

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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THE DISCIPLINE OF WISDOM

*Rich labour is the struggle to be wise,
While we make sure the struggle cannot cease.
Else better were it in some bower of peace
Slothful to swing, contending with the flies.
You point at Wisdom fixed on lofty skies,
As mid barbarian hordes a sculptured Greece:
She falls. To live and shine she grows her fleece,
Is shorn, and rubs with follies and with lies.
So following her, your hewing may attain
The right to speak unto the mute, and shun
That sly temptation of the illumined brain,
Deliveries oracular, self-spun.
Who sweats not with the flock will seek in vain
To shed the words which are ripe fruit of sun.*

—GEORGE MEREDITH

The Girl Scouts of Glencoe are dressing dolls to be sent later to Japan. And for what purpose? To help establish friendship among the nations of world. We know of no higher ideal than this—international friendship. To be promoted not by cold and calculating diplomacy but by simple, sincere, warm, friendly acts, like dressing and sending dolls from one country to another.

World Friendship

The world is not made up of officials, ambassadors, warring armies, but of human beings—men, women and children. And the surest way of gaining the friendship of men and women is by being on friendly terms with the boys and girls.

Reports are current of a coming break between China and the Great Powers. An ultimate antagonistic attitude between the two parties seemed to have been reached. A most unpleasant situation is perhaps approaching. Could not this have been made impossible had the two parties been more humanly friendly?

To many the method of establishing friendship by giving dolls seems utterly childish. As well try to extinguish a giant conflagration by throwing on it spoonfuls of water. But the analogy is false. Little deeds of kindness have wiped out feuds of long standing. The force of love is mighty, even though untried. A cup of cold water in the name of love performs miracles.

When an organization, which has had no permanent home, does on one fine day see its way clear to build its own abiding place,

An Abiding Place

it gives abundant occasion for congratulation. We seize the occasion and extend a congratulatory hand to the members of the North Shore Congregation, telling them how pleased we are that they are planning to build at once a home of their own.

Individuals who, while living in rented flats or houses, have been able at last to get

a real prospect of a home of their own, will appreciate the happiness of the North Shore Congregation. The pride that a hostess feels in entertaining friends in her own home this religious organization will soon experience.

Up to the present no better regulator of traffic at street intersections has been invented than the stop and go system of lights. Indeed it would be very difficult to imagine a better means of keeping cars smoothly moving and of preventing collisions. Sometimes traffic is held up when there is no need at all for its stopping, but for freedom from faults most of the time the stop and go lights take the prize.

Stop and Go Lights

Moreover, as one grows accustomed to them, he governs himself accordingly. Seeing the green about to come on he speeds up a little, knowing that he can make the crossing safely. Or being warned by the orange light that the red is coming, he slows down, knowing that there is no need of hurrying.

Chicago is making much use of these lights; Evanston is putting them in at all busy corners; now Wilmette is to try them out at Ridge and Lake. And it will not be long before the business areas of all north shore towns will be equipped with them. Maybe, they can be so located and operated at the corner of Center and Elm in Winnetka that life there will at least seem a little safer during rush hours.

Incidentally, we note that drivers of cars are to be arrested if they don't stop at through streets. It's a good thing, but we can't believe that it will get them into the habit of stopping.

On the 7th of December we wished we had more than two feet. Had we been a quadruped or even a tripod we might not have felt our way so gingerly nor have seemed so funny as we did when one of our feet struck a strip of glare ice and the only other one we had served as a balancing pole. If we'd been a tripod at least two of our feet would have been on the ground.

As usual the girls of New Trier high school are excelling the boys in scholarship. More than twice as many girls as boys are on the monthly honor roll. 'Twas ever thus, and 'twill ever be thus. The lad of high school age is passing through the storm and stress period, when high grades don't seem to him especially attractive.

It's been coming for the past dozen years, the through truck road from Evanston through Glencoe. Winnetka has recently opened a sizeable stretch from Winnetka Avenue to Oak, and is actively planning to continue north to Tower Road. We'll see it all done before we leave for other worlds.

Father-and-son affairs thrill us in an unwonted way. Even pictures such as Van Dyck's "Richardot and His Son" touch our usually cool heart. When sons are fathers' guests at luncheons and dinners the bond between the two generations is being shortened and strengthened. Ever hear of a mother-and-daughter event?

Shore Lines

WORK

Work is the only thing that keeps a man happy;
Six or five-and-a-half days a week he works like a slave,
And then for a day and a half or so he eases up.
But if he didn't work there'd be no need for rest.
He gets up early in the morning to get to work early;
He eats lunch early so that he can get back to work early;
Dines early so that he can get to sleep early
That he can get to work early.
His whole life pivots about his work.
Happy is the man who likes his work;
Then every day is a holiday.
When I was a boy I didn't like to work;
Mowing the lawn and shoveling the walks I hated;
Going to the grocery store was a burden;
And washing my neck was very distasteful.
So the only way to get me to go was promise of reward
And a bushel or two of praise.
But how I loved to play and fool around,
And eat and sleep and go on a vacation.
A baseball game was my greatest joy,
"One whole cat" or "sides."
No one had to urge me to hunt for bull frogs,
Or go out into the woods for chestnuts.

But when I grew older I liked work more;
Until now I'd rather work than eat.
Of course you don't believe me,
But that doesn't make any difference.
The Christmas Holidays are coming,
And I'm wondering how to spend them;
Perhaps you'll tell me.

—FIL THE PHILOSOPHER.

The Answer

In case you are not informed, we beg to advise that Fil gets precisely three months' vacation during the summer, three days at Thanksgiving, two weeks at Christmas time, another week at Eastertide, plus all the holidays of the year.

AU REVOIR

It is with deepest regret that we come forth with the announcement that our good friend Doc Test is to leave this shivering clime next Saturday to be gone for the winter—perhaps even for a year or more. Doc is headed for San Benito, Cameron County, Texas, to raise more grapefruit for Wilmette breakfast tables. We'll miss sorely the comments of this eminent authority on all branches of sport, including baseball, football, bowling (particularly in the women's league), wrestling and boxing, to say nothing of that celebrated indoor pastime wherein three-of-a-kind beats two-pair. Shore Lines shall hope to hear from Doc at frequent intervals.

A WRY(E) JEST

Dr. Godsall, leader of the Australian contingency that so earnestly upheld the pet hobby of university professors at the big international vocal scrap down at N. U. last Friday night over "higher education," remarked in reply to a quite potent thrust at Australian kangaroos—"yes we have them but we are much better off than you here in America, where even hops are forbidden. But then," he added, "its much better to have prohibition than no drink at all."

—Hub

Hello, Bill!

Last year at this season we were called upon to aid in providing a Christmas fund for one "Bill" Saunders, veteran Wilmette postman, who had then been confined to a hospital for many months. Bill got a fine purse as a result of his friends' appreciation of his faithful service. This season we are happy to learn that Bill is fit again and will resume his duties at the post office the first of the year.

Once upon a time there was a feller who selected a fine gift for a certain person, in the shape of a writing desk set. Came a message from the delicate point of the gift pen reading—"Please say at once what you'll have for Christmas." Moral—Shop early, mail early, and, for goodness sake, omit the "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

MIQUE