

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 blind desire an education just as much as do the sighted. Our experience with these whom light cannot affect as it does almost everybody else, leads us to believe that the blind have an even stronger longing for education than their seeing brothers and sisters. At least, their gratitude seems stronger.

Education for the Blind

In order to appreciate with any degree of accuracy just how much the Hadley Correspondence school is doing for the blind, one must first try to understand their limitations. It is not enough to note that they are blind. If you would understand and feel to some degree in what kind of a world the blind live, close your own eyes and then try to find your way about. Keep this up until you begin to gain a little proficiency in living. How do you feel? Well, that's somewhat as the blind feel.

The blind want no sympathy. Only the beggar wears the sign, "Pity the poor blind." The self-respecting blind detest just as much as does the normal sighted such attitudes on the part of others as patronizing pity. In fact we know a blind girl who does not in the slightest degree believe that she is handicapped. Does the ordinary man believe that his faults and defects handicap him in the labor of living? We think not. Nor does the blind man feel himself limited.

What the blind person wants is what every sane person wants, namely, a chance to improve himself. Give him a equal chance to better himself and he asks nothing more. Let him go to school and exercise his powers along side the sighted and he feels that he has been treated justly.

The Hadley Correspondence School gives just this opportunity to the blind. There are correspondence schools for the sighted. There is a correspondence school for the blind. The only difference so far as we can see is that many of the correspondence schools for the sighted are not merely self-supporting and even bring in a profit for their owners, whereas the Hadley Correspondence School stands in real need of large financial support.

While we are summering in the arms, or on the lap of nature—take your choice—others are working either for money or for learning. We congratulate those who are going to summer school. When the end of the term comes they will find themselves ahead of their classmates who have spent the summer vacationing. The summer's work will take them appreciably nearer their goal. Summer schools offer unusual chances for the ambitious and energetic.

During the summer there often comes an excessively torrid day. The air, surcharged with moisture, cannot absorb the dampness perspiring through your pores, and so it accumulates on the surface of your body to your great discomfort. A fan helps a little but not much. In fact if you are operating the fan the effort calls out even more dampness.

The Lake as a Cooler

If you are a dweller in an inland town you can do nothing to get relief. If convention would allow you to reduce yourself to a state of nature you might disrobe and lie under the sprinkler on the front lawn. But certain modesties must be observed. So you continue to sweat.

On the North Shore, however, recourse may be had to the good old lake. It is our great summer cooler. A few minutes' submersion in its refreshing waters is enough to banish the most oppressive results of summer's extremes.

When you're hunting for a cooler, try the lake.

We note by the papers that the Winnetka Boy Scouts have joined the North Shore Area, thus becoming members of that larger association which now includes the scouts of practically all the villages north of Chicago.

Inter-Community Scout Life

By so doing the Winnetka Scouts have come into what we believe will be for them very profitable relations. Just as individuals can not be really full-rounded individuals until they become members of a community, so a group like the Winnetka Scouts could not have functioned most efficiently outside of the larger organization.

Scout troops which are members of the North Shore Area enjoy advantages because of their membership in the larger group. Their horizons are widened, their point of view is raised to include a great number of boys engaged in the same activities as themselves. What their fellow-members learn is shared with them. Like a state that is a member of a Union, they both receive and give.

At the head of a recent Illinois Telephone ad is a rather engaging picture showing a man and a woman standing before a window. He is apparently a telephone lineman, and she is just as apparently the lady of the house. With his right thumb he is endeavoring to call the attention of the lady to a man outside who is about to remove something from a covered truck. Why the man inside wants to have the lady note what's going on outside is hard to say. She regards the actions of her genial companion with rather calm, though none the less marked, disdain. Perhaps he's telling her that a telephone is soon to be installed in her home. But little does she care.

We notice that the name, Miami Road, in the Indian Hill estates has been changed to Romona Road. Does this change reflect the late slump in Florida land values, or have a group of those who love the American Indian settled in these estates? Don't ask us.

SHORE LINES

It Matters Little

Tired of the noisy city,
Of the surging, busy throng;
Longing to play
For one brief day
To the tune of a different song.

Longing for flowery hilltops,
To feel and know the joy
That comes to youth
Through the heart of truth,
And belongs to each little boy.

For his was the life of a newsboy,
Born amid toil and strife;
Had fate been unkind
When she had assigned
To him such a sordid life?

But the world is in need of newsboys,
And the world is in need of the rich;
When our summons come
From the Holy One
It will matter little which.

And whether one be a newsboy
Or a King, in the end 'tis the same,
So do your part
With a steadfast heart,
And smilingly play the game.

—Olivia Kingsley

The boys in the shop contributed this little number to the Shore Lines out of sheer pity for the Line conductor. You know, the back-shop is that incorrigible place where they talk about pie-eyed types and tying up forms and all that sort of thing without even blushing. Well, maybe this is the reason, let them explain themselves.

Oh! We're tough, that tough,
The Bowery is nothing for us—
We're looking for trouble this evening,
And we'll stick till we get it, it seems.

Oh! We're game, that game,
As the saying, "We're up to snuff";
We'll sleep on the table, in barroom or stable,
For we're tough, that tough.

The girls in the Bowery ain't very much,
When taken by themselves, they ain't worth
a cuss;
We're bullet proof, fireproof, proof that we've
brain,
We tell you that we're hot stuff.

Just a Gypsy

My song is of the open road,
A-gypsying I'd go
Thru yellow fields and mountains blue
Where nomad breezes blow.

I'd travel o'er the country-side
Thru burning summer sun;
Anon I'd rest at eventide
For then my day is done.

Georgia Reb.

Contributor's Notes

One of the writers for our rival columns, the society page, coined a new expression the other day when she said that a crowd of serenaders "burst into song all over his front yard." How messy!

His sporting wife—What do you know of yachting? You don't even know what the Spanker is, or where it is.

Hubby (fading away)—Well-er, I know where it ought to be!

L'Envoie

Now you can lean back after the awful strain and say "Praise be to Allah." Mique will be back with you next week and the discomfort of seeing these hen-tracks will be over. Now, if you want authentic information on baseball games and chicken dinner places, drop in after Monday and see the boss.

Beth