

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.....\$2.00 A YEAR

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.

For many years it was believed that manual, or better, muscular, activity had no legitimate place in the scheme of one's education. When we attended grammar school, which was not many years ago, the curriculum contained no training in muscular skill or development. Not even a course in drawing. Only the head was trained as well as it could be with almost no training of the hands. We studied books and books only. What we lost by such narrow education we have many times realized and still realize.

## Muscles and Brain

And how we did love to work with our muscles especially with our hand muscles! Every boy and every man knows the pleasures of whittling. A boy, not too young, with a sharp knife, which preferably he himself has sharpened, and with a clear pine stick, is all set for an hour at least of one of the best forms of education. Of course it is understood that he has something to make.

As a training in morals, work with the muscles is miles ahead of work with the head. A boy may learn with great ease to repeat the old proverb, Honesty is the best policy, but he won't really believe it until he has tried it out with his muscles. If a boy is not honest with a stick of wood he'll soon find it out and suffer accordingly. And nothing is so efficient an educator as suffering.

It might well be contended that the main difference between civilization and barbarism is a difference in the degree of brightness. The ages of barbarism have been dark, benighted ages. The ages of civilization have been bright, illumined ages. The prayer of man to his God has been and will always be, "O Lord, give us more light!"

A town with poorly lighted streets is likely to be a benighted town. At least it certainly will seem so to those who walk down its streets. What a difference there is between what Sheridan Road in Kenilworth was before the present system of illumination was installed and what it is now!

Deeds of darkness are naturally done in poorly lighted places. If you would have your car fairly safe in a large city, do not park it in a dark alley. Park it near a bright electric light, if the police do not object. For years business have been in the habit of leaving a light burning near a safe after closing hours. This is a protective measure that has worked well.

Night has its advantages, but day sees fewer crimes than night.

The question frequently arises as to how long a man should remain actively engaged in business or in professional work. Some

## After Retiring

believe that a person ought to retire just as soon as he can, just as soon as he has laid aside such an amount of money as will easily support him. Those who hold this belief apparently think that work is a curse, that to earn one's bread by the sweat of one's brow is most unpleasant and to be stopped as early in life as possible. There must be many people in this world who, because they are working in uncongenial occupations or because they are holding their noses too close to the grindstone, are always looking forward to the day when they can retire.

At the other extreme are others who want to work at the good old bench, desk, or counter just as long as they can. They have no desire to give up. We know many such men. They either like their work or fear that retiring means stagnation and consequent weakening. Ask such a man when he is going to stop work and he will answer, "Never. Just as long as I am able to work, I shall keep on."

Not seldom it happens that a man by hard work accumulates a competence and retires. But after retiring he finds suddenly and too late that he cannot enjoy his leisure. He has never learned how to spend his money so as to bring him pleasure and profit. His working hours have made it impossible for him to learn how to use his leisure. Years before he should have anticipated the day when he would withdraw from active work and have taken steps to learn what to do with the time he should have after retiring. He should have had not only a vocation but also an avocation.

In the passing of Congressman Henry R. Rathbone the people of Illinois have lost a valued public servant. That the voters realized his value is shown by their selecting him as Republican nominee for the office that he has filled so satisfactorily. And his selection came only after a campaign of extraordinary activity and unusually searching and widespread investigation of qualifications for the position of congressman-at-large.

## A Valued Public Servant

In a democracy those chosen to represent the real rulers, the people, must not be forgetful of their true function, namely, representation. They are to express the will of the people whom they represent. As soon as they forget this real duty and begin to work for their own individual and private ends they become false trustees, and should be removed.

Congressman Rathbone was a true representative. Not only does his death bring sorrow to his widow and close relatives and friends but also to the state and the nation.

We note that several of our friends on the faculties of the North Shore schools will not be with us next year. These separations mean to some sadness and regret, but to many they mean increased opportunities. To all these departing ones our word is, "Farewell!" Fare well wherever you go.

# SHORE LINES

## SLEEPING LEAVES

*The sleeping leaves  
Rustle gently over our heads—  
Shadows, the Legion of Night,  
Guard us from the quiet glow  
Of the silent moon.  
A faint breeze stirs—  
The leaves are parted,  
And golden bars disband  
The mystic Legion.  
The breeze dies,  
And all again is still—  
The moon can only see  
The sleeping leaves.*

—Yakumaia.

## Vacation Reveries

At last we have yielded. Years and years of intermittent urging, sprinkled with numerous dares and threats—and, behold, we went and done it. Yep, actually capitulated last week and embarked on our first extended cross-country motor tour.

Our knowledge of things in general was enriched to the extent that we'll never more worry about the high cost of tourist living, what with every farm house labeled as a tavern in which mine host is eager to put you up for a dollar or less a night and throw in the breakfast and bath—or vice versa. Competition in this respect is only slightly less keener than on Maxwell street.

And then the filling stations—for Chevy, of course. Almost numerous enough to serve as mile posts, and with Bar-B-Q attached.

That climb up the ledge at Devil's lake made us swear off further philandering with Lady Nicotine. At least until we had started the descent. The view from the heights may have been breathtaking, but we hadn't enough left to fill the requirement.

At Devil's lake we encountered also what approximated our cherished dream of connubial bliss. He reclining peacefully in a spacious easy chair, dragging at the old corn cob, with here and there a kindly and solicitous word for the perspiring climber, the while his Missus purveys the thirst-quenching beverages from the trail-side emporium, meanwhile not unmindful that supper is cooking on the nearby camp stove. As happy a pair as one would hope to find. What an idea, what an idea!

At the gate of a cemetery along the road to Stevens Point we noted this bit of candor expressed on a conspicuously placed signboard: "Exit Only."

Billboards are not so numerous up that way and the rolling countryside is amazingly beautiful at this season with its deep contrasts of ripening grain against the background of verdure clad forests.

## He Smokes Camels

Dear Mique: At last! We have found out that there is a place in this world that has a greater attraction for your charming presence than the Four Seasons. We have discovered that you spent last week-end at the Dells with a friend from Glencoe. Come on, Mique, be a sport, pass the cigars and name the date. Tell us the name, pretty please. —Contrib.

## Southern Chivalry

Dear Mique: These southerners are a caution. They cheerfully take the count at the gate to get their girls into a dance and then spend the rest of the evening exchanging partners with everybody else. You know—dance three steps, then some guy taps you on the shoulder and you bound off to find some other man's girl. Another three steps and you lose her—and so on till "Home-Sweet-Home."

What? Oh, yeh, I was at one of their exchanges. I saw my date exactly six times in the whole evening and then when I left her at the pater's front door, she thanked me for a good time.

See where New York is bidding for the machine gun record. Clipped off four Porto Ricans by mistake. One nice thing about Chicago, they darn seldom get the innocent by-standers.

You ought to hear 'em cuss Herb down here. Yours for Jeff Davis, he's my man. —Hub of Henderson, Ky.

Knew you'd like our Beth.

—MIQUE.