

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.

And so next Sunday, June 19, is Fathers' Day? Of course it is. Which reminds us that not long ago, just after Mothers' Day, we asked a well-informed friend the date of Fathers' Day. "The first of every month," was his prompt reply. His reply, mildly tintured with cynicism, led us to suspect that our friend didn't think highly of Fathers' Day.

Our feelings on the subject harmonize with his. From time immemorial Father has been treated shabbily. And it's too late to change now. He's so used to rough treatment that he wouldn't know what to do if he received a few kind words. Besides it's this rough treatment that has made a man of him. "Poor papa" rather enjoys catching brickbats that are now and then flung at him.

Something, however, might be said in favor of Fathers' Day. Every dog has his day, and why shouldn't Father? Moreover there is something in the idea of having as many holidays as possible. When every month contains at least two legal holidays we shall be well on the way toward that millennial time when every day will be Sunday, the time when nobody will have to work and everybody will spend the hours in sleeping, eating, and playing. We'll all be artists in that coming time.

Anyhow, since next Sunday is Fathers' Day, what are you going to do for the old man? Don't give him flowers. He doesn't like them. Don't give him cigars. He'd rather buy his own. Above all, don't give him something which you've charged on the monthly bill. The best you can do, we believe, is to receive him gently every evening when he comes home from work, and give him ample opportunity to catch his breath after the day's battles. Let him take it easy until after dinner.

It seems to us eminently fair that parking in the business districts of our north shore towns, during the busy hours, should be limited to an hour, or at the most to an hour and an half. Notices to such effect should be posted in these districts. At the same time, however, care should be taken to extend these forbidden districts no farther than strictly necessary.

People going to Chicago have been in the habit of parking their cars in the more congested parts of our towns all day and sometimes well on into the evening. We see no reason why they should not do this so long as there is no law against it. Districts where parking is limited should be plainly indicated.

The need for such time limitation is evident. Owners of stores have always the right to the use of their own frontages for purposes of loading and unloading. And

townspeople shopping from store to store should certainly find it possible to park temporarily not far from the stores they desire to visit. Therefore time-limitation for parking in busy neighborhoods should be plainly published and strictly enforced.

Put an end to mosquitoes on the North Shore! Swat every adult mosquito and choke to death every other one. The more impossible it is made for their eggs to be laid or hatch, the better for every warm weather resident within our limits. Mosquitoes are an unmitigated pest. Their humming is an offense to our ears. And their bites irritate us to the point of madness and render living intolerable. Therefore we are unalterably and everlastingly in favor of crushing every vestige of mosquito life. If oiling the Skokie ditches is the most effective way of eliminating the pests in this neighborhood, then let the application of oil be repeated and thorough.

Exterminate Mosquitoes!

Here it is ankle-deep in June, and the echoes of winter are still lingering. The bathing beaches are open, but who wants to swim or bathe in ice water? The principal obstacle to the coming of seasonable weather is the big lake itself. So long as the wind comes from any other quarter except the east the mercury goes up. But just exactly as soon as the lake breezes blow, the quicksilver shivers down to 60, 50, or below. What is so rare as a comfortable day in the first half of June?

Public Forum

A NEW VILLAGE ORGANIZATION

It seems that the inhabitants of Winnetka Heights and adjacent property have at last found a way to improve some of the sore spots of Winnetka.

Last Monday evening property owners on Locust street between Pine street and Westmore road (formerly Fig street) determined upon a plan to re-pave Locust street in such a manner that this street will be a safe one to drive over, as well as something pleasant to look upon. For years this street for three blocks has been an eye sore and bone of contention.

It is the purpose of the residents to make the road a passable one and at the same time to keep it countrified. The road bed will be narrow and the parkways on each side will be beautified with grass plots, shrubbery and rows of stately trees.

At the same meeting a committee was appointed to bring before the Village council a resolution that the unsightly mosquito and fly breeding farm located on the northwest corner of Locust and Elm streets be eliminated, for this corner is now being maintained as a public nuisance.

