

Deeps and Shallows

THE ENIGMA OF ADOLESCENCE

I can't seem to remember just how our young hopeful came by the name of "Skip". It certainly doesn't apply to the speed he shows around home. Perhaps it is his enthusiasm for sports—or anything in the nature of play. Well, anyway . . .

Even if Skip is a gangling, slow-moving stringbean of a high school freshman, he has the sweetest disposition this side of heaven. He gets that from my side of the family, of course. Why, even when Horace put his foot down (for the sake of discipline, presumably) on Skip's spending another summer at camp, our son and heir took the ultimatum in stride, although he is simply nuts about camping.

"When I was your age," Horace said, striking an attitude, "I didn't have things handed me on a platter. I worked for 'em. I had a job, and believe you me, I attended to it, too."

"Okay, pop," Skip said mildly. "I'll get a job . . . doing what?" Horace struck another attitude. "Find one! That's what I had to do!" Horace's idea of discipline is to let the reins lie slack for a stretch, then suddenly pull up with a jerk.

Skip talked a lot about the job he was going to get, and what he would do with his earnings. "I might even get a second hand car," he said, brightly. Horace looked up sharply at that. If there is one thing that "sends" Horace (if the wrong direction) it is these souped-up jalopies that teen agers barrel around in. I could read his thoughts as clearly as though there were a peep hole in the front of his head. "You don't have the price yet," his thoughts read, "and if, by any chance, you do get it . . . we'll see about that!" However he refrained from remarks.

But it didn't seem to me that Skip was going about getting a job in the right way. I don't believe I'd hire a chap who strolled nonchalantly into my office and inquired, casually, with a freckled grin:

"Know where I can get a job?" And that was about what Skip would be sure to do.

Then one day Skip announced, blithely:

"Hey, mom and pop . . . I gotta job!" I nearly fell off my chair, and Horace looked startled. The job was, we found, of a rather menial nature, but Skip didn't seem to mind. A friend of the family, a Mr. Smith, was going away for the week-end, and Skip was to clean his law offices thoroughly, waxing and polishing and getting them in tip top shape for his return.

Saturday morning Skip set off whistling. Toward noon I experienced a presentiment of impending disaster, so, while downtown marketing I stopped in at the office of Mr. Smith to see how things were progressing.

There sat Skip in the middle of the floor of the main room. He actually had rolled back the rug, but as for his method of setting about cleaning . . . well, I couldn't give him much. He was apparently finishing one spot at a time, and puddles of dirty water were intermingled with lumps of wax, spread here and there over the floor. "Skip!" I shrieked. "You're doing it all wrong!"

"Take it easy, mom," advised Skip, calmly, "everything's under control." He continued to dabble and swipe until I thought I'd go mad.

Well, thanks be, it was Saturday and Horace was home. I would not be obliged to bear my burden alone. I burnt up the road getting home, and my account of the situation must have been graphic, for without a word, though visibly striving for calm, Horace rose and put away his pipe.

"Guess I'll take a look," he said, carefully. "Lunch can wait a bit. And I really didn't want to go golfing, anyway."

When he came down stairs he was garbed in T-shirt and shorts. Sensing the trend of events, I hastily donned my garden slacks and we set out to save the family honor.

If you're a mother—or a father—I don't need to tell you what happened. Horace and I fell to and gave that suite of offices the works, Skip hanging on the outskirts of the action, getting in the way. In the middle of the afternoon the janitor appeared outside the door with the vacuum cleaner and stood there, looking blank.

"Leave that thing here," Horace told him. "We'll finish up."

We did, and I give you my word, there was never a cleaner or shinier suite of rooms in the whole city—or, maybe in the whole world. "There," said Horace, whisking the sweat from his brow and squeezing his T-shirt over the washbasin, "now maybe I'll be able to look Smith in the face."

Skip was jubilant. "I betcha Mr. Smith gives me a bonus," he chortled, "on account of how nice everything looks!"

Horace gave him a sidewise glance, and Skip's face clouded.

"I s'pose by rights," he offered, "I should give you two a sort of commission, on account of how much you helped."

"A mere nothing, son. Nice workout. Think nothing of it." Horace's sarcasm was lost on our son.

"One thing's for sure," he went on, happily, "I won't lack for jobs, now. Mr. Smith said that if he was satisfied with this job he'd recommend me to all his friends."

This was too much. "He will not!" roared Horace. "Because—know why? Because you're going home right now and pack your gear ready to start for camp tomorrow morning . . . And there you're going to stay for the rest of the summer . . . see?"

"Oh, gee, pop—d'ye mean that? Oh, thanks, pop—thanks a million. I'll get on my horse right now. Whoop-ee!" And Skip literally tore out of there, feet barely touching ground. He even beat the car home.

Sometimes I wonder, is our Skip just a wee bit slow in the uptake . . . or is he prettily doggone shrewd? Of course I wouldn't admit it to Horace. But you know . . . it's bare possible that it . . . could be!

—R.B.O.

Harry Pertz Establishes Unique Attendance Record

On Monday, October 6, Harry Pertz of the Highland Park high school was absent for the first time in his 33 years of teaching.

