

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Did you read in the paper the other day of the Paris-to-London airplane that, in endeavoring to make a safe landing in a fog, crashed into a barn and injured more or less seriously its passengers? Well, we did, and we recalled most vividly our one flight from Paris to London.

Once Is Enough

With what happy expectation did we buy our tickets for the flight! You see we bought our air passage in London at the office of the American Express company, concealing the fact from our friends, who were to remain behind in England while we made the grand tour of the Continent. We had never flown before. How delightful it would be to rival the sea gull at least once! So we bought our tickets in London and soon after started off for Belgium, Holland and all the other interesting Continental countries, expecting to land in Paris last of all and thence hop lightly over into England and there rejoin our waiting friends. How thrilled they would be when they heard the details of our air trip! They were thrilled, but the details were not what we had anticipated.

Up to the very moment that the plane began moving with us on board we were full of joyful expectation.

But when the gigantic motors began to roar, our first suspicion awakened. And when the colossal machine began to leave the earth, we got our first real taste of airplaning. To the fairer half of our personal party it meant something more worse than mere sea sickness. To us it meant a feeling of what fools we were to have left dear old mother earth and entrusted ourselves to a barn door kept up in the air only by its speed. From the time we left the ground in France until we landed at Croydon, near London, we were most unhappy. All we wanted was to get down again to what we now knew was terra firma.

Edsel Ford can aviate all he wants to. We're done!

Experts tell us that our trees, especially elm and ash, are in danger of being seriously damaged, if not destroyed, by the tussock moth. These experts advise removing from infested trees and burning the tussock cocoons. It is also urged that this be done immediately.

Save Your Trees

Without doubt the entire North Shore would lose its value as a residence district if it lost its trees. If our elm and ash trees were to be destroyed by the tussock moth, not only would much of the present beauty

of our streets and home grounds be destroyed, but the well being of all those who reside in these favored communities would be seriously affected. Homes without trees hardly seem real homes.

It is our duty then to ourselves and children to follow the advice of these tree experts. We should examine our trees carefully. If we find cocoons on the trees we should at once take steps to remove them and burn them up. It is a simple, easy act, but like many simple, easy acts is often postponed until the fatal damage has been done.

Save your trees and you will save the value of your home.

A recent very careful survey, made by the American Library association, discovered that of all rural residents in the United States and Canada 83 per cent were entirely without access to libraries. That means that almost nine-tenths of the people who live in our country districts do little reading.

Eighty-three Per Cent

We do not regret the fact that so few rural residents have access to current fiction, that section of our public libraries most patronized upon by book borrowers. The good received from the reading of this fiction is virtually nil. And every librarian's monthly report shows that more novels are read than all the other sorts of books put together. So our sympathy goes out to rural dwellers not for the short-lived fiction they miss but for the other books—history, poetry, science, biography, classics.

One of the ways of feeding this book hunger is especially attractive libraries on wheels. We have known for a number of years that the Evanston library used a book truck to distribute books to outlying homes. If it is a great privilege to bring even one good book to a stranded human being, separated from worth while reading, how much greater is the privilege of those who make it possible for a Parnassus on wheels to make a weekly or monthly tour through our rural neighborhoods.

All of which should make us more thankful for our village libraries.

When wondering what to read, the answer you want can always be found on our book page. It often happens—doesn't it?—

Our Book Page

that just at the very moment you feel like reading and have the time, you can't think of one that will exactly fill the bill. So you stretch back in your easy chair, and yawn, and long for a good book. Don't yawn. Look at our book page and you'll be sure to find just the book you've been longing for.

Our book page announces all the latest and best volumes. It also gives brief and readable reviews.

On this page you will also find spicy bits of biographical gossip, interesting information regarding oncoming books. In the same columns you will usually find news of what's going on in your own village, in the field of books.

Our book page conductor is a genuine book lover and at the same time very desirous of increasing the value of the page to all our readers, old and young. How can it be improved?

Shore Lines

BACK YARD BALLADS

The Garden Gate

Out in our yard we have a ol' gate
'At swung on a strap en never was straight,
En when you went through fer beets fer a meal
It'd foller you up en bump on your heel!

Once little George went out there to play
En pushed the gate, but pushed the wrong way.
When it swung back it pinched all his toes
En blackened his eye en bloodied his nose!

Nen Ma run out en picked Georgie up,
En as she come back she stepped on our pup!
Nen Pa run out, but come too late—
Ma said, "You better go fix that ol' gate!"

Nen Pa got a board en hammer en saw
En said, "I'll fix it to suit your mama!"
He got a new hinge en spring fer the back
En straightened the posts en filled up a crack.

Nen put an arch over so roses can grow—
En raised the ol' catch, cause it was low,
En put in a screw where a nail used to be,
En puttied it over—ye hardly could see!

Then with some paint in a ol' paint pot
He stained it green—en most of the lot!
Now the ol' gate will swing either way
En makes it quite safe fer Georgie to play!

"We'll put two roses right here," Pa said,
"To show the spot where little George bled,
Fer this is the age fer Georges to shine—
Lloyd George, the king, en this son of mine!"

—H. A. MILLS

What Can We Say After We Say We're Sorry?

Dear Slave:

You're a fine one! You won't even admit that I exist. I got wind of another column conductor, and just for that I'm going to fall in love with him. If he's a she, I'll fall anyway. Now what are you going to say?

—EMMY

We're No Wilfred Cross, Old Thing

Dear Slave:

I have a heavy date for next Saturday evening with a coed from Northwestern university. After reading recent accounts of coed activities from the pen of a Mr. Cross I am at a loss whether to bring the lady a fifth of Gordon gin or a pint of bourbon. If I told you her sorority could you advise me as to which she might prefer? She is a junior this year.

—THE JOKER

Now Joker, don't crowd us too far. We are neither Wilfred nor Beatrice Fairfax, although you seem to think us a combination of the two. We suggest that you take the fair coed a pound of Fannie May's. That's what we always used to do when we called on a coed. (Aside: Yes we did, lykell.)

It won't be long now! Another week and we'll be watching Northwestern's purple wildcats line up against the South Dakota huskies in their crimson sweaters, the whistle will sound a shrill signal, the ball will soar down the field and the greatest sport in the world will be on. We can hardly wait to hear the roar of the stands when the ball gets down on the ten yard line, second down, eight yards to go, and one side of the big stadium pleads for a touchdown while the other chants, "Hold that line! Hold that line!"

THE SLAVE.