

Deep and Shallows

EPITAPH

Peg O' My Heart: They postered the poor gal to perdition when she was first presented to the public. Now, 25 years later, posterity is again subjecting her to a ruthless pummeling.

Proposed epitaph: Rest In Peace.

DEEP RIVER

Old Rowdy wasn't feeling any too well these days. The pain in his back legs was getting worse, and he was always wanting to sleep in the sun. Even the black cat across the street presented no temptation. Time was when Rowdy would have scared her out of eight of her nine lives, chasing her up a tree to sit there yowling and glaring down at him. Today she strolled, scornful and unmolested in plain sight of her enemy. Rowdy just ignored her cattish demeanor. He didn't even care.

In his doggie mind there sprung a sudden impulse. A desire to see the Boss—to savor the feel of his hand on the head, the delicious scratching behind the ears and the low rumble of his voice: "Good ol' boy—good old fellow . . ."

Rising painfully to his feet Rowdy stretched his stiff muscles. He was impelled by an insatiable urge to do a thing he knew very well to be taboo. It was forbidden for him to follow the Boss to work, but the longing for the beloved companionship was too strong to be repressed. He set off at a lumbering pace.

The Boss was in a vile humor that morning. An important deal had fallen through. His secretary had phoned that she had a touch of the flu. He'd skipped breakfast, and now he was hungry. A pile of mail lay unopened on his desk. Shutting the door on the whole picture he set out to get a cup of coffee. He almost fell over Rowdy lying in front of the door.

All the petty grievances of the morning gathered and culminated in a burst of rage—concentrating on Rowdy.

"Fool dog! You know better 'n to follow me to work. Want to get your back broken by a car? Now get home! Get on out of here! Home, I tell you—home!"

Rowdy's head had lifted in joyful anticipation at the sound of the Boss' step, but now the doggie grin faded and he stared in dismay at the angry face.

"Go on! Get home, I tell you—scot!"

Rowdy couldn't have scooted, had he wanted to. But he set off obediently toward home. He still couldn't believe what had just happened. He turned and looked back.

The Boss was standing on the sidewalk, watching. He picked up a pebble. No doubt he had no intention of doing more than scaring the dog, but the pebble struck the hard pavement and rebounded, striking Rowdy on the head.

Rowdy gave a sharp yelp—more in surprise than pain. His head didn't hurt so much, but the agony

in his faithful heart was intolerable. This from the Boss . . . his beloved companion—his pall! As he turned again toward home there were tears in the sad brown eyes.

The shade in his yard looked good; the sunlight looked even better. Rowdy limped over to a sunny spot. The pain in his hind legs was becoming excruciating, and the left one was dragging. He sank down in the warm sunlight.

Now the ache began to subside. But a gray film was spreading over his eyes, blocking the vision. No matter, he was tired, anyway.

Presently all pain, fatigue and heart-break left him in a long, choking sigh. The shaggy head dropped forward on the limp front paws, and Rowdy fell into a long, dreamless sleep.

Dog Lover

THE POOR MOSQUITO

As you abuse the weather man, And weakly mop your dripping pan, Remember that the heat can do Great damage to mosquitoes, too.

Like humans, they can do without Their food, and still be round about; But moisture is on the list Of things they need, to just sub-

Each dry hot day, in bosky dell, Rings some mosquito funeral knell, No drop of dew on flower or thistle Available to wet its whistle.

The females, true, will never quibble If they can find some prey to nibble; But males (they're not the nibbling sort), And fertile eggs (as well they ort) Succumb to stress of heat and light

With never having had a bite.

And so remember, when your feet Are killing you, and prickly heat Is menacing your bright career, And you are sure your end is near, And you crab, as anyone would do, It's curtains for mosquitoes, too.

TUNES WITH A LILT:
"The Boy Next Door"
"Love Thy Neighbor."

THAT LUCKY LOOK
I'd known you all these years, considered you Most pleasantly rewarding to the glance, Of stimulating mind, ideals true; And then one day I happened—just by chance— To search your shining eyes, and there I found.

The sun, the moon, the stars. Our glances clung.
'Twas then I knew the truth; the world turned round, And bells began to chime, till then unring.