Mayor Leaves For Annual Fall Outing

Last week Mayor Robert F. Patton left for English River, Canada, where he will enjoy a fortnight of hunting and fishing, as has been his custom at this season for many years. Really roughing it, he and his Indian guide will sleep in a tent and spend their days fishing and hunting deer and moose.

During his absence the Mayor's duties will be ably conducted by Councilman Gordon Humphrey, acting as mayor pro tem.

Highland Park Man To Be Honored At Kiwanis Division Party

J. Carl Arens, 86 Elmwood Drive, Lt. Governor of Division 17 of the Illinois-Eastern Iowa District of Kiwanis International and Mrs. Arens will be honored on next Wednesday night, Oct. 29th, when the Evanston Kiwanis Club is host to the Division at the annual ladies' night Dinner and Dance at the Elks Club in Evanston. A great many members of the Highland Park Kiwanis Club are planning to attend this event which is always the highlight of the year's program.

Pledged To National Sorority At Monmouth

Eighty-three girls were pledged to the four national sororities on the Monmouth College campus, Monmouth, Illinois, on October 11, according to Miss Jean Liedman, Dean of Women. Of the four sororities, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Pi Beta Phi, Alpha Xi Delta, and Kappa Delta, the first two were founded on the Monmouth campus. Among those pledged to Kappa Delta was Edna Mae Wilner, 717 So. St. Johns Avenue.

Hallowe'en Gaiety Ends Yacht Season

Bidding a regretful farewell to the sailing season, the North Shore Yacht Club will gather for a final Hallowe'en dance at their Park Avenue clubhouse on Saturday evening, November first. Members according to Chairman Marjorie Sinclair of the Entertainment committee, will be costumed as witches, goblins and other flights of fancy.

"The spectacle of skeletons dancing a polka might be novel," said Mrs. Sinclair. "But when all the spooks have had their fling we'll provide the traditional cider and doughnuts to refresh them."

Members of the Entertainment Committee include Louise Andrews, Peg Jones, Anne Morrissy and Nina Sinclair.

Following the close of the active sailing season, the club's activities will provide instruction sessions for newcomers and juniors in sailing season, the club's activities will provide instruction sessions for newcomers and juniors in sailing lore and the intricacies of sea-going phraseology.

Teen Age Open House Make Camera Club's Plans For Year

The kickoff "Coax Me Inn" Open House for Teen Agers will be held tomorrow night at the Highland Park Community Center, from 8:30 to 11:30 P.M. Bob Bushey's orchestra will play. There will be a Pep Rally Floor Show and the decorations will carry out the same theme. There will be dancing and the game room will be open.

Something new has been added—along with the cokes, sandwiches will also be served at the coke bar. All Teen Agers are invited to attend.

WHEN THE TIME COMES For Graduation Pictures See 'Aldie' ALDEN HARRIS, PHOTOGRAPHY 7 South St. Johns Ave. H.P. 435

Order Your HALLOWE'EN PASTRY NOW E. Hansen's Pastry Shop 316 Railway Ave., Highwood Phone H. P. 2585

I R E D A L E MOVING & PACKING of HOUSEHOLD GOODS Agent Allied Van Lines STORAGE 374 Central Ave., Highland Park. H. P. 181

\$10,000.00 in ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE Awards in the FALL SALUTE to ELECTRICAL LIVING CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE CONSOLE TELEVISION-RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION Valued at **\$1000.00**



150 ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE AWARDS

Easy to Enter . . . Nothing to Buy FINISH THIS STATEMENT IN 50 WORDS OR LESS: "I want to live electrically because . . ."

Visit the electrical dealer who is a member of the Electric Association today! Find out all about this big contest! You can win wonderful new electrical appliances! Examine the appliances your dealer displays, ask questions about them, and then tell why you want to live electrically! There's nothing to buy. Your dealer (listed below) will give you a free Contest Guide and entry blank.

Sears Roebuck & Company Public Service Co. of No. Illinois

ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION 37 SOUTH WABASH CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS Serving the Electrical Industry in Northern Illinois

MOVIE PROGRAMS (Clip for reference)

Alcyon Highland Park Telephone H. P. 2400
Thur. Fri. Sat. Oct. 23, 24, 25 Dick Haymes, Vera Ellen, Celeste Holm
"Carnival In Costa Rica" In Technicolor
Special Children's Matinee Sat. "For The Love Of Rusty"
Sun. Mon. Tue. Wed. Oct. 26-29 Betty Davis, Humphrey Bogart
"MARKED WOMAN" Plus "Dust Be My Destiny" John Garfield, Priscilla Lane
Thur. Fri. Sat. Oct. 30-31 Nov 1 "THE HUCKSTERS" Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr

GLENCOE THEATRE 630 Vernon Ave. Highland Park 608 Open Mon.-Fri., 6:00 Sat.-Sun., 1:30
THU. FRI. SAT. Oct. 23, 24, 25 "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" June Haver, Mark Stevens
SUN. MON. TUE. WED. Oct. 26, 27, 28, 29 "THE HUCKSTERS" Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr
THUR. FRI. SAT. Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 1 "RAGE IN HEAVEN" Robert Montgomery, Ingrid Bergman
SAT. NOV. 1 SPECIAL KIDDIES' MATINEE PARTY "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" Two Cartoons and Comedy One showing only at 2 p.m. Advance tickets now on sale. Note: Regular Performance Starts at 4:30—30c to 6:30.