

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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A Real Danger

IN a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post is a cartoon headed, "Design for a University." It shows in the foreground a colossal football stadium, an equally large baseball diamond, the latest in tennis courts, and in the background a splendid gymnasium. Off to one side are stuck two insignificant shacks labeled "library" and "math., lit., medic."

Apparently the tremendous popular interest in college football, as evidenced by the big crowds at the games and the big sums spent on stadiums, has been noticed not only by the cartoonist but also by many others. It looks to them as if the seats of learning were soon to become athletic fields and gyms. Certainly the money is flowing in rivers into the sports treasury.

The president of Dartmouth is alarmed. The colleges are in danger of neglecting the cultivation of mind for the cultivation of muscles. What's happening and what's to be done about it?

The public, financially powerful, is undoubtedly demanding exciting football games. The public, in general, is not so genuinely interested in college education as in grid battles. College authorities must be on their guard against the effects of this terrifically powerful interest. They should see that the dream of the cartoonist is being realized.

Air Laws

IT had to come. It was only a question of how soon air traffic would have to be regulated. Several north shore towns have laid restrictions upon the activities of aviators in the interest of terra firma people and property.

Hereafter birdmen will be careful not to indulge in dangerous stunts over suburban houses and residents. They must see to it that no articles are dropped. Monkey wrenches, and the like, must not be allowed to fall out of the plane or dirigible. The air vehicle itself must be kept UP IN THE AIR 2,000 feet or more.

What especially engages our curiosity is the means that will be used to enforce these air laws. If an aviator violates one of these regulations, how will he be apprehended? How will the police catch him? Will the air cops be provided with speedy little motor planes with which to overtake the offender? But even then arrest will be highly impracticable. Perhaps all aircraft will bear easily read license numbers easily read from a distance.

Why worry? We're going to buy a nice little dirigible when the price gets down to the \$5 a week level. Then we'll learn.

Community Dances

EFFORT is being made in many towns in Illinois to outlaw the public dance hall, an effort that is bound to meet with but indifferent success. Prohibition of this form of recreation is sure to stimulate the determination to indulge in it and in far too many cases the public dance hall offers the only opportunity for dancing to young people who seek the amusement with exactly the same purpose that others seek it in the exclusive circles in which the private dance is quite the natural thing.

It is the natural and to-be-expected thing that young people gather together for social intercourse. The instinct is no less strong in those whose homes are entirely unsuited to entertainment, whose whole social life must be found in places conducted for profit unless there is some provision made by the community to meet the need. Community dances are provided in some of our more advanced towns and villages and they are a most important part of the civic life of the people who frequent them.

Recognition of the desire of youth for wholesome pleasure and a determination to satisfy it in a decent way constitute the surest preventive for the evil that follows the necessity to circumvent restrictions laid upon normal and harmless forms of recreation. And in this, as in matters pertaining to physical health, prevention is infinitely better than cure.

No Christmas Delivery

NO delivery of mail on Christmas Day this year. This fact should be taken into account by all Christmas givers. It means that cards and packages must be mailed earlier than usual in order to arrive on December 24 or before.

Many have already begun their shopping. They will not be caught in last moment jams. They will be able to participate happily in the Merry Christmas celebration. They will not hire a taxi-driver to deliver their gifts on Christmas Eve. Wise people!

We're sure that if nobody hurried up the average man and woman, if there were no one to urge folks to "shop now and early!" most Christmas gifts would be mailed on the 24th.

But let's all make our lists this weekend, start our Christmas shopping at our neighborhood stores no later than next week, and wrapping our parcels securely and addressing them plainly, sleep soundly the night before Christmas.

If anyone thinks that these who serve on our various village boards enjoy whatever fame they get and whatever influence they wield, such a person should rub the dust off his specs and make another and keener inspection. Our office-holders get nothing but work and knocks. Appreciation of their efforts is rare. If virtue is its own reward, that's all our office-holders get. If you don't believe it, get yourself elected to a position on some public board.

Who advertises most frequently, most loudly, and most successfully? The baby! More than any other human being, whether it's Wrigley, Ivory Soap, or the Prince of Wales, the ordinary, everyday baby calls attention to himself and his wants. He never gives up advertising, never despairs of attracting notice to himself. While awake, he's constantly advertising.

Shore Lines

GIVING THANKS

Thankful, am I—
Thankful for joy.
Thankful for giving,
For loving, and living.
Thankful for friends,
Whom God ever sends;
And thankful for you,
Good friends and true.
When you're nearby
O thankful am I.

Thankful am I—
For the blue sky;
For sunshine and rain,
Hill, valley, and plain.
Thankful for Home,
Wherever I roam.
Thankful all day,
In work or play.
And when night is nigh,
Still thankful am I.

AMY-ABILITY.

(Want me for a sister, Pollyanna?)

Want us for a little brother, Amy? We had thought ourself a pessimist, but upon counting up our blessings at this appropriate season we find that we, also, are thankful for a number of things. We are thankful to be alive; thankful that this column isn't as long as Dick Little's Line O' Type; thankful that we're still a bachelor and likely to remain so; oh, we've many, many things to be thankful for.

NAPOLI

(A Song)

I see a lad upon a stair
His donkey Nemo, standing there.

The stair, it winds far down a street,
To where the fishers rest their fleet.

I hear my father's light guitar,
And "La Vesuve" it beckons far.

My little suit of velvetine,
Has waist of vivid, lovely green.

Black curls nodding 'round a face
All tanned and laughing in that place.

My mother rolls the maccarone,
The while she sings to me her song.

I'm older now, my curls are gone—
In "these United States" is home.

I love this land of liberty
But how I love my Napoli!

NIC O' NAPLES.

And Here We've Been Calling Him The Flaming Youth!

An innovation, Slave, with apologies to our August Janitor, I pray thee, though I know my quest is in vain, make thy August column "hot," for its devilishly cold in mine office these "chissely" mornings of late.

THE PROOFREADER.

But, Lord Jim, We Were Spoofing, Don't You Know!

Comes a letter from Lord Jim claiming the cigar which we so rashly offered last week as a reward to the person who guessed our identity. To this claim we can only make reply that, to our way of thinking, the words of Tom Marshall, uttered many years ago, still hold true today. Oh, yes! We welcome you as a contrib, and any others who may feel similarly afflicted. But we wish to state right here that the assertion that we are married is, to say the least, a gross exaggeration.

As King Oscar said to the kippered herring,
"So ar din gamla man."

—THE SLAVE.