

WINNETKA WEEKLY TALK

Nearly Everybody In Winnetka Reads The Talk

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INFANTILE PARALYSIS FATAL TO SMALL BOY

Richard Conable, Ten Year Old Son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Conable, Victim of Terrible Malady

SCHOOL OPENING PUT OFF

Health Officials Take Precautions Though Claiming No Danger of Epidemic

The very sudden illness and death this week, of Richard Conable, ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Conable of 761 Lincoln avenue, due to infantile paralysis, makes it necessary for us to take every precaution in order that the disease may not be spread.

On Saturday afternoon of last week Richard was playing with the neighboring children, apparently in the best of health. Early Sunday morning he was taken suddenly ill, and the following day he was removed to the Evanston hospital. Early Wednesday morning he died.

All of the children in the neighborhood that he had associated with, have been quarantined in their homes for two weeks.

As a precaution against possible developments of other cases, the opening of the schools has been postponed one week.

The present condition is nothing to be alarmed about, and because there has been a single case, is no cause to believe there will be an epidemic.

Dr. C. O. Schneider, health officer, says, "We have the situation well in hand, and believe there is no cause to be alarmed. If the condition becomes any worse, we will most certainly notify the public. This is the third time Winnetka has had a case of infantile paralysis; there was one case about three years ago, and another six years ago."

A brief summary of the infantile paralysis cases which have occurred in the immediate vicinity during the summer is as follows:

July 7, Helen Marshall, 12 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Marshall of Kenilworth. Died within forty-eight hours.

July 17, Bernice Cole, age 8½ years. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. M. Cole of Kenilworth. Reported to be recovering, and now able to take a few steps.

August 3, Phillip Francoeur, 5 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Alfred Francoeur of Glencoe. Recovered but paralyzed.

August 10, Ribert Matlock, Forest Preserve, north-west of Glencoe limits. Recovered, but both limbs are paralyzed.

Absolutely no connection has been traced between any of these cases.

ELECTRIC LINE TO TAKE PLACE OF AUTOS ON SUNDAYS

With the use of automobiles forbidden on Sunday by government order, north shore people are looking to the Chicago, North Shore and Milwaukee line to supply the place of the interned motor cars.

Sheridan road will be as quiet as a country lane on Sunday. But the places which the automobilists reach by Sheridan road and other north shore highways can be reached easily by the electric line.

Along the entire route of this railway to Milwaukee there are numerous ideal picnic grounds. The service is quick and the cars are frequent, so that the picnicker at very little trouble and expense can arrange to spend the entire Sunday at such places as Ravinia Park, Fort Sheridan, Lake Forest or the Great Lakes naval training station.

The electric line is anticipating an unusually large traffic on Sunday and will follow no Sundays while the government's order barring automobiles is in effect.

Extra service and additional cars will be provided in order to assure the comfort of all.

Camping in Rockies

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Montgomery of Hubbard Woods with their children and guest, Gamble Rogers, are camping for a month among the high Rockies of Glacier Park. They expect to return about September 15.

Contempt for Hun Turns to Loathing When Yanks Are Victims of Barbarity

When you have finished reading this remarkable letter penned by Second Lieutenant Guy W. Bolte, in charge of an artillery battery now in the thick of action where the Huns are getting their worst beating, you'll be filled with an "unutterable loathing for the Hun" just as are our boys "over there" who have experienced his savagery and cowardly tactics. Every resident of the Village should read every word of the following extracts from these letters, and then pass the paper on to friends; they are real and candid testimonials of the stuff our men and their allies are made of.

Lieutenant Bolte is the son of Mrs. C. G. Bolte of 615 Greenleaf avenue, Glencoe. He is well known among the residents of this Village and his many friends will be delighted in reading of his experiences. The extracts read:

July 22, 1918.

Dear brother Bill:

'Twas a hell of a war and no mistake, for a fey days, but its wonderful how that we have those Dutch swine on the run. Don't mind telling you, old boy, that your little brother got in the tightest jam he ever hopes to arrange, and the successful "out" was due to just one thing—the splendidly heroic stand of two regiments of regulars just over the hill from my battery. God love 'em, they own me, body and soul, from now on. They stood a terrific box barrage for two hours with practically no protection and then when the barrage lifted and the filthy Hun, all confidence, rammed his erstwhile fat neck across the Marne, didn't budge an inch but fought like Bersirks. The first line went through them without stopping to clean up, so while holding the second wave they turned round and shot them up and down the back. Two hours of this sent the Boche frantically back over the Marne and that part of the line was saved. An incident—Major of Infantry found Second Lieutenant in command of two platoons—sole survivors—and ordered them to fall back. Says the "loot"—"Hell's bells, Sir, I have men, guns and ammunition. I can't fall back. Says the Major, "I don't blame you a dam bit. Guess I'll stay with you", and took command of one platoon, and one only. They were surrounded and promptly charged forward. Surround again they charged back, cut through, rolled up the remnants and rammed them back under our barrage line, where we sent them on their way to that stinking corner of Hell they so richly deserve, with neatness and dispatch.

