

Deep and Shallows

The Yellow Rose

Dr. R. Jackson Holden had visited with each of the eight small patients in Ward Seven. Something was bothering Billy McGuire and Dr. Jack, as everybody called him, went back to his bed. "What's on your mind, Billy? Something troubling you? Tell me about it, maybe I can help you get rid of it."

Dr. Jack's smiling brown eyes and the comforting touch of his hand on his head bolstered Billy's courage. He blurted: "One of the beautiful pictures got loose and came out and I haven't glue to paste it back."

"Where's the beautiful picture, Billy?"

Billy proceeded to haul out from under the covers a rather messed looking scrapbook and the beautiful picture. It turned out to be that of a large yellow rose, which had evidently once been part of a picture postal card.

There was a puzzled look in Dr. Jack's eyes. Memory groped frantically back some fifteen years. Turning the picture over he read what was left on the yellow rose after it had been cut out. The words were in his own handwriting.

"Where did you get this, Billy?"

"Miss Myra brought it the other day when Mrs. Myra couldn't come."

"Who is Miss Myra?"

"She's just young Miss Myra."

"Who is Mrs. Myra?"

"Mrs. Myra is older, but she is very nice. Miss Myra comes when Mrs. Myra can't come."

"Haven't they any other name?"

"Yes, I guess so. I don't remember it. Such a funny name."

"How long have you had this scrap book?"

"Miss Myra brought it to me a few days ago. She told me to be very careful of it, because Mrs. Myra thought an awful lot of it. Mrs. Myra had left something else for me, but Miss Myra couldn't find it, and so she brought this. Do you think you could find some glue, Dr. Jacks?"

"Sure, Billy, I'll go right away and we'll paste it where it belongs. I'll be back in a few minutes."

On his way to his office, he met Miss Wright, one of the floor nurses. Yes, she had seen the ladies visiting Billy, but being busy, she hadn't done more than greet them. She hadn't the faintest idea what their names were, but she remembered there was a Doctor

connected in the family somewhere. She presumed they were Mother and Daughter. There was a family resemblance. The Daughter was about twenty or so, and the Mother very young looking.

Hum-m — must be someone else. Myra couldn't possibly have a daughter twenty years old. It was fifteen years since he had heard from Myra. It still was a mystery — his letters returned unopened. Six pleading letters. He could have written the family, but there was his pride. Then success had come to him. His entire life had become wrapped in his work. The only women he was interested in were the nurses — with steady hands and an untiring devotion to a critical case.

Once in a while a patient would receive a bunch of yellow roses and Myra would flit through his mind, to vanish with his visit to the next patient.

Fifteen years. And now the scrapbook. No one could have made it except Myra. There suddenly flared up a passionate longing to see her, to look into her eyes, to hear her voice, to touch her.

He found himself in his office. What had he come for? O, yes, some glue to paste a yellow rose into Myra's scrapbook for Billy. He hid himself back to Ward Seven, and soon the beautiful picture was safely in its proper place.

Billy insisted on showing Dr. Jack several more choice pages. The memories it brought back — each adding to the longing to see her.

Miss Wright popped her head in the door, "Dr. Jack, you're wanted in Room 11 by a Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Joslin says to make it snappy."

"Coming, Miss Wright. Thank you. Sorry, Billy, I'll have to go. I'll look at the book some more tomorrow."

As they were walking toward Room 11 Miss Wright said, "I asked Miss Taylor and she told me the name of the Myra ladies is Severnhouse. He died about two years ago."

Dr. Joslin was waiting outside of Room 11 and asked, "Dr. Holden, was your name always R. J. Holden? I want to be sure you are the right person Mrs. Wilson wants to make her confession to."

"I was christened Robert Jackson, but my Uncle in his will made me add his name."

"Just one more question. Do you remember a Myra Grimson?"

"I do."

"I'm sure Dr. Holden you're in for a very big surprise. Mrs. Wilson has had a bad accident. There may be internal hemorrhages. Keep your finger on her pulse. I'll be within hearing distance."

All that was visible of the patient were the wild eyes. Dr. Jacks took her hand with finger on pulse. "What can I do for you?" he asked softly.

