

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Next Thursday is the day set aside as a day of thanksgiving to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon the American people during the year. They are called upon to sing the doxology, the hymn of praise to the giver of all good things.

## Sing the Doxology

We have many things to be thankful for. We live in a land of peace and plenty. Prosperity is more widespread in the United States than in any other country on the globe. We are on friendly relations with every other nation.

Our land is a land of opportunity—opportunity for every inhabitant. The principal means of individual development—education—is extended freely to every child and youth under the stars and stripes. The right to happiness of every American is not only acknowledged by our leaders but the means of realizing this happiness are sought out and utilized.

We should give thanks for those of our civic officials, and there are thousands of them, who actively believe that public office is an opportunity to serve. They discharge their duties efficiently and generously. North shore residents have abundant evidence of this gratifying fact.

We give thanks also for those public-spirited men and women who are vigilant in their warfare against graft and inefficiency in public offices. Without such help it would be only a short time before the underworld would get the upper hand in our congested centers of population. We are thankful to those who render us this great social service.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

For several years our high school has been in the habit of setting apart a day on which parents shall visit the school and find out from actual experience just how their children live while in school. They used to find this out in a bungling, vague fashion by being told about it by their children. The result was that parents' conception of high school work was as inadequate, as disconnected, as partial, as the conception of Europe gained by one who never crossed the ocean.

We can imagine no better way of understanding and appreciating school life than by actual participation in it. Surely there could be no better way of understanding and appreciating Shylock than by playing the part, living the part as it were. That's what the parents did at high school. They went to the high school, recited in the various class rooms, lived for a while the lives of high school students.

Many a school boy in the past would have got a squarer deal at home had his dad taken the boy's place at school, were it even only for a half day once a year.

We sometimes wonder whether we or any of our friends will live one hundred years. A man of fifty gets a certain mild satisfaction in thinking of the possibility of his living fifty more years. His experience is some-

## 1828 to 1928!

what as follows: Here I am fifty years old. Children of ten or twenty regard me as old, ready to topple over into the grave. They say of me, 'There is that old man, Mr. E., with gray hair and a mouth full of false teeth. He can't last much longer. We'll soon see the end of him.'

And then the poor old man, just crossing the half-century line, consoles himself with the thought, 'I may live to be one hundred. I have as many more years to live as I have already used up. I have still plenty of chances to enjoy myself.'

What put us into this introverted frame of mind was the reading of the life and death of Mrs. Frances Winne, who recently passed her 100th milestone. She was born in January, 1828, the year which saw the passing of Franz Schubert, the famous composer of songs and symphonies. She was born during the administration of John Quincy Adams, sixth president of the United States. Four great wars were waged in her lifetime—Mexican, Civil, Spanish-American, European. The population grew in these hundred years from nine million to over one hundred million.

What great changes shall we and our children witness if we live beyond the century mark?

"The Scouts of today are the hope of tomorrow." So reads the Scout poster reminding all who read it that what our youth becomes that will America be. These significant words warn us that the present generation will pass away and that the country's work will be taken up by our sons and daughters.

## The Hope of Tomorrow

Our sons and daughters must therefore be so educated, so nurtured, that they will not only be able to carry on our work profitably but also will be able to plan for still greater progress. Their bodies must be kept healthy, their minds must be so stimulated as to grow into ever broader and higher efficiency, and their characters built up into a rich, resourceful maturity.

We know of no program so well calculated as that of the Scouts to develop our youth into what the future of our country demands. This eminently worthwhile organization deserves and can well use all the financial support that can be given to it.

A local druggist says in his ad, "Buy a stamp and we'll thank you for your visit." That's a great relief to us. Hitherto we have been a little slow about asking a drug clerk to sell us a one-cent stamp. Hereafter we shall not hesitate to ask small favors of storekeepers. It may be, however, that this aforesaid druggist is an exception.

With the closer approach of winter we are thankful that we have not now to carry the responsibility of feeding a furnace. We did it for about twenty years and though we rather liked it, still we are not sorry to have handed the shovel to some one else.

## SHORE LINES

### Three Cheers for N. T. H. S.!

On Thanksgiving Day the undefeated N. T. H. S. football team will meet the undefeated E. T. H. S. football team. The two master teams will fight this critical battle on the New Trier grounds. The invaders from Evanston will do all in their power to return home victorious. Obviously the better team will win, but we hope to be excused if we favor our own warriors.

### GALOSHES

*The first galoshes of the season  
Came tripping down our way,  
They look like apples on a splinter.  
And half a ton they weigh.*

*All hail, thrice brave, bold creature,  
Who dares the day to woo  
With such a clopping, clinking, clumping  
Magnifullious shoe!*

—Wickie, C. W. C.\*

\* Chief Word Coiner

### Our Amazing History

Mique—The overland trip to the West Coast is one unbroken chain of hardships—on board train for three days and three night with nothing to eat but food (quoting Ben King) and only one bath room and one barber, take him or shave yourself.

Haggard and worn I arrived at a settlement on the Coast and hired a hack driver to cover the town. Upon learning I was from Chicago, on my first trip, the old fellow cheerfully volunteered to inform me of local history, saying:

"This is the place where Senor Balboa—or was it Senor Ponce de Leon?—no it was Bal—we call him that—just Bal—Bal and party discovered the ocean, and Bal hollers out: 'Ah! Pacificos,' meaning pacifist. It was a quiet summer day and the old Pacific ocean was fooling them, but the name stuck. He spied old Chief Seattle sitting way up on top of a fir log whittling out a little totem pole for his papoose, and Bal cups his hands and hollers up to him: 'Buen Manana, chief, parley voo Espanol?' meaning 'howdy chief, you speak Spanish?' The chief said 'no.' Then this wily Furriner, taking advantage of the chief not knowing Spanish, buys of him the very ground under the log he was sitting on and names the place Seattle, and puts up a gas station. I can show it to you out Bellingham road. Later the Japs and Hindus came over and took the place and held it until the World war. But when they refused to be neutrals, the American marines sailed the Isthmus of Panama, occupied the town, civilized it, and still hold it."

It is a wonderful city and I was glad to have its history first hand. It was Seattle and there is a gas station.

—Hoyt King.

### Reverse English

Learned educators recently attended a conference on "parental education," held at Atlantic City, N. J. Which prompts the sweet young thing at the adjoining desk to wonder whether McManus of "Bringing Up Father" fame found a place on the program.

### Look Out, King Alphonse!

Friend Hoyt, one of the most outspoken of anti-Bill Thompsonites, had best watch his paces on those Munchausenish travels along the West Coast, lest the illustrious "America First" advocate take serious exception to such astounding versions of American history.

### And A Lawyer for Each Inspector

We haven't heard as yet just what is Hoyt's reaction to that newly exposed Sanitary District payroll. He will agree, however, that the vocation of "inspector" covers a multitude of cogs in our mystifying political machinery.

### Sounds Logical

At second thought, Atlantic City would seem to be an appropriate locale in which to spread the gospel of parental education.

—Mique.