

Deep and Shallows

Prophecy with Tongue In Cheek

Never having kissed you —
I never need to know
How much I could have missed
you,
And it is better so;
For had it been a dear delight
Once tasted, then denied,
I should have known a darker
night
Than if I'd never tried.

—A.W.M.

That Custard Pie

When I was a child we always had dinner at noon. Uncle Henry, who lived with us, was a surveyor and often didn't come all week until Friday night. That day Mother would always make a dessert that she was sure he would like. This particular time it was custard pie, part of which she would put away for him to eat with his supper.

During the afternoon, when I had to go to the pantry to get a knife to sharpen my pencil, I saw the inverted bowl on the lowest shelf. Curious to know what was under it, I lifted it and there was Uncle Henry's piece of custard pie. What a big piece it was! I wished I had saved half of mine for supper. With a sigh I put down the bowl and went back to my drawing.

Snap went my pencil again. Must have pressed too hard. That necessitated my going into the pantry again for a knife to sharpen my pencil. I took another look under the bowl. The pie looked bigger than ever. It surely was larger than pieces usually served.

I assured myself Uncle Henry would never notice if I took a thin slice off one side. I hesitated, but the pie coaxed, and having the

knife in my hand, I laid it along the side of the pie and cut off a thin slice. Yes, it tasted just as good as I expected it would. I cleaned the knife, replaced the bowl and went back to my drawing.

But somehow the drawing didn't have the power to keep my attention and that inverted bowl lured my feet, as well as my thoughts, back to the pantry.

I lifted the bowl and gazed, and WHAT DID I SEE, BUT A MOST LOPSIDED PIECE OF PIE. I was dumbfounded. How the cutting off of one thin slice could have misshaped that pie, was almost unbelievable. But there it was before my very own eyes. I had to do something and that right away.

Then came the bright idea, all I had to do was to cut the same size slice from the other side, and it would be even again.

In my hurry the knife slipped and left a very uneven edge. That had to be remedied. I got a smaller knife and did some more trimming. Now what to do with the trimmings. There was no where to put them, so I had to eat them. Somehow that side of the pie didn't taste anywhere near as good as the other, and HOW THAT PIE HAD SHRUNK. Remembering it was the piece Mother had put away for Uncle Henry didn't help matters any. Father often helped me out of difficulties, but he was out of town. My only hope was that Mother and Uncle Henry would have so much to tell each other that they wouldn't notice the diminished size of the pie.

Uncle came later than usual and I hoped he would say he had had his supper. But he hadn't. There was much conversation between Mother and Uncle Henry, and he was nearly through with the meal when Mother jumped up saying, "Oh, Henry, I almost forgot to give you your piece of custard pie," and off she went to get it. On her way back stopping at the silver drawer to get a fork, she put out her hand, but didn't get the fork. She gasped, "What under the sun has happened to this pie?"

There was astonishment in every syllable. She came slowly to the table and put the plate down. It was a sorry looking specimen. A wood chopper with an axe could have done a neater job. Mother was speechless. Uncle Henry inspected it from all sides. "Yes," he said, "Although I'm no sleuth hound, I can see just how big this piece of pie was before the onslaught," and he beckoned to me to come and examine it too. Sure enough, there was the impression on the plate distinctly showing how far the crust had extended.

"I guess, Min, some one else likes your pies as much as I do. What do you say, sweetheart, (he always called me by that name), you agree with me, don't you?"

I couldn't stand any more and I confessed. Mother wanted to spank me right then and there and vigorously, too. But Uncle Henry asked if she really meant that piece of pie for him, and she admitted she had. "Then," said he, "that pie being mine, I may do as I like with it."

He went for the fork Mother had forgotten and presented the pie to me, with the stipulation that I would have to eat it, if I wanted him to love me any more.

The ashes in the garbage incinerator couldn't have tasted worse than did the rest of that custard pie.

—A.C.O.

First Steps

At last she's discovered what feet are for, too,
And she stands up and travels like grown people do;
This mode of conveyance is quite the cat's miaow
Just think of the things she can get into now!

—R.B.O.

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Skiers Campaign For Ski Safety

The Snow Chase club, leading Chicago skiers' organization in which Highland Park sportsmen take a prominent part, announced last week that it will celebrate the new year by inaugurating an intensive drive for ski safety. "We want skiers to feel they can get out on the snow, in the air and sunshine, without unnecessarily risking broken bones," said Barbara Morris of Highland Park, member of the club's ski patrol committee, in announcing the campaign.

