

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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Is the game of golf moving toward the saturation point—to the point where there no longer will be the urgent demand for courses on which to play the ancient and honorable game of St. Andrew? That question is often asked where golfers gather. They ask it but they do not attempt to answer it. They point to the ever-increasing number of golf clubs—private and public—as evidence that there still is a strong demand for “playgrounds for grown up boys.” Golf has provided the “playgrounds” and the “grown up boys” are providing the clientele that makes the sport the big thing it is today.

Golf has grown, grown in leaps and bounds. In twenty-five years it has grown from a healthy sport infant to Goliath proportions. No longer is golf considered as “exercise” for those who had much time on their hands or who had passed the age of the so-called “violent exercises.” It is true there is no age limit in golf—any healthy man may trample the links for enjoyment or in competition. He has his choice about that.

But the chances are he'll indulge in competition, regardless of his age. One north shore golfer who twenty years ago was a semi-finalist in the national amateur championship, only the other day while playing at his home club turned in a score which won for him the first prize. Maybe in another quarter century he'll be out there again—fighting for another award.

There are two considerations to account for the popularity of golf. One of these, and it must be considered paramount, is the benefit that the game brings, the outdoor life, the exercise in the open with plenty of sunshine, etc., all “guaranteed” to promote good health. The other is the spirit of competition. The older players are enticed by both; the younger by the latter. That is enough to make golf what it is today.

Golf is everybody's game. It belongs to the women as well as the men and year by year the convert colony grows larger. There is no reason why it should stop growing. If it did we would not have in America today our health, our prized possession.

There is nothing ahead to indicate a point of saturation for the game. We say this after reading that no less than a dozen new golf clubs were opened in the Chicago district (several of them on the north shore) last week. The more, the healthier, as well as the more, the merrier.

Good citizens, that is north shore citizens, will not use more water than strictly necessary during the three hours from 4 to 7 while any hot dry spell is on. It is obvious that much use of water lowers the pressure and thus constitutes a menace in case of fire.

One of the most needed and most used summer recreation agents in any community is the summer playground. Children of all ages who either cannot or do not go away for the long vacation need a playground reasonably near

their homes where they can refresh themselves after work in school or office or shop.

The boys and perhaps some of the girls like to indulge in playground ball. The girls enjoy “kick” ball. Both sexes can participate in numerous other games.

We Americans play too little. Thousands see professional baseball and college football, but looking at a game cannot by any stretch be called “playing” a game. No one can play while remaining on the side lines. So it comes to pass that we really play very little, but we look and yell a great deal. We miss the fun and rejuvenation that comes from actually playing the game.

Summer is the season for play and if a boy or girl cannot play while working, and has no opportunity for play after work hours, the most valuable portion of living is missed. It seems to us a fine thing that our north shore villages have provided summer playgrounds.

The welfare of our several villages depends on the condition of the village equipment. With poor run-down street cleaning machines, fire engines, collection trucks, etc., the inhabitants of a town cannot live in peace and security.

The securing of an unusually efficient fire engine should be a matter of pride to each citizen. In fact he should be happier to know of such improvements than to be conscious of improvements in his own private personal property, for a civic improvement means benefit not only to himself but also to all his fellow citizens.

There are a few residents of a village who resent the expending of public funds for improved fire fighting apparatus. They feel that the administration is not so thrifty as it ought to be. Money ought to be saved. Taxes ought to be lower. The old equipment is good enough. It has done good service and will still be adequate.

But such a line of thinking is ill advised. If the house and family of one of these luke-warm individuals were threatened by fire, wouldn't he be happy to know that a fire engine of maximum efficiency were on the way to save his house and family?

Let us then not only make no objection to the economical buying of new civic equipment but on the contrary take a justifiable pride in these improvements.

Having had experience with poorly inflated tires, we feel that we are in good position to urge not only ourselves but others to keep tires well pumped up. Underinflation means the working back and forth of casing fabric; and this means weakening of casing walls. So we tell ourselves as well as others “Keep your tires full.”

Hub tells us on his Theater page that he has a pair of “howling shoulders.” This news arouses our sympathy and also our congratulations. Why congratulations? Because Hub is getting something that is usually monopolized by people who go away for a vacation. And Hub got his sunburn right down on our north shore beaches.

SHORE LINES

ADD ODIIOUS COMPARISONS

WE know a dog that rivals the editorial *Gin*, that canine who diets upon type metal as if it were bones. The dog that we know so well responds to the old-fashioned name of “Toby.” He is mostly Irish terrier but one or more of his ancestors must have been Airdale. But his courage is entirely Celtic.

Toby is a most companionable dog. *Gin* will run around town inspecting village affairs, asking no human companion. But Toby loves human society. He will go nowhere without human friend. He asks nothing better than riding with his mistress. He goes wild when offered such a trip. We have never seen *Gin* go wild.

Toby is a wonderful watchdog. The slightest sound of a strange voice or footfall calls from him immediately a sharp bark, followed by a threatening growl.

Toby appreciates whatever is done for him. And his appreciation is of no ordinary sort. It is voluminous and vehement. When pleasantly excited he bounds about like a most lively rubber ball.

When Toby scrutinizes a friend with his soft brown eyes the little terrier seems higher in the evolutionary scale than the average canine.

—FIL, THE FILOSOFER.

***** Thumbs Down!

Dear Mr. Mique: I'm coming out from under cover to hand you this one. I saw a fellow's (a boy friend's) head and it looked kinda funny so I giggled. He caught me at it and being a bit sensitive remarked that I should not make fun of his head as it was the only one he had, to which I answered fast just like this: “Why, Babe, you said you were going to get a-head.” If, after this I must be shot at break of day, please grant my last request and let me select the spot.—Em.

Well, What's the Mystery?

Dear Mique: That Fungo Hitting mug ain't so smart. Let him write his line, but I'll show him I'm versatile by stepping into a new character. I'm not a one subject guy either like he is. Chances are he couldn't write anything intelligible if it wasn't about golf and he needs an anchor to hold him down on that.

Now get me on this, I'm an observing gent and what I observe I absorb—that is, if it isn't too bad to swallow. But while I was doing my observing stuff on Sunday morning I came across a couple of things that'd give Sherlock Holmes plenty of employment. First, I was riding on Sheridan road near the big bridge. At the curb I spotted a lady's hat. A block farther south in the middle of the road I see a lady's slipper. Mysterious—What? I gets all excited and tells a cop because I think maybe they's been some sort of a tragedy. The cop looks at me kinda sorrowfully and says, “Say, young fellow, don't worry about that, the lady had enough to get home on, or on enough to get home, anyway.”

I'm still a bit mystified when I bumps into another mystery. I steps into the L terminal about 11 o'clock, just in time to see one of our cops step up to a gent who's been standing in the station since 5 o'clock in the morning. The cop says “Was you waiting for your wife?” because he probably sometime had an appointment with his own wife.

“No,” answered the waiter with a glassy stare, “I been waiting here for a train to take me to Diversey, but they're not running today.”

Mique, it looks like somebody was going to get bawled out when Mr. Insull finds out that his employes have removed Diversey from his line.

—THE OLD PLUG.

Dear Mique:

“The clay feet of another eighth grade history idol have been entertainingly exposed by Eugene O'Neill.” Book page last week.

Blessings on thee, eighth grade idol,

Feet of Clay you've tried to hide'll,

Be exposed by the “literary”

While Mencken satellites make merry.

—THE STORMY PETREL.

Among those who, we trust, were thoroughly roasted last week were the gentlemen who wheeled a certain brand of home-heating apparatus about the north shore right at the peak of the sweltering period.

MIQUE.