

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

Telephone.....Winnetka 2000 or Wilmette 4300

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Have you ever stayed over night in a tourist camp? If not, your knowledge of democracy in action is more limited than it need be. You have yet much to learn about the ease and speed with which Uncle Sam's nephews and nieces adjust themselves to comparatively new conditions.

Camps for Auto Tourists

Last summer we first experienced the privileges and responsibilities of a tourist camp. The very first one of this sort that we sojourned in over night was at the Canadian Soo. The leader of the party of which we were a very green member, before deciding on just where we should pitch our umbrella tent, made an inspection of all the unoccupied sites and soon settled on one that was somewhat apart from the rest and overlooked St. Mary's River with the buildings of the Union Carbide Company in the far background.

How supper was to be prepared the green member of the party had little idea. But we learned soon. The meat and potatoes were cooked on the community range in the rather small community cabin. We ate the meal with picnic appetites and under true picnic conditions. A bare table and an equally crude bench served for furniture.

What most interested us was the independent way the seasoned tourist campers went about their work. Their motto seemed to be Mind your own Business. They lived right up to the very letter of this thoroughly American admonition.

Many years ago when there were no parent-teacher associations mothers and fathers had no way of finding out about their children's school life except from the children themselves.

Parent-Teacher Associations

This information was irregular and usually exaggerated. Was there ever a child in those days who in telling parents of punishment received in school did not represent himself as abused and most unjustly treated? It was the surprising and very rare pupil who told the bare, unvarnished facts.

As a consequence the teacher and the parent instead of co-operating more and more harmoniously almost inevitably became antagonistic. Teachers failed to understand parents, and the parents did no better.

But with the organization of the parent-teacher associations, parent, teacher, and pupil also, began to work together with less friction. Teachers and parents helped one another. And the child profited. Whereas in older days the trio produced discords and difficulties, today, as a rule, the trio produces harmonies, pleasant to hear and conducive of good results to all concerned.

Of all the worthy activities of the church there is none more worthy than those of that department known as the Sunday School, sometimes known as the Church School. Here is conducted the religious education of the young people of the church.

The Modern Sunday School

It is difficult to find anything in the work of the Sunday School of 30 and more years ago to be greatly proud of. The lessons were portions of the Old or New Testament lifted bodily from their context. The pupils very seldom looked at the lesson outside of the weekly session. The teachers were not generally selected for their teaching ability but because nobody else could be found to take charge of the classes. Any normal person who was willing to be a teacher was gladly appointed by the superintendent.

The results were what might have been expected. The boys paid virtually no attention to the teacher or to the lesson. They spent the time talking with one another or in more troublesome occupations, like sticking pins in other boys near by or in throwing spit-balls at others not so near. The amount of religious education received was not far above zero.

But methods have been greatly improved since those dark days. Efforts are now made to interest pupils as well as to inform them. Real teachers take charge of classes. Lessons are prepared by experts in the field of religious education.

One of the most interesting and up-to-date features of the modern Sunday School is the Men's Class. To its weekly meetings, usually held at an hour most convenient for men of the community, are invited all men interested. The discussions are open without reserve to all and are not governed by restrictions and rules. Usually the meetings of a well-conducted men's class are remarkably well-attended.

If the church is to prosper, the Sunday School must be progressive in every sense of that often-abused word.

One of the outstanding and most serviceable institutions on the north shore, The Wilmette Sunday Evening Club, began its fourteenth season on Sunday evening, September 30, at 7:30. To all residents of our shore towns this means the resuming of meetings that have for all these years been found both entertaining and edifying. To many this opening night each year has been, and will continue to be, the principal event of the year.

Wilmette Sunday Evening Club

The Club is not merely a Wilmette institution, even though its meetings are held in a Wilmette church. It is a north shore institution, making its appeal and offering its program to all people from Evanston to Highland Park. Those who appear on these programs are national and in many cases international characters.

The program given on September 30 was typical. The participants represented several foreign countries as well as our own. They delivered messages that were instructive and inspiring. Every hearer must have felt that he was not only a resident of a north shore town but a member of the brotherhood of men.

SHORE LINES

GUESS HE'S RIGHT, FOLKS

JUST AS WE WERE CONTEMPLATING THE PROSPECTIVE UNRESTRAINED JOYS OF THE FOREST PRESERVE AT THIS AUTUMNAL SEASON, ALONG COMES THAT FUNNY-NAMED MAN ON THE FOREST PRESERVE BOARD WITH THE STERN WARNING THAT WE'RE TO REFRAIN FROM TEARING DOWN BUSHES AND TREE BRANCHES AND FETCHING SAME HOME TO GLORIFY THE PARLOR. DURNIT, 'SGETTING SO ONE CAN'T HAVE ANY FUN IN THESE DARK, THOUGH NOT DREARY DAYS OF PROHIBITION.

Still, we are inclined to sympathize with the estimable Mr. Szmthyx, or what have you, after observing some of the homeward bound motor tourists last Sunday. At first glance we thought the landscape gardeners' association was staging a parade.

Penalty of Fame

The Old Plug reminds us that some peculiar twist of fate may have been responsible for the all but simultaneous motor accidents involving three well known news objectives of the day—John Coolidge, Gene Tunney, and Ruth Elder. May be so, but, 'tenny rate, the circumstance helps us fill up a bit of space.

Lost Would Find Work

Dear Mique—Noticed in WILMETTE LIFE Lost and Found column of September 21, that quite a few girls were lost in Wilmette. Have any been found? It seems too bad that all experienced and efficient girls seem to get lost. Why don't you ask our policemen to help find them? I know they will be glad to look for them. I think all the cooks, maids, and the other girls were lost while looking for work.—Yours truly, Walter vonReinsperg, 726 Laurel avenue, Wilmette.

Note: For a lad not yet in his teens, Walter displays keen powers of observation, don't you think? Now when we were that age, well, we'd rather not hear more about it.

Now Try the CP

It seemed pretty good to go down to the AP office the other night and see some of the boys from school. The office was noisy, the machines were going, each person had about ten square feet of space apiece. The air was blue with smoke and the language wasn't fit for the society column. It was reminiscent of days in the city room at the university when, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a hundred reporters crowd in, stand twenty deep for the telephones and all the rest of them fight for the typewriters or ask questions until the editor is exhausted and runs out at 5 o'clock for a stroll down Green street on a fall day like this, and a coke, a hand or two of bridge, a little loaf before the 6 o'clock rush to make up the dummies before the shop men start to work at 7. Well, that's all gone—given way to polite journalism. "The melancholy days are come..." —Beth.

Afterthoughts

What little Walter probably doesn't know, is that summoning cops to fare forth in quest of cooks and maids is, at best, a precarious proposition.

To the layman who has not as yet deciphered the AP and CP reference in Beth's current contribution, may we suggest that the first mentioned is assuredly the lesser of the two quite necessary evils. Yea, yea, we speak from experience!

Now that these matters have been duly clarified, we will venture the customary (and strictly conversational) wager that the Cardinals trim the Yanks, the Cubs crush the Sox, and that Northwestern will shade the Butlerites.

With Boy Scouts admitted gratis to the Purple-Butler fracas this week, with the proviso that each troop be accompanied by Dads as chaperones, the leaves on most north shore lawns will not be raked away this week-end.

—Mique.