Deeps and Shallows

So This Is Zanzibar!

The room shimmied and swayed and stood on its head. Remarkable . . . but elementary. All the oven doors of Hades were wide open — blasting me with their heat. Lugi, my houseboy, brought another ice-pack for my head. That steadied things a bit . . . So this, I thought, is Zanzibar! The Mecca of all those umpty-umpty-years of dreams!

Then my mind did a flip-flop of a few thousand miles . . . and I remembered Robbie.

"She's got everything," I told Lugi. "Coppery hair — burnished and rippling . . . eyes hand-picked to go with it. Brown velvet cattails against flaming autumn leaves." That sounded good. Didn't know I had it in me.

I spilled my heart out to Lugi. "It was Robbie, y'see, versus plans of years' standing. Women? Take e'm or leave 'em. And everything under control until that last year in college. Known her all my life,I had, and never known that she was alive. Then — wham! there she was . . . just like I'd seen her for the first time. What d'ye make of that, Lugi?"

Lugi, his mahogany face inscrutable, readjusted the ice-pack.

"Calls me 'Ricky'," I rambled on. "Silly, but sort of cute, at that." I knew I was running off at the mouth, but I couldn't seem to stop. "Take the way she looks at a fellow — shy, but protective, if you know whata I mean. Me — a great big hulk twice her size. The way a mother might . . . if you'd ever had a mother. Mine died when I was two. Then Bernardine took over. Bernard's a swell egg— but she's a Spartan. Raised me to be a Spartan, too. I think she'd shoot me if I called her 'Grandmother.' Oh, she's a character, definitely. Took over all grandfather's holdings after his death— managed them like a general . . . I'm the spit'n' image of my granddaddy. And all set to follow in the old boy's footsteps. Romance . . . adventure — it's in the blood. How I used to thrill to his yarns..."

True enough, grandfather's salty tales had instilled in me a longing for romance and adventure at a very early age. Zanzibar, especially, where he'd acquired a clove plantation, had become something of a symbol to me.

The old sea captain had painted his pictures with a master hand. Zanzibar. The name conjured up an atmosphere so heavy with spice that it smote you and wakened you in the dead of night when the boat steamed into harbor. Row upon row of clove trees—the deep, clear green of their leaves dotted with purplish clusters of tiny flower buds. Dazzling sunlight. The old city, itself, with its crooked, narrow streets, intriguing bazaars, quaint cemeteries. Thoroughfare teeming with faces — white, black, yellow, brown, and a sprinkling of veiled ones. The picturesque native sultan with his imposing escort, clad brilliantly in scarlet fez and jersey, with white shorts. The babel of strange tongues . . .

"So you see," I told Lugi, "why I couldn't let even little Brown-eyes disrupt my deep-laid plans. Bernardine had this post all picked for me. I owed her that much. And it's just the way grandfather said . . . only it's so hot . . . so infernally hot!"

Lugi turned into a fussy little man with a VanDyke and a paunch who, in turn, wavered and faded and became a white, severe woman with a cap, continually trying to shush me. But I talked anyway.

"Bernardine knows me better than I know myself. I'm a throwback to grandfather. Wanderlust. Never'd be content to settle down in one place — not, at least, till I'd seen my fill of the world. So . . . Robbie's married, by now, to young Whosis — and long may she wave! And here I am, thousands of miles away — roasting alive."

The woman in white became a goldfish with big brown eyes. I stared. "Shoo!" I told her, "and likewise, scat! Look here — you can't do this to me. Besides it isn't respectable—following a chap all over the globe. You're married to young Whosis — remember? And this is no place for young Mrs. Whosis — not by a long shot! Oh, you're marvelous; you're adorable . . . and besides all that, you're cuter 'n a bug's ear. But you panic me . . . always trying to mother me. Picking threads off my collar, straigtening my tie, wanting to sew on buttons. 'Tisn't fair. I'm no cream-puff. I'm a rippin', sea-farin' ol' he-man, like my grandpa. Go 'way, apron-strings!"

