great Lakes Naval Training Station in 1935; Had Navy acquire Glenview Field; Knows needs of those in Service; Two sons in Navy; VOTED FOR ALL WAR MEASURES AND SOLDIERS' LEGAL BALLOT ACT.

2. He Is Experienced in International Affairs

Congressional Delegate from United States to Inter-Parliamentary Conference at Oslo, Norway, August 1939. Voted for Reciprocal Trade Agreements, Lend-Lease, UNRRA, Fulbright Resolution for international co-operation for peace.

3. He has in Congress built post-war plans for economic security and against inflation; voted for price control, social security, and all anti-inflationary measures; as Member of Merchant Marine Committee, is working on World Trade, Ship Conversion and other post-war plans.

4. HE IS FOR JOBS INSTEAD OF POST-WAR W. P. A. DOLE.

5. HE NEVER MISSED A SESSION, ROLL CALL OR VOTE ENTIRE EIGHT-YEAR SERVICE IN CONGRESS.

"CHURCH ON THE JOB"

He is always on the job. . . . We are fortunate to have a man of his calibre in Washington—experienced, diligent, and courageous. . . . In committee and on the floor, several years before Pearl Harbor, Congressman Church argued for planes and carriers. . . . Events have proved how right he was and how unfortunate it is his air supremacy views were not then fully adopted. . . . Church is a legislator of the highest type in whom the people can have confidence."

Editorial—Waukegan News-Sun, Sept. 26, 1944

6. HIS OPPONENT, HIMSELF AN OFFICER OF A RADICAL ORGANIZATION: (USDA); IS THE BROWDER-HILLMAN CANDIDATE, PICKED AND FINANCED BY THE COMMUNIST-DOMINATED CIO-PAC WHICH AIMS "TO SUBVERT CONGRESS TO ITS TOTALITARIAN PROGRAM," REPORT NO. 1311, 78th CONGRESS. (ALSO SPECIAL REPORT 2277, 77th CONGRESS.)

IN A LEAFLET—THE WORLD'S WEEK OF 9-5-38, "INTENDED TO ASSIST TEACHERS"—HIS OPPONENT WROTE AN ARTICLE DEFENDING HARRY BRIDGES, THE WELL KNOWN COMMUNIST.

If You Are in Favor of Ending the War and being Represented At the Peace Table By Men Who Will Preserve America

REPUBLICAN

- For President, United States **THOMAS E. DEWEY**
- For Vice-Pres., United States **JOHN W. BRICKER**
- For United States Senator **RICHARD J. LYONS**
- For Governor **DWIGHT H. GREEN**
- For Lieutenant Governor **HUGH W. CROSS**
- For Secretary of State **ARNOLD P. BENSON**
- For Auditor of Public Accounts **ARTHUR C. LUEDER**
- For State Treasurer **CONRAD F. BECKER**
- For Attorney General **GEORGE F. BARRETT**
- For Clerk of the Supreme Court **EARLE BENJ. SEARCY**
- For Trustees University of Illinois (Three to be elected) **CHAS. L. EINGSTROM**
- CHAS. S. PILLSBURY**
- CHARLES WHAM**
- For Representative in Congress, State of Iowa **STEPHEN A. DAY**
- For Clerk of the Appellate Court **JUSTUS L. JOHNSON**
- For Representative in Congress **RALPH E. CHURCH**
- For State Senator **RAY PADDOCK**
- For Representative (Vote for One, Two or Three) **NICK KELLER**
- HAROLD D. KELSEY**
- For Clerk of the Circuit Court **L. J. WILMOT**
- For Recorder of Deeds **HOWARD L. SCOTT**
- For State's Attorney **HARRY A. HALL**
- For Coroner **GARFIELD R. LEAF**
- For County Auditor **ROBERT J. PEARSELL**

Vote for DEWEY

Go to the polls on Nov. 7 and vote the Republican ticket straight. Put a man in the White House who will keep his promises.

Thomas E. Dewey as a public prosecutor and as governor of New York has kept every promise he ever made to the people. He is a true American, willing to assist in rebuilding a war-wrecked world, while demanding that the American way of life be preserved—that America shall remain free from foreign domination.

Remember Roosevelts' Broken Promises

The Fourth Term—New Deal-Democratic candidate is now making extravagant new promises. He is telling us again, and again and again what great things he will do for us—if we elect him once more. In 1932 he promised he would reduce the cost of government 25 per cent. He raised it many, many times. He did not keep his promise.

In 1936 he promised to end the depression and find jobs for the millions of unemployed. After election, he and his alphabetical bureaucrats harassed business and put more men out of work. He did not keep his promise.

In 1940 he promised the mothers and fathers of the nation "again, and again, and again" that their sons would not be sent to fight in foreign wars. He did not keep his promise.

VOTE FOR MEN WHO WILL KEEP THEIR PROMISES
VOTE THE STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN TICKET NOV. 7

Lake County Republican Committee
JOHN J. SPELLMAN, Chairman