

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK
by

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Since the week beginning February 6 is the anniversary of the inception of the Boy Scout movement, we present to our readers three of the many tributes to its value as an educational agent.

Anniversary Week

"If every boy in the city would join the Boy Scouts, the gangs would disappear, the juvenile court would be a stranger to the youth, and we would rear a generation of men that would not require a police protection. I have never had a Boy Scout in my court, and there are 1,200 of them in Kansas City."

—Judge Proterfield,
K. C. Juvenile Court.

"I have always been deeply interested in the work of the Scouts, which I regard as an ideal mode of citizenship development and character construction. Both my sons are Scouts, and my observation of the benefits they have derived from their affiliation has strengthened my conviction of the organization's usefulness."

—President Coolidge.

"The best thing about the Boy Scout movement is its extraordinary diversity, reaching out to boys of all degrees of mental ability, in all kinds of social environment, and creating for them a real need to do their level best."

—Dean Russell,
Columbia University.

Among the values of life health is second to none. Wealth can get for its possessor many of the goods of life, but it is of little real value if it is not accompanied by health. Friendship is always a joy and a comfort, but its value is immensely increased if both parties are in excellent health. Learning means next to nothing to a sick man. The so-called "pleasures of art" make no appeal to the mind which dwells in a sick body.

In our north shore towns health is safeguarded by efficient doctors and nurses. Not only is the open attack of disease vigorously resisted, but every modern method of preventing the attack of disease is employed. It is our privilege to cooperate with these public health servants and thus take our part in preventing the inroads of illness upon ourselves and our children.

In the death of Stanley Clague not only does the north shore lose an esteemed citizen, but publishers and readers of newspapers and magazines lose assistance of one who has rendered them invaluable service. Prominently active in advertising for many years,

Stanley Clague

Mr. Clague has brought together buyers and sellers to the advantage of both parties. Helping to supply the daily wants of thousands of people is a very real benefit.

As managing director of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, Mr. Clague made it possible for those interested to know the actual circulation of various advertising mediums and thus plan their advertising intelligently. Such work, although it may seem commonplace, is of genuine and vital value to all, directly or indirectly concerned.

Public Forum

Editor, WINNETKA TALK:

At the present time there is a movement under way to vote a bond issue for the purpose of condemning the property between the villages of Kenilworth and Wilmette for park purposes. The sum to be raised by this proposed bond issue would total one half million dollars, and therefore is entirely inadequate for the purpose set forth.

No resident of Wilmette or Kenilworth wants to see "No Man's Land" grow into an unrestricted, unsightly and obnoxious district. Everyone living in any of the north shore villages would be glad to have some definite move made to protect this very important territory through which, at some time or other, everybody travels.

There can be no doubt, however, that the present proposed bond issue would get nowhere, because it is entirely inadequate and because it raises too much animosity with those whose interests are attacked. In spite of the fact that we may not agree with the development that is under way, it is nevertheless true that the development has gone in there and is now established and that due regard must be given to this underlying fact.

It is questionable whether it is either right or desirable to interfere with the construction of the buildings now under way, or to interfere in any way whatsoever with the proposed clubhouses which have announced that they are already going ahead and building their buildings.

Having no connection with any of these projects, and being a resident of that particular district immediately south of "No Man's Land," I venture this suggestion: if instead of attempting to condemn all this property it be made the program to condemn the balance of the land outside of that which is under development, that we may accomplish as much as is necessary in order to protect and permanently maintain the reputation of the north shore as a beautiful district in which to live. In other words, I do not believe that the contemplated clubhouses are a detriment to the neighborhood. I do not believe that the theater and store buildings will mar the beauty of that particular location. A gas station with architectural design in keeping with a good business neighborhood may be a thing of necessity, but the institution of a condemnation suit against the balance of the land for park purposes would be the proper and judicious move for New Trier township to make at this time.

It is true that we would have the commercial development at this point, which many people object to. That condition will exist in spite of objections. The half million dollar bond issue is entirely insufficient to cope with this situation. The buildings under construction and those contemplated by the two beach clubs are at least of very harmonious architecture and not at all objectionable from that standpoint.

It seems to me, therefore, that if the township will institute condemnation proceedings to take over the balance of the property and create a park out of that land, that such a solution would be one that we might all reconcile ourselves favorably to and would at least settle the problem of what we had to face for the future.

—A. LONNQUIST.

SHORE LINES

THE SCOUTMASTER

"Who builds in Boys builds lastingly in Truth
And 'vanished hands' are multiplied in power,
And sounds of living voices, hour by hour,
Speak forth his message with the lips of youth.

Here in the Home of Hope, whose doors are Love,
To shape young souls in images of right,
To train frail twigs straight upward toward the light;
Such work as this God measures from above!

And faring forth, triumphant, with the dawn,
Each fresh young soul a missionary for weal,
Forward they carry, as a shield, the seal,
Of his example—so his work goes on.

Granite may crumble, wind and wave destroy,
Urn, shaft or word may perish or decay;
But this shall last forever and a day—
His living, loving monument—a Boy!"
—From Gibson's "Boyology."

Note—A timely verse dedicated to National Boy Scout week, February 6-14.

We have received so many contributions of verse—often termed poetry—that it is deemed fit to devote a generous portion of this edition of Shore Lines to a few of the truly choice selections. Littul Wun, contributes this one from the far north:

ADVICE

And what are dreams that thou shouldst fear
Fulfillment of their sordidness,
Which but distorted can appear
To torture sleep, and peace harass?

Nay, foolish one, life is too real
O'er fantasies untrue to sigh,
If thou a restful night wouldst feel
Steer clear of that last piece of pie.

—LITTUL WUN.

Mique—For Heaven's sake! Have you no pride?
Don't you know that the pun is the lowest form of wit?
As old as the "Hills"—Bushwah!

—DAVEY JONES '46.

And now, from our good friend H. A. Mills (dedicated to that Glencoe lover of sweet rhymes):

To Glencoe!

"When Homer smote his bloomin' lyre—"
Far o'er the Grecian sea—
A few bright souls there, heard his song,
Same as you do for me!

With heart atune and eager ear
You hear my minstrel Lay,
And cheer the rhymster on his path
That leads to brighter day!

You Glencoe soul, for this poor bard
Have cast a gladsome ray!
If you now hear the robin's song,
Then Spring is on the way!

—H. A. MILLS.

We Would Hear More

Dear Littul Wun: Your previous littul missive made us ever so happy over our balmy north shore climate. Better not say too much about Minneapolis, though, for we have a very dear littul friend who knows that town backwards and fore. She lost the "son" from her name, took charge of a guy as hard as "stone," and came hither to cast an occasional ray of sunshine across the more or less dismal pathway of our existence.

And yet another:

Old Gardens

I love the old gardens with their scented glow,
With flowers that blossom in a thousand colors
And soft winds that muse
Here and there, kissing their gauze petals,
And a quiet moon.

I love old gardens with vine covered walls,
And deep still pools that glisten
From a shadowy moonlit cove;
These and the melody of the stars
Nite wrapped in a dream.

—REBECCA ANTHONY.

"Gin" returned from the sanitarium, whither he was escorted early last week, very, very, oh very much improved, thank you. To date contributions toward his repair bill amount to one bright tenpence sent along by the Rockefeller Foundation.

—MIQUE.