"Just listen. I want forgiveness... I'm Flora — I lived next door to Myra and I was jealous of her... I told — the mailman she wanted him to give me all your letters — from Rochester — that her folks didn't want her to correspond with you. I said I would give them to her — but I sent them back... about six or seven, there were. The postman was a young fellow — I kidded him along... Then I told Myra that you were in love with a nurse in Rochester... I've had a hard life — I'm tired... Please forgive me. You

see, I was in love with you, myself."

Dr. Joslin touched his shoulder and pointed to the door. "Wait for me out there. I can answer all the questions you have to ask."

Dr. Joslin came out smiling. "I'll make it short. Myra Grimson's sister was Dr. Severnhouse' first wife. When she died, Myra kept house for him and his two children. Later she married him. Dr. Severnhouse was a fine eye man. He died two years ago."

"You evidently know Mrs. Severnhouse?"

"Yes, indeed — a charming person. Her telephone number is Highridge 172. I'd make use of it if I were you. Over there is a telephone booth."

In the telephone booth — "I would like to speak to Mrs. Severnhouse, please."

"This is Mrs. Severnhouse."

"Myra, this is Robert Jackson Holden. Flora just told me about my letters."

"Yes, Bob, she told me, too, less than an hour ago."

"May I come to see you?"

"I'll be waiting, Bob."

—A.C.O.

Mary Lu Sanborn Arrives in Germany

Mary Lu Sanborn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Sanborn, 817 Ridgewood drive, who accepted a position with the Army of Occupation in Germany on special service duty, writes home as follows:

"Left Westover air field, Mass., in an army plane, on Thursday, June 26, about 2 pm, arriving at Newfoundland that evening, and after an eight-hour flight, landed in the Azores. Stopping to check and refuel the plane, we again took off and landed in Frankfurt, Germany, at 2 am on Saturday, June 28. Over France our pilot flew as low as safety permitted and we were able to see many of the war ruins.

"After landing at Frankfurt, we were taken to an inn at Bad Soden for the night. Theresa, one of our girls, and myself, got a lovely room with inlaid beds and marble-top dressers, but no lights. We had to use our flash lights.

"In this area there does not seem to be much war damage; there are about 5000 civilians here. Many beautiful gardens with mostly roses. Fields are all planted and the corn is about knee high. The German people seem quite friendly, and the children all look very healthy.

"Have had a little trouble changing \$50 travelers' checks to American script. Some prices are low, but American cigarettes are selling from \$60 to \$89.50 per package, according to the brand.

"Do not know yet just what my job will be. We are to be assigned to our work on Monday, and will let you know later where I am and what I am doing."

Miss Sanborn adds that ration cards are used in Germany for clothing, cigarettes and liquors.

Lewis Hutchison Plays A Lead in Boulder University Production

Lewis Hutchison, son of Mrs. L. R. Hutchison, 1540 Judson, and nephew of Dr. and Mrs. Grover Q. Grady of Forest avenue, has been slated to play one of the leading roles in "Green Brow the Lilacs," a play taken from "Oklahoma," which will be presented by the University of Colorado Players' club, July 10 to 12, as the first of a series of western plays to be produced during the summer session.

The play, under the direction of Edward J. West, associate professor of English, is based on the American folk-story of the Indian territory during the 1900 era. The plot, rich and salty in dialect and idiom, will be carried by seven principals supported by a large

Audrey Cushing Prindle Becomes the Bride of New York Attorney

One of the lovelier weddings of the season took place Saturday afternoon, July 5, at the Trinity Episcopal church, when Audrey Cushing Prindle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George B. Prindle, 374 Oakland drive, exchanged vows with Dudley J. Clapp Jr., son of Mrs. Gertrude R. Clapp of Wethersfield, Conn., and Mr. Dudley J. Clapp of Essex, Conn. Rev. Robert C. Clingman read the marriage lines.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore the traditional white satin, fashioned with sweetheart neckline, long pointed sleeves, hoop skirt and train. Her fingertip veil was fastened with a tiara of mock orange blossoms, and her bouquet was of white gladioli and white larkspur. For something old she wore an antique miniature pin, worn by her mother on her own wedding day.

