

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

Telephone Winnetka 2000 or Wilmette 1920

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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.

The activities of the P. T. A. year have begun. A drive for members is on. Really it ought not to be difficult to secure new members for an organization which does so much good in our north shore communities.

Parent-Teacher Associations

The high school P. T. A., for example, discusses with the school authorities such vital problems as the automobile and the student, a problem which has taxed the abilities of college presidents and deans. It takes up also considerations of changes of that familiar medium between school and home—the report card, which for untold generations Jack and Jill has either feared or loved.

Another activity which the association shares with the school is the so-called parents' day, when the older folks attend school in the place of their children and see how things are done during a regular school session.

Not of the least of the P. T. A.'s good works is the caring for the social life of the teachers, many of whom doubtless have been brought into a more intimate life of the community by the efforts of the association. Those who have never come into a strange neighborhood will find it difficult to estimate how much it lightens the new teacher's heart to meet early in the school year parents of the school children and friends of the school.

One of the most patriotic services any citizen of the United States can render his country is assisting in the work of Americanizing foreigners who intend to become useful members of the American commonwealth. The immigrant comes to our shores with a foreign language, a foreign attitude towards our institutions, and a foreign feeling towards American citizens.

Americanizing Foreigners

But realizing that he has cast his lot for better or for worse with the fortunes of the new world, he also realizes that he must acquire the new ways of living as soon as possible, if he is to succeed. In other words he realizes that he must go to school.

For his betterment and that of his adopted country he must learn to speak and write correctly and fluently. He must study American history. He must become acquainted with all that is implied in becoming an American citizen.

Anyone who helps him achieve these ends is rendering a highly patriotic service to the country itself. And our teachers who are engaged in this work at Community House in Winnetka and elsewhere are true patriots. Incidentally the social side of the enterprise of Americanizing foreigners is also productive of genuine civic good.

In our time, now over fifty years long, we have walked miles and miles. It has mostly been done in small installments of

Walk Every Day for Your Health

one, two, or two and half miles, but it has totaled up to several thousand. We once figured out that during our term of over twenty years as tender of a furnace we must have handled one million two hundred and fifty thousand shovel-fulls of coal and coke. It is wonderful how much one can do by doing a little every day, Sundays and holidays included, omitting the summer vacation.

Years ago we walked with a friend to St. Charles, that old-fashioned town on the Fox River. We walked mostly on the railroad tracks, where the distance between two ties is too short for an ordinary step and yet skipping one tie stretches one's legs unduly. We not only walked to the Fox River but walked back. As we recall our feelings at the end of the hike they were fatigued to the limit.

Only a few years ago we hiked from Winnetka to Dundee between dawn and dark. We reached Wheeling in time for an early lunch. Dinner awaited us at a friend's home in Dundee. We partook of the dinner lavishly. The result was a rush of blood to the digestive regions and away from the head. We toppled over.

Hiking is a great exercise, good for the heart and viscera in general, but not to be taken in large doses. Taken moderately it suits exactly.

The quarter of a million dollars given by Louis B. Kuppenheimer of Winnetka to the University of Chicago to be used for investigations in the field

A Boon to Ophthalmologists

of ophthalmology, or study of structure, functions, and diseases of the eye, will certainly be of tremendous value. According to Dr. Brown, a prominent specialist in this same field and head of this department at the University, the work which this gift has made possible will result in saving the eyesight of many who might otherwise have lost that most wonderful of all human faculties, and will also lead to the alleviation of untold suffering.

It will moreover increase knowledge of the eye, thereby aiding all who deal with eye weakness and disease. Diseases that have heretofore been regarded as incurable will doubtless yield to treatment suggested by workers in this department.

North shore residents should feel a particular interest in this gift because of the world famous school for the blind in Winnetka.

Provided with your theater guild tickets for the four performances of the coming 1927-28 season, you will be facing a prospect of at least four evenings of unalloyed delight. At least we have always enjoyed thoroughly the past performances of the guild.

The North Shore Theater Guild

It is peculiarly interesting, if not always stimulating, to see our friends and neighbors in roles quite different from these same neighbors' ordinary modes of life. And we have sometimes envied them their visarious experiences and wished silently that we too might be a governor or a prominent poet if only for a few evenings.

SHORE LINES

WEATHER REPORT

THERE MAY BE SOME DOUBT CONCERNING WEATHER CONDITIONS AT OTHER SEASONS OF THE YEAR, COMMENTS MR. COX IN AN INTERVIEW PUBLISHED IN ONE OF THE CHICAGO DAILIES, BUT WHEN WINTER COMES ALONG, WELL, WINTER IS WINTER, AND NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. ALL OF WHICH STRIKES US AS SINGULARLY CLARIFYING IF NOT ALTOGETHER REASSURING.

However, most of us are optimists at heart, whether or no we care to admit it. We live in constant hope of better things just in the offing; have enough rain to appreciate sunshine and enough sunshine to revel in a nice wet autumn drizzle. Frigid days and snow-clad fields bring to mind the beauties of a Springtime that, after all, is not so far away. Shivering March winds foretell of the glorious summer to come. Sweltering August heat bespeaks the invigorating tang of Autumn air, which, in turn, gives promise of a nice nippy winter with plenty of skating for the kids, young and older.

Look to Your Laurels

Tar Baby, rechristened Wiener (by virtue of general contour of the posterior appendage), it appears, is running a close second to Gin for claims as the genuine community canine. Tar Baby (or is it Wiener?) has human friends too numerous to calculate, as witness the fact that, when hotly and persistently pursued by Windy, nemesis of wandering dogdom, no less than half a dozen license tags covering annuus ranging from 1920 to date were forthcoming from a multitude of solicitous citizens. At last report he was still several leaps ahead of the alert and efficient Charley.

Wouldst Have 'Em Stale?

Mique—
Mr. Dudley Craft Watson in his second lecture for the North Shore Art league emphasized "The Freshness of Americans."

—DIANA.

Sport of Kings and Knaves

Dear Mique: Having stepped out to the new Arlington Park racetrack a coupla times, I should ought to tell you something about the goats which was running and the goats which was trying to pick the goats—or was it cows—which was supposed to be running. Well in the crowd which was holding down the red seats in the grandstand I finds Shorty, the same as holds forth at the Terminal, giving the news or selling it, and he tells me he's the ripe berries when it comes to picking winners. So I asks him how does he do it when even the horses doesn't know.

"Well," says Shorty, "I'll tell you, but it's a little secret and I don't want any more than a coupla million people to know about it. I got a system. I came out the opening day and the boys at the two smacking windows hooked me for fourteen iron men. I don't know how it happened, but I came home with seven nice little tickets which I'll use to paper my room. They're pretty tickets at that and all colors. But they're not worth two bucks.

"I gets to thinking I could buy just as pretty tickets at a stationery store, so I got busy and invented the system I was going to tell you about. It's a sure fire system, too. I'm going to pick five winners a day."

As I have been around racetracks since the Johnstown flood I tells Shorty I've heard of them systems, in fact I put it to him that guys had been inventing systems for beating the races ever since the days of the chariots and that the boys who invented them were either in the poorhouse or cutting out paper dolls.

"You're hokum on that lay," returns Shorty. "My figures do the business and I collect. I was out to the track yesterday and the old system worked swell. I just pushed some figures together and all of the horses my system said would win finished in the money."

"Must have cleaned up," I butts in.
"Well," says Shorty, "there was a funny thing about that. I came back with two bucks. A fella was touting me off my long shots."

—THE OLD PLUG.

Meet you at the Illinois game.

—MIQUE.