This is a movement in the right direction. Residences valued in the thousands of dollars have been built close to this material yard and barn and the occupants of the beautiful homes are forced to pass this objectionable feature daily.

Other organizations should be formed for such purposes throughout the village, for there is no doubt but great good will result, to have such objections removed from the community. The people of Winnetka allow objectionable features to creep in and expand and to remain, because they think these things cannot be corrected; or is it because they are too busy with their affairs in the city to look after their affairs at home.

There are many such eye sores and nuisances, and organizations such as the Locust Street Improvement Association, which is to be a permanent one, should be formed where needed. This sort of thing adds value to the beautiful homes of Winnetka and by the removal of the objectionable features, more beautiful homes will be constructed.

If need be, let us have more and more such improvement associations.

—OBSERVER.

SHORE LINES

A GOLFER KNOWS "HIS JOB"

DEAR MIQUE: Coupla weeks ago, Mique, you remember I slipped you a few well chosen words anent the golfers and the caddies and asked which was to be reformed. Well since then I've picked up some fresh info on the subject, which gives a different slant to the thing, so I'll slip it along to you.

It seems one of the "heavies" was batting the pill around at his home course and, as he didn't carry a compass and knew nothing about dead reckoning, he "accidentally" sliced one to the north instead of the west which is the charted course. The ball shot off into the rough, which IS ROUGH, and his caddie took after it on the run. The boy kept his eye on the spot at which the pill disappeared, which was about all anybody could expect from one pair of optics. The ball was lost, lost so thoroughly that even Christopher Columbus couldn't have found it.

But in the meantime the golfer sauntered over, as some golfers do, mentally disturbed and riled because his score was "shot." When the caddie couldn't find his ball he facetiously remarked:

"Whatsa matter kid, are you blind?"

The kid didn't mean to pull an impudent comeback, but his thoughts formed the words and he answered: "No sir, I'm not, but maybe I will be after I follow some more of these 'right hooks.'"

The kid's reply tore through the thin skin and the "heavy" got all het up. He was so hot that he threatened to have the caddie thrown off the course. He was sore because he pulled the bum drive, sore because his caddie was "fresh"—sore at the whole world. But he didn't get the kid—they call him Bud—thrown off the course. He didn't, because a nice shower cooled him off and after a good dinner the world looked a lot brighter. He got to thinking and his thoughts rested on the caddie. By now the mental balance which had made him a successful business man had returned and he smiled as he thought of the kid and of what the youthful bag totter had said after failing to find the lost ball.

"That kid has a sense of humor," he thought to himself. "He was right too, about my 'right hook.' That's my weakness and I'm going to try to correct it. Perhaps he's right when he says I'm likely to drive some caddies blind."

I could end this story right here, but this is a true story, so I'll tell it all. Bud was missing from the caddie master's house for a couple of weeks. No one seemed to miss the freckled neck youngster until one day the "heavy" who plays the leading role in this yarn went out for a round.

"Where's that kid Bud," he asked the caddie master.

"Oh, he won't be around for awhile," answered the caddie master. "He's having trouble with his eyes. There's something wrong with them and the glare of the sun out on the course makes it worse. Maybe he won't come back, but I won't have any trouble finding another boy to take his place."

The "heavy" played his round. And when he was back in the clubhouse he picked out one of the medico-members for his dinner guest. He told the Doc about Bud.

"Wonder if you couldn't fix up the kid's eyes," he remarked.

"Eyes aren't in my racket," came the answer—evidence of lukewarm interest. "If he needs an operation perhaps we could send him to a specialist and get the professional rate for the job. Some of us fellows might get together and pro-rata what it costs."

The "heavy" was silent for a moment, then he spoke. "Like H--I we will," he exploded. "If the kid needs an operation, I'll find the specialist and it won't be a professional rate deal either. THIS IS MY JOB."

The closing chapter finds Bud out on the links doing his stuff. The "heavy" is out there too, and he doesn't seem to be hooking 'em to the right anymore.

Believe me, Mique, a sense of humor often develops a valuable lesson.

—THE OLD PLUG.

Which does very nicely for this rare June Day edition of Shore Lines.

—MIQUE.