

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.

Next Sunday, May 13, is Mother's Day. Throughout the United States sons and daughters will be sending to mothers tokens of sincere love and gratitude. Sons, especially, knowing the impossibility of discharging the great debt they owe their mothers will take advantage of the occasion to tell their mothers by letters, gifts, and visits how deep and genuine is their filial love.

Mother's Day Next Sunday

"Mother" is the most sacred of all names. So far as we know it makes a universal appeal to all that is best in a man. The surest way to insult a real man is to show disrespect for his mother. The surest way to gain his friendship is to respect and admire his mother. The mother of Jesus is the type of all that is most self-sacrificing in humanity.

The greatest gift that a mother can give a son is sympathetic understanding. A father, occupied with providing financial support for his family, lacks the intimate contact which the mother experiences. Therefore it will probably always be true that a son will find his mother's ear open to all his trials and triumphs, little as well as big. Remembering her quick and ready sympathy he loves and reveres her to the very close of his life.

The soldiers and sailors who, having fought our battles, are now either financially or physically unable to fight alone and successfully the battle of life need the help of their more fortunate comrades. Most of these disabled ones are in hospitals, bearing their hardships as best they can. Life cannot be so pleasant to them as it is to those who being physically fit can go back and forth to their various occupations every day and can live at home. A hospital is not a home. Moreover, it is sometimes hard for those who live in homes to realize how much flowers, tobacco, and visits mean to those in hospitals.

But every week we learn of societies of various kinds, one of whose privileges it is to do what they can to make the lives of these disabled boys less monotonous and tiresome. Perhaps the most prominent of all these relief agencies are the Legion Auxiliaries, composed of women who are directly interested in the soldiers who fought in the late war. We recently read a report of the Wilmette Auxiliary, and were struck by the enthusiasm of its members and the pride they took in being members of such an organization dedicated to such a work.

Those of us who are neither ex-soldiers nor relatives of soldiers are nevertheless under deep obligation to those who made up our army and shed their blood on our behalf. They are also our comrades.

When Tenth Street is paved, auto traffic will have a first-class entrance into and exit from the busy town of Wilmette.

A Good Exit and Entrance

Drivers speeding south on Sheridan Road from Kenilworth and points north can, just at the entrance to No Man's Land, turn slightly to the right and find themselves on an improved thoroughfare leading via Wilmette Avenue into the business center of Wilmette. If these same drivers desire to continue southwest through Wilmette they can do so by simply following Wilmette Avenue.

Traffic desiring to get from Wilmette to points north can easily do so by reversing the above procedure. Heretofore the only northern exits from Wilmette east of the tracks have been either Sheridan Road and, five long blocks west, Cumnor Road. We wonder how many hundred motorists driving west on Chestnut Avenue from Sheridan Road have come to the conclusion that there were no streets connecting Wilmette with Kenilworth.

We understand that the Township Highway Commissioner is actively considering the paving of this now unpaved portion of Tenth Street. He can't start the work too soon to please plenty of autoists.

A student employment agency is conducted at New Trier High School under the direction of O. A. Oaks. The object of

Student Employment

this agency is three-fold. (1) to find for students work that will enable them to complete their high school course; (2) to find for students work that will enable them to complete their college; (3) to find for students work that will enable them to earn their own way both in and out of school.

Many of our high school students are obliged to pay their own way partly or completely. If we may believe the statement of numerous superintendents and principals self-supporting students achieve as a rule more satisfactory results than dependent students. Their very independence, as well as the experience gained through self-support, causes them to set a higher value on education; therefore they do their school work more thoroughly and earnestly.

It seems to us very likely that helping these students to help themselves will benefit not only them but also the one who helps as well as the community.

The bright and industrious sixteen New Trier students who will complete the high school course in less than standard time are to be congratulated. Their ambition and ability and perservance established a record that the entire township may well be proud of.

Poppy Day is the last Monday in May, the 28th. The returns on that day ought to be so big that the boys who have sacrificed so much will have reason to know that we have not forgotten.

If the causes of fires, trifling and important alike, could be discovered and made known, the number subsequently might be greatly diminished by eliminating the causes.

SHORE LINES

I'm Homesick for the Country

1.
Oh, I'm homesick for the country, an' I'm wishin'
I was back
Livin' on some farmland in most any kind of shack;
With a stream down by the garden, an' some trees
to shade the door,
Then once more I'd be contented an' I'd never ask
for more.

2.
There'd be birds in trees an' meadow, an' they'd
sing while I would plough,
An' the chickens all would follow when I went to
milk the cow;
I'd have a gun above the fireplace where I'd keep
a cheery blaze;
An' a fish-pole in the wood shed just to use on
rainy days.

3.
I'd have bees to make me honey, an' my wife would
make me bread,
An' the katy-dids would holler 'neath the window
by my bed;
I'd go to sleep at nine o'clock in the good old fash-
ioned way
With no worries 'bout tomorrow nor regrets about
today.

4.
And I'd spend the winter evenings in the village on
the hill,
Where the strangers call me neighbor, an' the neigh-
bors call be Bill;
An' we'd talk about elections, an' of politics an'
such
An' we'd make the store look busy without ever
spendin' much.

5.
Oh, I'm homesick for the country, an' I'm wishin'
I was back
Livin' on some farmland in most any kind of shack;
With a church on yonder hill-side, an' its grave-
yard by the door,
And a place beneath its cedars for to rest when I'm
no more.

—D. K. Grant.

Waddyameanoldtimer?

Dear Mique—I've been thinking! First you laugh at me, and then end your column by saying that contributions are coming in thick and fast again now. Guess I can take a hint, old-timer, three times, and out. Well, it was nice while it lasted. Bye...see you again sometime...maybe.

—Peggy.

She's Gone to Texas

Seriously though, while we're most grieved to have lost the aid of Peggy—pray that it may be but temporary—we simply must continue as a slave to our temperament. At least we've been told that all good column conductors must have temperament and we're, oh, so very ambitious.

Says What?

Dear Mique—
HAVE you ever
NOTICED that when
NOTHING more remains
TO BE said, some
BOOB always says it?

—Simplicity

Just Try and Break In

Chief Charley, who in the past fiscal annum has played host to some eight hundred well-traveled lodgers in the Wilmette municipal gaol, vows he will quit the hotel business and reserve the house-gow exclusively for duly accredited miscreants.

The Yellow Streak

Not that we aren't heartily in accord with every movement to better control the ever-increasing motor traffic, but somehow, we just can't quite adjust our temperament to the flare for yellow now extant in the Wilmette street painting department.

Golf Note

Lee Adams, Winnetka's most ambitious, if not best, golfer on the north shore is still working on that wager of last summer in an effort to get a card of 85. Several importations of "furriners" to help him out in the foursomes have thus far proved unavailing. And he's got just a month to go, we're told.

And, so, to Cubs' Park.

—Mique.