The brown eyes brimmed and spilled. Robbie's face floated away and hung from the ceiling by an eyelash, looking down at me sorrowfully.

I rambled on: "Oh, I know — you're all that's sweet and desirable, but you're not for me. Though, confidentially, I could go for you in a big way. But you don't want to be tied — shackled . . . ask Bernardine. She knows what it's like to have a husband galivanting all over the face o' the globe, home maybe once a year . . ."

Robbie became a goldfish again, and swam down to put a cool hand on my forehead. Wonderful! Only I knew, of course, that it wasn't real; it was just another one of those things.

Then one day I opened my eyes and there was Robbie sitting beside me reading a book. She wasn't the McCoy, I knew that, and just to prove it, I pinched myself, only something went wrong and I pinched her, instead. We both jumped. She dropped her book.

"Ricky!" Reproachful brown eyes. "Was that nice?"

"Very," I told her, "but I offer no apologies, because, you see, I know you're only an hallucination. You're really Mrs. Whosis, back there in the States. Oh, I know— I've been through this hundreds of times."

Robbie's eyes were brown velvet and her lips were like fresh, crimson pansies. They opened to say a startling thing.

"Oh, but Ricky, I am real. You see, I didn't marry young Whosis, after all. I — I — well, I couldn't."

She laid a cool hand on mine— only it didn't look much like my big, brown paw.

"When they radioed Bernardine —you were in a pretty bad way, you know, Ricky — she was frantic — and I mean frantic! She couldn't take it, and so she sent me, by plane, with her blessing." A rich flush crept through the warm cream of Robbie's skin.

"It's the climate. You're allergic to it, and I'm to bring you back as soon as you can travel. Allergic to Zanzibar, Ricky, think of that!"

But I had made another and still more startling discovery. One that really out-Columbused Columbus.

"Robbie," I blurted out, "get this! I'm allergic to any place on God's green earth . . . unless you're there, too, Brown-eyes, to mother me!"

—R.B.O.

NANCY NEWEY IN DOLPHIN SHOW

Nancy Newey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Newey of Prospect avenue, has recently been chosen to be in the Dolphin show at Northwestern university, where she is a member of Alpha Phi sorority. Nancy came to Northwestern as a junior, transferring from Connecticut college where she was a member of the athletic organization and the dance group. She has been active on Alpha Phi speedball and swimming teams.

Mrs. Earl Gsell Hostess to D. A. R.

Mrs. Earl W. Gsell will open her home at 421 S. Sheridan road on Thursday, Nov. 14, at 2 p.m., when the North Shore chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution will hold their regular monthly meeting.

Mrs. Frederick A. Sapp of Ottawa, Ill., the new state regent, elected at the Illinois state conference last March, will be the guest speaker of the afternoon. Being a very active member in the DAR organization, her message will be up to date and most inspiring.

Assisting hostesses will be Mrs. John C. McNicol, Mrs. William S. Jacob and Mrs. Ellis H. Ibbotson.

Movies Climax Lincoln Book Fair

The book fair at Lincoln school, under the direction of Mrs. Jerome Goodman and Mrs. Herbert Klee, closes Friday, November 8 with movies at 7:30 in the evening for parents, children and friends. Three interesting cartoons and two shorts will be shown in the school auditorium.

At the conclusion of the movies, a basket of fruit and a basket of canned goods will be awarded to the lucky winners. The basket of fruit is being donated by the Suburban Grocery and Market, while Lincoln school patrons are supplying the canned goods. Tickets for the drawings may be purchased at the fair.

Maxine Philipsborn will display a beautiful line of paper Christmas wrappings.

Patronage of the school book fair will mean new books in the school library for the children to enjoy.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

In large letters across the front of the Art Institute in Chicago, are the names, Hogarth, Turner, Constable — three distinguished names in the world of art. How fortunate we are to be living in a community close enough to Chicago to be able to study and enjoy these masterpieces brought here from London. To study and enjoy these originals should create in us a desire to know more about the artists, to know more about how to enjoy a good painting, and last, if dabblers, how to improve our technique. The Highland Park public library has many interesting and helpful books in its art collection. If you have never looked over the shelves in the Fine Arts room, do so now.

