

WINNETKA MAKES FITTING OBSERVANCE OF EDUCATION WEEK

personal judgment, rather than on scientific data. We have not as yet any scientific data that shows us clearly how children can be socialized.

The Modern Classroom

But we have a fund of experience. We know that working together for a common end gives a sense of group loyalty and a much needed training in co-operation. I went into a third grade room the other day. There was a strong fragrance of grape jelly in the room. Stretched across two chairs was a jelly bag. The room looked utterly unlike an ordinary classroom. The children were taking school time in the third grade to make jelly. Why? These youngsters were preparing glasses of Christmas jelly for the orphans up at Lake Bluff. They were learning through this joint endeavor a lesson of helpfulness and co-operation.

A second grade little girl came home to her mother a few weeks ago and said: "Oh, mamma, I'm on a committee. I don't know the name of it, but it's to make everybody good and happy."

I do not know which particular committee the child was on. I do know, however, that children in the Winnetka schools are participating in the governing of their own schools, the keeping of the playgrounds in order, the beautifying of the class rooms, the management of their assemblies. We are not having the children do these things because we think they can do them better than we can. It is because we are trying to train them in the habit of working together to a common end. We are trying to give them the rudimentary lessons of citizenship not by precept but by actual work.

The Winnetka Schools, to sum up, are striving to give complete development to every individual child by giving him a mastery of the common essentials, by giving him the opportunity to express himself freely through various channels, and by giving him practice in doing things co-operatively with others. These three aspects of our main endeavor are common to all the schools of Winnetka, private and public and high school alike. They are resulting in making school life happy and human instead of dreary and mechanical. They are signs of spring time.

Socialized Instruction

By WILLARD BEATTY
(Principal, Skokie School)

A school which devotes its entire attention to the teaching of the three R's is falling short of its duty in an American community. America is committed to the development of a democracy and the American school system is the primary means which the nation has chosen to train and prepare its youth to live and function as competent citizens of a democracy. The newer schools which are realizing the obligation resting upon them and which are attempting to live up to this obligation cannot for one instant ignore the necessity for teaching the three R's. The ability to read clearly and intelligently is an essential tool to citizenship. The ability to utilize quickly and accurately the fundamentals of arithmetic is an essential tool in modern life. In the same way a knowledge of certain facts in history, geography and science are tools which we all need in order to function intelligently under modern socialized conditions.

Retain Fundamentals

The backbone of the older education is still a fundamental of the newer education, and it is only as we develop a technique which enables us to teach more rapidly, more accurately and more efficiently the fundamentals of English, arithmetic and the social studies, that we have given to the child the necessary tools which will enable us to prepare him adequately for citizenship.

The development of the individual system in Winnetka has given us a technique by which we are enabled to decrease the time allotment of the tool subjects and allow us the time necessary for the fuller socialized development of the individual for his place as a citizen. The school of today and tomorrow must depend as much upon its shops, its laboratories, its gymnasias, its library and its assembly halls for the production of a well-rounded scholar, as upon the class rooms wherein the fundamentals are taught.

School has ceased to be a preparation for life and has become a cross-section of life itself. The day to day contacts of children within the social group are developing that sense of human interdependence which is essential in our new world.

Happiness In Service

Our school here at Skokie has set for itself the realization of a single law of life—the law of happiness through service and creation. When this building opened its doors to the throng of children a little over a year ago, we on the faculty set for ourselves but one goal, and that goal was the creation of a happy school. Happiness comes only through creative activity. We strove to develop a program of

shop, laboratory, athletic, and dramatic activities which would call forth the best creative power of each individual in the school. One can never hope to be universally successful, but by and by the vast majority of the school responded and we had a busy school, happy in its creative activity. We played basket ball for all there was in us. We built boats, furniture and innumerable other things in our shops; we experimented in our laboratories; we cooked; we sewed; we costumed, staged, and acted fantasies; we met together in social groups to discuss the direction, organization and the administration of our school. And as a result of this creative activity we found that we needed the tools of the older education, and we found that as this need developed that the work in arithmetic, the work in reading and grammar had become much easier than it used to be. For after all a thing is hard only when you don't know anything about it. When we approached each problem with a desire to master it because it filled an immediate need, we found out how to work. And finding how to work was only one step removed from the joy which comes from mastery. We were soon busy doing things for its own sake. We found that the older subjects had lost their terrors, and we did more work and better work because we wanted to and were happy in the doing of it. The conservative of a few years ago, who resented the introduction of the "fads and frills" into our curriculum has been confounded. For instead of taking thought and attention and effort from the tool subjects, they have emphasized more clearly than was ever seen before the need of the tool subjects in life.

