

Deep and Shallows

Salute To Uncle

(By permission of McClure Nsp. Syndicate.) Published July 4, '41.

"You'll miss the Fourth, Red," Barbara observed, trying to keep it casual, offhand.

"Bless you," I took up the challenge. "You can't miss the Fourth, baby, not even in Timbucktoo. It 'falleth as the gentle rain from heaven'—"

I broke off abruptly and half turned away. What was the use? A footloose, soldier-of-fortune sort of a fellow like me had no right to a girl like Barbara. Suddenly I whirled and, hands on her shoulders, said huskily:

"Barbara, when I come back—" "When you come back, Red..." The way she said it—well, you didn't need a ring. She smiled and tucked a little package into the pocket of my wool flying shirt. Then she stood on tiptoe, kissed me quickly, and was gone, leaving me grinning over the choke in my throat.

I investigated the package she'd left me. My fingers told me what it was. I grinned again.

Grand person—Barbara. Oh, of course there'd been other girls, but somehow their images always blurred and wavered before the level gray of Barbara's clear eyes. Swell of her to come to the airport to see me off on the first leg of my journey. Tomorrow I'd be in Newfoundland, awaiting a favorable opportunity to take off with one of those new army bombers for Britain.

I appreciated deeply this gesture of Barbara's. Especially as there was no one else—close. My mother'd never been more to me than a pictured smile—that, and the look in dad's eyes as they rested upon it. And after my second year at college I'd missed, also, the firm feel of dad's hand on my shoulder, and the deep rumble of his, "Well, my son?" Since then I'd been entirely on my own.

The day we took off from New-

foundland—my partner and I—in one of the quintet of bombers, Barbara's face went with me. It was there as the cabin door closed with a depressingly final thud. It stayed during those paralyzing moments which detract from the normal pleasure of flying. When a subtle vibration told of ice forming on the controls—would the de-icer take care of it?—and we climbed into the murky ceiling in search of a stratum of warmer air, Barbara's eyes steadied me. When we emerged from a cloud bank to realize by how slight a margin we'd missed the wing of a companion plane, I was heartened by Barbara's smile.

We roared into a fairy world of midnight blue, studded by diamonds and floored by mother-of-pearl and foam. I thought, if Barbara could only see this!

Finally came the indescribable beauty of the dawn—such as the earth-bound never witness—lighted by a ball of orange fire, gradually fading to a faint blush. Suddenly my heart skipped a beat. My glasses half-picked up a group of Nazi bombers, scouting for unarmored Britain-bound planes. Their swiftness was incredible. We got the signal which meant "every man for himself," and my stomach turned over as we spiraled frantically in the hope of reaching a high cloud bank. Miraculously, we made it. But not before we'd been sprayed fore and aft by a shower of machine gun bullets. We snuggled into the clouds. Then, when after what seemed hours—but was, of course, minutes—we dropped into the clear air to find we'd shaken off the enemy and were actually in sight of the Irish shore, Barbara's voice sounded in my ear: "When you come back, Red..." I touched the package in my breast pocket.

Somewhere over England we nosed down into a long glide. There were no imposing airdromes—just scattered, camouflaged sheds with sandbags strewn about. Came the blessed bump as plane touched ground. With all my passion for flying, I still retain a profound respect for terra firma.

Imperturbable British Tommies greeted us. "So you met up with the Fritzies," they observed, calmly regarding the bullet holes in our wings. "Beastly annoying, what?"

I thought of the good, safe country I'd just left—safe, please God, from the iron heel of that miniature atrocity referred to by a British statesman in a marvel of understatement as "that bad man." There was a welling within me that demanded expression. I decided to give the Tommies a part of it.

"Got a match, buddy?" I asked the one nearest me.

"Eh? Oh, quite!" He seemed to be wondering what this crazy Yankee was up to now.

I drew from my pocket the package Barbara had given me and tore away the paper wrapper. Applying the lighted match, I tossed her gift into the air. As the firecrackers ignited, their tiny pop-pop was almost lost in the surrounding confusion. The Tommy looked blank.

"This," I explained, "is the Fourth of July—but of course that may not mean much to you." I stood at attention, facing the country to which I would presently return.

"A salute," I said reverently, "to my Uncle Sam!"

ROSS BARGEY (R.B.O.)

Charles Sanborn Retires From Active Service After 35 Years

On Saturday evening, June 21, Charles A. Sanborn, 817 Ridge-wood drive, was honored with a farewell party by his friends and associates from the Waukegan branch of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., marking his honorable retirement from service with the company after 35 years.

Starting work with the Metropolitan company October 2, 1911, at Des Moines, Ia., Mr. Sanborn later moved to Highland Park, continuing service with the company from June 16, 1913, until the present time.

The Saturday evening party, which took place at the Country Side golf club, near Ivanhoe, was attended by 70 friends. Music was furnished by the Saxophone sextet of the Zion City band. After several complimentary speeches which covered Mr. Sanborn with blushes, his fellow workers presented him with a handsome wrist-watch. He was also presented with an "Honorable Retired" medal, with certificate, by his company.

During his work in Highland Park Mr. Sanborn has made many warm friends, who will miss his friendly visits and efficient service. However, after two months of well-deserved rest, he will conduct a limited insurance business from his home.