In the library's show cases is an interesting exhibit relating to the United Nations. Flags, maps, books are displayed.

Mrs. Gertrude Wollbrinck Succumbs To Illness

Last rites were conducted on Saturday at the Sequin Funeral Home for Mrs. Mary Gertrude Wollbrinck, 63, who passed away on the preceding Wednesday at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harry Winkler, 1335 East street. Rev. H. K. Platzer conducted the services.

A resident of Highland Park for for 26 years, she was born in Missouri. Her husband preceded her in death in 1920.

Besides her sister she is survived by a son Willard, a daughter, Mrs. Albert Mecham, a brother, Edward Seney, and 4 grandchildren all of Highland Park, and a brother, James, of Chicago,.

Interment was made at Vernon Cemetary, Half Day.

First Child Born To Edward Kapalkas

On Sunday, November 3, at the Evanston hospital, a baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Kapalka of Burton avenue. She has been named Anne Elizabeth, and is their first child and the first grand child of Mrs. Anna Wildt of the above address. The paternal grandfather, , Francis Kapalka, lives in New Jersey.

Highland Parkers Fraternity Pledges

URBANA - CHAMPAIGN, ILL. Robert Redfern, S. Sheridan road, has been pledged to Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity at the University of Illinois.

There are more fraternities and sororities on the U. of I. campus than at any other educational institution. Although many of the chapter houses were used for army and navy trainees during the war, the 52 fraternities and 25 sororities have now returned to normal activities.

Other Highland Parkers pledged to various organizations are:

Herbert E. Holt, Judson avenue, Chi Phi; Thomas E. Gilroy, Central avenue, Kappa Sigma; Phillip J. Randall, Oakwood avenue, Delta Phi; Arthur Vyse III, Green Bay road, Epsilon Kappa; Nathan Corwith, S. Linden, Alpha Tau Omega.

Gloria Linari To Play Role In Herbert Opera

Miss Gloria Linari, 634 Central Highwood, is now in New York, where she is rehearsing for a part in Victor Herbert's musical comedy, "Sweethearts", to be shown in Chicago November 15. Miss Linari takes the part of one of the sisters in the musical, a singing and acting part. She will return home November 10.

Mrs. Annie Cawley Pioneer Resident Taken By Death

On Sunday, Mrs. Annie J. Cawley, 233 N. Second street, passed away after an illness of 15 weeks, at the age of 82.

A native of Ireland, she had been for 58 years a resident of Highland Park, at the above address. She was preceded in death by her husband, Patrick 20 months ago. In 1941 they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, having been married in the St. Mary's church, now known as Immaculate Conception.

Surviving are three daughters, Mrs. Marie Mann, Miss Annie Cawley and Mrs. Marguerite Wiesfuss; a brother, Harry Cullen; fifteen grandchildren and 1 great-grand child, all of Highland Park.

A solemn requiem high mass was celebrated on Wednesday at the Immaculate Conception church, conducted by The Rev. Msgr. Joseph P. Morrison, Rev. Edmund Shoner and Rev. J. P. O'Connell. Interment was made at Ascension cemetary.

Walter Schiff Succumbs To Sudden Attack

On Tuesday morning Mr. Walter I. Schiff passed away suddenly at his home on 1212 S. Sheridan. Born in Milwaukee, he had been a resident of Highland Park for 23 years, and was an associate of Shearson Hammill and Company of Chicago. He was a member of Lake Shore Country Club.

Surviving are his widow, Beatrice a daughter, Mrs. Rosemary Barnard; a son Donald H. and a granddaughter, Cynthia Anne Barnard, all of Highland Park. A sister, Mrs. Meta Ascher, lives in Chicago.

Funeral rites were held on Thursday at the Rosehill cemetary chapel.

A professor, strolling with a friend through a downtown street, came to a fish market, in the window of which was a row of fish with their mouths open and their eyes staring. He stared at them, clutched his friend's arm and exclaimed:

"My goodness, that reminds me. I should be teaching a class."

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