

Deep and Shallows

The Inscrutable Caleb

Aunt Beulah came out of the house pulling on her gloves. "I'm not going to church with you this evening," I told her.

"You do look sort o' peaked, Otilie," she said, scrutinizing me, remembering, no doubt, that mother had been bed-ridden for years. But she went on, leaving me there alone in the dusk on the vine-covered verandah. "I hear Caleb's bought himself a car," she flung back over her shoulder, the very tilt of her head saying, "Remember what I told you?" And I sat there hating myself. Hating myself for what I'd done to Caleb; and hating Caleb, too, for being as calm, as imperturbable — and as inscrutable — as the Great Stone Face.

I intended to forget Caleb. That is if you can forget a hand or a foot that has been suddenly lopped off — or someone you're bound to stumble over at almost any moment in a small New England town. But there was his face always before me — white and amazed, one square, capable hand stealing up to touch the red marks my fingers had made when I slapped him. His eyes, those funny little curtains gone, for once, staring as though he were really seeing me for the first time.

Of course I couldn't've married Caleb years before, when we first started going together. There was mother. I remember her looking him over the first time he walked home from church, and remarking afterward, with her little secret smile: "Not a one to set the East River on fire — but dependable — safe and dependable . . . And with a mother and two sisters on his hands he won't be getting ideas in a hurry."

It was, indeed, a nice, convenient arrangement — that friendship of ours. Strictly platonic, of course. Kisses? From Caleb? You'd as soon have expected a Bronx cheer from the Statue of Liberty!

As I looked back, now, it seemed that those nine years, colorless and uneventful, just ticked themselves off one by one and dropped into oblivion. Mother was sweet, of course, about allowing me out an evening or so a week. I think she sort of got a boot out of having Aunt Beulah come to sit with her occasionally. Aunt Beulah, with her snapping black eyes and unsparing tongue. "Call a spade a spade," she'd say. And did.

It was after mother left us that Aunt Beulah began working on me. "Your life's your own, now, Otilie," she said. "Lord knows you've done your duty — and more. I suppose," archly, "that you and Caleb . . ."

I'd been wondering about that, myself. Both his sisters were married by now, and only Caleb and his mother were left in the old homestead. It puzzled and embarrassed me that Caleb hadn't spoken. But my heart softened as I thought of the way he had taken every responsibility from my shoulders during those first grief-laden days when I was missing mother so. How every wish of mine had been anticipated and carried out . . . There must be some reason for his silence. I thought fast.

"Two women under one roof, Aunt Beulah?" I answered her, crisply. "Caleb's too smart to consider it." It was common knowledge that Caleb had never spoken a harsh word to his mother, and that his two pretty sisters had pulled him around by the nose.

But after Caleb's own mother passed away, it left me with no alibi at all. Aunt Beulah gave me no rest. It didn't look well, she told me, for me to go on living by myself. So finally I went to stay with Aunt Beulah, thinking, of course, it wouldn't be for long. "Surely," she said, "you two have some understanding?" Understanding! How can you understand a person, however close, when you can't see past the curtains in his eyes? "A man has to show decent respect for his mother's memory," I told Aunt Beulah, lamely.

"Tain't right, Otilie. Why, he's never given you a ring. And he's kept others away all these years."

I wanted to say, What others? It was the custom in our community to marry young, and few boys cared to become over-interested in a girl whose life was not her own. "Caleb has never looked at another girl, Aunt Beulah," I reminded her, gently.

"Girl! You're no longer a girl, Otilie."

I knew it. My face had thinned and sharpened, and the white hairs had begun to show.

"Tain't fair, Otilie. He just takes you for granted. Why," with a snort, "you're only a habit with

him. I'll bet he don't even know you're alive! Not that I'm blaming Caleb, entirely. A woman with any gumption a-tall would've egged him into declaring himself long ago. First you know some pert young think'll up and take his eye and he'll be getting young ideas . . . Where'll you be then, Otilie?"

I flared up. "Aunt Beulah, I'll never ask a man to marry me!"

Then I got to thinking. Why not? Perhaps Aunt Beulah was right. Easy-going and settled in his ways, Caleb had gotten into a rut — all he needed was for someone to jog him out of it.

I did a lot of thinking, and one night, standing on Aunt Beulah's front porch, the street light full on Caleb's face, I led up to the point. Wasn't he lonesome in that big house with only Mis' Kitchman coming in to "do" for him? Then with my cheeks on fire and my hands like ice I managed it. "Caleb, it isn't right for man to be alone."

I watched him sharply — saw those little curtains drop at the back of his eyes. He squirmed and cleared his throat. Finally, he said, "Well — I guess a fellow gets sort o' used to it, Otilie."

