

Deep and Shallows

We're in the Lead Now

Everything was simply too shipshape and too perfect; it couldn't last very long. No deer came down to eat the roses. No stray old mule had paid us a visit for some time. He used to come from the riding stables over a mile away, on the side of the next range of hills. There had been no dust storms. The sprinklers were all behaving beautifully. The flowers were trying to outshine each other. It was simply too perfect to last much longer.

Then one morning we found the garbage can had been tipped over. The cover rolled some ten feet away and the contents of the can spread out in all directions. WHAT A MESS! Who and what could have done it? There was nothing to do but clean it up. So, with rubbers on our feet, brooms, a pail of hot soapy water and the hose for rinsing, we got busy. Then our good neighbor came down to console (?) us by telling about the stray dog he met going down hill the other day. Every one on the hill knows, at least by sight, all the dogs and cats owned by every one on their hill.

Of course that settled it, the stray dog was the culprit, and we didn't have to worry about that. In this part of the country, dogs are not allowed outside the fence without a leash. The police would soon pick him up, and our peace and serenity would again be enjoyed.

The next day was collection day. When we put the can out, to make everything doubly secure, we placed some stones on top of the lid. But those heavy stones might just as well be pebbles, as far as the culprit was concerned. The collector comes early in the morning, and he was nice enough to shovel the worst of it up and put in his wagon, but we had to go through the cleaning process as before mentioned.

For two days we were out to dinner and the little we had to put in the can, we put in the incinerator. It was a little too late to start a fire and we didn't want the fire department to come racing up the hill for nothing and make ourselves liable to a fine. We carefully closed the iron door of the incinerator and patted ourselves on the back, because we felt sure no stray dog would ever think of going down two flights of stairs to look into the incinerator, and we would burn it up early the next morning.

But Fate had other things in store for us. We were awakened at 11:25 p.m. by hearing the iron door of the incinerator go bang as it fell on the cement slab in front of the ash pit door. By the time we had donned slippers, bath robes, or whatever was handy, found the flash lights and had climbed down to the incinerator, all talking like magpies, of course the culprit had disappeared.

Then for a couple of nights we saw no evidence of the can having been tampered with. One of the family came home and told how a fox had been seen going up the hill about half a mile south of us. Then another came home with a tale about a fox having been seen right on our road, very near our house. All the past misdeeds sounded much more fox-like than dog-like and we transferred all our troubles onto the head of a fox.

The law prohibits traps and poison. So they were off our list. We considered ourselves a brainy family. We were not going to let any smart fox have the run of our can and the first proof of inventiveness was tried out.

The can was put under the front bumper of the auto. No fox could lift the auto up. But not to be too sure, we put some boards in between the bumper and the top of the lid. Now let Mr. Fox come and go away hungry. But Mr. Fox had some ideas, too. He didn't get the name of being crafty without having earned it. Just how

those boards were removed is still the other fellow's secret.

A larger can was bought — a much larger can. It was turned over the smaller one. None of us could figure out how the fox could possibly get his paws under the large can to lift it up, much less to turn it over. But there it was turned on its side, and the usual clean-up job left for us to do.

That evening, two of the family were playing chess. You know how quiet every one is when a game of chess is in progress. You're never forgiven if you are so unfortunate as to sneeze. Suddenly there was a commotion outside where that much discussed can stood. The chess players plus the rest of us, quickly and quietly moved out doors. We did it so well that the RACCOON didn't hear us. It was a grandpa raccoon and a huge fellow. He departed very suddenly and didn't come back that night. For which we were thankful.

Now we had seen the real culprit. Now we could understand how he could get his sharp claws under things to lift them up. We had a raccoon to fight instead of a fox.

The next night there were only two of us at home and the responsibility fell on our shoulders. But two heads are better than one and we finally settled on a scheme which we were sure was the champion idea. We spread several whole newspapers on the floor in front of the back seat of the limousine, put the can on them, saw to it that the lid was down tight, covered it with more newspapers, closed all the windows and doors tight and retired, feeling we could sleep in peace — and we did.

The next morning one of the family got up early and went out to get the paper and of course had to see the can was not in its usual place. That was just too much. It was bad enough to be pestered with a nightly marauder, but to have the can carried off entirely, was TOO MUCH, JUST TOO MUCH.

