

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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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.

There are probably quite a few car owners on the North Shore who will soon be wanting to take a little tour. May we recommend to such a one a drive that we recently enjoyed? It is an interesting one.

A Little Auto Tour

Go south on Waukegan Road to Touhy Road. Drive west on Touhy through Park Ridge, cross the River Road, and continue to the end of Touhy where it unites with Higgins Road. Follow Higgins Road to the pleasant Fox River town of Dundee. Climb the hill in Dundee and turn left on the road at the top of the hill. Follow this highway, the Fox River Road, south to Elgin. Keep on traveling south through St. Charles, Geneva, and Aurora. From the last of these towns take the curving rolling road southeast to Joliet. This stretch affords genuine pleasure to the lover of variety and far-stretching landscape.

To leave Joliet take Route 4 north. A few miles north of Joliet you will get an interesting, if not inspiring, picture of mills and river valley. Route 4 will lead you for 24 miles through rather pleasing farm country. Turn north onto the highway leading through La Grange and continue north on it clear up to Touhy Road. Turn east and you will find yourself on familiar ground once more.

You can cover this tour easily in a Saturday afternoon.

We know of no more inspiring sight than a group of boys looking into the future. One gets such a sight if seated on a platform before an audience of boys who are listening eagerly to a stimulating speaker discussing the problems and possibilities of the future. Seeing such an audience of forward-looking youth one appreciates the meaning of those early words of Longfellow, "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Doubtless girls think about the days and years to come, but what they are thinking is such a mystery to us that we give up even trying to imagine. There is, however, something in the posture and looks of ambitious boys that appeals intelligibly to us. The expectant gleam in their eyes seems to say, "We don't know what's coming, but we bet it's lots of fun!"

What aroused our enthusiasm just at this time is a photo on the cover of Glencoe News of March 31. It is a photo of the Junior Police of Glencoe. We gazed at this picture over and over again, each time seeing something new and stimulating in the expressions of the ten boys. They're not much different from ordinary boys, but in their faces and postures is an irresistible mixture of happiness and seriousness.

Just boys—but the hope of America!

Easter means little or nothing to any except the true Christian. Unless one is a Christian in spirit Easter means merely the flaunting of Spring styles. The great event of Easter Day for church goers who are Christians in name only is the Easter parade, an opportunity for the display of new garments by both sexes.

What Does Easter Mean?

To other non-Christians Easter means flowers, especially Easter lilies.

To the true Christian Easter means immortality, eternal life. On a day in the middle of the first century, in a land known as the Holy Land, the Son of God rose from the dead. On his rising from the dead depends the true Christian's hope of living after death. Had he not risen, the Christian's hope of everlasting life would be vain.

If Easter is not a celebration of the rising of Christ from the grave, if it is a mere name for one of the Sundays of the year, then it is no more significant than any other church holiday. But to the true Christian who believes that it is an anniversary of the greatest event in the world's history, man's victory over death, then it is a day to be welcomed with the best that man has to offer.

A couple of thousand years ago when Rome was mistress of the civilized world but was a bit jealous of a certain city in Northern Africa, Cato, that staunch old Roman, used to declare over and over again, "Carthage must be destroyed!" In and out of season he reiterated this slogan. Lest the Romans forget, he hammered away

It Must Be Destroyed!

on this greatest, as he saw it, of all public needs. Carthage must be destroyed!

Our mosquito elimination officials, ever since they began their war on the mosquito, have emphasized a similar determination. The mosquito must be destroyed! Not the tiniest egg must be allowed to live. Not the weakest of the wigglers must breathe the life-sustaining air. The mosquito must be destroyed!

With the appointment of William Edwards as superintendent of the North Shore Abatement District the attack on the mosquito has assumed deadly proportions. He is the man to fight the mosquito to a finish, to free the North Shore from this pestiferous insect.

The inter-community highway will be finished some day. Meanwhile portions of it are getting finished. The stretch between Winnetka Avenue and Oak Avenue in Winnetka gives an adequate idea of how useful the whole highway will be when completed. Doubtless the reasons for delay on other sections are sufficient, but there are many just like us who would like to see these missing sections in working order.

We have had dealings recently with a young man who is not only blind but so completely paralyzed as never to be able to take an upright position. Yet even though he must always be confined to his bed he has taken up the study of psychology in order that he may better fit himself to write short stories. And some people with complete physical equipment find life hard!

SHORE LINES

NESTLING

Some little heart to flutter,
When your tired wings are folded,
When your Even song is ended
And retire for the night;
You nestle both together,
Male and female of one feather
In your nest from cold and chill
So snug and tight.
Who would be the lonesome spirit,
Listening to the sleepy twitter
Of a dozen dozing mates?
I hope not you!
There's a thousand birdies waiting,
And a thousand more a-mating,
And a nest is always built—
At least for two.

—HENRY F. STOW.

Put Two on the Nose

With the big Primary derby just a few days in the offing, and everyone duly exercised and anxious over the result, we make bold to announce another interesting race which has nothing whatever to do with small men or tall but, rather, with the daily matinee jaunt of our very own Doris and Mary, whom the good Saunterer of Evanston Review fame likes to call comma chaser and mergenthaler, respectively (as well as respectfully).

Doris and Mary, let it be known, have been reading pieces about the girl jockeys, and have thus set upon the task of grabbing off a bit of the limelight for themselves. Their training turf is the broad expanse of the forest preserve. It won't be long now 'fore they qualify for the "Wiener derby" if not at Churchill Downs.

But, You Are Helping

Dear Mique—We love your column, whether you write it alone, or have assistance. Sorry not to be able to help but am neither a poet nor a wit. However, I can thank you, and tell you that SHORE LINES is the very first thing I read in the whole paper, Sincerely, Peggy.

Chrysalis

I have burst the cerements
That held my singing soul two years,
And now am done with brown despair,
Remembrances of you, and tears.

The thought of you, your name, regret,
Lie mouldering alone hereafter,
For now at last I've found the way
To light and gaily and laughter.

—R. L. P.

He's Simply Furious

Peggy, my dear: Can't you see that Fil, the filosofer is going to be just terribly distraught when he learns that you hurdle his two broad columns each week to get at SHORE LINES? Please, if you will, just give him a little break by reading at least one short editorial before you close the magazine.

Hear! Hear!

Beats all how these young fellers anticipate the Easter season. Here comes Hub into the sanctum six whole days ahead of schedule clad in Spring scenery that would make the pineapple explosions sound like the drop of a pin in billow of clouds.

Michael, the Brave

"Michael Abraham of Geneva, N. Y.," reads a late news bulletin, "is on his way to Syria to claim a promised bride he has never seen. The bride-to-be is the daughter of a life-long friend."

And, after all, at second thought, what of it? It's a gamble at best, we venture.

The Pace That Slays

Our delicately constituted Soc. Ed. collapsed utterly when a fair correspondent sent along this note pinned to an item of news 'tother day: "Mrs. — sent this in early so as to get the best possible space for it. The bazaars (that's the story) are so far off that she thought the article wouldn't be noticed unless given prominent position.

Whatever, you do, kind neighbors, don't pick 'em too small next Tuesday.

—Mique.