

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

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

Telephone.....Winnetka 2000

Telephone.....Wilmette 1920

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE\$2.00 A YEAR

All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

Resolutions of condolence, cards of thanks, obituary, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

Entered at the post office at Winnetka, Illinois, as mail matter of the second class, under the act of March 3, 1879.

The Grand Tour

A SUMMER tour through France, Switzerland, and Italy for girls of high school age is a valuable contribution to any person's education. The cultural value of travel has always been recognized, but only of late years has it been made available to any but the financially favored. Once, and not so long ago, to take the "grand tour" was evidence of arrival at the very top of the social ladder. Now it is the exceptional person who has not taken, or does not aspire to take, such a tour as that which is planned for the girls of the group from New Trier.

America has taken great satisfaction and comfort in the thought of her isolation from the rest of the world, hugging to herself the belief that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans serve as insurance against any unpleasant association with the other countries of the world. That bubble burst in 1917 when we found ourselves drawn, willy nilly, into the war.

But we still have left much of our provincialism, that smugness so much resented by Europeans. The remedy for this complacency is acquaintance with other portions of the world, travel in countries whose manner and customs are different from ours, whose ways, as well as language, are foreign.

Migrations

AS spring draws nearer, birds and men begin to think of moving. The birds start first, but the men are a close second. This is the season when a vague restlessness seizes all living things in the temperate zones. Every living thing is expecting something, even if it's only a move from one house to the one next door. It's the novelty of the thing, the mild adventure, that counts.

No doubt the cause of this feeling of unrest is the tipping of the earth so as to bring the northern zones more nearly under the direct rays of the sun. The greater warmth that stirs every clod has its effect on man, young and old. A new life appears.

It does not seem to us that human beings move far enough. To move just around the corner isn't at all exciting. Why not move to California or Russia? Why not try Canada or Scotland? What can one learn who lives scores of years in the same town? Very little. He becomes provincial, which is to say, narrow and prejudiced. He doesn't even see how the other half lives.

When the urge seizes you to migrate, take a trip to Ireland.

Daylight Saving

LET us set down our reactions to the recent turning of the clocks one hour ahead while our memories and emotions are still fresh and fairly vivid.

When we first realized that the date of changing was at hand we felt as one does who knows that he must soon do something that will be of no benefit to himself but on the contrary a source of almost daily inconvenience. And yet he (and we) MUST do it.

On Saturday evening at 10 we set all our clocks and watches ahead and retired at once, that is at 11. We arose Sunday morning earlier than usual, expecting a friend from the city. The friend came. The day ran along as Sundays do, except for one incident. The friend wanted to take a train in the afternoon to her Wisconsin home. On inquiring we found that the train left Evanston at 6:49 p. m. "Daylight time," we asked. "No. Standard." was the brief reply. We then figured that if we got our friend to the station at a little before 7:49 Daylight we'd be in time. Our friend, we discovered, would reach her home town at 8:45 Standard time.

That night we went to bed at 10. Nine by Standard time. The alarm went off in the morning an hour before our usual Monday a. m. rising hour, which had been all winter 6:15. After performing our ablutions we found that in our irritation we had set the alarm an hour back instead of ahead. That means that we arose at 4:15 Standard time. We crawled under the covers for an hour's nap and got up again at 6:15 Daylight. Thus ended our first batch of experiences, except that we reached the station at 7:45 Standard time and the office at 8:40 Daylight time.

This juggling with two times takes energy from our much more important work and prevents us from getting that contentment that seems to us our just due. And something else troubles us: When we set the clocks ahead do we gain time or lose time? Certainly when we get up by daylight time we gain an hour for work and play; but when we go to bed at the usual time we lose an hour of our day.

Time was complicated enough before the Chicago aldermen passed this vexatious ordinance. Why didn't they leave it alone and induce employers to move their working day an hour ahead?

