

Deep and Shallows

Avast, Villain!

If there is one person I'd like to see minced, Ostracized, scourged, and then faded, It's the wretch who insists upon saying "convinced" When the word that he wants is "persuaded".

—Highland Lassie

The doughboy of World War I chanted: "Where do we go from here?"

The World War II G.I. wanted to know: "Is this trip necessary?" Will there be anyone left to speculate in World War III?

Resurrection

I say, that spring's not spring without The daffodil's gay wealth of waxen golds; And dormant bulbs, fall-planted, live again In glory that the genial spring unfolds.

—Gardener

Beauty Is Where You Find It

My city friend, how you deplore for me The dearth of giddy urban gaiety! Am I supposed to listen, envy, burn, As I sit humbly at your feet and yearn? Dear friend, you'll not believe this—but it's true—I feel all sorts of sympathy for you!

Your city sounds, the crowds, the hoi—polloi . . . How can such hectic things create real joy? Good heavens! My peace-loving ears rebel At those crass noises that you love so well!

You tell me, in my crude and rustic odium, What maestro occupied the podium . . . Well, I tell you, in priceless dawning hours From handstands, hidden well in lacy bowers, An orchestra, superb, that I can't see, Bursts delicately into symphony; And then again, when day is on the wane, A thousand twilight sounds take up the strain. If you were only there, I think you'd see My freckled fingers clasped in ecstasy.

With relish you relate: "Miss. Someone poured"; Oh, do believe me, friend, I'd be so bored . . . And you describe the gowns the women wore, The gems they flashed, and more—and more—and more . . .

My party frock is just a gingham dress— The proper garb for simple me, I guess; But Bossy's gaze, as I attend her wants, Is beautiful as any debutante's. Rich pearl and opal dewdrops charm my eyes . . . I find much beauty in the sapphire skies— In brilliants set in banks of velvet snow, Breath-taking in their many-colored glow.

An empty life for me? I say, right back, That I possess a thousand things you lack So pull your punches, friend, and we'll do fine— You in your habitat, and I in mine.

—Farmerette R.B.O.

Highland Parker Describes Vacation Trip Through Canada

Because she is one of our very favorite citizens, and because she has the knack of looking for—and finding—the best in places as well as people, we asked Mrs. Joseph Riddle, 330 Vine, to tell us about some of the highlights of her recent vacation trip.

Unlike other journeys made in the past months as delegate of some organization, this one was of a purely personal nature, made by auto in the company of her husband. There may have been the flavor of a second honeymoon there, for the pair made straight for—you've guessed it—Niagara Falls. But this was incidental, and after viewing the natural wonder and absorbing, no doubt, some of the romantic atmosphere, they continued on into Canada.

On the way to the Falls they had stopped in Detroit to look up another gold star mother (Mrs. Riddle was the first in our town bereaved during World War II) with whom she had corresponded for four years. The son who brought them together while stationed at Ft. Sheridan, had married and was living near.

"He greeted me warmly," our friend recalled, all pink and happy. Mrs. R's motherly heart was great enough to include many a lonesome G.I. during the war. Reaching Canada, the two had

dinner at the home and birthplace of the late Marie Dressler, at Cabourg. The home, beautifully kept, is now used commercially as a tea room by a sprightly octogenarian couple. The house was purchased by the host's father as a wedding present 50 years ago. Among other interesting articles, our friends were shown a rose bowl over 300 years old, and an unfinished book written by the late Miss Dressler.

Reaching Montreal, they visited Three Rivers and the national shrine of Our Lady of the Cape. This beautiful spot on the Ottawa River came into being over 300 years ago. Exploring Montreal in the company of a guide, they looked up relatives, taking some interesting excursions into the branches of the family tree, and went on into Quebec.

This was, of course, the highlight of the trip, since the quaint old city with its narrow, crooked streets, houses the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, a theater of intense religious activity, visited annually by over 800,000 pilgrims.

Transportation in Quebec is mainly of the horse-and-buggy (and get this) dog-cart type. Automobiles are used by tourists, but the best plan is to park the car and tour the city the horse-and-buggy way.

Since French is the universal language in this vicinity, one would anticipate some difficulty

with regard to conversation. "But I made out all right," declared Mrs. R., with a merry blue twinkle. "I used my hands."

The shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre is reached by 28 holy steps, to be ascended on the knees, pausing at each step for a short prayer. The steps are crowded, of course, by unfortunates seeking divine guidance and cure. "I am sure," we remarked warmly, "that you benefitted by your prayers."

The reply is so characteristic of our friend that it merits repetition. "My prayers," she said, "are seldom for myself. There are so many big, important things to pray for. And," she added, "my life has been so full—how could I ask for more?" She felt greatly invigorated and refreshed, she commented, suffering absolutely no fatigue from her unusual exertion. A multitude of gifts and relics bear mute testimony of this cures and miracles effected at this shrine.

Crossing back into the States, our friends visited Longfellow's home at Portland, Maine. Among the interesting mementoes in this home, rich in the tradition of the much-loved poet, were two complete sets of dishes once used by the family. The Catskills in New York were visited, but bypassed were the "homes" of Rip Van Winkle and Mother Goose (one can't see everything). Parking outside Boston, on account of narrow streets, they visited Paul Revere's home. Old Ironsides (the Constitution) anchored in Boston harbor was found to be in wonderful condition.

At this point our friends became struck, simultaneously, with pangs of nostalgia. "Let's go home," they exclaimed in unison.

Finding the shortest route to be back through Canada, they doubled on their trail, calling again on

recently-made friends and taking a parting look at the Falls, and presently they arrived, safe and sound, back in Highland Park.

—R.B.O.

Violette Rice Exhibits Painting in Chicago

The oil painting, "My Lamp" by Violette Rice, 320 N. Sheridan Road, Highland Park, is on view at the Ninth Floor Art Galleries, Mandel Brothers, in Chicago where the No Jury Society of Artists is holding its annual summer exhibition through the month of August.

This society which was founded in 1919 is showing a large and important collection of the works of fifty-five artists. The medium used includes water color, oil, the graphic arts, and sculpture.

Deerfield Woman's Club Postpones Meeting Date

The meeting of the Board of Directors of the Deerfield Woman's club has been changed from August 18 to August 25. At that time the board will meet at the home of Mrs. Robert L. Johnson at 9:30 a.m.

At the last meeting of the board, held at the home of Mrs. J. W. Collins, in July, Mrs. Green-slade, chairman of the Ways and Means committee, announced that a bazaar is being planned. She will collect and store any donations. Donors may phone her at Deerfield: 470.

PRESS WANT ADS

GET RESULTS

Aboard USS Coral Sea

John A. McDumott, seaman apprentice, USN, husband of Mrs. Virginia McDumott of 432 Glencoe ave., Highland Park, Ill., is serving aboard the USS Coral Sea CVB 43, which is currently participating in the annual Midshipmen's Practice Cruise.

During the Midshipmen cruise this summer, the ship, in touring Portuguese and Western Mediterranean waters, has visited the ports of Lisbon, Golfe Juan on the French Riviera, and Gibraltar.

Immaculate Conception Church

Highland Park 203 Deerfield and Green Bay Roads Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph F. Morrison, Pastor
Rev. Donald Brunkle, Rev. John P. O'Connell, M.A. S.T.D.
MASSSES
Sundays—8:30, 7:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:00 and 12 noon.
Holy Days—8:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00.
Weekdays—8:30 - 8:15.
CONFESSIONS
Saturdays, eve. of First Fridays and Holy Days 4:30 and 7:30 p.m.



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