

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

Every issue of our papers contains several accounts of basketball games, swimming matches, wrestling contests, athletic affairs

Sound Bodies

of some kind, all of which give evidence that our north shore communities are appreciating the pleasure and profit involved in body exercise and training. Schools, clubs, churches, organizations of numerous sorts make physical culture a vital item on their regular program.

Our high school basketball team meets at regular intervals members of interscholastic suburban leagues. The competition is keen and arouses vigorous interest not only in the school body but also in townsmen. In Wilmette an athletic carnival, including boxing and wrestling, is received with enthusiastic approval. Swimming meets take place in the high school, and local talent is brought out and developed.

Scouts, boys and girls, go on long hikes and camp in the open. Prep athletes are invited to attend the big interscholastic at Northwestern. Boys and girls in our grade schools are using the gymnasium liberally, planning, many of them, to take part in competitive events.

All of which argues well for the bodies of future north shore citizens.

We're against the gas tax proposition. The autoist pays enough in his local and state car taxes to provide for the building and maintaining of state roads. Nor do we care to see any more of our hard earned money employed in playing political favorites. Our hundred million road fund has served as an axe in too many political campaigns to make us desire to contribute to any similar end. So we're dead against the gas tax!

We're

Against It!

"We believe that the work of our school has given greater stimulation to the intellectual life of the American blind than any other single project." The officers of the Hadley Correspondence School for the Blind in their report for the year 1926

The Hadley School

make this high and supportable claim for the work of their school during the five years of its existence. It is a high claim, a very high claim. The thousands who are reaping the benefits of stimulation of their intellectual lives in and out of the school will testify to the tremendous value of this stimulation. Think of what the lives most blind people had been before the founding of this school—"a prey to idleness and despair"; and you will believe that the claim

is very high. And yet it is supportable. What force has come into the lives of the present 452 members of this school that has given these lives greater intellectual stimulation than has the work of the school? We can imagine none.

The school has gone further than to provide mental stimulus. It has restored many of these pupils, most of them far beyond school age, to lasting usefulness and independence. They are doing work for which they receive very good pay. If the key to happiness is the finding of a congenial occupation, the Hadley School must be credited with the furnishing of many of these keys. Helping a man or woman to be happy is the highest form of doing good.

We noticed him first some weeks ago. An elderly gentleman with white side chops. It was on a North Western train leaving Chicago at 2:05 in the afternoon. What first attracted our attention to him was this pair of white chops on an otherwise bare face. An unusual sight in these days of hairless countenances.

An Ex-President

He looked like some notable whose picture we had often seen. Who was he? We couldn't tell. Was it President Arthur that he resembled? No. He was a daily passenger on the 2:05. He was always alone, and while waiting for the door of the train shed to be opened he tapped the floor lightly with his curved handle cane.

One day we took notice of the fact that the conductor on his round after glancing at the old gentleman, did not ask for his ticket but passed him by. Who could he be? Some retired official, no doubt. We asked the conductor to enlighten us.

"Sure, that's Marvin Hughitt, used to be president of the road. Eighty-nine years old next month. Fine old fellow!"

PUBLIC FORUM

Editor, WILMETTE LIFE:
The members of the group who are building a moving picture theater and stores in a part of the so-called No Man's Land district, between Kenilworth and Wilmette have desired to put before their friends and neighbors a statement of their position.

There has been an effort, we fear, to convey the idea that our group initiated the commercial development of this No Man's Land territory and in some way diverted to commercial purposes land which constituted a logical park site for the township. This is untrue.

The first commercial lease in this territory was made for a period of ten years, commencing October 6, 1921. At the time we purchased our land (1926) there were in operation in this territory seven commercial enterprises. This land is, and has been for years, commercial property. Sound proof of this is the fact that the backers of the proposed \$500,000 bond issue propose to ask the residents of New Trier township to pay \$500,000 for ten acres of the land. A comparison of the price with prices paid in the past by the several villages for park land shows the tremendous disparity.

The responsibility for the business character of No Man's Land would seem to be mainly upon the adjoining villages which failed to annex the territory and zone it as residential prior to the time it acquired its present commercial market value. Our responsibility, and one we are glad to recognize, is that of developing and maintaining our property as a high type commercial enterprise and in a manner more agreeable, we hope, to the New Trier communities than might occur if the property were in other hands. We are trying to do just this and in so doing we ask the confidence of our neighbors. (Continued on Page 33)

SHORE LINES

DISILLUSIONMENT

Realization what a witch thou art
That leads a merry chase to faith and hope,
Elusive phantom, beckoning my heart
To follow thee, my path alone to grope.

Delightful thing, I would have more of thee!
Why art thou always two long strides ahead?
My pace is slow—no more thy face I see,
And disappointment takes thy place instead.
—LITTUL WUN.

Dear Littul Wun—In reply to your latest dispatch from the Twin Cities will say that you do not have the pleasure of the acquaintance of the "fair damsel," she is interesting, she's from Minneaplesauce, I am not familiar with that end of the U. S. (except by proxy), know nothing of the peculiarities of Carleton and St. Olaf college girls, care less about restrictions regarding dates but regard the system as fundamentally sound.

We avoid all "date laws" by the simple expedient of shunning all dates.

HEAR! HEAR!

FALLING IN LINE WITH THE CURRENT WEAKNESS FOR QUESTION BOXES IN SOME OF OUR OTHERWISE MORE OR LESS ESTEEMED DAILY JOURNALS, WE MAKE BOLD AS FOLLOWS:

- What was the name of the President of the United States in 1890?
- What constitutes the Home Party? (Oh yes, we're quite up-to-date)
- Or, for that matter, what constitutes any party? (political or otherwise)
- What are the ingredients of "Gin," the editorial canine?
- Who wrote Henry Ford's biography?
- Who is Fil the Filosofer, and, if so, why?
- What was the first name of Babe Ruth's paternal grandfather?
- How short is Shorty, the barber?
- In what countries are these units of coinage used: ten grand, shekel, two-bits, peso, fin? (more upon request)

MOTHER

Mother never seems old to me somehow,
Though the years have worn lines
In the smooth of her brow;
Though far drifting snowflakes
Have softened the gold,
With that light in her eyes
She will never grow old.

Youth flaunts a gay beauty
Resplendent and free,
It is restless and careless and glorious to see;
But age with the mellow of still sunset hour,
Far tossed by the winds
Like a half blown flower,
Is as beautiful even at close of the day
As it was in its morning of gilded array.

The lilacs may blossom
And the blossoms fade,
As ever the beautiful will;
But a Mother's face somehow
I think was made,
Though old it is beautiful still.

—REBECCA ANTHONY.

Very, Very Low

Heard on the Shore Line trolley—
First commuter: "That conductor resembles an Indian, doesn't he?"
Second commuter: "Doesn't he, now?"
Conductor (projecting head through doorway): "Indian Hill!"

—AUGIE.

Signs of Spring

Our club-soc editor leaned back in her luxuriously overstuffed office chair long enough on a day—when the thermometer just outside the window registered 60—to bolster her contention regarding the early approach of spring. Said she: "Two Kentucky cardinals have taken abode in the elms of our front lawn—'Tother day we heard a robin and saw two creepers outside our domicile. Our mater familias also heard a crow."

And we—a rooster crow.

—MIQUE.