Socialized activity, creation, life, is not forced limited to the Winnetka schools. Other schools have learned that happiness is life; that you can't be selfish, that you can't be inconsiderate, that you can't tread on the other fellow's toes and be happy yourself. It is all a matter of turn about—you help me and I'll help you, and together we'll succeed—and we will be happy in our success.

Time For Social Life

But the big thing which has happened to Winnetka is that we have been able, by letting each fellow advance at his own rate and according to his own skill, to save a vast amount of time. We are capitalizing that time in our social activities, so that your son and your daughter may learn, by living, the secret of a better life. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating" and the eaters are on the increase. When you and I were in school, the school had rather a deadly effect on a large proportion of its enrollment. My eighth grade graduated less than one-third of those who entered school eight years previously. More than two-thirds had dropped out along the wayside, unequipped for life. Today the children of those boys and girls are finding within the school the thing that they want, and that they need, and they are staying with us in increasing numbers, and from Winnetka statistics there is no reason to suppose that the increase will cease.

The High School

Frederick Edson Clerk, principal of New Trier Township High school, continued the discussion of the evening by illustrating in what measures, and by what means, the work at the New Trier Township High school was being done with a view to meeting the requirements of individual students. He described the function of the High School as being concerned not only with mental training but with physical, moral, social, and ethical training as well.

After describing the contrast between the traditional high school class room of a generation ago with the teaching methods of the present day, by virtue of which students co-operating in small groups gather information from other sources than the text-books and after analyzing the information and eliminating the non-essential parts of it, through class or group effort, arrive at general conclusions of fact or the discovery of a principle of action.

Explains System

As a means of developing character and organizing educational, moral, social, and vocational guidance, Mr. Clerk explained the organization of the Adviser System. As this system is perfected, a more complete statement of it will be offered for publication in a later issue of the Winnetka Talk. It is through the Adviser System that the very important matter of a definite contact with the home and the school is established.

Another organization described by Mr. Clerk in his talk was the Student Council. This organization is planned to provide an opportunity for an expression of student opinion on various school matters in which they are concerned and interested and which gives them a part in the general management and operation of the school. A more detailed description of the Student Council is being prepared for a future issue of the North Shore weekly papers. In concluding his speech, Mr. Clerk

Winnetka Poets Give Readings at Woman's Club Session

Editor's note: The accompanying contributions were read last Thursday upon the occasion of Winnetka Poets' Day at the Woman's club, held in observance of National Education Week. Other of the score of contributions will be published in succeeding issues of Winnetka Talk as space will permit. No endeavor is made to select the poems on the basis of merit. On the contrary, they are taken quite at random. We permit the reader to be the judge. Watch for the poems in succeeding issues of the Talk!

A RONDEAU FOR WINNETKA POETS' DAY

(November 15, 1923.)

To my Home-Club, on Poets' Day,
Could I but proper tribute pay,
My pen in golden ink I'd dip,
My metrical feet should lightly trip
And I'd toss many a bright bouquet.

Alas, I fear I am too gay,
And catch my balance in dismay,
For some lines back those feet did slip,
My dear Home-Club.

Since in a rondeau one must stay
In iambs and strict rules obey,
For my good garland I'll just snip
One bloom for you—'tis Fellowship—
And toss it forth in loving way
To my Home-Club.
Grace Neahr Veeder.

WAVES OF TRAFFIC

I sit in my slow-going car,
Driving south on Sheridan Road,
Meeting the waves of traffic from the city.

Here they come,
The limousine,
The hurried, panting Ford,
The chummy roadster of the newlywed—

The wide-wheeled truck,
(On necessary business)—
Selfconscious but bold and threatening,
(The armoured car).

They pass in a long heartbeat,
Started an hour ago
In Chicago, twenty miles away,
By an officer's whistle for the northbound traffic.

Between the pulses
I watch the dark blue lake.

Here they come again,
The touring-car, the Ford,
The roadster and the Ford,
Started an hour ago in the city
By the whistle for the northbound cars—
I have my hand on the pulse of Chicago.

