

Deep and Shallows

Home Town Tattle

Week-ends spent in my home town are always a source of enjoyment to me. Although by no means a city, Home Town is the largest of a group of surrounding burghs, and Saturday night is big stuff. Everybody (and his brother and wife and sister) for miles around drives in to shop and market.

One hot Saturday afternoon last summer mother announced: "Mertie, I'm going to get me one of those cool-looking play suits." I blinked. The vision of my proper, middle-aged mother in shorts and halter was too much for me. Oh, she has the figure for it, of course—always on the go she doesn't give herself a chance to pick up an ounce of weight—still

"Of course," mother was saying, "I shall keep the skirt near at hand in case the door bell rings or something. But I can't see the sense of you young things capering around in nice cool shorts while the older generation sweaters."

"Why, mother, I'm all for it," I hesitated. "But Father . . ."

"Oh, Father. Of course he'd never consent. So I won't ask him. I'll just go ahead and get one . . . and what can he do about it?"

Mother had something there, all right. Father is set in his ways, but mother usually comes out ahead.

"I'll just sit down and make out a list. My memory is something awful, lately. I believe I'd forget my head if it wasn't fastened on."

As we walked down the street I was proud of my mother, in her immaculate costume of pale green and white with white hat and sheer gloves. "Don't you think it's too warm to wear gloves and hat, mother?"

"Why, Mertie, I always wear hat and gloves on the street. I'd feel undressed without them."

We headed for the biggest store in town. With all the resolution of a one-track mind, mother made for the play suit department, and I glimpsed Kay, an old crony of mine, in her bookkeeping cage, catching up on back work. She beckoned to me and I went over for a chat.

Mother said afterward that the saleslady was determined she would try on the suits for size. Mother looked at her. "I'll just try the skirts—that will be sufficient."

The first skirt had broad pink and purple stripes. The clerk draped it around mother, who shook her head. Then there was a red and white polka dot. That wasn't right, either. Finally a blue and gold combination was brought out. Not bad.

At precisely that moment mother remembered that she hadn't left the key to the door under the mat for father. "What a memory!" she ejaculated. "It's a charge," she told the saleslady, and was off like a shot to find me.

"We'll have to hurry," she told me, all a-jitter. "You know how Father is!"

I knew. Away we went on the double.

"Mertie," mother said, between pants, "maybe you're right about hat and gloves this warm night. People we meet seem to be much amused. As if," she added indignantly, "one couldn't wear what she likes without people grinning like a Cheshire cat . . . But they don't seem to be looking at my hat,

either . . . they seem to be looking down . . . OH, MERTIE . . . Oh, for land's sake alive! . . . Oh, my stars! . . . Mertie LOOK!"

I looked, and almost fell over. From head to waist mother looked her normal precise self, but beginning at the middle there fluttered the skirts to at least three play-suits. The uppermost was blue and gold, and through the opening at the front flirted coy glimpses of pink, purple, red and white.

Horrid! I glanced hastily about. Conveniently near at hand was a big Bull Durham sign. "Quick, mother, back here!" I gasped.

We ducked back of the sign, and then we collapsed with helpless laughter. I made futile attempts to strip off the extra layers of skirt, but I was limp with hysteria. Mother's laugh, also, was becoming rather shrill.

"Sh, mother . . . sh!" I cautioned. "We'll get arrested for disturbing the peace!"

At that moment we heard a gruff "What's going on back there?" and around the signboard peered the ruddy face of Officer Flannigan, a one-time next-door neighbor of ours.

"What the . . . why, Miz Meecham . . . what the . . . I say . . . HOW COME?"

Suddenly Mother's mood changed from lively to severe.

"Now look here, Mickey Flannigan—that's enough out of you! Don't you go 'how-coming' me! Many's the time I've smacked you good, and you're not too old . . ."

Again I tried to shush mother. It didn't seem too wise to talk that way to an arm of the law, even if I did use to make mud pies with him. "It's all right, Mickey—it's just that Mother's been trying on playsuits—the only trouble is that she forgot to take them off. She's a bit on the absent-minded side, you know. Then we discovered the situation and I pulled her back here to undrape her . . . Oh, it's all right—they're all charged to our account."

Everybody except myself appeared to be fresh out of words, so I went on:

"And—isn't it scr-u-umptions?—This way we'll have a play suit for every member of the family—including Father!"

R. B. O.

Holly Hop To Be Held December Twenty-Seventh

The annual Holly Hop, sponsored by the Ravinia Woman's Club, will be held Saturday evening December 27th at the Ravinia Village House. Fletcher Butler and his orchestra will provide music for dancing from 9:30 until 12:30. All young people of high school or college age are invited to attend.

