

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

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.

This is not a story about a fly that slipped into the marmalade nor yet about the small boy caught pilfering in the pantry.

Caught in the Jam

It tells all about the hard, hard time we had in getting by car from Michigan City to Chicago by way of the Dunes Highway on

Memorial Day.

We left Michigan City about three in the afternoon in high spirits and with happy hopes of reaching our home by at least dinner time. But as we rolled merrily along we were joined by one car after another until we became only one in an endless procession. Soon the procession stopped. Just why we never knew, because the seat of trouble was somewhere near the head of the line, if you know what we mean. Naturally we expected to be soon on our way again. But we were disappointed. And also many others. The sun continued sinking in the crimson west, and we continued to stay right in that one spot. The sun sank out of sight and still we stayed. We couldn't go ahead, we couldn't go back, we couldn't take any other road—there wasn't any—and we couldn't very well abandon the car.

Ultimately we resumed our westward journey, but advanced only by dots and dashes, the dashes being irritatingly short. We jerked through Gary and those bad smelling adjacent settlements. To shorten a long story of a tiresome trip we reached our destination at half past midnight. Never again shall we travel on a popular highway on a holiday!

Our flag should be displayed properly. When displayed over the middle of the street, it should be suspended vertically,

Flag Etiquette

with the union, or blue field, to the NORTH in an east and west street, or to the EAST in a north and south street. When displayed

against a wall or a building, the union should be uppermost and to the observer's LEFT. When displayed from a staff projecting from a window, the union should be nearest the point of the staff.

June 14 has been set apart by state law as Flag Day in Illinois. On that day the Flag should be displayed in and before homes and public buildings. On that day there should be at appointed places exercises calculated to increase respect for the Flag and for the country which the Flag represents.

The Flag also should be displayed on the main administration building of every public institution; also on or before every school, public or private, on every school day. It should be displayed before every polling place. The Flag should never be used for advertising purposes.

The Flag represents the living country and it is itself considered a living thing.

With schools going full blast in the summer months and many people taking their vacations in the winter and spring, there is growing need for consideration of the problem of how to make summering at home tolerable and even enjoyable, especially to the younger generation. Even though north shore summers are not so torrid as inland summers, and just now it doesn't seem as if the mercury could ever stay for a little while above 60, still we ought to plan to make full use of our surprising advantages.

"Camp at Home"

Superintendent Nygaard of the Kenilworth schools is planning a "camp at home" movement for the young folks of his community that will contain many suggestions for leaders in other communities. The lake and the beach, in his plans, will be the scene of the greatest summer activity. Swimming, canoeing and water sports easily out-rival any other forms of summer play. And there is much fun to be had in games of various kinds on the beach itself.

Moreover, the country west offers many opportunities for excursions of every kind. Hiking is delightful for the young of all ages. Camping out, if mosquitoes are excluded, has its own peculiar joys. And tennis and golf help to dispel dull care.

Here's hoping that you'll have a fine summer at home!

The Wilmette Chamber of Commerce is doing well in urging the paving of Wilmette's section of the through highway from McCormick boulevard to Green Bay road in Glencoe. President Orner's insistence on the need of

Get Busy

widening and paving Main street this summer, if Wilmette is to get the proffered assistance of the County, is very timely. Moreover, not only will Wilmette be benefited by the improvement but both truck and passenger traffic all up and down the north shore will be materially quickened.

This 52 foot concrete highway through Wilmette, 40 feet of which will be paid for by Cook county, ought to be begun at once. Highway engineers ought now to be working out the problems preliminary to the actual digging and paving. Other road work to be done in Wilmette is held up, pending the work on Main street. Main street at present is a disgrace to the north shore and reflects no credit on Wilmette.

Let's start the actual work at once!

We've played baseball and tennis but never have we played golf. And yet we're very fond of the game from a reader's point of view. We love the foreign flavor,

Golf

the Celtic tang, of brassie and mid-iron, even though we couldn't pick either one out from a bunch in a

golf bag. It's pleasant to hear one who knows, call out to a player who is chasing a wandering ball, "What's the matter, Jim? Can't you keep in the fairway?"

