

Deep and Shallows

The Roses Must Be Yellow!

The dressing table mirror reflected an attractive young girl in a bridal gown. Her smiling face was tilted up to meet her sister's concerned gaze.

"Your hair is perfect now. Let me place your veil will you, honey?" Grace took the veil from one of the bridesmaids, and almost reverently adjusted it on the head of her young sister. She was so proud to be doing all the little things their adored mother would have done had she lived. Their mother — who had left her girls a mountain of memories — had instilled in them a deep love for little personal preferences that had become "tradition" with them.

Alison was most like their mother, thought Grace, — the same serious eyes, sweetly curved lips, and intense desire to carry on in all the well-remembered ways. She had insisted on a bridal bouquet of yellow roses, the deep creamy yellow their mother had loved so passionately. Even during the years when things were going badly in a financial way, Papa had always managed to bring Mama's roses on their anniversary. Grace knew that neither she nor Alison could ever forget one such celebration.

The wind howled outside the furnished rooms where the little girls were temporarily situated. It was suppertime. The girls had set the table, and now waited in the wide windowsill, spreading out their paper dolls between them. Mama bustled around, creating a semblance of cheerfulness with her knack of "partying up a place." She had bought a little ground beef and veal — and, surely for the first time in history — was cooking "mock chicken legs" in an effort to appease Papa's fondness for chicken. Then, to satisfy her own craving, she had fashioned of crepe paper a most realistic bouquet of yellow roses for a centerpiece.

When Papa came in, Mama was busy at the stove. The girls looked up, big-eyed and wondering, as he slowly advanced to the table. Something in his expression kept them silent. He stood at Mama's place, looking sadly at the paper flowers, then carefully reached under his coat and drew out a small tissue-wrapped package. He laid it beside her plate, blew his nose violently and went into the kitchen. The girls could hear their parents' subdued voices, but the sound did not excite their curiosity nearly as much as the mysterious small package — which could not be a bouquet. They tiptoed over to the table, and saw through the thin wrapping a solitary yellow rose. Even though Papa had carried it under his coat, the snow had left a few wet spots on the paper.

Alison looked up at Grace, and their eyes misted with remembrance. This wedding had been planned so carefully, so lovingly, that every detail must be perfect.

Papa was already at the church, waiting to take the bride down the aisle. He, above all others, would understand the one touch necessary to make the wedding complete for Alison.

"Oh, Gracie, I feel so—sort of solemn—" Alison quavered. "I just know my knees will buckle."

"Now, dear, you just hang on tight to Papa's arm, and everything will be all right."

The doorbell rang, and Grace, anxious to attend every detail in person, hurried from the room. The bridesmaids clustered around Alison, admiring and teasing.

Grace's returning footsteps were like a special signal. The chattering ceased and Alison turned expectantly. Grace held out a tissue-wrapped bouquet, saying gently, "Here it is, honey. Now we'll all have to hurry."

Alison cautiously lifted an edge of the tissue, but recoiled instantly. Grace and the girls leaned over. Tea roses! Alison's shocked eyes were riveted on their unwanted pinkness with only a faint tip of pale yellow.

Grace handed the offending bouquet to one of the bridesmaids and put her arm around Alison's taut shoulders. She said softly, "Don't cry, honey. It's just a mistake. Don't spoil your makeup. I'm going to dash uptown to the florist's. Girls — please take care of things."

Usually a "poker" driver, Grace drove uptown in a burst of speed. She knew Alison would never walk up the aisle with tea roses. If necessary, she might be persuaded to carry something else, but oh! if only the florist had the right roses — their beloved yellow!

to lift the telephone receiver. When he saw her he spluttered: "Just noticed the mistake in deliveries! Can't tell you how sorry I am — what can I do? Your sister's bouquet is on the way to the Franklin Farm wedding where these tea roses belong. Can't get 'em back in time. What's to be done?"

Grace felt like crying, but the need to fix things right was stronger. "Can't you make up another bouquet right away?"

Mr. Thomsen sighed. "But that's just the trouble — those yellow roses were ordered special. Not common this time of year, you know. Hard to get. Used 'em all, too, that is, all but one. Here, see? We couldn't do a thing with this."

"Oh, couldn't we?" Grace demanded. She lifted the creamy deep yellow rose and kissed its fragrant petals. Then, under Mr. Thomsen's astonished eyes, she withdrew a spray of fern from the tea rose bouquet, pulled off the satin streamers, and with lightning speed attached them to the yellow rose. Inspecting it critically, she whispered "Now it's up to you to save the day!"

When she walked into the bedroom again she saw a strange and silent tableau. Alison had removed her veil but still sat with elbows on the dressing table, the fingers of both hands jammed tightly into her hair. Her gaze was fixed on the mirror where she could view the open door. The bridesmaids sat in a shocked waiting silence. All eyes swung to Grace, who entered like an actress on cue.

She extended the bouquet, no tissue to hide the true yellow of the lone rose, and with her voice shaking a little, said "Will this do, dear?"

Alison stared, blinked quickly, and swooped up her veil. "Do?" she choked, beaming at her sister's reflection. "Darling, it's a tradition come to life!"

