

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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RILEY'S FAVORITE POEM

Postmaster General Harry New says the favorite poem of James Whitcomb Riley was composed by an unknown author, and reads:

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song,
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
And when we rested by the hedge
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

The world has aye gone well with us,
Old man, since we were one—
Our homeless wandering down the lanes;
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold and gear,
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sere,
And love and beauty pine,
Will never know the joy of hearts
That met without a fear.
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

A North Shore Summer

WHAT do people do on the north shore in the summer months?

Well, for one thing we enjoy the abundance of pure air, radiant sunshine and natural beauty. After the smoky, dusty air of the city the atmosphere of our northern suburbs is a genuine blessing. There is also more real sunlight north of Chicago than within the city limits. As for natural beauty, we fortunate suburbanites need seek no farther. Incidentally, it might be said that the quietness about our North Shore homes is appreciated on hot summer nights.

In summer we play golf and tennis, go swimming in good old Lake Michigan, ride out into the neighboring country over the many more or less good roads. Sometimes we sit on the screened porch with our visiting friends and sip iced drinks of various kinds. And there are times when we pick dandelions out of the lawn.

At fairly regular intervals we spend an afternoon or evening at Ravinia listening to and looking at the operatic songbirds or enjoying a semi-pop orchestra concert. Once a week or two we picnic with kindred spirits in the forest preserve—frying a nice thick round steak and boiling a pot of delicious coffee. When at a loss for something to do of an evening we take in a good movie.

National Kindergarten

A YEAR ago ground was broken on Sheridan road, near the boundary between Evanston and Wilmette, for the erection of a building that was to house that remarkable organization of human activities known as the National Kindergarten and Elementary college. Last February the building was occupied. During the week beginning Friday, June 4, 1926, a notable series of events marked the graduation of the class first to graduate in the new north shore home.

In the personalities of its teachers and pupils, in the character of its publications and its exercises, in the formal pedagogy practised within its walls, this college exemplifies that spirit which John Dewey regards as the ideal mental attitude—namely the combination of the playful and the serious. It is an attitude not found normally anywhere except in the lower grades of the grammar schools, public and private. It is seldom found in our colleges and graduate schools. The serious element, however, is in evidence in practically all schools. Students show it by their antagonism to it. Teachers show it by prematurely aging, by their artificial attitude when in the class room or with their students out of the class room.

But seriousness and playfulness mingle on friendly terms. A single glance at the happy and serious face of the president of the college reveals this combination. The seeing of the carnival presented not long ago by the student body and directed by members of the faculty proved not only the existence of this highly desirable spirit but also its transcendent value. Volumes might be written in praise of this all-important combination, this ideal mental attitude; but a realizing sense of its fundamental worth can best be gained by visiting the college itself, by seeing it in action. As an answer to the problem of living it seems to us most satisfying.

Ravinia

EIGHTEEN dollars for twenty admissions to Ravinia Park. And what can you hear and see at Ravinia Park? Operatic performances by the brightest grand opera stars in the big metropolitan galaxies. Practically all of the great operas by the famous composers of France, Germany, Italy. Also symphony concerts by the unsurpassed Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

The Ravinia performances are given almost at our very doors. A short ride in clean, well-ventilated, and frequently running electric and steam cars brings us quickly to the very doors of Ravinia. Those who care to motor find good roads leading up to spacious parking places.

A most pleasant afternoon and evening can be spent at Ravinia. One may go up to the afternoon concert and pass a delightful two or three hours listening to great music from thoroughly competent musicians. Then follow up the concert with a satisfying supper, and after it an evening of grand opera, presented by those who are without peers in their fields.

North shore residents are indeed fortunate in the opportunities for pleasure and profit offered to them at Ravinia Park.

Shore Lines

BACK YARD BALLADS

The Old Tree

We got a tree in our back yard,
An' Pa he says it is his pard:
'Most every day it talks to him,
An' helps him work and fight and win!

An' Pa he says when stars all shine
He sets out there on a stool of mine
An' lookin' up through all the leaves
He gets a respite—that's it, I b'lieve!

An settin' out there in the shade
He tells me how the bark is made;
How leaves all grow, an' lots of things,
An' tells its age—jest by its rings,

Same as cows does, by their horn—
Er horses' teeth, since they was born!
My Pa, he knows a lot of things
From horses teeth to old tree rings!

He says that if I study hard
He'll let the old tree be my pard
An' show me how to find my way
Out in the woods, by night or day!

By looking at the bark alone
I kin tell which way is home!
Hope I'll grow up soon—Gee Whiz—
An' be as smart as my Pa is!

—H. A. MILLS.

JUNE WEDDINGS

Tissue paper, and white ribbons
Naughty flower girls and
Cross little ring-bearers
Dressed in white satin and plastered hair.
Ten lemonade sets, ten salad sets
Five clocks, and one rug.
Solemn ministers and weak-voiced brides
Solemn grooms with stiff-gloved hands.
"There's nothing like a wedding,"
Says one, wiping a formal tear.

—ELFRIEDA.

But Elfrieda, at most of the weddings we have attended—in fact at all, with one exception—it was the groom who was weak-voiced, and we suspected, weak-kneed.

WARMER, "MOSTLY" FAIR, MAYBE, SUNDAY

The above inspired headline appeared in the esteemed Chiamerican last Saturday. We are moved to comment but can find no adequate words with which to express our feelings.

DREAMS IS FUNNY THINGS

Dreams is funny things, they is,
For they don't cost a cent.
We can have jest lots of fun
As long as they ain't meant.

We dreamed we was a-fishin',
When we was in school.
We dreamed we was a-swimmin'
In the pool so nice and cool.

We dreamed we was a kid once more,
Barefoot, without a care,
While we was sittin' behind our desk
And had streaks of gray in our hair.

We dreamed we have lots of money
So we'd have everything nice.
We dreamed a prince was comin'
To rescue us once or twice.

We dream of fame and glory—
We always dream the best.
Dreams is funny, they is,
But they bring us happiness.

—A WOLVERINE.

Welcome back, Wolverine, we were interested in your note but haven't much room to reply, even in six point. When the water gets a little warmer swim down and see us—or should we swim up and see you? It's just a nice little jaunt—less than two miles, we should say.

Now that we're "knee deep in June" we wonder if it would be too much to expect a day or two of summer?

THE SLAVE.