Mr. J. A. Nelson, chairman, and Mrs. I. S. Riggs, co-chairman, will meet with the Holly Hop committee next Tuesday to complete arrangements for the party. They announce that tickets may be procured from any of the committee members which list includes Mesdames Philip Bright, Robert Christofer, P. B. Garrett, Stanley Grace, G. T. Griffith, George Hartman, Carl Herbst, George Kirkasser, C. L. Makelin, John Mar ineau, John C. Smith, H. Bower Stair, Alfred Turner, Harry Van Ornum, Hamilton Winton, C. S. Wright, and William McCulloch.

MOVIE PROGRAMS

(Clip for reference)

Alcyon

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Telephone H. P. 2400

Thur., Fri., Sat. Nov. 27-28-29
Gene Tierney, Rex Harrison,
George Sanders
"THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR"
Add-d: Shorts and Late News
SPECIAL KIDDIE MATINEE
SATURDAY AT 2:00
"ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL"
And Cartoon Revue

Sun. thru Wed., Nov. 30-Dec. 3
Betty Grable, Dan Dailey
"Mother Wore Tights"
Color by Technicolor
Added: Latest News Events

Thur., Fri., Sat. Dec. 4-5-6
Robert Mitchum, Robert Young,
Robert Ryan
"CROSS FIRE"
Also
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"Spirit of West Point"
For Kiddie Matinee Saturday
"MRS WIGGS OF CABBAGE PATCH"

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Highland Park 695
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Sat.-Sun., 1:30

Thurs., Fri. Nov. 27-28
"Northwest Outpost"
Nelson Eddy, Hona Massey

SAT. Nov. 29
"GUN FIGHTERS"
Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton

Sun. & Mon. Nov. 30-Dec. 1
"THIEF OF BAGDAD"
Sabu and June Duprez

Tues. Wed. Dec. 2-3
"LAURA"
Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews

Thu. Fri. Sat. Dec. 4-5-6
"Mother Wore Tights"
Betty Grable, Dan Dailey

Mrs. Florence Dingle Hostess To H. Park Music Club

The November meeting of the Highland Park Music Club was held in the home of Mrs. Florence Thomas Dingle when two gifted young members of the Club gave a most delightful program to an enthusiastic audience. Patricia Laeger, soprano, rendered songs in French and English, beautifully accompanied by Miss Olga Sandor, and Katherine Kerrhard, pianist, played in a masterly manner compositions of classicists and moderns.

The Friday night record concerts at the local Library to which the entire community is invited, will be in charge of members of the Music Club, who promise most interesting music from the splendid records now on hand in the Edith Lautmann Memorial Record Albums.

Mrs. Myles Dressler, past president of the Club was appointed Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, which will help talented young Highland Park musicians in their musical career.

Assisting Mrs. George Hinn, as hostesses at Wednesday's meeting, were Mrs. Edward Christenson and Mrs. Paul Downing. Pouring at the attractive tea table were Mrs. Platt and Mrs. Ehle.

"Over 70 Club" May Expect An Unusually Merry Christmas

Red stockings stuffed full of Christmas surprises and goodies will say "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to fifty members of the "Over Seventy Club" down at Northwestern Settlement House in the heart of Chicago on Christmas morning. Several years ago the Highland Park Branch of Northwestern Settlement abandoned the tradition of filling Christmas stockings for the Settlement

children in favor of remembering those whose years had already passed three score and ten, whom Santa Claus might pass right by.

With this year's increased prices, purchasing pretties for stockings within the same old budget became a hard problem in finance, so Mrs. Kenneth Anderson, Mrs. Horace Vaile and Mrs. Earl Wallis, committee in charge of shopping, have enlisted the help of every member. Astonishing articles, new or as good as new—have been donated, and the stockings this year are going to be very surprising and different.

On December 3rd, at one o'clock, members will gather for lunch at the home of Mrs. Herman Zischke, president, which will be followed by stocking filling. Mrs. Francis Knight, Mrs. G. D. Stone and Mrs. Horace Vaile are assisting hostesses. Every member will bring discarded jewelry to the meeting for increasing the stock in the jewelry section at the Thrift Shop across from the postoffice on Sheridan Road which operates as a non-profit enterprise supporting worthy charities in Lake County and Chicago.

Schenchenflug Family Thriving In Colorado Climate

A letter recently received from the George "X" Schenchenflugs of Manitou Springs, Colo., states, in part:

"We are located on the side of a mountain at Cascade, Colorado, just off Highway No. 24, where the road up to Pike's Peak begins. Our altitude is 7600 feet, which is some 7000 feet higher than Highland Park's altitude. The days are usually sunny, and even if it does snow, which it has for the past month, the sun usually evaporates the snow very quickly. For the past month the average noon temperature has been around 50 degrees. We have spent much time

exploring the country and several weeks ago we were snowed in at Ouray, Colo., while on a week-end trip to Mesa Verde National Park.