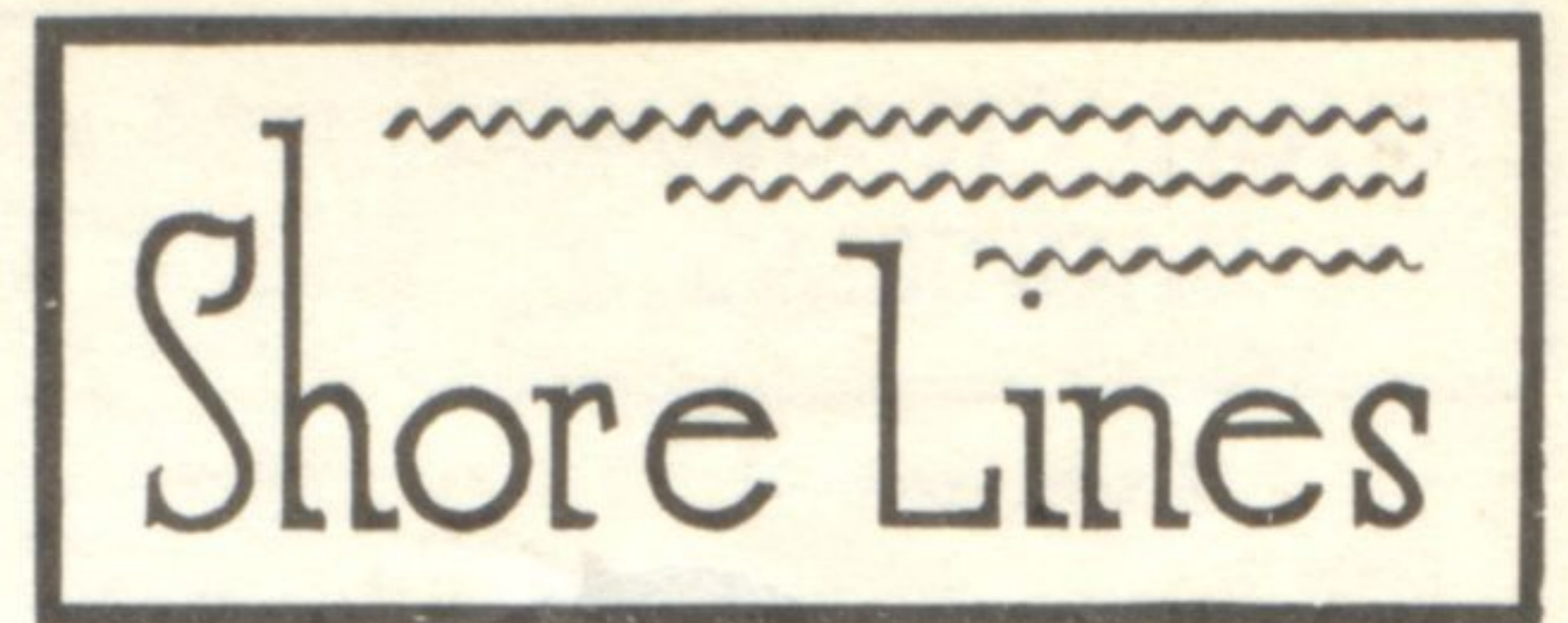
Health Week

THE governor of the state ordained that the week of April 2 should be observed throughout Illinois as Health Week.

Certainly that week as every other one of the fifty-two of the year should have been marked by observance of such rules as are essential to the maintenance of health, both community health and that of the individual.

Late winter is a much more important time to look after health practices. By the last of April we are all addicted to the out-of-doors, to sleeping with open windows; spring vegetables are in the market and we assume, without conscious intention, a regime which means better health.

It is well that our chief executives set aside for general observance such occasions as Health Week. We need to have our attention called in some emphatic way to the conservation of public health and happiness.



APRIL RAIN

*Solemn hush o'er all!
Peevish, feverish, parched earth awaits the fall,
Dusty, musty, ground sends forth a pleading call,
For a water spray.*

*Comes the April rain!
Dancing, prancing, dripping down the window pane,
Patters, chatters, sings a song, "Be glad again,
For I cool the day."*

*Suddenly the sun!
Growing, glowing, hanging in the heavens there,
Arched low, rainbow, promised colors radiant fair,
For the flowers of May.*

—LITTLE WUN.

Aren't You Also Thankful for Our Beautiful April Weather?

Dere Slavy:

I'm thankful that:

I made the Shore Line once
My last years spring coat will do
My boss has gone to South Bend
He won't be back until Wednesday
I have enough money to last
If my boy fren takes me out
Cretone coats will not be worn
I have found a good freckle remover
"Moonlight an' Rosus" is dead forever.

—LYDIA

'IM

The blinkin' son-of-a-sea-cook
'E sits there like a bloke
Uh squintin' like 'ed took
Uh plug o' baccy to smoke.

I lifts 'im up and trows 'im
Against thu sky to see
If 'e's as good as his pappy
Whose just come offa thu sea.

He laught to split his sides off
And he kicks his square little feet
And I picks 'im up and hugs 'im
An I feels 'is little heart beat.

I rocks 'im to sleep in his cradle,
An' tucks in his bloomin' bed;
Then I lays me down in my blanket
An thanks the Lord I'm his Dad.

—WINDY JOE.

VERY PERSONAL!

Lydia, also Windy Joe, and others we could name, it is perfectly all right with us, but don't imagine for a moment that you are putting anything over. Not for nothing have we been referred to as Sherlock Shoemaker Burns, Oscar Mink's deadliest rival! Beware! You know what happened to the Man in the Green Hat.

APRIL

*Ah, fickle April, we welcome you
And court you more than we often do!
Pray, do not leave us, but welcome May
Who'll soon be strolling along this way.*

*The cheery crocus you brought to me;
The tulip leaves I gladly see
Struggling forth all green and brown
Like a country boy, just come to town.*

*We follow around the gardener too—
These tender shoots just peeping through
Need so much gentle loving care
If they would grace our garden fair.*

—LADY GRAY.

We humbly beg all your pardons because the line this week is not, as we said it would be, entirely filled by our efforts. The reason should be apparent. We received some April poetry which could not possibly wait another week to be printed. It is almost too late as it is. So we have to postpone our line until next week. It will positively appear at that time, no fooling.

THE SLAVE.