

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Carelessness is the cause of most auto accidents. Not one out of one hundred so called accidental collisions is caused by a break-down of some part of the car's machinery. The main cause is carelessness, recklessness of some man, woman, or child.

It's an all too common occurrence for drivers, older and younger, to disregard crossing signals. Stop signs at through streets are seldom heeded. By actual count made at the corner of Vernon and Park Avenues, Glencoe, on a recent Friday afternoon it was found that "four out of five cars, all driven by Glencoe citizens, failed to stop at the intersection." The sign is seen, but the stop is not made.

Almost everybody at some time or other has tried to beat the red light. One is coming along at good speed, rapidly nearing the green light. About time for the orange light to flash on and then the red! A little more gas and I can beat it! So you step on it good and plenty and race across. But suppose the orange light goes on and the other fellow on the intersecting street also steps on it. Better be safe than sorry!

On a single Sunday afternoon you can collect a dozen examples of careless driving. A driver passes to the left of a mushroom intersection light. Another cuts ahead, narrowly missing a collision with an approaching car. A third passes between other cars and the curb. Another pays no attention to the one-way street sign. Another fails to dim his brights. Still another, in his anxiety to get by, edges over the dividing line. Another drives onto the concrete, depending on other cars to get out of the way.

A little more care, a little more consideration for others, a little more obedience—this would mean a great deal less damage to property and fewer serious and fatal injuries. We also urge lawmakers to aim more definitely at prevention of accidents instead of at punishment of offenders.

North shore residents find it easy to attend concerts and recitals in Chicago.

North Shore Music

Transportation by steam, electricity and gasoline is frequent and tolerably comfortable. As a result many of our fellow citizens may be seen in Orchestra Hall and in the Auditorium, as well as in lesser known halls, during the week and on Sunday afternoons.

But it will not be long before north shore people will not need to spend the better part of an hour traveling south in order to

listen to music of various values. The time will soon come when practically all our music lovers will need only to ride or walk a few blocks to get satisfaction. Just around the corner on an afternoon or evening an orchestra, second to none, will be presenting a program of excellent compositions, or one of the world's greatest singers will be giving a recital.

We already have the privilege of hearing Dasch's orchestra in the assembly hall at New Trier every few weeks during the season. At an expense of a small sum one may hear this orchestra. Chamber music recitals are given regularly in Kenilworth. The Winnetka Music Club sponsors a series of solo recitals by such musicians as Casals and Gabrilowitsch. Tito Schipa, regarded by many as the foremost living tenor, sings in this series. On Sunday evenings in Wilmette it frequently happens that outstanding musicians may be heard. Pipe organ recitals are given often.

It may be justly said that no small part of the value of living on the north shore is that which attends the hearing of these concerts and recitals, which are yearly rising to the metropolitan level.

Next week is the Children's Book Week. During that week the many public libraries throughout the country will hold what might be called an "at home" reception. The librarians will have attractive displays of children's books.

They will also arrange for parties and plays, involving the books that children like most.

This setting apart of a special week in which to call attention to children's books is to be commended. Coming, as this week does, a considerable time before Christmas, it makes known to parents and older friends the volumes that give children most pleasure and profit.

The book stores, too, will celebrate the occasion by placing in their windows and in prominent positions on their tables and shelves story books of the day and of all time. Children's periodicals will also be made much of.

It would not be amiss to make something of Children's Book Week by adding to your children's home libraries.

One of the foremost social and educational organizations on the north shore is the Community Players of Winnetka. It is also one of the most productive of civic benefit. For years it has prepared and produced at trifling cost to its audiences, but not to its members, plays of remarkable value. No doubt the exercise involved in this preparing and producing has been both profitable and pleasant to the managers and actors, but the expense of time, money and energy has to a great extent been unselfish.

The acting of these amateurs, lovers of playing, has been regarded by professional critics as little short of professional. That is saying a great deal for the acting of those who, so far as we know, have had no training that could be called professional. Perhaps the credit is to be given to those who distributed the roles, as well as to those who assumed them. But be that as it may, the community certainly owes a large debt of gratitude to the entire organization.

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SHORE LINES

BACK YARD BALLADS

(The new bird house)

My Pa he took a box of mine
An' stained it over, new an' fine.
An' on the sides, where winders ain't—
He made some there with ol' black paint!

Nen half way up the box, he made
A second floor—where eggs is laid—
An' nen to make it water proof,
He put on top a gravel roof!

He said—to keep the squirrels out
He'd make the front of ol' tin spout,
An' cut two holes right in the tin—
Jes right fer bluebirds to get in!

Nen he nailed it on our tree—
An' from the bedroom we can see
When bluebirds come—er maybe wrens
An' feed 'em crumbs—an' make 'em frens!

An' ma—she said she hoped there'd be
A bluebird build fer her an' me!
Not a sparrow—ner blue jay,
'Cause they're noisy, neighbors say.

An' sure enough! when I got up
An' run out doors, with our bull pup—
Two ol' sparrows had moved in—
Ma says, "Goodness! What a sin!"

—H. A. MILLS

Election Day has come and gone. In Illinois the Democrats carried Chicago and environs, and the Republicans romped away with Downstate, while in Georgia the Republicans didn't bother to place a ticket in the field. Yet we are all citizens of the same country. Distance and circumstances do make a difference.

Many of us have many, many times tasted the bitterness of defeat in our zeal for what in our minds was the "Moses" chosen to deliver us out of the hands of the political Philistines. Later we were often happy in the thought that we, the scattered minority, had at least voted in accordance with the dictates of our personal convictions.

We guessed pretty well this time.

Early returns indicate that New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Montana, California and Wisconsin went unmistakably wet in the referenda designed as a protest against Volsteadism.

All of which may, or may not, be significant. Depending entirely, as it does, upon one's private views on the matter.

Anti-Volstead med'ums will declare the country has gone wet, while the proponents of dry-ism will shout just as loudly anent the encouraging success of their cause. So there you are.

The so-called—and often despised—rural communities have a painful habit of successfully counteracting Chicago's balloting, as Mr. Brennan will testify in no uncertain terms.

Aside from all else, we are happy in the thought that two of our neighbors won favor with the electorate. Reference is, namely, to Congressman Henry R. Rathbone of Kenilworth and County Commissioner Oscar W. Schmidt of Wilmette, who was formerly our Village president.

Politics aside, undivided attention may again be given to the forthcoming gridiron events of importance. It is possible many of us were thinking of Saturday's game while in the act of dutifully marking the ballot. Certainly that applies to most of those who declared they were to vote for Independent Magill.

No Parking Allowed

A friend followed our suggestion, motored out on the byways of the west north shore and got his car stuck in a mud hole in Trumbull Woods. Our suggestion, expressly, was to drive on the roads.

And Ha'r-raising

Wickie, a vision fair to behold who flits across our path at certain intervals, comments upon the maiden who was so dumb she thought the crime wave was a marcel. Sez she: "Perhaps not that, but it seems to be permanent."

—MIQUE