Ski patrolmen are pointing with pride to the article, "Samaritans on Skis," describing their work in this month's American magazine. The Snow Chase club boasts the largest patrol in the Chicago area, with 24 qualified first aiders wearing a special rust-colored parka on various nearby slopes. The patrolmen enforce safe skiing rules, pick up the wounded, and give unselfishly of their time when an injury requires splinting or other care.

In addition to rescues, the Snow Chase ski patrol is undertaking the new campaign in the hope of reducing accidents at their cause. One of the features of the drive is a new "safety" ski binding designed by Everett Millard of Highland Park, secretary of the club. This binding can be made from any ordinary binding by a simple change, so that it releases the foot in case of a spill. A Highland Park sports shop, Nield's, has been selected by the club to do this work for members and other skiers, along with leading Chicago outfitters such as Von Lengerke and Antoine and Marshall Field's.

Other members of the ski patrol committee of the club are Walter Stepp, Wilmette, Dr. Ferdinand Seidler, Chicago, and Jack Carson of Deerfield, midwestern chairman of the National Ski patrol and a member of the executive council of the United States Ski association. In honor of his skill and ability, Carson has been named a national patrolman, a recognition given to only 700 of the 4000 patrolmen active on the nation's slopes.

Members of the Snow Chase club in this area include Bruce Brown, Deerfield, member of the "snow dope" committee which reports skiing conditions; Brainerd Chapman, recently returned from army duty in Italy; James Snobble, and Jack Snobble, a former Dartmouth ski team captain and now instructor at Fountain Valley school in Colorado, whose engagement to Barbara Morris was announced last week.

In addition to favorite nearby ski spots such as Wilmet hills on the Wisconsin border and the newly opened Holiday hill at Lake Geneva, Snow Chasers will try out the leading Wisconsin and Michigan hills at LaCrosse, Wausau and Leland this winter. Others will go farther afield to Sun Valley and the big new resort at Aspen, Colo., built by Walter Paepecke of Chicago.

N. S. Kappa Sigmas

To Dine at Orrington

The North Shore Alumni association of Kappa Sigma will meet for dinner in the Alladin room of the Orrington hotel in Evanston at 6:30 on Jan. 13. This announcement is being made by letter this week to more than 300 Kappa Sigmas and with the announcement is being sent a directory of membership.

This alumni chapter, said to be one of the most active in the country, has just completed one of its most successful years under the leadership of Victor H. Jones of Evanston. Lee Bartholomew of Winnetka, who heads the organization for the coming year, looks forward to even a better year in 1947 because of the return of so many members from the armed forces.

The retiring and incoming officers and their wives met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew last week and the plans for the new year were discussed. These plans will be announced at the meeting Monday evening.

U. E. Church Invites Youth to Crusade

Youth of Highland Park and vicinity are invited to the Youth Gospel crusade, starting Friday evening, Jan. 10, in the First United Evangelical church, S. Green Bay road and Laurel avenue. The services will continue for three days with services Saturday and Sunday evenings, and also Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 3.

The crusade will be under the direction of the Youth Gospel Crusade, Inc., of Wheaton, an interdenominational movement to reach youngsters and older folks with the gospel. The speaker for the Highland Park meeting is Henry L. Harms, who is known by the hundreds of young people who have heard him as "Uncle Henry."



HENRY L. HARMS

He has conducted these crusades in a large number of churches of all denominations in the mid-west. He will expect a good attendance of youth in Highland Park as he comes with his "Picture Adventures," gospel magic, oil paintings and melodies to present the gospel story.

The meetings will be non-sectarian and are open to everyone. No admission will be charged. Rev. R. S. Wilson is pastor of the church and welcomes youth from all churches of the community, as well as those who do not attend any church.

College Students Return to Work

College young people participating in the New Year's Eve observance at the First United Evangelical church have returned to their respective colleges. The group included Miss Doris Gieser of McDaniels avenue, who returned to Bob Jones college in Cleveland, Tenn., on Saturday. Her roommate, Mary Ann Rogers, of California, spent the Christmas holidays with her. Miss Miriam Wichman of St. Johns avenue, returned to Indiana's university at Bloomington, on Friday. Her sister, Joan, is on the teaching staff of the physical education department at this school, and returned at the same time. Miss Joy Peterson of Broadview avenue returned Friday to Wheaton college to resume her freshman work.

Miss Jo Ann Mitchell of San Francisco, her roommate, spent the Christmas holidays with her in Highland Park. Other Wheaton students returning were Donald and Burton Tillman of Park avenue.

RETURNS FROM TRIP TO SCOTLAND

Mrs. George Larsen has returned to her home in Highwood after a visit of several months with her mother and other relatives in Scotland. She journeyed by ship to New York, and after a few days visit with her sister in Massachusetts, completed the trip to her home here. Her return was delayed by shortage of passenger ships in face of the large number of passengers desiring to come to this country.