Herb Holt's Orchestra Furnishes Music for Teen Ager's Show

Herb Holt's orchestra had the honor of furnishing the instrumental music at the benefit show staged by the Teen Ager's at the Alcyon theater, Wednesday afternoon, playing accompaniments for June Christy, College Inn vocalist, and Lois Patton, "Miss Junior America," who were honored guest stars.

A stage show, consisting of acts by many local performers, was presented, as well as a Warner Brothers film, "Rhapsody in Blue."

Proceeds of the performance are to be donated for the purpose of furthering the conquest of cancer.

The Teen Ager's, a new organization in Highland Park, is directed by the following officers: Ramona May, president; Ray Geraci, vice-president; Warner Rosenthal, treasurer; Jeanette Lansing, secretary; Carly Rubens, publicity chairman, and Joan St. Cyr, social chairman.

Northmoor Golf Pro Wins Distinction in Recent Tournaments

Golf Pro Ramsey, of Northmoor Country club, won distinction last week in the first match of the National Professional Golf association held in Detroit, when he edged out Bobby Locke, golf champion of South Africa. Locke led in 4 out of the 6 first tournaments held in the States. On Friday, Ramsay bowed to Dick Metz, of Kansas, to the tune of one up on 18 holes.

In the recent National Open tournament, held in St. Louis, Ramsay led in the first round with 67, one of the lowest scores, tying with Harry Todd and Chick Harbert.

Graduation Class Contributes Toward School Address System

A gift of \$50 was made to the Highland Park high school PTA by the graduating class to be used toward a public address system for the high school. The class also provided tassels for the graduating caps to be retained as souvenirs of the occasion.

Gloria Crain Makes Later Report From China

The Charles B. Crains, 2172 Dell place, are in receipt of a later communication from their daughter, Gloria, who flew to China to be married to her fiance, Edward J. Barthen, who is stationed there. Although, due to necessary formalities, the wedding had not yet taken place, there was consideration, at the time of the writing, of being married in an ancient monastery high up in the hills near Shanghai; which they had visited. "A tremendous, mysterious place, reached only by foot from the base of the hill."

Miss Crain confessed to finding herself still in a daze from being one day at home and four days later in China. As the plane came down in Shanghai, she could see her fiance through the window, but had to wait ten minutes for checking of baggage and passports before joining him. Everything was satisfactory, she reported.

Reviewing points of the trip, the bride-elect found Okinawa a "gruesome place" where they were greeted with fanfare, but where the men stood around and eyed them wistfully. A Red Cross girl was stationed there. Guam she found beautiful. She had breakfast there in a summerhouse on a hill overlooking the beaches and ocean. The view was gorgeous, and there was some talk of making it a resort.

Among the lunches and dinners in swank places the White Horse, in Shanghai, stands out on account of its "superlative food." Schnitzel with potatoes, apple strudel and Viennese coffee—served in a glass with whipped cream—music out of this world, made by a pianist and two violinists playing "anything from Tchaikovsky's violin concerto to the Chattanooga Choo Choo," to the latter of which she jiggerbugged with a navy commander.

Money in China has to be carried in a brief case, the legal rate of exchange being \$12 to every American dollar, and the black market rate 25 to 1.

Miss Crain declares that she likes China more every day, in spite of the dirt and the child-like attitude of the people.

Relatives of Actress

(Continued from page 1) ing two years spent as a field worker with the American Red Cross she was in New Guinea, the Philippines and Japan. The next daughter, Patricia, also joined the Red Cross and went overseas with Frances. While Patricia was in New Guinea she met and married John R. Pawcett. She and her husband are now living in El Paso, Texas. Patricia has always had aspirations to be a playwright, and it is our understanding that Charles MacArthur, playwright and producer, is very much interested in the play she just recently did. William Patrick is a graduate of Northwestern university and was a pilot in the U. S. army air corps during the war. When he returned he met and married Stella Janatta, a Kenilworth girl. An interesting highlight of his career in the air corps was meeting his sister Frances on Okinawa when his bomber command was based there. This of course after the capture of the island and saturation bombing raids were in progress on the mainland of Japan.

The youngest child, Christina, is a typical American outdoor girl. She is at present attending Marymount college in Terrytown, N. Y. She has made several trips to Scotland in the last few years and is a tennis and swimming enthusiast. She has played in numerous tournaments and is a member of the U. S. Lawn Tennis association. The Kellys are members of Exmoor club.

September High School Freshman Class Will Number 243 Students

The Highland Park high school freshman class for next September will consist of approximately 243 students. This number is drawn from the 11 grammar schools in the township. In order of number, students from the different grammar schools are as follows: Ravinia, 52; Elm Place, 48; Oak Terrace, 40; Deerfield, 26; Lincoln, 24; Braeside, 23; Wilmet, 11; St. James, 7; West Ridge, 7; Holy Cross, 1.

Ens. S. Turner Returns from Mediterranean Tour

Ens. S. Turner, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Turner of 2432 N. Deere Park drive, has returned to the United States aboard the light cruiser USS Dayton, after an extensive tour of the Mediterranean area.

While on the cruise, the Dayton visited Istanbul, Souda Bay, Crete, Alexandria, Naples, Trieste and Gibraltar.

MIXED EVENTS AT SKYCREST GOLF CLUB

With real June weather to help, Carl Gran, of Evanston, and Grant Clark of Dell place, Highland Park, swung into mid-season form to take first place in the annual Red and White golf event at Skycrest Country club on June 21.

The winners in the four ball mixed foursome, also held on the past week-end, were Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Warner, Evanston, and Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Teuteberg, Evanston.

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