

Deep and Shallows

Afternoon Tea

by Marmalade

Mollie Norris walked around her new trailer, admiring its shining perfection. Her own home—plus five acres shaded by immense oak trees. Free at last. Now if she could get even an honorable mention on her painting she'd shipped to that New York exhibit perhaps Imogene would recognize her talent for art.

Mollie took a deep breath of the soft June air and ruffled her curls. This new perm made her feel positively young. Fifty-two wasn't so old. Well, then fifty-five. She hitched up her blue jeans about her slim hips and lighted a cigarette, looking down the hill to Imogene's estate. Imogene and her delusions of grandeur! Butlers... maids... afternoon teas! Wait till she got her bicycle. So help her, she'd ride past the servants' entrance and stick out her tongue at the butler—the old stiffneck. Always looking like he smelled something!

She went inside and picked up the phone. Her first guest would be Imogene's mother-in-law. Mollie recalled the twinkle that always greeted some of her own outrageous sallies.

An affected voice came over the wire. "Mmmm—yello. Yes, this is Mrs. Tubbs."

"Mollie Norris speaking. I've moved into a trailer next door to Imogene's."

The tone took on a more human inflection. "How thrilling! What a wonderful place to pursue your art!"

"Pursue is the word! Some day I'll sneak up on it and hit the jackpot. I'm inviting you over this afternoon."

"I'd love it. About tea time?"

"Yes, only there won't be any tea. I've had enough of that to last a lifetime. We'll have good strong coffee—in big cups."

Mrs. Tubbs laughed appreciatively. "So you're living in a trailer. What'll your daughter say when she returns?"

"I can hardly wait. I think Abe'll have apoplexy."

"Abe! Do you really call him that?"

"Don't blame me—you're the one that named him Abraham Lincoln Tubbs—even if Imogene does insist upon being called 'Mrs. A. Lincoln Tubbs'."

"One can hardly blame her—a name like Tubbs."

"Well, the coffee pot will be on at three. Bye."

Mollie smiled, reviewing the past two years of her life with Imogene and her society friends. In retrospect they seemed funny. But at the time her only joy had been in giving them an occasional jolt. Like the time one inquired if her husband were dead. She'd replied: "Which one? I've had lots of nice husbands."

And then the day when the subject of large families had come up. She'd told about her own grandmother. "Goodness! The families they had in those days—a blessed event each year. Now take me—I only had Imogene, and she has none. Must be a deterioration of the hormones." Oops—that had done it! Imogene had all but disinherited her.

At three o'clock she opened the door to her smiling guest.

"Hi, Wash. Tubbs, come on in."

Mrs. Tubbs gasped and then chuckled. "Do you know, you're really refreshing—so different. But whoever told you my husband's name was George Washington Tubbs? Awful, isn't it?"

"Oh, I just had a hunch. Here, sit down and relax."

Mrs. Tubbs looked around. "Charming. And you fit in so well. I used to pity you at those formal affairs."

"I pitied me, too."

"Tell me, how do you keep your slim figure?"

"Oh, I don't know. But I have a remedy at hand, just in case. See that slope of lawn? I'm dying to roll down."

"Let's try it after awhile. No one can see us from the road."

"Who cares if they do?"

Mrs. Tubbs blinked. Then, "Yeah, who cares?"

After three hot dogs apiece and several cups of coffee they sat outside and basked in the sunshine. Finally Mollie said:

"Shall we try our rolling stunt now? You'd better remove your stockings and dress. I'll give you a smock."

When her guest came out Mollie gave her one look and retreated to the other side of the trailer.

Mrs. Tubbs followed.

"Do I look so funny?"

"Oh, no—it's just that we're a couple of old idiots. . . . I haven't had so much fun since I don't know when!"

At the bottom of the hill Mollie looked back. Mrs. Tubbs appeared to be in difficulty. Mollie encouraged her with cries of appreciation and finally she arrived at the foot of the hill, red of face, but triumphant.

Then she sat up and gasped. Standing there, cool and immaculate, was Imogene, regarding them with amazement.

Mollie braced herself for a

storm. But Imogene was smiling.

"Darling! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why—why, I didn't think you'd approve of rolling—"

"Mercy, who cares about that! Now that you're a celebrity you have a right to be eccentric."

"A—a what? Say that again!"

"Darling, haven't you read the afternoon papers? Your painting won first prize at the New York exhibit. I'm so thrilled! You'll be famous! I must hurry right in and call up all my friends. I'm going to give an immense formal AFTERNOON TEA in your honor!"

Blackhawk Society Plans 'Snow-Ball' For December 23

The Blackhawk Society of the Children of the American Revolution has selected Thursday, December 23 as the date of its "Snow-Ball" to be held at the Ravinia Village House from 9 to 12 p.m.