—A.W.M.

Dear "Deep":

I followed your suggestion of last week and made a nosebag for my husband. And — know what? Now I am in the dog-house!

—FRANTIC

Let's Change the Subject . . .

Bebe has a baby — the news has gotten out; It has its papa's piggy ears, it has its mamma's snout.

The christening has been postponed — and that is just as well; There's one thing only Bebe knows — and Bebe doesn't tell!

But here's to Bebe's baby; for no one will dispute

That even a mamma hippo thinks her baby hippo's cute.

(R.B.O.)

Music Students at Highland Park High Enter Dist. Contest

Among the local high school students to enter the District Solo and Ensemble contest to be held Saturday, March 2, at Waukegan, are the following:

Soloists: Edmund Andrews (drums), Ellie Baird (cello), Bill Barrette (trumpet), Janeth Finch (french horn), Sue Nolde (violin), and Bob Peterson (bassoon).

Ensembles
Woodwind trio: Jerry Darby (oboe), Dibby Getz (clarinet) and Nancy Hamilton (flute). **Horn quartet:** Janeth Finch, John Kastz, Hugh Potter and Chuck Uchtman. **String Sextet:** Hein Juergensen, Patty Lane, Patty Lynn and Patty Nelson (violin); Ellie Brand and Bob Magnusson (cello). **Clarinet sextet:** Carl Bates and Jerry Peterson (trumpet), John Kastz (horn), Dean Olson (trombone), Ronald Shepherd (tuba) and Chuck Uchtman (baritone).

Vocal entries in the contest are as follows:
Marian Clark, Mert Bock, soprano solos; Norma Lenzi, alto; Edmond Nichols and Lawrence Peddle, tenor. Accompanists are Harriet McNeal, Barbara Lasser and Kathie Laing.

Ensemble entries are: Phyliss Weed, Elaine Bray and Nancy Hamilton, with Barbara Lasser accompanying, and Marian Clark, Lois McSweeney, Norma Lenzi and Diana Nash, who will sing a capella.

"A horse! A horse! My Kingdom for a horse!" roared a noted Shakespearean actor.

"Won't a jackass do?" called a heckler from the gallery.

"Yes, yes," answered the tragedian, "come down here!" — Embers (condensed).

Eighty White Elephants Displayed by Junior Welfare Group

Eighty white elephants were gathered together by members of the junior group of the Highland Park-Ravinia center of the Infant Welfare society at the monthly meeting last Monday.

From clothing to table lamps, from a pair of blue vases to a pair of kantrun hosiery, will be added to the stock of the Thrift shop. Following the Infant Welfare meeting, Mrs. Royal Place, the Infant Welfare Thrift shop chairman, loaded the white elephants into cars and took them over to be added to still more being collected at the annual Thrift shop white elephant tea.

Infant Welfare members, bedecked with white elephant name tags, went on to the Thrift shop tea at the home of Mrs. Roswell Swazey after their own business meeting was completed.

Mrs. Ralph Trieschmann, 200 Central, was hostess to the Infant Welfare meeting, with the following as assistant hostesses: Mrs. Paul Jester, Mrs. John Martineau, Jr., Mrs. Lee H. Ostrander, and Mrs. Gordon Buchanan Jr. A committee under Mrs. J. F. Nosek served the luncheon.

Mrs. Arthur Schramm, sewing chairman, announced that more than 600 garments — little girls' dresses, babies' training pants and kimonos — had been cut out ready for stitching at a special cutting meeting.

Mrs. Raymond Watts to Address Ravinia Gardeners At March Meeting

The Ravinia Garden club welcomes Mrs. Raymond Watts — an honorary member — as speaker for the March meeting.

Mrs. Watts, a former resident of Ravinia, and an active member in the club, now lives in Naperville, Ill., where she is the naturalist of the Morton arboretum, and one of the contributors and editors of the "Bulletin of Popular Information," published by the Arboretum. She is well known throughout this area as a lecturer on botany. The subject of her talk will be "Flower Families."

The meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Remy T. Hudson, 2734 S. Deere Park Dr., at 2 p.m., March 8. The co-hostesses will be: Mrs. James Barton, chairman; Mrs. C. Ray Phillips, Mrs. Arthur T. Fathauer and Mrs. Frederick Mudge.

All arrangements of flowers will be done by Mrs. Willard Ewing.

Friendship Club Offers Congenial Companionship

The Friendship club, sponsored by the YWCA, offers an excellent opportunity for employed young women who are now in town to get acquainted and have pleasant social contacts. The club has a dinner meeting on the first Thursday of each month, followed by entertainment. In addition to this, every Thursday these girls may get together informally at the Y for teas, games and chats, as Thursday is open house day for the club at the YWCA.

At the next monthly meeting, March 7, a play is to be presented.

New girls are always welcome. For further information call the YWCA, H. P. 675.

Spring Wedding Planned For Adeline Ramond

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Ramond of 1069 Moseley road, Ravinia, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Adeline Marie, to Mr. Anthony J. Vigelis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfons Vigelis, of Camden, New Jersey. The wedding is planned for late spring.

