

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
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## The "Good Old Days"

WE have before us an editorial depreciating the joys of the modern Christmas as compared with those of the old-time Christmas. "Somehow every grown-up can't help believing the Christmas dinners of those days were superior. The Christmas eve entertainment at the church was as enjoyable as the modern movie. And the ride in a cutter over the deep snow beat the auto-trip of 1925."

We remember that old-time Christmas. We admit its peculiarly joyous flavor. But we do not admit that the pleasures of childhood are superior to our present pleasures. We enjoyed our childhood's holidays and festivals, but we enjoyed them no more, and probably less, than the playtimes and work-times of our middle life. Fifty is as happy as fifteen.

All this foolish talk about the "good old times" is tommy rot! The times are what we make them. One of the surest ways to make today less enjoyable than yesterday is to overpraise the past. The man or woman who says, as the writer of this editorial does, that "Christmas is always changing and (to adults) never for the better"—is a poor specimen of humanity—already sorry that he was ever born.

## "Open House"

SEVERAL ways have been devised of acquainting parents with the school work of their children. The time-honored method of sending home term reports gave the mother, and sometimes the father, a slight inkling of the life of the children in the school. Attendance at graduation exercises once or twice in eight years only served to increase the distance between home and school.

The parent-teacher association has done much to bridge this undesirable gap. It has held meetings in the school building at which teachers and parents have been present. It has helped the teachers in numberless personal ways, like fitting up rest rooms, buying pictures and casts, and giving parties of various kinds for the teachers and parents. The need for such associations will never disappear.

But the institution called "open house," observed at New Trier, while no more valuable than the p-t association, does certainly perform a unique function. Parents who attended the high school on December 3, from 3:15 to 9:15, taking dinner in the cafeteria with their children, got an invaluable close-up of their children's school life. If the best way of finding out how the blind live is to go about for some time with eyes closed, then the best way to find out how school children live is to go to school with them.

## "Dad" Adams

OUR normal heart beat was alarmingly heightened when we heard some days ago that Postmaster Adams was forsaking the Winnetka P. O. and returning to his earlier love, the railway mail service. We thought that we should never again see him in his appointed location on Lincoln avenue. That when we were trotting up the aforesaid avenue we should see a strange face and form at the accustomed desk and that the afternoon sunlight would be flashed back from an alien bald spot.

But "Dad" is not going. If everything is as it should be, he will be brightening his customary environment for many a year to come. We're glad that he changed his mind.

## Take Care

"TWO cents due on this card!" Now, wouldn't that greeting from your postman on the day before Christmas make you wish that the fellow that sent you that card had taken care to put the right stamp on it? He might have known what you do, that all post cards, except the regular U. S. official kind, require not a one-cent stamp as they used to, but a TWO-CENT stamp.

And much of the Christmas joy turns to sorrow when you open a package and find that the precious gift has been broken, and not by the postman's recklessness but through the poor packing of the sender.

The gift that comes after Christmas brings with it a certain amount of pleased surprise, but haven't you often felt that it might have been mailed earlier? That maybe it's the result of an afterthought stimulated by an unexpected gift from you? If so, the gift lacks something of the spontaneity of the ideal remembrance.

A thought of the possible consequences of carelessness may eliminate some of this undesirable quality.

## Misfits

THIS country contains more misfits than fits. An overwhelming majority of men and women in the United States are, so far as their daily work is concerned, just where they don't belong. Many business men are really artists. Most salesmen and saleswomen are fitted by nature for something other than selling things.

Get the confidence of the next man you meet, and you will find that if he is an automobile salesman he'd rather be a farmer. If you can induce the good-looking teacher to tell you the exact truth, you will learn that she'd easily give up keeping school for house keeping. Have you ever met a street car conductor who was an enthusiastic collector of fares? A Chicago paper is now running a series of stories about well known men who had dreams of being something other than they are. Aside from a few professionals America is full of square pegs in round holes.

If this large number of mistakes is to be noticeably lessened within the lifetime of the new generation, and the amount of happiness and efficiency thereby increased, most of our young people must take up congenial occupations.

It is true that in the spring Lake Michigan does delay the coming of milder weather to north shore towns. But it is also true that in the fall the same body of water delays the coming of harsher weather. Both facts should be remembered.

# Shore Lines

## SONNET

*I shall remember you in years to be,  
When down Life's noisy street I go my way;  
The cobblestones of care will fade away  
To flowers that breathe of you; and I shall see  
(Remembering how you smiled today to me)  
A sky of blue beyond the mist of grey  
That blurs my eyes; the thought of you each day  
Will be a song of sweetest harmony.  
My silken bag of memory I fill  
With many jewels; they trickle lightly thru  
My fingers, each an hour whose pleasures thrill  
Me just as when their happiness was new,  
But, oh, I hurry thru them all until  
I find the jewels whose luster brings back you!*

SANDY

## And After That They All Went Out to Watch the Kitchen Sink, We Suppose

The pencil has made quite a number of pointed remarks about the sponge being soaked all day, and the waste-paper basket being full. The scissors are cutting up and the paper weight is trying to hold things down, while the paste is sticking around to see the stamps get a good licking. The ink's well, but appears to be blue, while Bill is stuck on the file and the calendar is looking fresher after having had a month off. The blotter is lying around taking it all in.—M.-K.-T. Magazine.

The above was sent us by a friend in the Village Hall. It certainly is gratifying to stand in with the administration. We are glad to get anything from the Hall—except bills.

## Ham, Old Egg, No Name Would Fit Us Better Than "Slave"

Slave; in u're las' ishue of Nov. 27, the las' line sed something about "so ar din gamla man," if it means wat i think it doz, yu beter keep hidin,' Emagine kalling men names behind a fictishus handl like yu got, if i new you wer a miss, missus, mr, or mastur, i could pick out a name from my vokabulery that woodn't sound so good to you, and mabe wood fit you better then slave.

HUNGRY HAM.

It has just of occurred to us, with some satisfaction, that the joke is on the makers of the Covered Wagon and other buggies of its brand. They spent a couple of dozen years and a double handful of millions in figuring out a car that didn't need a radiator, and now they've had to spend another double handful of millions to figure out a fake radiator that will look like the real thing that they made unnecessary, so that the public will buy.

## Dedicated to the Poor Little Bugs which were Killed by an Overdose of Chlorine in the Local Drinking Water

"Altho the bugs no longer live,  
Their corpses come to us.  
The sparkling liquid carries them  
Down each esophagus!"

The above touching little quatrain was composed by R. H. Carpenter, assistant football coach and instructor in English at New Trier high school. It appeared in the New Trier News and we forthwith made away with it as the most priceless gem of the week.

Another gem from the same source: "This is the house that jack built," remarked the man as he paid the contractor another \$500 on account.

Princess Punk is having a terrible time of it. We'll have to apologize for her, because she hasn't time to write a line this week. Wild Bill, the demon make-up man, left us to go to Florida and make his bloomin' fortune and the Princess has fallen in love with Jerry, the Swell Swede, who now rules at the stone. The difficulty is due to the fact that the Princess can't speak his language. She wants to know how one says "Say, sweet, Swede sweetie, swear you love little, lonesome, lamb's lettuce" in Swedish. We are in doubt as to whether to strangle her or merely to push her out the window.

THE SLAVE.