Some day we shall perhaps play nine holes on some inexpensive links and learn more about greens and caddies and fozzling. But until that time we shall limit our golfing to reading Ray Pearson's stories about how Westmoreland got its name. Which reminds us that there are few sights so pleasing as the wide stretch of a well trimmed course.

SHORE LINES

THE CITY HICK

CAUGHT NAPPING IN ONE OF OUR RARE MOMENTS OF EXTREME GENEROSITY WE WERE PREVAILED UPON ONLY RECENTLY TO ATTEND A BANQUET AND PERFORMANCE GIVEN UNDER SOME AUSPICES OR OTHER IN ONE OF STREETERVILLE'S WIDELY HERALDED RENDEZVOUS OF ENTERTAINMENT DESIGNED TO SOOTHE THE JUMPING NERVES OF THE OVER-EXERTED NOBLEMEN OF THE CITY'S MARTS OF TRADE. ALL DETAILS ASIDE, WE ARE NOW THOROUGHLY CONVINCED THAT THE MOVIES ARE PLENTY GOOD ENOUGH FOR US. ONE CAN AT LEAST SLUMBER IN PEACE WITHIN THE SHADOWY CONFINES OF THE AVERAGE CINEMA.

—JEREMIAH.

You're Not Alone

Mique—

Mine eagle eye has glimpsed some real news in the Chicago dailies. The disgruntled unregenerates of both parties threaten to consolidate and form a wet party unless the reactionaries float an acknowledged wet plank. Of course they are late. We have been holding them for years, but, still I am rather resentful over the fact that said dailies didn't specify the time or place at which this party is to be held.

—THE LONG SHOT.

We Hadn't Noticed

Dear Mique: Do you know anything about golf or golfers? Do you know anything about—oh well, we had in mind a fellow by the name of Volstead? He's the fellow who put a lot of teeth in a law, but the teeth fell out. But even if they did drop out, he's not forgotten because I see by some literature at the golf club that "we expect the members to show due respect for the Volstead act."

How unnecessary to insert that clause in the neatly typed literature. Doesn't everybody respect the Volstead act? Haven't they plugged a Cork in the famous old Nineteenth hole? Haven't they? Haven't they? Haven't they?

Ain't we got a tough old world?

—THE OLD PLUG.

The Duchess Shall Hear of This

Herrin, Ill.

In the year of Anna Dominoes, 1927.

Mique—

Down in Egypt, where Birger and Shelton mix it so frequent and thick that they make them Ciceronian tea parties look like a mere case of misidentified slumber, we let the "Talk Heavies" say their fill—and then eradicate them. Seems like Philip Space and the Old Plug have been doin' plenty of sayin' lately—oh, I ben a watchin' of them, but I come from Egypt, which, in case you don't know it, ain't got no associations with old king Phario. It's south of the B. and Q. railroad and in Illinois.

To come directly to the point—gun point, if you will—I don't like some of these goin's-on in your column. Not by a jug full, don't—and I don't mean sweet cider. To be run down in character, veracity, morals and understandings by a hanger-on of the golf courses (the Old Plug) and that embryonic attempt at mild philosophy (Philip Space) is like taking a bath in salt water after a lost argument with a limited train on the Skokie. And I don't mean ink bottle!

To be specific: I didn't write nothing on no races. Furthermore, I don't know nothing about horses or barbers (see issues of May 20 and 27) and, last but not least, I don't care to be classified as "remarkable" and remarked upon as was did in the issue of May 20.

I'm doing a little bit of investigation on my own hook, Mique and I'm here and now promising you that there will be some darned interesting disclosures for the future or the past, present and indeterminate for the deer Doctur P. S. and the Old Nag.

—HUB.

Note of Thanks

We are indebted for the above varied shades of thought and near-thought, expressed under as varied circumstances, to various of the shining lights who cast their effulgence in the vicinity of the sanctum sanctorum.

—MIQUE.