Oh, it was a gorgeous killing and my only regret was that our ammunition dump went up with a large, obnoxious noise some hours previous and kept our score down.

Shelling Under Gas

In the meantime we were most unhappy in a perfect deluge of shells and gas but came through in perfectly astonishing shape. Our position was mighty hard to hit so all we got was shorts or overs, bound originally for someplace else, and a few scratches was our toll. I was showered several times with mud and rocks and got a whiff or so of gas, but the two other Lieutenants became quite ill from one thing and another, which made it quite necessary for me not to do so, although I hand counted on it, as the place was very unpopular with me and a little treatment back of the lines looked like a month at Atlantic City to me.

July 29.

Slight delay here due to orders to move out shortly after I wrote the foregoing. Tough job it was, too, but we crossed the river round noon and took up position to help in the fine pastime of running Fritz ragged. Moved up 3 kilometers two days later and yesterday made an advance of 8, which is an indication of the magnitude of this operation—the biggest advance since the Somme in 1916. I believe, and much more important as it closes the road to Paris and puts the Boche in an extremely precarious position between S. and R. We have their goats.

A letter translated by one of our own men—found on a prisoner whose father wrote same—said, "If you come across the accursed Yankees retreat, or surrender at once, for they will do neither". He took the advice of Vater and did the latter, as his officers have a pleasant habit of putting a machine guns behind their men to see that they keep going in the right direction. There is no question about the veracity of this.

Everybody is here—Wops, Tommies, French and ourselves, each to his specialty. The Italians have done fairly well on one sector but mostly they bury the dead and build roads. The British handle their tanks and have 60 per cent of the credit for the truly splendid control of the air. The Yanks are used mostly as attack troops—they are whales at it—and the French form the solid, comforting backbone of the whole works, the wonder and admiration of all who come in contact with them.

I handled caissons and supply trains yesterday, as usual, part of the way in full view of Germany, but they are so busy up front and in moving their heavy stuff out of this very tight pocket that we had practically no attention. After we were established I was looking around for a spot to hide my teams till dark and got in a hell of a ruckus with a new horse I was riding. Gave him the gads and the bud and went cvaorting across a field just as the only Boche plane I saw all day dropped four footy little bombs about 50 yards from that portion of the road I had just vacated.

All in Day's Work

These incidents are part of everyday life and I am getting so used to such that I probably won't write about them any more, except that I know you relish a thrill more than most, even if it is second hand.

I feel at last that I am actually piling up a total that will be my "bit" when the final accounting is made and that, after my baptism of fire, the family honor is safe in my hands. I know you never doubted it but it was subject to proof in my mind.

Unutterable Loathing for Hun

Here is another day, just as lovely as was yesterday, and like to be even more peaceful. I trust. Shortly after I scribbled the other pages I took a couple of men and a wagon and drove over the river to the Q. M. where I got jam, chocolate, cigars and things. Passed a truckload of light wounds on the way and slipped 'em one of my last 3 packages of "Lucky Strikes" which they were not too wounded to pounce on manfully—and just for that I found a whole box of my favorites at the Q. M. Oh! Boy '500 of 'em all for me! V. is not always its O. R. Certainly, there was a war on the other side and evidences of it were numerous and striking. I'm all fed up on sensation—or thought I was—but now I've a new one. I've been looking at the Hun with contempt up to this time but hate and unutterable loathing and desire to kill, not many but all, fills my soul now. I passed our Division bathhouse just as those brave boys who marched by our camp in the morning were filling in for their clean-up and heard a faint pop-pop-pop way up in the blue but thought nothing of it. However, got across the river just as a wailing screecher flew over head and landed with a tremendous "crr-ump" right—well, never mind, it's a hell of a war but its the only one we've got and I 'spose we'll have to take it as it comes but God help the Hun who says "Kamerad" to me.

There is just one battery of Boche guns left in serviceable range and I must say they are good artillery men which encourages me greatly as its the blokes who don't hit what they are shooting at that get my goat—we are too inconspicuous and of too little value to waste a shell on here. However, they have pulled out I think as I didn't hear 'em last night—I could spot them out of the noise of a hundred batteries—and we are again on the mere outskirts of this war. A field hospital moved right into our midst last night—rrowing

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LOYALIST CANDIDATES FAVORED IN WINNETKA

Political Dopesters Make Quiet and Thorough Canvass Here; Favor Brundage Ticket

WOULD BEAT THOMPSON

Voters United in Determination To Put Over All Loyalist Candidates

With Republican Primary day but two weeks away Winnetka political dopesters became active this week and indicated the probable trend of the balloting on September 11.

The result of a Village-wide canvass, conducted quietly and informally, the persons say, made certain a victory for the Loyalist ticket headed by Medill McCormick, candidate for United States senator. This prediction, they declared, was made notwithstanding the fact that George Edmund Foss, another candidate in the three cornered senatorial race, was making a strong bid for votes in this, his home district.

