

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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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.

Now is the season when the winter's ashes should be removed from the basement, if by some remote chance you should happen to belong to that class of procrastinators who carry out no ashes until warm weather comes. It's a good time also to take all other rubbish out of the basement and sweep the floor. A coat of paint on the floor adds to the housewife's joy.

Whatever has been accumulating in the garage ought now to be sorted and the worthless material carted away. May we also suggest that the medicine cabinet contains empty bottles and various concoctions that have long since lost their vigor. Dump them into the waste-basket and thence onto the ash-pile.

That empty lot next door needs cleaning up. It's littered with paper and cans. Pick 'em up and help make your neighborhood beautiful.

We who live in relative luxury on the north shore no doubt find it difficult to realize adequately the trials and sufferings of the other 99 per cent. We are subject to no very extreme temperatures. Below zero weather is exceptional with us. And 90 above is perhaps just as rare. Very high humidity seldom comes to make us uncomfortable.

We are not in any earthquake area. Cyclones and tornadoes we experience only once or twice in a generation. Our latest tornado is a faded memory to most of us, though it must be said not to all. That March day is still vivid in some minds.

The overflowing of great rivers onto our homes and property is not happening to us, nor does it seem likely that our much-loved Lake will rise so high as to cause us to leave our homes and take refuge on higher ground. We are to an extraordinary degree free from the assaults of deadly disease.

Yet we need travel only several hundred miles north to feel in winter the biting breath of 30, 40 and 50 below. Travel south and in summer the mercury rises far above 100. Many districts in our country lose millions from the terrible attacks of cyclones. And in our own state and neighboring states floods destroy millions of dollars worth of property and take many lives. And there are still many places on the globe where disease rages unchecked.

Do we realize our good fortune? Or do we take our blessings as a matter of course? Would it not be the part of wisdom to pause a moment in our busy lives, compare our lot with that of others in less favored portions of the country, and stand ready to extend a helping hand?

Like other human beings, business men are sociable creatures. To make the trip to the city and to work seem less irksome, they sit together in groups of two, three, and four, and talk over the light and

## Be Considerate

heavy news of the day and the evening before. This is very nice and quite as it should be. We make no objection.

But it often happens that on a crowded train a group of three will occupy one seat facing forward and half of one facing backward. The other half seat is left for some stranger to occupy. It may very well be that the stranger doesn't like to ride backwards, but not wishing to make any fuss, he submits to the inconvenience.

Has not the stranger a right to expect that when he approaches the vacant place, the man occupying the other half seat will at least offer to turn the seat? He has a clear right to expect it and, more than that, to demand it. And the other man should be considerate enough to make the offer.

Help to make the world a happier place to live in.

The road offers specimens of all sorts of creatures that make trouble for motorists. It's likely that touring would lack spice were it not for these individuals who keep the middle-aged driver from going to sleep.

## On the Road

Boys riding bicycles, wobbling all over the concrete, force the automobilist to retard, honk heavily, and proceed warily. When the boys carry friends sitting on the handle bars, the situation becomes unusually interesting. The child being carried looks so helpless that it would be a shame to cripple or kill him. All the same you can't help wishing that the cycling boys would do their riding in the very early morning or on some less frequented avenue.

Every driver is acquainted with the speeder, usually in his late teens or early twenties, whose one and single aim is to pass every other car en route. Spurred on by this ambition he takes big chances, shooting past and cutting in on the narrowest margins. If you've ever had your front bumper scraped by a fellow of this kind nosing in, you'll agree with yours truly that this lad ought to be made to follow a funeral procession from Highland Park to Rose Hill.

To cut a long list short, consider the hog that parks with most of his car on the concrete. Let us hope that a mammoth truck will bump into him the good sense that he lacks.

Patrons of the Winnetka Post Office will be gratified to learn that the passing of another week will find Uncle Sam's local establishment commodiously housed in the new Meyer building at Elm and Chestnut street. The information that Winnetka may then boast the finest postal headquarters on the north shore is particularly gratifying. The amazing growth of the postal business in our community will, one hopes, eventually justify the erection of a Federal building in Winnetka that will be a notable addition to our municipal mall scheme of things.

## SHORE LINES

### THE LITTLE WHITE CLOUD

One day I saw a fleecy cloud  
Go sailing on it's way,  
A sudden thought, I spoke aloud  
Wish I could go today.

I'd like to sail into the blue  
And leave my work awhile,  
And be up there with stars and you  
And float and drift and smile.

And just be idle in the sky,  
Where no work's ever done,  
And rest a bit from wond'ring why  
I work for everyone.

I work and work, but never play,  
So little cloud, you see,  
I dreamed I came up there to stay,  
You were a boat for me.

I live here at the orphan's home,  
My hands are red with work,  
And that is why I'd like to roam,  
Sometimes with you and shirk!

I look for you when comes the night  
And in the morning too,  
I wish I had a dress as white,  
And tasks as light as you.

—SARAH SILVER.

EARL E. ORNER, WILMETTE'S BEST ELECTION BET—TEN TO ONE ANY TIME HE CARES TO BECOME A CANDIDATE—APPEARS TO HAVE TAKEN RATHER SERIOUSLY THE CONTENTION OF HIS "WORTHY OPPONENTS" THAT HE IS AN EXCELLENT "BAGGAGE SMASHER." SOME MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITION WERE SAID TO HAVE BEEN SHY OF THEIR "TRUNKS" JUST AFTER THE VOTES HAD BEEN TALLIED LAST TUESDAY.

### WEATHER FORECAST

The fair Kentuckian two desks away conveys the information that Professor Cox will lecture at Northwestern on June 29 concerning "Chile Today."

### PETITE CHANSON

I thought at first that you were tall,  
Then that you were kind,  
And when you spoke, your voice was like  
A cool wind to my mind.

I never touched your hand, and yet  
I know the feel of it—  
And oh! I wish you'd let me wear  
Your smile a little bit!

I could be sweet and very proud  
With your smile, I know;  
I'd lend its charm to everyone  
Every place I go.

—WICKIE.

### We'd Love To

Dear Mique:

In a recent issue of your esteemed medium the heading of an attractive display ad read, "Trees Trimmed Correctly." Directly below was a photograph of trees silhouetted against a leaden sky and the limbs were dotted with boys (perched rather precariously, I think). I am trying to keep our landscape, up-to-date, Mique, but haven't any little boys, and furthermore, if I had, Oh well, write your own answer.

—Hail Fellow, Wilmette

Dear Governor Len: We received your engraved invitation to attend the reception to be given in honor of the General Assembly next Tuesday. Sorry we haven't any Missus. Will some one else's—or is it some one's else—do just as well?

### On Life Buoy

That Winnetka P. T. A. Advertising party, at which all guests must appear costumed to represent some well known advertisement might consider seriously the propriety of Munsing Wear display.

—MIQUE