What treasure I had missed until I took— And quite by chance—that lucky, lucky look.

R.B.O.

W. G. N. Scriptwriters

Winifred Wallis Becomes An August Bride In Beautiful Garden Setting

Spreading bouquets of white gladioli on Colonial pedestals placed in front of a natural green background, provided the garden setting for the home wedding of Miss Winifred Wallis of Highland Park and Mr. Frank Donald McManus of Lake Forest last Wednesday. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Earl Wallis at four in the afternoon. Dr. Louis W. Sherwin, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Highland Park read the marriage vows.

The bride wore a cream satin Victorian wedding gown with a fingertip illusion veil held in place by a circlet of pearl flowers. She carried a Colonial bouquet of white sybidium orchids and stephanotis. Miss Elizabeth Wallis, her sister and maid of honor accented her pale yellow gown with a shower bouquet of purple asters and wore a coronet of purple asters in her hair. The groom was attended by his brother Mr. Robert Lawry McManus as best man.

The groom's mother wore a summer floral print ornamented by a white gardenia corsage and gardenias in her hair. The bride's mother wore a mauve crepe and petite pink roses. Mr. Stockdale of Estherville, Iowa and Mr. George Wallis, brother of the bride, assisted in seating guests, among whom were the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Bertha Wallis of Florida, Alabama, and the groom's grandfather Mr. Warren Taylor of Orlando, Florida. The house was decorated with lavender and yellow gladioli with accents of purple and white asters for the reception immediately following the ceremony.

Rain In California Writes Mrs. O. L. Olesen

There has been a rain in California, and Mrs. O. L. Olesen, Hollywood, California, formerly a veteran Highland Park, admits it. But she has an alibi—or a partial one, at least. She writes:

"We are having unusual rain here today—and are puzzled as to whether or not this is due to the Los Angeles Times experimenting with dry ice being thrown into a cloud over the forest fires yesterday (August 7)."

"We had a fire up in our canyon last Wednesday and it took nine fire trucks to put it out after burning for two hours. But they saved the two beautiful homes in the path of the fire. Then exactly 24 hours later up our hills came the fire departments with their usual siren songs—this time to prevent the fire on the other side of our north hills from climbing over onto our side. The smoke, which we thought was clouds—looked entirely different when we realized the situation. A fire near Pasadena has been burning for several days."

Miss Jennie Olson, of North avenue, Highland Park, has been the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Olesen, for the past few weeks.

"The capacity to learn does not perceptibly diminish during a person's adult life. The man who refuses to let his education end with the formal schooling of his youth is an asset to society."

MOVIE PROGRAMS (Clip for reference)

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Thurs., Fri., Sat. Aug 14, 15, 16
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"IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN"
ADDED: Selected Shorts and News.

Sun., Mon., Tue., Wed. August 17, 18, 19, 20
Humphrey Bogart, Barbara Stanwyck, Alexis Smith

"The Two Mrs. Carrolls"
ADDED: Latest News and Selected Shorts

Thurs., Fri., Sat. Aug. 21, 22, 23
Marshall Thompson, George Tobias, Clem Bevans

"GALLANT BESS"
Photographed in Natural Color
ADDED: Cartoon and Late News

GLENCOE

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Errol Flynn, Claude Rains

Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. Aug. 17, 18, 19, 20
"GALLANT BESS"
Marshall Thompson, George Tobias

Thurs., Fri., Sat. Aug. 21, 22, 23
"The Two Mrs. Carrolls"
Barbara Stanwyck, Alexis Smith, Humphrey Bogart

Coming: "My Brother Talks to Horses," "Honeymoon," "The Sea of Grass"

Several Fine Biographies Have Been Added to The Highland Park Library

Biography is one of the most interesting forms of literature according to many people, and for those of you who enjoy this type of reading the Highland Park Library has several fine new books.

Heading the list is Shirley Graham's book entitled "There Was Once a Slave". This is the heroic story of Frederick Douglas, one of the noblest men in American history—a man who escaped from slavery to become one of the great leaders of his century—a friend of Lincoln, Gladstone, Robert Peel, John Brown, Robert Ingersoll, William Lloyd Garrison and other great statesmen of his generation. Winner of the Julian Messner award for the best book combatting intolerance in America, "There Was Once a Slave" tells with feeling and simplicity the thrilling story of a man of action and imagination who took the world for his stage in the long battle for freedom for his race.