Cliff Aspegren and his orchestra will furnish music for dancing. Proceeds of the dance will go to the Indian Scholarship Fund.

The dance is the annual project of the Senior Group of which Richard Patton is president.

There will be no invitations this year.

Because It Is Thanksgiving

by Rebecca Anthony

Turkey sizzling in the oven, I can smell it everywhere, And the mince pies' tart aroma Mingling with the savory air.

There's so much we can be glad for On this great Thanksgiving Day; Home with friends and family gathered, Food abundant, come our way.

Yams with rich marshmallow topping, Home-made nut rolls, cranberry jelly, Mushroom soup, fruit molded salad; More than I can think to tell.

When the feast at last is ready And the bounty there is spread, Every guest and family member Gratefully bows down his head.

Ere we leave our lavish table, Let us pause a moment more To recall the first Thanksgiving, And what it's remembered for.

Do your Christmas shopping at Lincoln School book fair, closing Friday evening, November 19.

Quiet Hour At Trinity Church Monday Evening

Dr. Allan Watts, of Canterbury House, Northwestern University, will conduct a quiet hour for women at Trinity Episcopal Church on Monday evening, November 22, at 7:30 o'clock. Father Watts is well known on the North Shore and St. Martha's Guild, sponsors of the Quiet Hour, most cordially invite the women of Highland Park as well as the members of Trinity Church to hear his meditations and participate in the devotions.

Further information may be obtained by calling the Church Office (H. P. 985) or Miss Adele Whitfield (H. P. 2867), the President of St. Martha's Guild.

BICYCLES

Schwinn built heavy duty Whizzer bicycle, special price \$65. 26, 24 and 20 inch Schwinn bicycles priced at \$39.95.

552 Waukegan Ave. Highwood, Ill. Cervi Sales & Service Tel. H. P. 1197

DAHL'S
Auto Reconstruction Co.
Dynamic Wheel Balancing
Body & Fender Repairing
Auto Painting - Blacksmithing
322 N. First Highland Park 77

Buick Care
KEEP BUICKS BEST

YOU'LL SEE WHY BUICK PARTS

KEEP BUICKS BEST

North Shore Buick Co.

