

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

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

The conference on child study and parent education held recently in Chicago proposed as one of its primary objectives the

The Need of Parent Training

What strikes us as particularly refreshing and novel about this statement is the idea of making parenthood of greater use to the children.

The time was not long ago when the mere idea of parents' being of greater use to their children would have been regarded as little short of preposterous. A mother be of greater use to her child! The very idea! As if she weren't already sacrificing her own comfort and pleasure every day for her child. Who suffered that the child might be born? Who devoted her days and most of her nights to her child. Who had the child on her mind almost every minute of the twenty-four hours? Why, the mother! And now some expert, probably an old maid or bachelor, dares suggest that she be of greater use to her child!

But preposterous as the idea may seem, it's a sound one. The child's earliest days are his most easily affected days. And the results reached by scientific study of the child, his needs and possibilities, are certainly more valuable than those reached by the individual mother. If the baby is to be trained and educated into what he is capable of becoming, the parent herself, and himself too, must be trained in order to be of greater use to the children.

Said Lincoln, "When opportunity comes I shall be ready." No one has a doubt as to what caused Lincoln or any other person to be ready when opportunity came. He got ready, he prepared, not the hour or day before, but years before. Does it happen often that the man who sees a good chance to invest gets the money all of a sudden just when he wants it? No, sir! "The heights by great men gained and kept were not attained by sudden flight, but they while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night."

We'd like to have a flivver plane. One just like the boys had who flitted around Europe some weeks ago, 43 feet wide, 20 horse power, and costing about \$2,000. What joy we'd have hopping to New York for \$10 the hop, \$5 apiece if two went. We'll order one just as soon as we can find a suitable spot for taking off. We learned to run a Ford. So I guess we can learn to fly.

On the 13th of February we received at our home a promise of spring. It was a tiny twig clipped from a willow tree; all up and down the little slip were clinging swelling buds; and at the very tip was peeping out a bit of what looked like fur, the fur of the pussy willow.

Next Wednesday every American will call to mind, no matter how dimly, the fact that almost two hundred years ago George Washington, the father of his country was born. And many Americans will also note the fact that

The Father of His Country

February 22, 1932, will be exactly the two hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth.

Little need be said to the present generation concerning the character and deeds of this great leader in our war for freedom. Our school children are familiar with the details of his ancestry, his childhood, and the period of his service to his country. The work he did as leader of the Revolutionary forces, his labors during the years of his presidency, fill the most important pages in our histories.

One thing, at least, every true lover of his country should do. He should visit our national capital twice, once as a child, and later as a grown person. We can conceive of no more impressive epilogue to the study of American History in the grades than a trip to Washington. While there the school child should see all the places of interest in the city itself, and by all means spend the better part of a day at Mt. Vernon. The mere sight of the furniture and other articles associated with our first president will make not only him but also the history of his times more intimately real.

Every adult American should make this patriotic pilgrimage. It will refresh and strengthen his love of country. He will ever after be a better citizen.

Whether or not you live in Wilmette you will get much useful and pleasant experience out of reading JUNIOR LIFE, a regular

Junior Life and Its Makers

feature of the senior paper, WILMETTE LIFE. You will see how well the school children of Wilmette can write, and incidentally you will note what items seem to the pupils worthy of publication.

As you might naturally expect, sports hold foremost place in the hearts of these junior newspaper men and women. Thrilling paragraphs, telling of basketball fights and victories, occur with pleasing frequency. Half a column in last week's issue is filled with an attractive account of the annual ice carnival.

Like their elders, the JUNIOR LIFE makers devote considerable space to personals of various kinds. We are very sure that if the financial condition of the promoters permitted it, this journalistic enterprise would be all lit up with pictorials presenting faces and facts. Which would put it in the class of its more mature contemporaries.

Then, too, JUNIOR LIFE is sprinkled with poems and jokes. Though the latter have not all the freshness of youth, yet the poems are surprisingly original. The following effusion wins us with its simplicity and sincerity.

Oh little green melon
 From the ground you did spring.
 And to all colored children
 Great happiness bring.

JUNIOR LIFE is a most praiseworthy production, bound to bring pleasure to its readers and unusual profit to its makers.

SHORE LINES

THE FEARLESS RIDER

O, I will ride to Innesfree,
 Across the blue-dark wear,
 And hear the harsh voice of the trolls,
 Yet ride without a fear.

I mind to ride to Innesfree,
 My horse is standing ready,
 For love will seal my ears to trolls,
 And keep my heart-beat steady.

—The Blue Warrior

And Who's the 4th Vice-President?

"The vice-presidents of the Chamber of Commerce believe in increasing the population of village," runs an item in the Winnetka C. of C. bulletin. "1st V. P. Bob Doepel, a short time ago, reported the arrival of a new youngster in the family. Then 2nd V. P. Hal Hill did likewise. Now 3rd V. P. Vic Killian comes along with a similar report. Why not be a vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce?"

Chained to Freedom

St. Valentine's Day brought two missives hitherward. Now, if we were thinking of capitulating, Wickie and Miss Anonymous, my dears, we'd be inclined to consider very seriously your kind—and sweet—but then, of course we aren't.

Valentine Thought

Why are you so sad tonight,
 Beloved dresden sweet,—
 Have you found the hours of love
 Too sluggish or too fleet?

But I can't waste the time to question,
 For I have this to say:
 Your cheeks are ivory; your eyes
 Are chrysopease today.

Come, listen to the songs I sing,
 With such a gentle air,—
 (Moonbeam of my heart's dark night)
 Love has no need of care.

—Bhaili.

But, It's Leap Year

"Yes, but," comments the scribe at the first desk north west. "Supposin' the 4th V. P. of the Winnetka Chamber of Commerce is a bachelor?"

Even Though He Does Whippit

Man and his car—hast ever heard the equal? You can rail and rant against most any of his other more or less prized possessions, and he'll likely as not sit back and, though inwardly writhing, maintain his calm. But one little disparaging word about his chosen brand of locomotion and, well just try it, that's all.

Please, the Smelling Salts!

Imagine the shock to some of our snug, smug suburbanites upon learning that the jazz-crazed cliff-dwellers, so-called, are thronging 5,000 strong to the Uptown Civic Matinees each Sunday to hear—a Muzio, McCormic, Echaniz, or to view, not Paul Ash, but Leginska, pianist and symphony conductor.

Signs of Spring

Varied are the signs of spring—Al Kipp and Shorty, the affluent and affable, are soon to return from their winter havens at Palm Beach and New Orleans; our boys, the Kodiak (mebbe) Cubs have entered upon spring training on Mr. Wrigley's Magic Isle; one detects rumblings of local political feuds not so far away, and Elmer Selby is out with his annual threat to take up the game of golf.

Here's one vote Helpful Herbert will never have to solicit. It's just as good as in the ballot box. In fact, two, counting Friend Ray.

We're not one mite averse to contributions for Shore Lines.

—MIQUE.