Baseball fans who are also biography readers will be glad to know that the Library has two outstanding new books about two equally outstanding baseball personalities—Bob Feller, pitcher for the Cleveland Indians, and Judge Landis, baseball's long-time commissioner. "Strikeout Story" is Feller's own account of his rise to national baseball fame. The book is full of anecdotes about Bob's dreams of becoming a big-league pitcher, his early training, his first big game, his career in the Navy and his record-breaking feats since the war. Feller's career has not been without hard breaks, however, and it is the way Bob overcame them, as much as anything else, that makes his book fascinating reading.

J. G. Taylor Spink, in writing his biography of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, "Judge Landis and 25 Years of Baseball", has written the story of the game itself. The immortals are all there: Ban Johnson, founder-president of the American League and Landis' lifelong opponent; Babe Ruth, who once challenged the judge's position as top man—and lost; Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, who were arbitrarily ousted from their jobs in the prelude to the commissioner's toughest case; these and many others form the "line-up" of this fascinating narrative which no baseball lover will want to miss.

Also on the shelves among the other new biographies is "The Big Yankee", Michael Blankfort's life of Evans F. Carlson, organizer of the famous Marine Raider Battalion and one of the most impressive figures to emerge from World War II. General Carlson was raised in New England, ran away from home at an early age and joined the Army and was subsequently stationed in many of the countries of Europe, Asia and South America. It was while in Nicaragua and various parts of Asia that he got his knowledge of guerrilla warfare—a knowledge that he later put to good use when he led his Raiders into the first American land encounter with Jap forces. The author of the book was in the Marine Corps himself and got to know General Carlson there. He has written this biography through his personal knowledge of Carlson and through conferences with the general's family, close friends and enthusiastic veterans who served with him.

The quest for freedom has been a basic characteristic of the American people from the very beginning, and in his collective biography, "Critics and Crusaders", Charles A. Madison tells how eighteen various Americans fought

for their ideal of freedom, and in doing so, expanded the whole field of human rights. With changing times freedom means different things to those who work for it: to William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown and Wendell Phillips it was the emancipation of the Negro; to

Thoreau it was the absence of coercion; while to Eugene V. Debs it was economic equality. In writing about these men, Madison shows how their struggles to carry out their beliefs have made America a finer country than it otherwise would have been.

CROSSWORD By A. C. Gordon

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13			
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21	22		23	24	25		
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43			44				
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48				49			

- ACROSS**
- 1—Animal known as "Ship of the Desert"
 - 5—Animal which is nearest living ally of horse and rhinoceros
 - 6—Preposition
 - 8—Considered the most bloodthirsty animals
 - 12—Compass direction
 - 14—Dog's yelp
 - 15—To create
 - 16—East of burden
 - 17—Mythic Sanskrit word
 - 18—Contrivances for ensnaring animals
 - 20—College degree
 - 21—Binding material
 - 23—Chemical symbol for tantalum
 - 34—Combining form meaning hundred
 - 36—To slip away
 - 38—Animal skin
 - 39—Of small thickness
 - 40—Insects
- DOWN**
- 1—Small species of wolf
 - 2—Beasts
 - 3—Latin connective
 - 4—Large carnivorous animal
 - 5—Dwelling place of certain animals
 - 6—Like
 - 7—Class of invertebrate animals (plural)
 - 8—Places again
 - 11—Horned animal
 - 12—Man's name
 - 15—A color
 - 19—Animal related to No. 11 down
 - 22—Odoriferous animals
 - 23—Considered by many as the most intelligent animal
 - 27—Printer's measure
 - 28—Pharmacopoeia
 - 29—Britannica (abbrev.)
 - 31—Nickname applied to a kind of ape
 - 32—Advance
 - 34—Beast of burden
 - 36—Bovine animal
 - 38—A flat space
 - 39—Nothing more than
 - 40—Impaled with reversed sword
 - 42—Nautical for toward the wind
- Answers on page 5

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