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Winnetka 1912

CAZEL'S COLUMN

Everyone who gets far ahead in life is a star at seeing the other fellow's viewpoint.

When Bill Hall was in school down in Indiana, he was already this kind of a star. He just naturally could see the viewpoint of the other fellow, which accounted largely for his great success both as a football quarterback and in the classroom.

In football, he took the viewpoint of the other team, asked himself what the defense would expect his team to do, and then did something else. That's why the boys called him Slick Hall.

Slick had the reputation of being a good student. At least, he got good grades. But he contends that all he did was to put himself in the place of the professor and asked himself what kind of a student the "prof" would be like.

"Well," he said, "if I were a professor sitting up there looking out over a bunch of numbskulls, I'd like the boy who appeared to be interested in what I was saying, wouldn't I? And if he asked me a sensible question now and then, I'd say he was eager to learn, and therefore must be learning a lot from me, wouldn't I?"

"Sure. So you see, I just handled the professors in this way and they gave me good grades—even if they did read my examination papers."

Slick now affirms that was the main reason for the good grades he got in school.

I know also that it is the reason why he has been getting along so well since he left school. He could and did see his job in business from the viewpoint of the man higher up—did this so well that he is now, at the age of thirty-two, one of the higher ups himself.

And for this same reason our two stores are known as "Up-to-date"—because we anticipate the customers' wants.

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Cruising With the Sea Scout Albatross

Editor's note: Immediately after the close of school, eleven Winnetka Sea Scouts boarded the North Shore Area council's 43-foot cruising schooner Albatross for two weeks of sailing on Lake Michigan. This is the third installment of the narrative of the trip.

Many are the strange and unnatural sights that are seen when at sea. Take, for instance, that migratory house. Everyone of the fourteen officers and crew who were aboard Albatross Tuesday, June 21, was familiar with the appearance of a boathouse; likewise with the appearance of a houseboat. But a house on a boat was something else again—

whereupon it was set upon a barge and given a ride to a port where it would be appreciated.

Tuesday afternoon passed with Albatross continuing up the shore at three to four miles per hour. Sheboygan was abeam at 1520 (3:20 p. m.); another three hours, and Manitowoc, berth for the night, was but a short distance ahead. At 1900 (7 o'clock), Albatross tied up in the Manitowoc river just below the first bridge.

As port of call for some eight or ten car ferries, locale of two shipyards, lay-up and fitting out quarters for many steamers, and home of

The only job on the ways, a steel dredge, was to take the water Wednesday forenoon, and the Sea Scouts were invited to attend. Captain Carus came aboard Albatross as pilot, and up the river she pattered, blowing cockily to the bridges which intervened between the dock and the shipyard to open their draws.

The dredge, gaily decked with bunting, was poised at the edge of the river; workmen were already knocking out the wedges from under. It was to be a broadside launching—a custom with many lake yards. Much hammering, much excitement; and then what happened, happened in a hurry. The sponsor released the bottle; a flashing ax severed a retaining line; there was a rumble, a tremendous splash, a rousing chorus of whistles—and the dredge Turbo was water-borne.

Other sights at the yard that morning included half a dozen lake steamers "not running this year," the coast guard cutter Seminole in drydock, and the Pinta. Pinta was a large, old-time, down-East schooner which had been brought to Lake Michigan in 1930 to be turned into a Chicago Sea Scout training ship. Cost of repair and refitting, however, had prevented her from going into service. The Scouts from Winnetka went aboard, looked her over, and lined up on the bowsprit for a picture.

Off to Michigan

Albatross said goodbye to Manitowoc on Wednesday evening, after a pleasant and profitable 24-hour stay. The skipper gave the wheelsman a course of NE by E $\frac{3}{4}$ E; it was to be a run across the lake to Michigan.

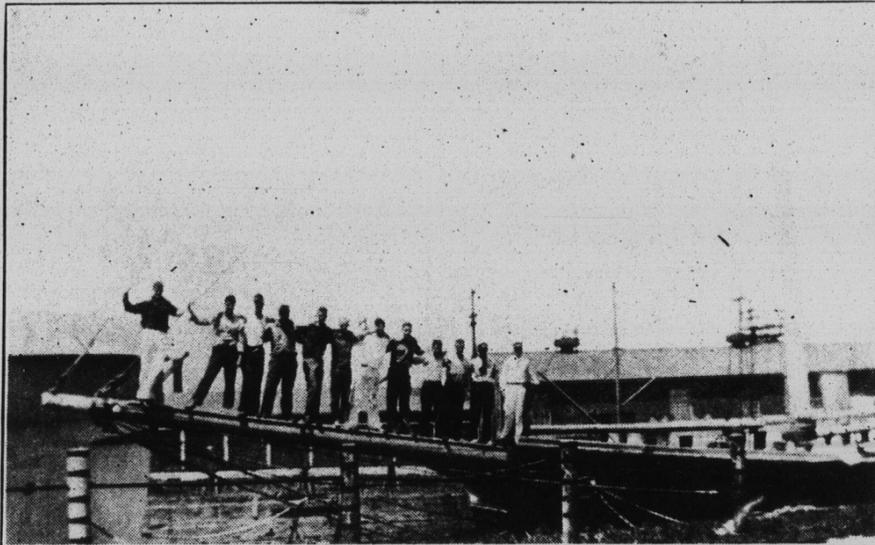
The first night watch (8-12) was listless; a breeze was almost nonexistent and the ship did little more than drift. But at 2 o'clock in the morning the wind suddenly came to life, blowing from the north with a force of 5 ("19 to 24 miles per hour.") and Albatross leaped ahead. Running lights sighted off the port bow belonged to a Frankfort-to-Manitowoc car ferry, which drove by about 0300 (3 a.m.), just as morning twilight began to creep over the heaving lake from the east. The sun rose a brilliant ball of fire; Albatross lunged toward Michigan at a good 8 miles speed. No breakfast in the cabin this morning; too much pitch and roll; instead, tomato juice and crackers to all hands on deck.

