

# Deep and Shallows

## A Step In The Right Direction

When I was a little girl I remember hearing my father say, "The women must learn politics and have the vote."

In those days there was no secret ballot. A man running for office would have a couple of friends at each voting place. One of these friends would take the voter by the arm, ask him whom he was going to vote for, and if he wasn't for the party the friend was interested in, would gently steer him to the nearest saloon, treat him to a drink or a cigar, then put the RIGHT ticket in his hand, take him back to the voting place and see that the ticket was put in the box. The friend would then be ready for the next voter.

My father was called into the Great Beyond before the secret ballot came into effect, or the women given the privilege to vote. For many years I served on election boards in Highland Park. I remember when Park Commissioners were voted in the first time. It was all very interesting.

What I'm particularly interested in is the way women have climbed up into political offices and I would like to quote a part of a speech I read this morning—

"It is high time that we stop thinking politically as Republicans and Democrats about elections, and start thinking patriotically as Americans about national security based on individual freedom." That is a good motto from top to bottom and from coast to coast. It was said by Mme. Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine. Hurray for that senator! Let us put more like her in our Governing groups in Washington.

—A. C. O.

## Plain Man — Plain Thinking

Sometimes abstractions, thrust upon

A man of humble station, Are countered by a brain, unread But lightened with a golden thread Of logic. Wise the sage who said, "A theory's but a hunch, well-bred

By college education." —Marmalade

## In Defense Of Duke City

(You make me SO mad!) How could one know perfection true

Without the bitter weighed with the sweet? So, if a sand storm is our due Our proportionate blessings can't be beat!

Besides . . . No doubt an unprejudiced jury Would condemn a sand storm in its fury; But in spite of the grit We put up with it, And forget the whole thing in a hurry.

And Don't Forget . . . Long ago when Spain's generous king Gave this land to the Duke for a fling, The sand, in that day,

## Highland Park Artist Represented In State Fair Exhibit

One of the four prominent north suburban artists who will be represented at the 4th Old Northwest Territory Art Exhibit at the Illinois State Fair in Springfield this summer, is Rudolph Ingerle, 339 Laurel ave., Highland Park, who is showing his "Moonrise in the Smokies". A veteran Chicago painter, he has received four gold and two silver medals and ten other prizes for his works, many of which are at the Chicago Art Institute and other museums.

## DAV Identio-Tag

The Disabled American Veterans has returned a set of lost keys to E. W. Krueger of Highland Park, Ill.

Attached to the keys was a DAV Identio-Tag, miniature license tag for key-rings, which is distributed to 30,000,000 motorists each year and the replica of their state license plates enables the DAV to return 5,000 keys a month from its national headquarters in Cincinnati, which handles more than 100,000 requests each year.

The DAV Identio-Tag plant is owned and operated by the DAV in the interests of disabled veterans and employs disabled veterans in their manufacture.

TRY A PRESS WANT AD THEY BRING RESULTS

Didn't stand in his way. . . . With a bow, he accepted the thing.

—E. B. Ed.'s Note: You're so right, E. B. We're just jealous of your wonderful climate. Abject apologies.

## An Instance Of Come-Uppance

Dear Millie: I see by Deep's & Shallows that our good friend, A.C.O., is having bird difficulties. Perhaps I've settled into a state of serenity, but when it comes to Nature's behavior, I just say, "Wait and watch."

For instance, take our mountain mocking-bird. At this season of the year he dominates the entire bird kingdom, and a bit more, for he loves to tease cats and small dogs, and I'm quite sure he teases us, too. He's right cocky; but even he met his match the other day.

That morning I was up early enjoying the cool patio and watching the display of sunrise colors creep silently over the Sandias. The birds, however, were awake and glad with song. That is until the mockingbird mimicked them with feathered laughter and outdid their arias.

Suddenly I was alerted to a new song in our garden—one I love, but never hear so far away from a body of water. I recognized the newcomer instantly as a red-winged blackbird.

I watched closely and finally located him high in the top of a neighboring elm. Perhaps from that perch he could look down the miles to the Rio Grande where the tangle of willows and silted shrubs beckoned him. At any rate he was warbling delightedly in rippling melody.

The mockingbird swung brazenly in a neighboring tree. He'd look up at the red-wing, listening intently, his head cocked impishly, then he'd try a note or two of song. He'd stop. He'd listen, then start again. This exercise was repeated for some time.

But he just couldn't master that tone of pure ecstasy that comes only from the golden throat of a red-winged blackbird. The song in the elm tree continued in uninterrupted rapture. Finally the mimic gave up and sullenly flew to the other side of the garden, where he pouted dejectedly, and refused to sing, although robins and house finches were in their own melodies.

Presently the red wing, with one glorious burst of praise, flew off toward the Rio Grande.

Then the mockingbird recovered his poise. In hilarious song he silenced the robins and finches. He tormented the neighbor's puppy. He flew about doing all sorts of absurd tricks. I'm almost sure he knew that I had seen him meet his match.

Perhaps A.C.O.'s linnets and doves will work things out together. Tell her to watch and then let us know what goes on.

Always, —E. B.

Ed's note: A friend from California tells of a cat which was covered with three-cornered scars—presumably inflicted by blue-jays. Perhaps it was mockingbirds.

—R. B. O.