"Foss has many backers in Wilmette," stated one political "wiseacre," but it seems certain after a thorough canvass of the Village, that McCormick is the general favorite among the voters who are out to defeat the William Hale Thompson candidacy. The outstanding feature of pre-primary activity is the determination of loyal Republican voters to prevent the nomination of Thompson and the most feasible manner in which to accomplish this result is a solid vote behind Medill McCormick and the entire Loyalist or Brundage ticket.

General interest is manifested in the candidacy of Henry R. Rathbone of Kenilworth for Congressman-at-large and his success on the north shore is considered a foregone conclusion.

Favor Loyalist County Men

Judge Henry C. Beidler, candidate for county sheriff and Edwin A. Olsen for county judge, Perkins B. Bass, of Evanston for Board of Review and Charles Ringer for member of the board of assessors, all of whom enjoy a wide acquaintance here and are known by reputation as particularly well fitted for the offices they seek, will, according to predictions, find a unified support in the Village and all along the north shore.

The entire Loyalist ticket, representing the best element of the Republican party, with such men of the north shore as Rathbone, Bass and William H. Maclean, selected from Wilmette to run again as a member of the county board for county districts, among the candidates, has gained the favor of thinking voters who are interested in the adequate conduct of county and national affairs.

The candidacy of Carl Chindblom for congressman to succeed George Edmund Foss, is also regarded with favor on the north shore. He has been active in Liberty loan and war relief campaigns, is a four minute speaker, and orator of unusual distinction.

War Emergency Notes

Charles Austin Tibbals enlisted August 19 and is now Captain of ordnance and is located at Picatinny Arsenal, Dover, N. J.

David Nethercot has enlisted in Naval aviation and is at San Diego, California.

Second Lieutenant Stanley Clague who has been at Camp Jackson, Columbus, S. C., has been transferred to Fort Sill.

Captain Lawrence Howe who has been in Washington in the Chemical Warfare division of the army has been sent overseas.

Captain Preston Kumler left Camp Grant several days ago for port of embarkation to proceed overseas in advance of the 86th Division for the purpose of arranging billets for the division.

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WINNETKA FAMILY HAS SIX MEN IN SERVICE

Daniel Cranston Proud Possessor of Six-Star Service Flag, With 4 Sons and 2 Grandsons In Fight

ONE AT HOME, WOUNDED

Another Son Is Now In Thick of Fray With The 108th Engineers, "Over There"

Four sons and two grand-sons in the service, is the proud record of the Daniel J. Cranston family at 1088 West Elm street. To the six-star service flag hanging in a window of the home may soon be added two more stars representing two other sons who are expecting to enter the service under the latest draft.

Here's the list of fighters in the family. Sergt. Major Charles Cranston of the Canadian Forces, at home recuperating from wounds received in action; Edward Cranston of the 108th Engineers, American Expeditionary Forces, now brigaded with the British forces. Sergt. Arthur Cranston, of Company "D", Forty-First U. S. Infantry, in training at Camp Funston; Louis Cranston, a sailor at the Brooklyn Navy Yards; Owen Hiller (grandson) stationed at the Great Lakes naval training station and brother Allie, enlisted at the Great Lakes station.

John and Joseph Cranston are expected to be called in the new draft.

Veteran of many Campaigns

Sergt. Major Charles Cranston, according to his father is a veteran of five campaigns including the battles of Vimy Ridge, Vesle and the Somme. He won his rank on the field and was so badly wounded as to necessitate discharge from service. Now, almost completely recovered from his injuries, he is attempting to re-enlist in the American forces.

Edward Cranston has been in France since last April and has seen much action since that time.

Sergt. Arthur Cranston is an expert in "gas and bombing" and is an instructor at Camp Funston.

The Cranstons have lived in Winnetka for 15 years and the boys are well known in the Village. The Hiller brothers resided in Chicago.

"OLD DOBBIN" HAULS GOLFERS TO COURSE

Sunday Bar On Auto Traffic Puts Horse-drawn Bus Into Service At Bob O'Link

"Old dobbin" is to come into his own, on Sundays temporarily at least, and next Sunday you will not be surprised to see Phaetons, tandems and surreys, and hear the almost forgotten ring of horses hoofs, on the boulevards, replacing the luxurious motors now taboo on Sundays, by order of the National Fuel Administration in the interest of saving gasoline for war industries and motor traffic "over there".

Directors of the Bob O'Link Golf club at Highland Park are prepared for the new order of things as noted by the following announcement sent out to local members of the club.

August 29, 1918.

With reference to ruling of the Fuel Administrator governing the use of motor vehicles on Sundays, this club in compliance with order has arranged with Martin Ringdahl to run a horse-driven bus between the Chicago and Northwestern railway depot and the club on Sundays until further notice.

Commencing Sunday, August 31, 1918. To meet the following trains: Arrive at Highland Park from Chicago—9:37 a. m., 11:37 a. m.

Leave Highland Park for Chicago—4:53 p. m., 5:41 p. m., 7:40 p. m., 8:49 p. m. Do not pay driver, sign tickets for service at the club.

Respectfully,
Board of Directors,

Postpone School Opening

The members of the Board of Education find it necessary to postpone the opening of the Winnetka Public school until Monday, September 9. Gertrude C. Leiber, secretary.