

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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GOD'S GIFT

*Let all that are to mirth inclined
Consider well, and bear in mind
What our good God for us has done,
In sending his Beloved Son.*

*Let all your songs and praises be
Unto His Heavenly Majesty;
And evermore, amongst our mirth,
Remember Christ our Savior's birth.*

*If choirs of Angels did rejoice,
Well may mankind with heart and voice
Sing praises to the God of Heaven,
Who unto us His Son has given.*

REFRAIN

*For to redeem our souls from thrall,
Christ is the Savior of us all.*

—Old English Carol.

What work are you going to take up when you get through school? What are you going to be? Questions of this sort are submitted with embarrassing frequency to our young men and women; more often, to be sure, to the former than to the latter. And in attempting to answer the question the various professions and their values are certain to be canvassed.

The problem of values brings up the question, which is the most dignified, the most worthy of the professions? Many say the ministry; others, medicine; in fact, the list is as long as the list itself of the professions.

Dr. William Healy, formerly a resident of Winnetka and prominently identified with the activities of the Juvenile Court, a scientist of remarkably broad and thoroughgoing culture, in an article in *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, regards psychiatry as the calling that "should be and readily may grow to be considered the most dignified of all professions—that which is concerned with and treats mental life, the innermost and real being of man." Possibly a few of our most able young men and women may be stimulated by this estimate of Dr. Healy's to investigate psychiatry as a life occupation.

It may be also of interest to know that in the article mentioned above Dr. Healy speaks of "Winnetka procedure—the individual system"—as one that may be of great assistance in mental therapy. This is an acceptable tribute to the value of the individual system.

"Wreath the halls with boughs of holly,
'Tis the season to be jolly!" No other note is so often, and so emphatically, struck

"'Tis the Season"

at this season of the year as jollity. It's heard in the familiar greetings, "Merry Christmas!" and "Happy New Year!" It appears in the laughing face and rotund body of Santa Claus. Every holiday gathering takes life easily and merrily. Through every Christmas story runs the theme of unusual happiness.

The giving of gifts at Christmas time is secondary to the expressing of jolly feeling. In fact the exchange of presents is merely a means of showing the extraordinary cheerfulness of the givers. And the man who is not jolly about and on December 25 is an unmitigated grouch, an unreformed Scrooge.

The normal boy is now looking forward to Saturday morning, Christmas morning, with exalted expectation. He can hardly wait for the great day to dawn. And it isn't so much because of the gifts he's going to get. Gifts on any other day could not rouse him so peculiarly. No, it's because he's a part of the great wave of joy that is sweeping all the children, and many older people, onward to the best of all holidays.

"Joy to the World!"

Nothing will make one so keenly aware of the differences between life on the north shore and life in foreign lands as letters from those lands appearing from time to time in our columns. Whether they be letters from China, India, England, the Hawaiian Islands, or the Scandinavian countries, they all serve to accentuate the contrasts between our manners and resources and theirs.

Foreign Lands

One of the most glaring of these contrasts is presented in a letter written by Dr. Barlow-Brown to a Winnetka friend and published in one of our recent issues. The letter gives an opportunity to appreciate the comfort enjoyed by an American girl in a typical college dormitory. The Chinese girls in the dormitory of the college with which Dr. Barlow-Brown is connected sleep not on mattresses but on wooden boards over carpenter's horses. All they ask for is a \$5 mattress. It is almost impossible even to imagine such utterly meager conditions in an American college, even though many dormitories are bare and unlovely.

Such comparisons as this ought to make us not only realize what we have to be thankful for but also share our comforts with the less fortunate in far off countries.

It's too bad, but it seems as if the prohibition laws were cracked more often in Winnetka than in any other of our lake shore communities. Mary Curriti is the latest violator, but there have been several others. We don't know just why wine, liquor, and alcohol attract so strongly inhabitants of the above-mentioned suburb. Very likely it's just a coincidence, but the fact remains.

SHORE LINES

A DOG'S LIFE

It's in three parts—a dog's life—eating, sleeping and running around town. The big part is running around town, seeing what's going on, and making sure that everything is all right. When men are digging ditches, they wouldn't do the work as it ought to be done if I—my name is Gin (the editorial canine)—didn't come around every so often to cheer them up and let them know that somebody cares. Whenever a new man comes to town it's part of my business to find out what kind of a man he is and whether he's to be trusted.

Eating is also very important. Those who know me best know that I won't eat any old thing. Sometimes I'll worry an old shoe or rubber, but I do that just for fun. I get most of my food from a delicatessen over on Wilmette avenue. Roast beef I like better than anything else. It has a very nice taste. I like water, too. Sometimes when I'm not feeling fit I eat lots of grass. It always helps me.

And the third part of my life is sleeping. That's what I do whenever I'm doing neither of the other two things. I can sleep anywhere—on stone, on wood, or on a cushion. The last I prefer, but I don't object to wood, if it's fairly level. When life gets a little dull I turn around a few times to make my head swim a little, and then lie down, curling myself all up into a nice heap.

My instincts I got from my parents, but my habits I got from my human associates, mostly Mique, my boss. If I'm at all human he's responsible, because I'm more with him than with any other biped. I'm with him all day long. He has taught me all I know about the making of newspapers. The most exciting thing I do in the newspaper shop is to see if I can't catch a shining piece of type-metal, before it gets into the hole and drops down the chute to the metal pot. Mique doesn't care for this sort of thing, but then different individuals have different tastes.

—GIN—per FIL THE FILOSOPHER.

And Welcome Our Heroes

With the approaching presidential year and plans of the Conn National School of Music to organize brass bands in all the north shore villages, we wonder if the old time political marching clubs equipped with flambeau torches and headed by the village cornet band will again be employed to parade with spell binders and political cheer leaders. Or will the numerous bands feature their services to their respective communities by giving summer night concerts in the park and "furnish the music" for the annual village celebration. If all the villages on the north shore organize bands, as proposed by the Conn National School of Music, there should be a sufficient number to hold frequent band contests.

—E. T. S.

So We Suspected

dere mique:

i aint got no litry cricket or nuthin but i jst caint sleep nites till i tell ya bout thet edatorial K9 of yours. he sure is some dawg and i got to hand it to im. y last saturday he comes into my shanty with ta cop whut raided it an wile the cop was drinkin all my cawn likker ta dawg waz eatin my pork sawsige. he sure learns fast an i gotta give im the credick.

p. s. ta cop lives in chicawgo.

—JOE

Know all by these presents that last week's water famine annoyed us not a whit, being as how we occupy a well appointed and thoroughly comfortable English basement apartment. (a bath on every floor and plenty of water, always)

How fortunate the water shortage did not strike the village on Saturday night.

Try Sheik Lure

Say Mique: What'n trunkit kin a feller do win all de blasted water works gits hung up an dere aint no water? T'other day down in Evingstun i hed ta wash my face in Hinde's almond cream an comb my hair in listerine an that aint no soft soap. i aint never felt rite since.

—SHEIK

Listening in on an exciting (?) hockey match 'tother evening, we decided to switch over to Guyon's WGES, which had always been our idea of zero in radio entertainment.

And now, boys and girls, young and older, everyone, the very merriest of Christmases! And may father never tire of little Johnny's new electric train.

—MIQUE.