Order of the Arrow To Hold Annual Meeting

Ma-ka-ja-wan lodge, Order of the Arrow held its annual meeting Jan. 2, at the Winnetka Community house. This meeting was planned as a big homecoming for the returned servicemen in the organization along with those members home from college for the season.

Sewall Truax Returns From Govt. Mission

Sewall Truax, son of Mrs. Eva Truax and grandson of Mrs. W. C. Egan of Egandale road, reached home recently after an extended trip in the south and southwest, where he was a member of a group engaged in confidential government business. The preliminary work was in Des Moines, and the major part in Grand Island, Nebr., and Denver, Colo. He was able to combine business with pleasure on the trip, and while in Colorado, visited Canyon City, his birthplace, which he left at the age of one.

Festival of San Jeronimo

While in New Mexico he attended the festival of San Jeronimo, celebrated by the Taos Indians. On the eve of this festival, the image of St. Jeronimo is carried, in torchlight procession, to various cemeteries, where the priest says mass, following which, relatives of the deceased decorate the graves.

Among the events of the day is a footrace between two 5-man teams, the losing team paying the salary of the priest for the coming year. Another feature is climbing the greased pole, at the top of which are various trophies. Contestants pay for the privilege of taking part, and draw lots to decide the order of participating. It was a ten-man contest, but number seven reached the top, thereby eliminating the last three. A community supper followed the day's celebration. It consisted of chile con carne, cornbread and goat's milk, served in a goat-skin gourd. This container insulates against heat and cold, and is used for carrying water on trips.

Attends Pagan Ceremony

While spending three months in and near Gallup, New Mexico, Mr. Truax visited Canyon De Chelly, near Chinle, Ariz., a Navajo reservation, and attended Indian church services, where the English portion of the mass is interpreted into Navajo. He visited Window Rock, Ariz., the Navajo capital, and spent Thanksgiving eve and day at Zuni, New Mexico, the largest Indian pueblo in the country. Here he attended a 1000-year-old pagan ceremony, the Shalico which starts at sundown and lasts until sundown the following day. Various Zuni gods were interpreted by masked dancers.

The ceremony is really a housewarming, and was held this time in honor of the newest building, which is equipped with electric lights.

Christmas Night at Independence, Mo.

On the trip home the bus stopped for a few moments at now-famous Independence, Mo., where a brief ceremony was held by the priest and choir from a Catholic college, the priest saying low mass followed by Adesti Fideles by the choir.

Great Contrasts

In walking from Chinle to Grand, 15 miles, Mr. Truax states that he met only 5 Indians. One, a Navajo, was carrying an army pack, the property of his grandson, lately released from service. Inviting him to his home, or Hogan, the Indian served him with corn and gave him four ears of dried corn to take on his journey, a symbol of plenty for the trip.

Mr. Truax was impressed by the fact that the neon signs at Gallup,

N. M., are replaced by candles used by Indians 60 miles away. It is no uncommon sight to see an Indian squaw walk into a store, papoose strapped to her back, and ask for drip grind coffee.

Mrs. Catherine Wheeler Succumbs to Long Illness

Funeral rites were held at the Kelley chapel on Saturday for Mrs. Catherine Wheeler, 72, who had worked as practical nurse on the North Shore for over 15 years. For the past year and a half she had been ill, and had been hospitalized since last May, being taken by death last Thursday. Interment was made at Mooney's cemetery. No near relatives survive.

Edward Bleimehl Sr. Is Laid to Rest

Funeral services were conducted on Monday, Jan. 6, for Edward Bleimehl, Sr., who for the past 11 years had lived at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Martin Murphy, 733 Glencoe.

A pioneer resident of Deerfield until 11 years ago, Mr. Bleimehl had been engaged in hotel keeping.

Besides Mrs. Murphy, he is survived by a daughter, Arline, and two sons, Edwin Jr. of Winnetka, and Robert Peter of Chicago. Interment was made at Northshore Garden of Memories.

Last Rites on Tuesday For Andrew Wm. Olson

On Tuesday afternoon, last rites were held at the Kelley chapel for Andrew William Olson, a resident of Highland Park for the past 42 years. His death occurred last Saturday morning at his home on 996 N. Green Bay road, following an illness of six months.

Born in Sweden, 76 years ago, Mr. Olson came to this country as a boy. Until four years ago he had worked as a painter and decorator in this community.

Surviving are his wife, Engar, and two sons, Arthur and Paul, who maintain a men's clothing shop on Central avenue. A veteran of World War II, Paul was separated from service with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

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