## Girl Scout News

by Mrs. M. E. Tippey

It could be a magic road to follow—as in the "Wizard of Oz"—it could be a flag-decked street for a parade—or the confusion of many bright colored party balloons—this path of real delight. And it is right uptown in Highland Park, surrounding Sheahen's Service Station at the corner of Park avenue and St. John's avenue. Planted by Johnny Sheahen in 1938 from one package of hollyhock seed, with the seed gathered each year and re-sown, this alley has grown to a place of breath-taking beauty. Inside the yard of the filling station are red geraniums against a white picket fence, and carefully mowed grass, making this the neatest and best cared-for of all our Highland Park places of business.

Girl Scouts can be proud to live in a town where many of its merchants try to make their business places beautiful and make our town worthy of its name—Highland Park. These men should be congratulated and given public appreciation for their service.

Another outstanding example is the eye-catching row of red geraniums and white petunias outlining the roof over the Peggy Gordon Shop. Mr. Leon Harris, of Alden's, had those planted by Bahr's about three years ago, and has kept it up ever since, alternating with evergreens in the winter time. Next door to them, H. and E. Anspach have created a beautiful setting for their offices, with a trim lawn, hedges of Cantoneaster, a pair of evergreens at the door. Farther down the street, the Alcyon Theater has three urns of geraniums and petunias.

The First National Bank has had window boxes, planted by Bahr's, for about 25 years. This year, they are filled with vinca vines and geraniums. Mr. Albert Larson and Mr. Russell Benedict filled the space around the flag pole with geraniums and blue ageratum for the Kiwanis club. Williams Florist, by the post office, has beautiful window boxes of begonias and variegated ivy. Last winter, they planted Japanese yews in the same boxes. Bahr Flower Shop also has an outdoor planting, with new grass on the parkway and tubs of geraniums.

Kelley and Spalding, undertakers, have a fine window box of geraniums and W. J. Seguin, funeral home, has a large garden of petunias, geraniums, and orange day-lilies. Dr. H. E. Lang, optometrist, has a window box built right into the front of his new office building on West Central avenue, and keeps it planted with Japanese Yews. The Thrift Shop, in its new quarters, has good space to show off plantings of zinnias, dwarf marigolds, and petunias. Next door to it, the V. F. W. has geranium-filled window boxes.

Larson's Garage has had flower plantings for years, and this year they have planted white pansies at the corner, and have a thick row along the building of the Mexican Fire Bush, a soft, fluffy-looking green now, and a fiery red in the fall. Highland Park Motor Sales has a garden of petunias and zinnias in front of their show room. Gordon Leonard's Pure Oil Service Station, at the corner of Green Bay Road and Central avenue has an ambitious garden of gladiolas, petunias, zinnias, marigolds, and even tomatoes and salad greens.

It is worth taking the time to inspect the garden of Domenic DeSanto, gateman for the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. It is right on Central avenue beside the railroad tracks, in the very center of town, and no one could have a more complete or attractive flower and vegetable garden.

Congratulations to all these people who care how our town looks, and may they inspire us all to do what we can to keep the streets, sidewalks and our yards neat and beautiful.

The city lawyer was questioning Farmer Purdy about the truthfulness of a neighbor, due to take the witness stand in a forthcoming case. "Wal," said the farmer, "I wouldn't exactly say Jed was a liar. But I'll tell ye this; when it comes time to feed his hogs, he has to git somebody else to call 'em fer him!"

—Tracks

## Barber Shop Warblers Conclude Second Year With Suitable Rites

The second year of successful barber shop chorus and quartet singing by the Highland Park Chapter of The Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America was concluded Thursday evening, July 13, with a golf outing and dinner meeting at the Sunset Valley Golf club.

The round of golf in the afternoon by the golf playing members was followed by a social and get acquainted hour at 6:30, after which a delightful dinner was served the members and their lady guests.

After the dinner the Highland Park barbershop chorus rehearsed and sang several selections under the direction of Robert Child, the chapter's regular director from Evanston. The singing program also included barbershop songs by one of the Highland Park chapter quartets and a guest quartet "The Pickup Four" from the Winnetka chapter.

The principal event of the evening was the installation of the new officers for the coming year, namely: Ralph Galitz, President; Raymond Ryan, Vice President; Donald Nosek, Secretary; John Zahnle, Jr., Assistant Secretary; Dr. Herbert Lang, Treasurer, and Raymond Huenig, State District Representative.

Retiring president and founder of the Highland Park chapter, Carl Howard (officially dubbed "Mr. Barbershopper of Highland Park") was accorded a letter of appreciation by the members, and presented with the society's official emblem for past chapter presidents. The local chapter will continue to meet regularly at the Sunset Valley Golf club.

Mr. Watkins, a widower only a short time, was seen by a friend in the company of a charming young woman at a local restaurant. The friend called Watkins aside and said "Say, don't you remember what your wife told you? If you ever went out with a woman after she died, she'd claw her way out of her grave and haunt you the rest of her life?"

But Watkins only laughed and the friend, puzzled, asked "What's so funny?" "Well, Bill," Watkins replied, "I buried my wife face down, so let her dig away."

—Tracks

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Bandmaster Paul Lavalle, conductor of the 48-piece Cities Service "Band of America" in its concert originating from the grounds of the Chicago Fair of 1950 on July 17, can hardly believe his ears as he listens to the mighty blast blown on the giant eight-foot tuba—biggest horn in all the world—by his ace tuba-player, Joseph Tarto. This Chicago trip is the first time the entire "Band of America" brigade has left New York to do a broadcast.

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