30 Years in Highland Park.
Authorized Sales & Service
110 S. First St. Tel. 496

Why an increase in telephone prices is necessary

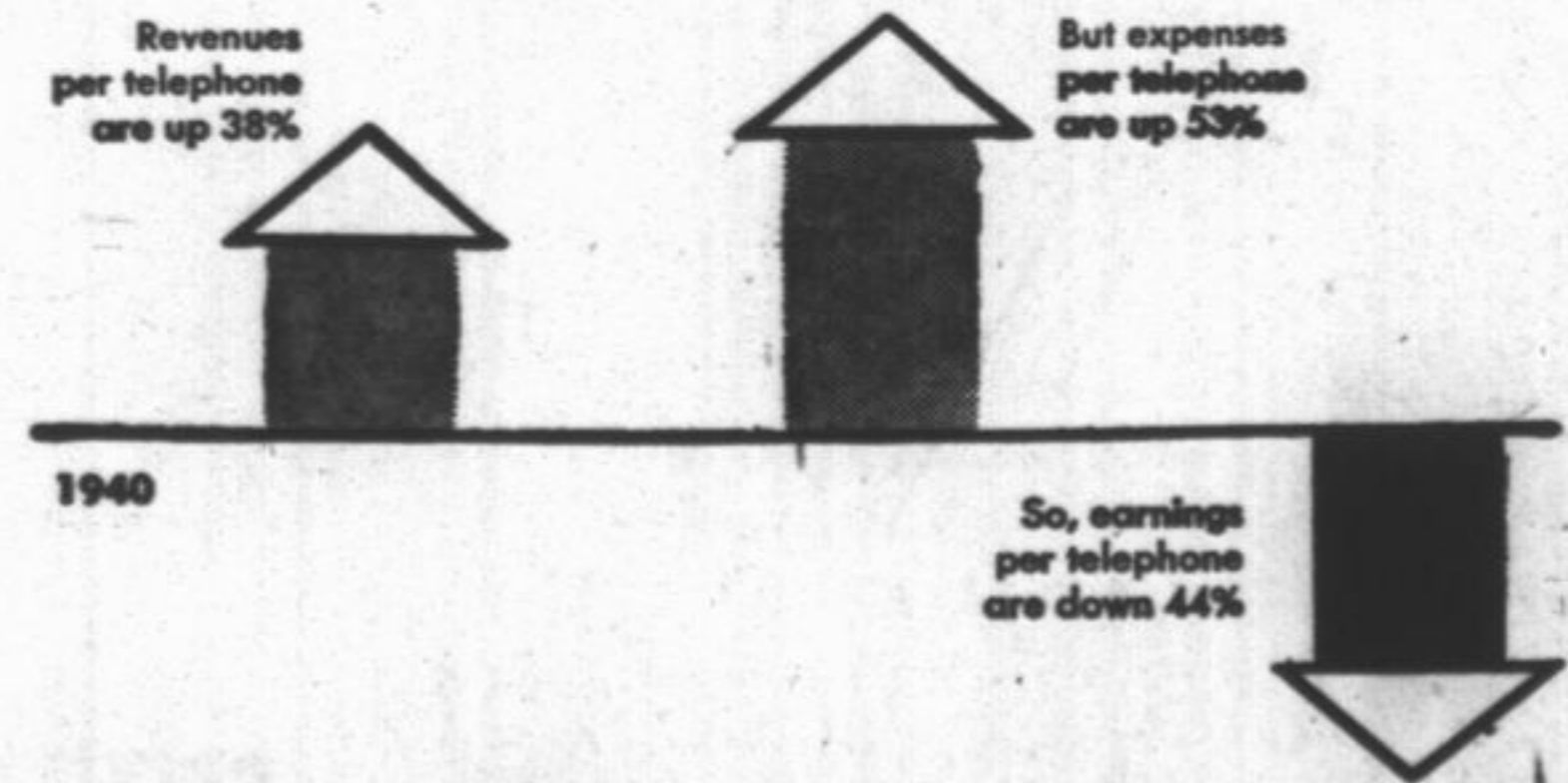


Here's where they are by comparison. Since 1940, prices have gone sky high. Telephone prices are relatively low.

COSTS UP—EARNINGS DOWN

Prices that are too low—expenses that keep increasing faster than income—tell the story of lower and lower earnings and why we're forced to ask the Illinois Commerce Commission to let us increase the price we may charge for telephone service.

HERE'S THE PICTURE STORY:



TWO-THIRDS OF TELEPHONE COMPANY EXPENSES ARE WAGES

Because we sell a highly personal service, two-thirds of every dollar of operating expense goes out for payroll costs. Wage costs have almost trebled since 1940. In that year, our total payroll was \$47 million. This year it will be \$139 million—a \$92 million increase. And the annual effect of recent "third round" general wage increases is not included in the above figures.

Today the equipment behind each new telephone costs more. Copper, lead, poles and building costs have advanced overall more than 60% since 1946, when we asked for our first price increase. This means many more dollars are invested in telephone service—and we must pay a reasonable return for the use of these additional investment dollars. Thus, even without latest wage increases we would still need a price increase.

WE'RE TRYING TO MEET PUBLIC DEMAND FOR SERVICE—WE WANT TO CONTINUE

As the only telephone company in the field in this community, we have an obligation to provide the best kind of telephone service to everyone who needs it. Since the war, we've added equipment in

every Illinois Bell community—added more than a million miles of wire in cable, built 77 new or enlarged buildings, put in thousands of new central office switchboards—all to meet demand for more or better service.

INVESTORS NECESSARY FOR GOOD SERVICE

We can continue good and expanding service only so long as we have the support of investors who provide the money needed for new and improved equipment. Hence, financial stability is a requisite for successfully meeting our public obligation.

EARNINGS TOO LOW TO ATTRACT INVESTORS

Right now the telephone company is not sharing in the prosperity common to most business. A recent study showed that 440 leading manufacturers, with whom we must compete for the investor's dollar, earn an average several times greater than this company. We do not say we should earn as much. We do say investors make the final choice and that the gap on the chart must be narrowed promptly. Today, with our trend downward, that gap is getting wider.



Currently, our rate of earnings, taking into consideration "third round" wage increases, is lower than when we applied for rate relief in 1946, and we can foresee our earnings again approaching zero.

PROMPT CORRECTIVE ACTION NECESSARY

Such an abnormally low earnings level seriously threatens the heart and core of good telephone service. To relieve the grip of inflation, and protect the public's telephone service, our prices must advance without unnecessary delay. The increase we need and have requested is small in comparison with today's price levels.



Proposed new rates are on file at your telephone business office. Your service representative will be glad to supply local details.

ILLINOIS BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY



Immaculate Conception Church

Highland Park 202
Deerfield & Green Bay Rds
Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph P. Morrison, Pastor.
Rev. Donald Runkle.
Rev. John P. O'Connell, M.A. S.T.D.

MASSES

Sundays — 6:30, 7:30, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 12 noon.
Holy Days — 6:00, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:00.
Weekdays—6:30 - 8:15.

CONFESSIONS

Saturdays, even of First Fridays and Holy Days 4:00 and 7:30 p.m.