Landfall came at 0613, when Little Sable point appeared on the horizon to the southeast. Other tree-capped dunes rose above the water in quick succession, for Albatross was bowling along at a rapid gate. At 1050 she swung past the Manistee breakwater, entered the channel, ascended the river, and by 1100 was snug alongside the Michigan Transit wharf. Personal gear and bedding were spread out to air and dry, and the ship was swabbed down. The day and night were to be spent in port—for cleanup, rest, and sightseeing.

(To be concluded)

HOSTESS AT DINNER DANCE

Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Breit, 422 Essex road, Kenilworth entertained fifteen guests at tea last Sunday evening. Their daughter, Betty Jane, gave a dinner and dance at the Edgewater Beach hotel last Saturday. The guests of honor were Charlene May, Margaret Barrett, and Mary Loretta Snite. The other guests were Virginia Ragen, Mary Barrett, Austin Rigney, Fred Snite, Jo O'Neill, Gordon Hornby, John McDowell, and William O'Neill.



Members of the crew of Albatross on the bowsprit of Pinta.

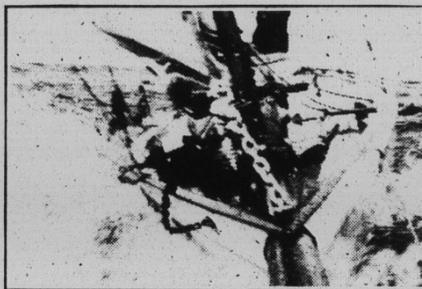
a phenomenon which fitted into no ordinary classification.

"It's a House"

It was during the forenoon watch, with Albatross some three to four hours out of Port Washington and heading up the Wisconsin shore with a light following wind. The wheelsman, his eye on the lubber's line of the compass, was lazily swinging his wheel; several other Scouts were clustered in the cockpit, knotting, splicing, and talking about the trip; two men up forward were busily engaged in replenishing the ship's water tanks with buckets hoisted from the lake, and down below the messboys were swabbing the cabin and setting the table for noon "soupy." Then that trickle of smoke on the southeastern horizon began to arouse interest, for it was rapidly taking the shape of a small steamer, coming toward the Sea Scout schooner and, *mirabile dictu*, not alone, but dragging with it some large and bulky, but unrecognizable, object. Some thought it was a dredge in tow; others believed it to be a scow with a high pile of sand. Speculation was rife until the quartermaster, whose business it was to report on other craft, trained a pair of marine glasses on the mystery and, after several moments of focusing and blinking, cried out excitedly, "It's a house!"

Mystery Solved

And it was, too. As the bizarre procession passed by Albatross close-to, the observers recognized the lighthouse tender Sumac with a barge in tow, upon which rested a fully appointed dwelling, even to front and back porches and attached garage. The why and wherefore of it all could only be guessed; but three days later, when the Scouts reached Frankfort, they were to find tender and tow in that harbor. The explanation probably was that the lighthouse service, having recently built new quarters at Chicago, no longer needed the old house there,



On the way to Manistee: close-hauled with a fresh north wind.

numerous lake men, Manitowoc is a shipping town as perhaps no other city on the Great Lakes is. A series of fortunate coincidences made its features apparent to the visiting Scouts.

Recalls Winnetka

In the first place, there was Captain Carus, veteran of more than half a century of lake shipping and now perhaps the leading authority on lake marine history. He happened to be on the dock as Albatross came in, and thus his acquaintance was made. Instruction to the crew: "No real sailor," said the captain, "drinks tea, eats toast, or carries an umbrella." Memories of Winnetka: In February, 1884, the Goodrich steamship DePere, of which Mr. Carus was one of the officers, was icebound off Winnetka for two weeks. Provisions ran low, whereupon Carus and some of his men set out over the ice floes toward town to hunt up a store. It was the morning after Winnetka's celebrated Willson murder, and when the hungry seamen entered the excited village they were seized by the police as suspicious characters. Only the testimony of a resident who had seen them trudge across the ice from her lake-view window saved them from the local jail.

Witness Launching

A second fortunate circumstance was a launching at the yard of the Manitowoc Shipbuilding corporation.