We two, who were responsible for the disappearance of the can, kept quiet until each had expressed his surprise and what he thought ought to be done about it. Then we calmly told them we would take them to where the can was safely hidden. Well — the explosions that had popped off in the house were like fire crackers, compared to the cannonading that followed the opening of the auto door. "What under the sun made you do it?" — "Haven't you any sense at all?" — "Take a week to get the smell out of the auto," plus several more like exclamations greeted us. But we proudly proclaimed we had outwitted the raccoon. We also proved that orange peels, tips of green beans and carrot tops didn't smell badly. But the auto idea was strenuously taboed after that.

So we had a new idea. This was a home made affair, consisting of quarter-inch thick small pieces of boards, which were taken from the boxes the groceryman delivered our orders in, some rusty nails, most of which had to be straightened out, and a saw the shape of a new moon, which was used to trim bushes. We made a box without a top and put the can in, then made another box that would fit inside of the first box, thus completely covering the can.

The first night the raccoon was baffled. The second night he tore away part of a board. The third night he tore all the top boards off. What a grand time he had, and so did we.

Each one of us by that time had brought out our best efforts and all the ingenuity we possessed.

There was one last thing to do and we are doing it. Each night after dinner, one of us takes that can, with stealthy steps, down a flight of stairs — narrow at that — hold our breath when we take the knob of the door leading into the space the builder left for the gas and electric light men to get the readings of their respective meters. The only noise we make is when we close the door. We want to hear the rasp of the latch, so we are sure the door is securely closed. There is only one flaw to this latest scheme. Twice a week the collector comes and some one has to take the can out before 6:30 a.m. There may be a few swear words said, but it is for a good cause. We keep our fingers crossed against the coming back of the raccoon.

—A.C.O.

Oh, Yeah?

"You kid so much that no one will believe you, after awhile. Remember the boy who was always calling 'Wolf, wolf?'"

"Sure. He was the guy that had a corner on all the women."

—D.D.T.

Storm

Hag-ridden winds shrill loud in hoyden glee;
A constant sullen roar
Suggests titanic struggle in the sky;
With rapier speed the darting blades of flame
Cut through the sticky murk, and clouds collapse;
The gasping earth sucks in each needed drop;
The air once more is fresh and sweet to breathe,
Washed by the driving rain.

—HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Dawn

Dawn
And the flaming sun
Stole out of the east
As a golden fox,
Eyed the woolly flanks of night
And crept over the hills
On folded claws.
Slyly spreading over the land
Soft and subtle
As a lizard
Steals into a run.

S/SGT. W. O. THOMPSON

You Can Say That Again

There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good . . .
But the rest of the time she was
a little stinker!

—OCCASIONAL.

Ed's Note: A poem by Sergeant Thompson, entitled "Storm" will appear in the September issue of "American Bard." Congratulations, Sergeant.

—R.E.O.

Bride-to-Be Honored By Shower Aug. 8

Miss Irene Gerken, 696 Central, was hostess at a miscellaneous shower on Thursday, Aug. 8, in honor of Miss Kay Faulkner, whose approaching wedding to Allan Gerken Jr. has been announced for Aug. 31.

Miss Shirley Dean To Become An August Bride

On Saturday, Aug. 31, Miss Shirley Dean, daughter of the Earl U. Deans, 706 Braeside, will become the bride of James Harold Laffey, Ridgewood, N.J., son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John W. Laffey of Essex Falls, N. J. Vows will be exchanged in the children's chapel of the Winnetka Congregational church.

The bridal party will consist of Miss Marilyn (Mikki) Dean, sister of the bride, who will act as maid of honor, with Miss Barbara Ives and Mrs. Roland Miller (Ann Williamson) as bridesmaids, and Miss Nancy Holland as flower girl. Stuart Pond of Caldwell, N.J., will serve as best man, with John W. Laffey, brother of the bridegroom, and William E. Pinner of Washington, D.C., ushering.

Among the out-of-town guests expected for the wedding are Mr. Laffey's sister, Harriet, of New York City, and another sister and brother-in-law, Col. and Mrs. Henry Westphalinger of Washington, D.C. Following the ceremony a reception is planned to be held in the garden of the Dean home.

Miss Dean, a graduate of Royce-moore Girls' school, also attended Katherine Gibbs school and Depauw university. More recently she served as stewardess with the United Airlines.

Mr. Laffey was recently released from the army with the rank of lieutenant, and is now engaged in business in New York City. The couple plan to make their home in Caldwell, N.J.