She was attended by Mrs. Robert L. Eddy, West Hartford, Conn., sister of the bridegroom, as matron of honor, gowned in pale blue chiffon, with matching meline headband and fresh flowers. She carried a bouquet of yellow carnations and deep blue larkspur.

The bridesmaids were Mrs. Herbert E. Reagan of Chicago, Miss Jeanette Bryant of Evanston, Miss Lois Cooley of New York City and Mrs. W. R. Shelmerdine of Buffalo. Their dresses were of yellow chiffon with headbands of yellow meline and fresh flowers, and they carried white carnations with pale blue larkspur.

For the occasion the bride's mother chose a dinner dress of dusty rose crepe, with blue accessories, while Mrs. Clapp was costumed in ice blue with violet accessories.

Porter B. Clapp served his brother as best man. The ushers were Robert L. Eddy of West Hartford, Donald E. Nichols of Highland Park, Frank Maples of Iowa City and Frank Pratt of Utica, N. Y.

After a bridal trip through Canada by motor, the young couple will return to Highland Park about July 19. After July 25 they will be at home at 640 Riverside drive, New York City.

Don Nash Vacations In Canada; Qualifies As Fisherman

Don Nash, 116 S. Green Bay road, a 1947 graduate of the Highland Park high school, who is vacationing in Canada, last week sent home proof of his prowess as a fisherman in the shape of 100 pounds of very palatable pike. Two fine specimens found their way to the office of the Highland Park Press and we heartily recommend Don for a full membership in the Isaac Walton league.

Former Highland Parker Guest at Gilroy Home

Jerry Hiebolt, a former resident of Highland Park, now living at Hyattsville, Md., is a guest in the Edwin L. Gilroy home, 286 Central, where he is visiting their son, Mike.

Home for the week-end was Edwin Gilroy, a student of personnel work at university of Minnesota. Another son, Tom, student of accounting at university of Illinois, and vacation-time employee at the First National bank of Highland Park, spent the week-end with a college friend in Springfield, Ill.

Omaha university arranged for a checkroom for babies so that the senior girls who married G.I.'s wouldn't miss commencement for lack of baby-sitters.—Pathfinder.

cast. Variety and entertainment will be furnished by the folk songs and by the university "Calico and Boots" western dance group.

Ravinia Garden Club Hostess to Garden Club of Illinois

The Garden Club of Illinois, of which Mrs. Daniel E. Kissam of Glencoe is president, will be entertained by the Ravinia Garden club on Monday, July 14th, at Rosebrae, the beautiful country home of Mrs. C. Eugene Pfister, on the Diamond Lake road, Mundelein. Mrs. Stanley Grace, president of the local club, extends a cordial invitation to all members of affiliated garden clubs to attend with box lunches at 12:30. The hostess club, with Mesdames Arthur Durand, Gregory Frelinger, Robert Glasgow, Kenneth Kraft, Bruce Krasberg, Frederick Mudge, Hugh Riddle, and Dudley Crafts Watson assisting Mrs. Pfister, will serve coffee and punch.

"Roses" will appropriately be the subject of a talk by C. Eugene Pfister, author of many articles, immediate past president and now chief rosarian of the Men's Garden Club of America, and a director of the American Rose society. First hand growing information will be available as there are in his garden over twelve hundred rose plants, including six hundred named varieties, all roses that will grow in this area, as well as a test plot for new roses; and anyone now growing roses or interested in the future should spend a most delightful day at Rosebrae.

Captain at ROTC Camp Welcomes Family From England

Capt. Ray Burt of Ft. Sheridan, left for New York on Monday to welcome his English bride and baby, who arrived Tuesday on the USS Mauretania.

Captain Burt is detailed at Ft. Sheridan ROTC camp from Ft. Bliss, Tex., as battalion supply officer. He will reside at 150 S. Second St., Highland Park, with his wife and child. He arrived at Ft. Sheridan about May 10 and will return Sept. 1.

The shrinking dollar is rapidly putting us in the change gang.—Pathfinder.

All Teen Agers Welcome To Dance at Cokes-Mc-Inn July 16

Cokes-Mc-Inn, Community center, will be the scene of the weekly teen-age dance on Wednesday, July 16, starting at 8 pm. Admission is 10 cents. All teen-agers are welcome, according to Bob Peddie. Teen Age club is sponsored by the playground board.

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