

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.

We have no intention of saying anything about that periodical called College Humor, although we might say that we never met in our college life any of the humor which glitters on the pages of this magazine. Our intention is to shy a few rocks at that brand of humor, not confined to college, which prompts students to steal signs and the like, their purpose being the decorating of their rooms and fraternity houses.

College Humor

In our college days it was considered cute to have displayed in fraternity houses such signs as "Double teams not allowed to Drink at this Fountain" and "Private Property. Keep Out." The greater the quantity of these signs and the "quainter" they were, the prouder the lads whose rooms were adorned by them.

We do not believe that the motive for appropriating these signs was, or is, a malicious one. It also happens sometimes that a common thief's motive is not malicious. It may even be that he steals merely to pay the doctor bill. The college boys see the sign, and then they merely take it, their minds occupied entirely with the thought of how well this sign will look in their rooms. That the sign really belongs to somebody else and that they are stealing it probably doesn't present itself.

Youth is largely a troublesome time, and adolescence takes little pleasure in contemplating sunsets. Youth demands something doing and that doing attended with noise. Don't blame youth.

Winnetka has gained an enviable reputation as a model community, and rightly so. We have been and are today blessed with leaders of foresight and vision. We anticipate our problems and carry them to effective solution before most communities become awakened to similar situations and requirements. And that brings us to the question: How about a municipal airport?

How About an Airport?

Don't laugh. You remember well how utterly unprepared all communities were for the unforeseen development of motor traffic. Many still labor under the arduous task of readjustment to meet the ever increasing demand for more adequate traffic ways and parking facilities. May we not expect a similar development of air traffic within the next few years? Then what of our facilities? Winnetka will need an airport. The time to think seriously about such a proposition is the present. There are precious few open spaces left within the confines of our village. Land values are constantly on the upward trend. Let us prepare now for the airport that will be a vital necessity in the not far distant future.

Having done more than merely watch carpenters build a house we have discovered how essential it is that not only the boards and the house itself but also the carpenter should be always on the square. Up here on the

Always Be On the Square

banks of a small lake in Northern Michigan the carpenters begin the making of a little cabin by laying in parallel rows several 2 by 6 beams. These beams must be strictly level, exactly at right angles with a line from the beam itself to the center of the earth. Each beam must be precisely on the square. If these beams are not on the square the whole cabin will lean one way or the other, and nothing will fit exactly.

The carpenter himself must be on the square. He must be scrupulously honest. If he is not so exact as he should be, later when he comes to set a door or window the lack of squareness will show itself in the door not swinging as it should or the window not working smoothly. Every stick used in the building of the cabin insists that the carpenter be thoroughly honest.

That's why a course in manual training or in working in materials of any kind is an excellent training in morality. You may tell a boy a thousand times that he ought to be honest, but he may not once SEE why he should be. But let him try to make something dishonestly and the poor working of the thing will prove to him, if he is not a fool, the value of honesty.

We know of no makers of things—masons, carpenters, engineers, cooks, dress-makers—who are dishonest. There may be some, but if a person is not on the square with metal, wood, and cloth, his lack of squareness will sooner or later show itself.

And now Scout Leaders are handing some ideas to parents. Teachers long ago started the idea of suggesting to parents how to treat children. We may expect that business men will be soon telling parents how to bring up children.

Scout Ideas for Parents

Don't think that we regard these outsiders as impertinent, as interfering with affairs which are out of their province. We do not so regard them. The more help parents can get from any source the better for the children and for the whole country.

Here are a few suggestions from Scout leaders which parents will do well to consider and put into practice.

"Help your son by practicing the eighth Scout law—a Scout is cheerful. Surely everybody ought to be cheerful most of the time.

"Do not take the part of the boy when he is in the wrong and is criticising his leaders unjustly." Some fathers and mothers listen with a believing and sympathizing mind to all their children's tales of woe. A little wise incredulity is often essential.

"The Scout uniform is an emblem, symbolic of Scout ideals. Help your son to keep it clean and neat." We have known of some fathers so out of touch with their sons as to be almost incapable of sympathetic imagination. Perhaps they can reform.

"Encourage your son in scouting advancement." Such encouragement may be just what your son needs to lift him to a higher level of character development.

SHORE LINES

"MEDITATION"

*When sitting alone and thinking
Of life that has passed you by,
Do you ever wonder the meaning
Of what you are thinking and why?*

*I have longed for a life that is different.
Now I find that I am down deep in sin.
But when my last day has departed,
I'll take what is coming from him.*
—"Bud"

Dear Mique—

At last in the land of beaten biscuit and baked ham.

Audubon, the guy who started all of the anti-slingshot movement and got the kids to naming their bird clubs after him, started his campaign here. Natives took up his work after he died and now the birds are so "uppity" that you can't walk across the street without seeing three robins chasing a sparrow-hawk.

Best one I've heard yet is on the blue bird that ran across a half-starved chick and fed him regularly for six weeks. No kidding, a man showed me the chicken.

Pat? Oh, one of Kentucky's two editresses is now in Louisville giving the city a thrill. Just a vacation and then the Evening Journal will return to normalcy and the Fair Kentuckian will rule again.

Hub of Henderson, Ky.

Vacation Notes

Nothing could be more reassuring on one of these particularly humid days than Ed's postcard message from the Chateau Frontenac. His reference to Quebec's "wines and beer" has about won us over to the Brown Derby brigade.

Try to figure out why Fil the Filosofer goes way up to Sutton's Bay, Mich., to draw lessons from carpenters and other tradesmen—note adjoining columns—when the north shore is in the midst of a building boom.

D. K. has just returned from a fishing trip down at his Hoosier summer retreat. His argument with the finny tribe was without incident, except on the day he threw the anchor overboard without taking the precaution to tie the other end of the rope to the boat. Which is only slightly less thrilling than the incident concerning Postmaster Joe's well-baited hook which was cast into the depths minus the line.

Almost any lapse seems to be pardonable when our staid citizens fare forth with rod and reel.

The Jest

*Let them bring their garlands
And roses without end;
Let them wail their sorrow,
Who have lost a friend.
But I, who lost a lover,
Sit within the shade
And seek to comprehend
The jest your grave has made.*
—Wickie

The Horrible Exception

Effectiveness of astral prognostication suffered a severe jolt as a result of this conversation overheard in a North Shore line station the other day:

Fair passenger: "Yes, I am thoroughly convinced of the unfailing astral influence over forthcoming events. Now, for instance, I have a cousin who has actually predicted many events by this method, including the most propitious season for impending operations," etc.

Station agent: "Well, I wouldn't be surprised. I see by the papers that the stars predict Hoover will be elected."

F. p. (rather belligerently): "They're crazy, anybody knows he hasn't a chance."

The Devil He Will!

Dear Mique—There can be no doubt but that Anton Angel, Hubbard Wood's newest food distributor, will carry a complete line of angel food cake.

Adios, for at least a fortnight.

—MIQUE.