Miss Ramond graduated from Colorado college, and has been attending the drama department at Yale university in New Haven, Conn. The prospective bridegroom, honorably discharged from the United States army, served a year and a half overseas. He is now president of the Thurman Bottling Co. of Camden, N. J.

"The women of this church have cast off clothing of all kinds. Come and see them in the basement of the church any time this week." — Humboldt (La.) Republican.

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North Shore Study Group To Discuss "Immigration" At March 4 Meeting

"Immigration" is the topic the North Shore Study group has selected for its meeting March 4 at 1:30 at the Temple, Glencoe.

Marshall E. Dimock, renowned professor of political science at Northwestern university since 1944, will examine the legal and political aspects of immigration. He became interested in immigration and naturalization in 1939 when he accepted the directorship of the commission to survey and reorganize the immigration and naturalization service, then a division of the Department of Labor. On the completion of the survey he became assistant secretary of labor with authority to implement the survey. Two years later under the terms of the Reorganization Act of Congress, this service was transferred to the Department of Justice and Mr. Dimock, too, was transferred. Here he aided in the drafting of the Alien Registration Act of 1940, the Codification of the Citizenship Law of 1940 and the development of the alien enemy program. Another of his achievements was the development of the national citizenship education program. Indicative of the extent of these Americanization courses for aliens in the United States was the budget of \$14,000,000 annually.

Sharing the program with Professor will be Miss Harriette Aries, noted social worker, associated with the graduate school of social work of Loyola university, and executive director of "Service to the Foreign Born" in the National Council of Jewish Women. She will analyze "Immigration activities under the present immigration directives."

A cordial invitation is extended to the public. There is no fee.

Newcomers to Highland Park

Dr. and Mrs. Buckbinder, 535 S. Sheridan, with their daughter, Suzie, 14, and their son, Tommy, 16, moved here from Chicago recently. Their 19-year-old son, Billy, is now stationed overseas with the Rainbow division in Salzburg, Austria. Dr. Buckbinder, who is an internist, has offices in Chicago and Highland Park. He is a member of the staff of Cook Co. and Michael Reese hospitals.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Burnett have moved to 1224 Burton with their two sons, John, 2, and Robert, 11 months. Mr. Burnett, a Deerfield man, was released from the army with the rank of sergeant, last October. He is associated with the Skokie Produce Co. in Waukegan.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Adelman, former residents of Wilmette, moved to 137 Beech St. earlier this month. Mr. Adelman is in the real estate business in Chicago.

The Irving W. Shepherds, with their little daughter, Jane, moved to 234 Cedar avenue this month. Mr. Shepherd is a certified public accountant with Shepard-Schwartz Co. in Chicago.

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Ice-Capades of 1946 At Chicago Arena March 17-April 3

Making its sixth triumphal tour of the United States and Canada, Ice-Capades will bring its new and most opulent frosted extravaganza 1946 edition to the Chicago arena for a limited engagement March 17 through April 3. Eighteen nightly engagements and matinees on Sundays, March 24 and 31, are scheduled.

The ticket sale already has opened at the Arena box office and at the Hub, while mail orders are also being accepted at the Arena.

Ice-Capades of 1946 boasts a cast of over 150, a variety of 30 grand acts and 90 lovely Ice-Ca "Pets" of the ballets and ensembles. Many old favorites are back and the new talent is splendid.

The sixth edition proves that new things can happen, and do happen, on ice.

There are ten magnificent production numbers. "Rainbow's End," featuring penguins, "rain-dears" and an assorted number of polar stars starts the show off. "Brahm's Lullaby," "Remember Yesterday" and "Ballet Pastelle" occur in the first half, which closes with most astounding and beautiful black light number ever presented on ice, called "Arabian Nites Fantasy," based on the tone poem Scheherazade by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

The second half features such gorgeous presentations as "Reflections," "Latin-Americana," Franz Lehár's "Merry Widow Waltz," and the finale of the show entitled "First Americans," a colorful Indian spectacle.

Topping the great cast of international stars are Donna Atwood, Bobby Specht, Nate and Edythe Walley, Markus and Thomas ("The Old Smoothies"), Erick Waite, Dench and Stewart, Phil Taylor, Red McCarthy, Trixie, Don Condon and Mary Bohland, Chuckie Stein, Al Surette, Ann Robinson, Patti Phillippi, Jimmy Lawrence, Larry Jackson, the Hub Trio and Esco LaRue.

For the fifth successive year, Chester Hale, famous Broadway and Hollywood producer, was selected to direct Ice-Capades. Costume designs were executed by Marco Montedoro, with John N. Booth as costume director. Eight of the largest costume establishments in the country were responsible for the breathtaking parade of bewilderingly beautiful costumes. The directors of Ice-Capades invested nearly a half million dollars on this glorious new edition.

Royal Neighbors Hold White Elephant Bingo Party

A "white elephant" bingo party was held last evening (Wednesday) in the Masonic temple by the Royal Neighbors lodge. The party was open to the public.

Ida Carlson acted as chairman of the affair, assisted by Doris and Mildred Lyle. Pearl Maiman was in charge of refreshments. Door prizes were awarded.

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