Festivities Precede The Wedding of Miss Patricia Kelly

A round of festivities precedes the wedding of Miss Patricia Kelly, daughter of Mrs. William Patrick Kelly, 366 Hazel, in honor of her approaching marriage to Capt. John Rutherford Fawcett, son of the John R. Fawcetts of Savanna, Ga.

On Sunday, the 18th, a dinner was given by Mrs. Howard Detmer of Bob O'Link road, in honor of the bride-to-be. Yesterday, the 21st, a luncheon was given by Mrs. William P. Kelly Jr., and Mrs. Joseph Jannotta at the Kenilworth home of the latter. A tea at Barrington, given by Mrs. George Bond, is slated for Saturday, and on Sunday, Mrs. George Reeves of Roger Williams avenue will give a cocktail party. Mrs. Owen Fairweather and Miss Shirley Garnett of Evanston are planning a welcoming party for Capt. Fawcett and his family on the evening of the 26th.

The bridal dinner, given by the bride's mother, will be held at Exmoor Country club, and will be preceded by a cocktail party at the home of Miss Dorcas Fitzgerald.

The wedding will take place in the garden of the Kelly home at 4:30 p.m. on Wednesday, Aug. 28.

Will Return to States To Resume Education

Norman Clark, a native of London, England, who lived with his family in Ravinia during the war, and was for three years a student at Highland Park high school plans to return to the States this fall. He expects to attend Dartmouth college.

Miss Laura Cross Reaches China; Ready To Resume Work

Boston, Mass., Aug. 13. — Miss Laura B. Cross, since 1942 executive director of the YWCA in Highland Park, has reached China (on Aug. 11) and hopes to resume her work as a Congregational educational-missionary under the American Board of Foreign Missions, in Peking, China.

Miss Cross will be one of the first Americans to get back into this type of student work and will help in a survey with the National Christian Educational association as they plan their interdenominational schools and buildings throughout China in the light of changes due to the war. Miss Cross will resume teaching at Bridgman academy, Peking, a Christian high school with an enrollment of around 800 Chinese girls. She is a graduate of Carleton college and has taken work at the University of Missouri and Columbia university.

"I return to China because I see all of our American life as part of a world picture," says Miss Cross. "There will be many problems in the educational field. High school students who have never known a world without war will be suffering from malnutrition, broken homes and fears. In place of speaking to American youth about China, I shall interpret America to Chinese youth. I return not with any hope of making imitation Americans out of 450,000,000 Chinese, but with the feeling that I can help a few Americans help and be friends with a few Chinese."

Falkner-Gerken Wedding Date Set for Saturday, Aug. 31

On Saturday morning, Aug. 31, at the Immaculate Conception church, Miss Kay Falkner, daughter of the John Faulkners, 533 Oakwood, will be united in marriage to Allan Gerken Jr., son of the Allen Gerkens, 696 Central.

Attending the bride as matron of honor will be her sister, Mrs. Ted Cole, and serving as bridesmaids will be the Misses Harriet Lehr, Betty Zahnle and Irene Gerken, sister of the groom. Rosemary Cole and Janet Fritsch, nieces of the bride, will act as flower girls.

The men of the bridal party will be Ben LaBuda, best man, and Jerry McCaffrey, Emmett Moroney and Lawrence McCaffrey, ushers.

Following the ceremony a breakfast will be served at Deerpath Inn, Lake Forest, for the bridal party. An evening reception will be held at the Masonic temple.

Family of Dr. Ho To-Make Home In Honolulu

Dr. and Mrs. Kwan Heen Ho, with their two daughters, Anna Barbara and Judy, who for several years have made their home in Highland Park, are reported to have arrived in Honolulu, where Dr. Ho will have charge of surgery at Chang clinic.

Since June, 1945, at which time Dr. Ho received his release from the army, where he served as colonel, spending 18 months in the

China-Burma-India theater with the medical corps, he had been practicing in Los Angeles.

Avis Shulman Guest Speaker At N. S. Hadassah

Members of North Shore Hadassah are looking forward to an outstanding talk to be given by Mrs. Avis Shulman at a luncheon meeting to be held August 28.

Mrs. Shulman recently made an exhaustive study of displaced persons camps in Italy, France, Germany, Austria and the Low Countries, in cooperation with the UNRRA. She also completed a five months' speaking tour of England and Ireland.

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TUE., WED., THU., Aug. 27-29
Burgess Meredith as Ernie Pyle
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"THE STORY OF G. I. JOE"
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