

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
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One blustery zero day not many weeks ago a well-built man was walking down a city street breasting the biting wind. Struggling along behind him, half running and half dragged along was a little girl holding onto the belt on the man's overcoat. Had she not been thus helped along it was very doubtful whether she could have made appreciable headway against the wind. But with the help of the husky chap, probably her father, she was getting to her destination in pretty good time.

## That's The Way It Should Be

That's just the way it ought to be; the stronger sex should be willing and glad to help the weaker. The husband should take to himself all the heavier blows of fortune, bear the brunt of the storm, and be a tower of strength where his wife can find refuge in adversity.

The great dramatist, Ibsen, tells of a wife who having made a misstep, hoped that her husband would stand by her and at least share the consequences with her. But her hope was vain. He did not stand by her, but instead joined forces with her opponents. Surely he was a traitor to one of the most sacred causes in life. He forsook one for whom he should have willingly laid down his life.

Only a few days ago there passed away one of the North Shore's pioneer citizens, Andrew MacLeish. He belonged to that small group of people characterized in Biblical language as "the salt of the earth."

## A North Shore Pioneer Citizen

Although Andrew MacLeish was in the strict sense a Glencoe citizen, still he was so well known to dwellers in all the neighboring towns that he might well be called a North Shore citizen. As one of the owners of Carson, Pirie, Scott, & Co., and a well-known figure in that store for many years, he was also among the best known men in Chicago. He was especially active in work carried on by the Baptist denomination.

He was a canny sturdy Scotchman, a model of honesty, thrift, industry, and of all the admirable habits of his race. Many will miss his familiar face and figure, and many will send a sympathetic thought to those whom he has left behind.

A new branch of Sanitary Engineering has just been called to our attention. This new branch is Skeeter Engineering. It seems likely that the North Shore, for several years to come, will offer a fertile field for this particular occupation.

Not long ago we heard a young woman, blind from early childhood, maintain that blindness was no handicap. And she meant it, too. It was her honest, strong conviction that in the race for success her blindness did not and would not hinder her.

## Blindness Need Be No Handicap

When asked if she did not miss seeing the beauties of nature, like flowers, sky, and landscape, she said that she did not. Her point was that she did not know what she was missing; so how could she miss it? Very much like a man who has never tasted a ripe banana picked right off the tree. Not having an idea how it would taste he naturally should not be expected to really regret never having tasted one. He hears what the traveler says who has had the experience, but why should he be expected to appreciate a naturally ripened banana?

This blind girl of whom we are speaking said she felt no need of eyesight. She knew that the table was just behind her, that the piano was only a few feet away, that her friends were seated around her. Her ears helped her to know where she was, and what was going on around. She said that she often crossed railroad tracks alone, knowing very well that there was no danger because she heard no warning sounds.

She made very plain the fact that blind people want no sympathy, that they were insulted by those who called them the "poor blind." She made it clear that the blind wanted to be treated just as the sighted are treated.

The following directions as to how to salute properly the National Flag were drawn up by a conference called by and conducted under the auspices of the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion. They represent the authoritative opinion of Army and Navy experts.

"During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the Flag or when the Flag is passing in a parade or in a review, all persons present should face the Flag, stand at attention and salute. Those present in uniform should render the right hand salute. When not in uniform, men should remove the headdress with the right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Women should salute by placing the right hand over the heart. The salute to the Flag in the moving column is rendered at the moment the Flag passes."

We met yesterday a lad who having shown the doctor an infected finger was told by the medical man to dissolve three red pills in a basin of hot water and then soak the affected finger in the hot solution. The lad, being a little above the average in intelligence, examined the red pills and found them to be little red candies. Returning to the doc, the patient made inquiries as to the therapeutic efficacy of the little red candies. Whereupon the astute M.D. told him that most people would not regard mere hot water as having any healing value. Hence he often prescribed the addition of these little red pills. The boy learned much from this experience.

# SHORE LINES

## TRULY HAPPY

Could I but look into your heart  
As in a mirror clear,  
And see reflected in its depths  
The things I hold most dear;  
Could I but look into your soul  
And find embedded there  
The things in life I value most,  
If you would let me share  
The lovely thoughts I know are yours,  
And you in turn with me,  
Would share the blessings I possess,  
I'd truly happy be.

—OLIVIA KINGSLEY

FIL, WHO IS "SOME PUNKINS" WHEN IT COMES TO MATTERS OF PSYCHOLOGY, WAS CONSIDERABLY WROUGHT UP THIS WEEK OVER SOME WISEACRE'S ASSERTION THAT GRAYING LOCKS ARE ATTRIBUTABLE LARGELY TO ENERVATED MENTAL PROCESSES AND INDOLENT ATTITUDES. YOU GUESSED IT. FIL'S THINKING THATCH IS ALSO SILVERING.

## "Seventh Heaven"

Chico!  
.....  
Boyish charm  
Is mingl'd  
In the pleasant thoughts  
That in me rise  
Of sweetness,  
Love,  
And dreams of Heav'n on earth.

Diane!  
.....  
Innocence  
Entwines itself  
Among my thoughts  
Of greatest grief,  
Young love,  
And purity of soul.

—KAY JANE ELL.

Note: Yes, Kay Jane Ell, we understand perfectly. —M.

## A Plausible Diagnosis

A sizeable collection of gayly beribboned bones awaits our "Gin," the editorial canine, who this week was hurriedly whisked away to the nearest dog hospital to have a badly bruised eye patched up and otherwise reconditioned. Several theories have been advanced concerning the cause of the disability. Some hold a rival canine responsible. Others, no less discerning, have reason to blame the tabby cat who wends her stealthy way abaft the corner lunch counter. Having occasionally observed our hero in playful tussle with the feline species, we are inclined to the latter theory.

## Mebbe They Discovered Land on Shorty's Property

Well, well. We've just about decided to give up writin' and take to sellin' news. Here comes Shorty, major domo of the "L" Terminal news stand, with the information that he'll pick up baggage this week and hie himself to Florida, mebbe even Havana—to while away the balance of the frigid season. Last year, you'll remember, he took time off for a sojourn at Hot Springs. What's he gonna do down there? Oh, a bit of golfing, then a dip in the surf, a snooze on the hotel veranda, and such evening entertainment as may suggest itself to our resourceful Shorty. And over in Hayana? Ah, ha, the bangtails are runnin', don't you know!

This ceaseless talk about Gene Tunney's alleged bicycle ride upon the occasion of the most recent "battle of the century," has brought this rather snappy comeback from an adherent of the erudite Gene: "From the looks of Jack Dempsey after that affair, one would suspect he had caught up with the sprinting genius."

And, so, we must hasten to visit the invalid.

—MIQUE.