

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.

Christmas Seal selling began on Thanksgiving Day. That is just as it should be, for there could be no more fitting time on which to begin the collecting of money for the destruction of tuberculosis than the day on which people are gathered to give thanks for health and prosperity. When we are well and happy we should also remember in a helpful way those who are not in a condition to be well and happy.

In the benevolent rivalry between teams of school children selling these seals there is much to be commended. The north shore has good reasons to be proud of the work done by the pupils of the Joseph Sears school in Kenilworth. In the per capita sales contest they are national champions, a record which speaks volumes for enterprise and persistence.

Let us keep in mind the fact that the Christmas Seal sales are entirely in the hands of our north shore school children. In buying what they have to offer us we shall not only be encouraging the children in the doing of a splendid philanthropic work, but we shall be doing our share to weaken the attacks of one of mankind's strongest and bitterest enemies.

Not infrequently while passing a field of grain we have been asked by our most frequent fellow passenger, "Is that wheat or oats?" And we are to some degree ashamed to be forced to confess that our persistent answer has been, "We don't know." Only when we reply to the questions of this passenger we seldom, if ever, use the editorial **we**.

It's true. We can't tell the difference between wheat and oats, to say absolutely nothing of the difference between these grains and barley, rye, and millet. We know, when we see it, alfalfa, also buckwheat, tobacco, and the potato plant. But we cannot tell the difference between the various grains whether in the stalk or in the bin.

Doubtless, had we been brought up on the farm where day after day adds knowledge of tilling, sowing, cultivating, and reaping, we should not now be ignorant of the characteristic appearance of wheat, etc. There must be a good many people who can say with assurance and correctness, "Look at that field of barley way over there on that hillside." We envy them.

It consoles us to know, however, that third grade children in the Byron Stolp school of Wilmette are being taught by the highly approved method of "doing" what winter wheat is in all its stages of growth.

Can you, fellow citizen, make a good public speech, converse intelligently and without notes present a report? If you can, you are one of a few.

Can You Speak Effectively? Most men and women would rather have a tooth pulled without an anesthetic than address a public meeting or even tell a story before a little evening gathering. And very often their listeners would rather undergo a similar operation than hear these speakers.

We learn from a praiseworthy student composition sent us from New Trier high school that courses in public speaking are there offered. We quote from this composition:

"Among the special classes at New Trier, not included in the general courses, is one called English 4A or Public Speaking. This particular course in English was instituted at New Trier about seven years ago, and trains the students, not in the old flamboyant sort of oratory or so-called elocution, but in straight-forward, sincere thinking and speaking.

"Students seeing this course listed among the available courses for juniors and seniors, often scowl and exclaim, 'What, get up on the stage and make a speech? Not me!' But if they only knew what interesting, as well as instructive, things these classes do, and what a pleasure it is to be a student in one of them, the enrollment would be greatly increased."

Such a course goes far towards producing easy and effective public speakers.

Who wants to be a garbage collector? Nobody. What boy on entering college if asked what he wanted to be would reply, "A garbage collector?"

A Word for the Garbage Collector Not one. Even if he were asked if he wanted to be a sanitary engineer it is not likely that he would reply with a decided affirmative. To return to garbage collecting, we find it almost impossible to imagine even the poorest of students consenting to collect garbage as a means of working his way through college.

And yet garbage must be collected. In fact there is nothing that so imperatively demands being collected as garbage and other sorts of refuse. Health, that most desirable of all conditions, depends on the regular collection of garbage, etc. Next to inoculating human beings with active disease germs there is no more certain method of causing disease and death than allowing garbage to accumulate near a home. The very word, "garbage," almost makes one sick.

But who will collect it? Who **does** collect it? As yet no automatic machine has been devised for the purpose. Human beings themselves must do it. A man or two must carry it from the back yard and dump it into a wagon or truck. And then he must haul it away to an incinerator or a dump pile.

The collector himself is a man. And probably a very good man. He may even be very fond of good music and good pictures. Maybe in his leisure hours an amateur painter. It is not unlikely that he thinks of his work as a valuable civic service. Certainly every community should be grateful to a garbage collector who does his work effectively and conscientiously.

SHORE LINES

WHEN THE END IS HERE

*When you have only one kiss left for me,
O dearest, place it gently on my eyes,
That ever after, to eternity,
They will see rainbows in my heart's dark skies.*

*When there is only one word left to hear,
Don't say goodbye, or any word of sorrow;
Murmur something sweet to me, my dear—
And then pretend you're coming back tomorrow.*
—WICKIE.

Doggone Funny

The master minds of the local constabulary have been ushered into service to solve a vexing problem pertaining specifically to "Gin," the editorial canine, who has recently joined the "dog watch." Undisturbed slumber during the day, has equipped our hero with an abundant energy which begins to assert itself about 12 P. M., and continues unrestrained until at dawning. And what he perpetrates during those rambling moods is just nobody's business. Calling upon friends and neighbors at 2 A. M., might be mentioned as an illustration in point. What to do, what to do?

Meditation

*A scampering brook,
A shady tree,
A singing bird,
And thoughts of thee—
O Restfulness!*

*A window seat,
A peaceful lea,
A setting sun,
And dreams of thee—
O Loneliness!*

*A still, dark room,
A soft, cool breeze,
A moon, and dreams
Of thee so sweet—
O Happiness!*

—THE PISCATOR.

'ray for Littul Wun!

Big Ten Conference grid competition terminated in what was or was not a blaze of glory last Saturday—depending entirely upon one's point of view. Sacrificing a fine seat in Dyche stadium, we joined the radio family and listened in upon that marvelously dramatic Gopher-Wolverine clash which, in its result, must have delighted Littul Wun of Minnesota.

Evening

*Oh lovely sun half hidden 'neath
Ethereal clouds of blue,
Reflecting radiant colors of
A brilliant, gorgeous hue,
With here and there a touch of gold
You seem content to lie
And slumber on the bosom of
A peaceful evening sky.
You seem content to linger on,
'Til twilight, cold and gray,
Emerges into darkness,
And carries you away.*

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY.

Dumb Like a Fox, We'll Wager

Bob Zupke's penchant for beckoning his illustrious Illini by variously selected nicknames (as per the daily press), reveals the fact that the name of an outstanding movie hero was applied to one of the gridgers because, as Zup said, "They're both dumb." That explanation relieves one of the suspicion that he meant "beautiful."

The Suicide Trail

Doesn't one just itch to get hold of the business end of a gat and go seeking out some of those warring loop-invading gangsters? Oh, yes, yes, yes. . . .

Daddy may soon be compelled to oil up the trusty war musket for use on his journeys cityward. Or perhaps, a sack of "eggs." Some of the boys were pretty good at scattering machine gun nests not so many years ago.

Ho, hum, Turkey hash, today—or is it Turkey soup?
—MIQUEL.