In the zone of quiet, near the hospital,
There goes along with me, for a flash,
A truck full of soldiers from Fort Sheridan—

The war comes back,
I see our boys standing,
Sixty on a truck,
Holding one another's shoulders
As they race, with siren screaming,
Through French villages—
"Lafayette, we are coming!"

In a full wave,
Again the cars pass
All the cars that are—
And I drive on.

I seem to feel the heartbeat of the world.
Leila M. Starr.

TO A SCHOOL BOY

The schoolroom walls enclose a little space
Where with bent head your docile thoughts all seem
On Caesar fixed; the world without a dream,
Forgotten for relentless mood and case.
The Latin meanings patiently you trace.
Determined to forget some boyish scheme
That waits the closing bell. Till sudden gleam
Of sunlight on your page transforms the place.

Then fly your thoughts to summer's treasure quest
Where white gulls flash against the arching blue
And circling fish-hawks utter plaintive cries
Above the loose sticks of their fledgling nest.
Star-lighted nights, awakenings in the dew
Summon you where a fog-girt island lies.
Ruth W. Porter.

emphasized the need of very close co-operation between the home and the school, indicating that the more important objectives of education could not be realized unless there could be a co-operative effort established in which all of the elements contributing to the education of the children might work together.

INDIAN SUMMER

Across the distant meadows a faint haze,
Like some melodious echo of things done
And gone, lingers beneath the mellow sun,
Enchanter of these Indian summer days.

This is the time for longing, and for dreams
Dreamt in the golden glow of autumn's heart;
Wishes and wisher are not far apart;
Life is the miracle it often seems.

Too soon the colored warmth will cool,
and pale
Under frost's silver touch; and we, the while,
Prizing fall's softened beauty, then can smile
Backward, upon our vanished summer trail.
Emily M. Boyd.

DREAMS AND REALITY

'Tis sweet to sit and dream by day,
When little children romp and play,
Beside my door they cluster about,
In joyous glee, with happy shout.

'Tis sweeter still, in evening's hush
To hear the robin's good-night lush
Of song, as in the tree he swings,
Inviting night's enfolding wings.

And when the night is dark and still
And quiet every bird and rill,
'Tis then, ah then, I love to dream
In lonely nook, beside the stream.

'Tis sweet, ah sweet, to see each star,
First pale, then brighter from afar,
Its gleaming, scintillating light
Fling thru the curtain of the night.

'Tis then I feel a strange content,
For unto me this day was lent
To find in God's own wondrous world,
The way His beauties are unfurled.
C. S. H. 1919.

COOL THINGS

1.
There is coolness in the touch of flowers
on your cheek,
There is coolness in the depth of still blue shadow,
There is coolness in the taste of camphor berries
And in the smell of woodlands after rain.
But there's a cooler thing I know—the sound
Of clear spring water over twilight stones—
My lady's laughter.

2.
Aspen leaves a flutter in the dawn,
Why do you tremble so?
Do you await the coming of the sun
Up over yonder hill?
Be still, frail things, be still.
At dawn he comes, at twilight he will go.
Marcella Mettler.

TO THE WIND SPIRIT

Spirit of Wind, flying so wild yet kind
Over the meadows,
Over the hills,

Blowing the clouds away that made the sky so gray.
Friend of the shining sun,
Spirit of the wind.

Cooling a fevered head, rousing some spirit dead,
Healer of sick,
Mender of souls.

Now and forever free, fly over land and sea,
Bearing a message,
Whistling a song.

Jessie West.
(Second prize, New Trier High School, 1922.)

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

A baby's head upon my breast;
A baby's breath, through parted lips,
a fragrance sweet,
A little body, yielding, warm, a quick heart-beat,
Two tiny shell-palmed hands, two baby feet.
A baby's heart upon my breast.

A baby's heart upon my soul;
A baby's groping steps to guide, they must not stray.
Two tiny, trusting feet to lead from day to day,
Oh God send wisdom from above,
point me the way.
A baby's life upon my soul.
Mary Eames Marble.

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IT WILL DO YOUR CAR GOOD

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COMMUNITY HOUSE

THOMAS MEIGHAN

— in —

GEORGE ADE'S

"BACK HOME AND BROKE"

NEXT FRIDAY EVE