I caught my breath. Sol . . . It was the way Aunt Beulah had said. I was just a habit to Caleb . . . A traditional Old Faithful . . . Didn't know I was alive, huh? Without my even willing it my hand swept up and slapped him — hard — across the cheek. But as I rushed into the house and up to my room Caleb's face, stricken and amazed, went with me — and there it stayed . . . And there was a frozen lump where my heart had been. In that one week I'd aged ten years.

And now, sitting there alone under the vines I was so deep in my thoughts that I started violently at the sound of Caleb's voice. "Your Aunt Beulah says you're feeling poorly, Otilie. Maybe you'd like to take the air in my new Ford . . . It rides real nice . . ."

I looked, and there it was, new and shiny and tempting. I'd always wanted to ride in an automobile. But I remembered my resolution. I opened my mouth to say, "No," then I looked at Caleb standing there, every line of his posture saying, "Please, Otilie."

Well, there couldn't be any harm in making a concession — just this once.

It happened on the way home. We were passing the old churchyard, when Caleb gave the wheel a quick twist and in we turned. I made out that we were stopping by his family burial plot. I stole a quick glance at Caleb's profile. It told me nothing. But, unaccountably, that lump of ice in my breast melted — and began to throb. And Caleb was saying, "Otilie, here lie my mother and father . . . and their parents before them . . . I'll rest here, myself, one o' these days . . . And, Otilie, just you say the word . . . there's room here for you, too."

Not a very romantic proposal, certainly, but somehow everything suddenly became different. I didn't feel old and lonely and unwanted any longer. I felt warm and happy and secure.

"Caleb," I told him softly, "you're real fore-handed. That's one thing everybody's bound to need sooner or later."

—HIGHLAND LASSIE.
R.B.O.

George Rosie Attends Reunion of 506th Paratroopers in K. C.

From all over the country men of the old Company C of the 506th Paratroopers gathered, recently, to take part in a reunion which promises to become an annual affair. This gathering was held in response to the suggestion of their commanding officer, made after the invasion of Normandy, and during the struggle for France and Germany.

The colonel who made the suggestion was lost during the ensuing conflict, but under the guidance of a Red Cross worker, present at the time the wish was expressed, the plan was carried out. Surviving members of the company were notified of the reunion to be held in the form of a dinner dance in Kansas City, and from all over the country men gathered to renew old friendships and strengthen old ties.

George Rosie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rosie, 1215 Burton avenue, was present at the reunion. Leaving this country for overseas in 1943, he was captured by the Germans on D-day in Normandy.

In civil life he is assistant golf professional at a country club in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Eileen Risjord Enrolls At Carleton College

Dr. and Mrs. N. C. Risjord and their daughter, Eileen, left yesterday for Northfield, Minn., where Eileen will enter Carleton college as a freshman, in the course of liberal arts.

A 1946 alumna of the Highland Park high school, where she was an honor student, Eileen won the D.A.R. award as outstanding girl student of her class. She was also president of the Girls' club, and served as class marshal.

Dr. and Mrs. Risjord will spend a week in Northfield before returning to their home at 133 Elmwood drive.

Mrs. Stanley Grace Is New President of Ravinia Garden Club

The annual session of the Ravinia Garden club, to be held at Heathstone House, Hubbard Woods, is scheduled for Friday, Sept. 13. Luncheon will be served promptly at noon.

Mrs. E. V. Lawrence, president, has called a special board meeting at her home for Friday at 10:30 a.m. At the club meeting she will present her gavel to Mrs. Stanley Grace, the new club president.

MOLLY SMITH ENTERS LAWRENCE COLLEGE

Molly Smith, 379 Cedar avenue, has been admitted to the freshman class entering Lawrence college, Sept. 12, at the beginning of the institution's 100th year. The Lawrence enrollment this fall will exceed 1000, which is 300 more than an average year.

Orientation for freshmen will begin on Sept. 12, upperclass registration will take place Sept. 16 and classes begin Sept. 19.

Rubly to Spend 5th Christmas in Service

S/Sgt. Paul Rubly, son of the late Fred Rubly, former long-term city clerk in Highland Park, and Mrs. Margaret Rubly, of Arcadia, Calif., writes that he expects to spend his 5th Christmas in service. He has been hospitalized since he was wounded in both legs and the left arm while serving with the 334th infantry in the ETO. At that time he was captured by the Nazis.

He is the nephew of Mrs. H. D. Kretzer, 111 McGovern.