"There has been a great improvement in the health of our whole family and we must say that the high and dry altitude has done a lot for us.

"Every Monday finds us driving down Ute Pass to Manitou Springs to see if the Press has arrived in the mail. It means a great deal to us to keep in touch with the activities of our Highland Park friends. We should be pleased to have you remember us to our Highland Park friends, and should they find occasion to come this way, have them call upon us. We live one quarter mile beyond the Easthome Hotel in Cascade."

We join with all their Highland Park friends in wishing the Schenchenflugs the best of everything (their address, by the way, is Box 985, Manitou Springs, Colo.) and congratulate them upon making their home in one of the most beautiful spots we have ever seen.

Highwood Teen Ager Stage Thanksgiving Dance at Center

Highwood Teen-agers gave a Thanksgiving dance at the Highwood Community center on Wednesday, November 26.



PHOTOS

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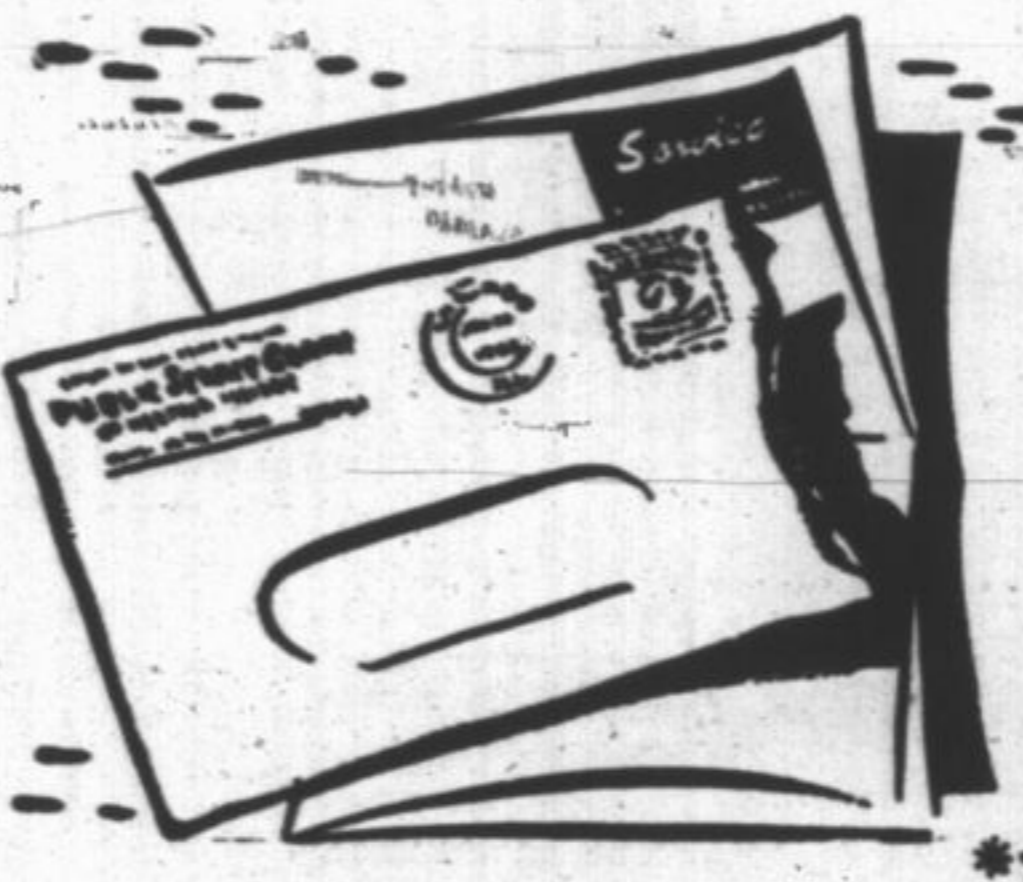
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This Month in Your Service BULLETIN



Filled with the Christmas spirit, we've been looking into the beginnings of some of our Christmas carols. We kept finding scraps of information new to us. Matter of fact, the origin of the term "carol" itself was a surprise to us—up until our research, we thought the term applied only to Yuletide songs. We found that the old carols were sung and danced in many different ways, both indoors and out. We came across an old, old folkstory of Christmas 1012 A.D. which tells of some young people's cavortings in a churchyard and the consequences therefrom. We learned that things like customs and geography affected the source of carols and that the strange combination of rats and a blizzard gave us our most popular carol. We found out that a certain English king was "versed in songmaking." We read about one hymnwriter who put the "Man Who Came to Dinner" to shame. We felt pretty set up when we discovered how many Christmas hymns are of American origin. We call our story CHRISTMAS CAROL NARRATIVES which is illustrated by Mister McKee (who, incidentally, kept hounding us until we had to find the origin of "Jingle Bells").

Editor—Service Bulletin

Merry Christmas To You All