Thomas Pickett Jr. Stationed in Hawaii

Thomas Pickett Jr., a former student at Highland Park high school, who joined the U. S. navy last March for a 2-year term, is now stationed in Hawaii. He holds the rating of seaman 2/c.

He is the son of Mrs. Carl Hut-ton, 614 1/2 Vine avenue.

PLANS TO ATTEND SCHOOL IN EAST

John M. Keim, son of the Melville Keims of 510 Maple lane, was recently separated from service at Great Lakes after 13 months in the navy, 10 of which were spent at Guam. He plans to enter Forman school at Litchfield, Conn., this fall.

Pocket-sized Braille Typewriters for Vets

The first 60 pocket sized braille typewriters, which will be off the production line and ready for distribution next month, have been earmarked for blind veterans in Chicago, the Illinois regional office of the Veterans Administration announced today.

The eight-ounce machines, capable of being operated at a speed of 120 words a minute, will be sent free of charge to blind veterans within the region. Distribution will be made automatically; the veteran is not required to submit an application.

Franklin Dean, blind-consultant for the Veterans Administration in Chicago, spent eight years assisting in the development and design of the miniature typewriter.

Socials

By ALICE ZABEL Telephone Highland Park 2064

ALL-SARETT PROGRAM IN WILMETTE

The poetry of Lew Sarett, several of his short poignant numbers and two of his longer Indian legends, "The Squaw Dance" and "Tamarack Blue" was the only theme of the program Gaile Groves of Evanston gave for the Round Table Drama club of Wilmette, on Sept. 5, at the home of Mrs. E. S. Wells of Glencoe.

Dr. Sarett of 1732 S. Green Bay, professor of speech at Northwestern university, is well known as a poet, lecturer, educator and text book author. Carl Sandburg, in his foreword to "Collected Poems by Lew Sarett," says, "Sarett brings us the wisdom of things silent and things garrulous. He brings us the sand and the syllables, the loam and the lingo of North America."

HAROLD JOHNSON TAKES A BRIDE

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Marian Vetterkind, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vetterkind of Withee, Wis., to Harold W. Johnson, son of Mrs. Alvin Johnson of 597 Vine avenue on Saturday, Sept. 7, in Chicago.

Mr. Johnson served for three years in the United States army, during the war. He and his bride will live in Wilmette.

ON VACATION

On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. David Sanders of 1547 S. St. Johns avenue and Mrs. Sanders' mother, Mrs. Jesse R. Jones of 324 Roger Williams avenue, left for a few weeks' vacation in New York.

VISITS PARENTS

Miss Florence Patterson of Boston, Mass., is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Patterson of Saunders road, Deerfield. She will return to Boston Monday.

NEW DAHLIA WINS PRIZE

A new dahlia, not yet on the market, which was exhibited by Lew Sarett of 1732 S. Green Bay, at the state value show, in Milwaukee recently, won the American Home achievement prize.

ATTENDING "THE PLAYHOUSE"

Miss Gwenyth Bingham has returned to her studies at "The Playhouse" in Pasadena, Calif. She and her parents, the Samuel H. Bingham, and sister Diana, of 612 N. Sheridan road enjoyed a six weeks' vacation at Saddle Strings, Wyo., this summer. Diana has returned to the Country Day school in Winnetka, where she is a high school sophomore.

WEDDING ATTENDANTS CHOSEN

When Miss Evelyn Ardith Fay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Fay, 700 Central, becomes the bride of Jerry McCaffrey, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. McCaffrey of 180 Elmwood drive on Saturday, Sept. 28, she will have her sister, Mrs. Ben LaBuda (Mary Fay) as matron of honor, and Miss Elva Bolle, Miss Irene Gerken and Mrs. Marshall Williams, sister of the bridegroom, as bridesmaids.

Little Marsha Williams, niece of the bridegroom, will be flower girl.

Donald McCaffrey, brother of the bridegroom, will be best man, and Marshall Williams, Allen Gerken, and Emmett Moroney, all of Highland Park, will usher.

A reception at the Woman's club will follow the ceremony, which will take place at 4 p.m. at the Immaculate Conception church.

DINNER HOST

A dinner party was given on Sunday evening at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Berg of 290 Park avenue. Their son, Bob, was host to several friends who graduated with him in June from the Highland Park high school. Bob left on Tuesday for La Fayette, Ind., to enter Purdue university as a freshman.

DAR DESSERT-BRIDGE AT EXMOOR

The D.A.R. will hold a dessert-bridge at Exmoor Country club on Tuesday, Sept. 24. Mrs. Kellogg Patterson of 210 Vine avenue is chairman of the committee. Mrs. G. O. Strecker of 338 N. Linden avenue is this year's regent.

(Continued on page 4)

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