

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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While few desire to see our business streets become like Wilson avenue, still every citizen, every householder and housewife can readily see the advantage of having stores of various sorts within easy shopping distance. It is practically imperative that groceries and markets be within a few blocks of home, so that table supplies can be quickly procured. The same may be said of drug stores, coal and lumber yards, dry goods stores and other commodity shops. In every community there really must be a group of stores.

The problem then becomes, how to conserve the country sides of suburban life, while still maintaining certain city advantages. How can those city workers who seek recreation in the suburbs get this recreation and at the same time get supplies for their tables and houses?

The obvious answer to these city workers is: live far enough away from the business district in your town so that you will not be annoyed by the noise, bright lights and dirt. Where there is business there must be activity; activity means tear and wear, noise, and plenty of dust and dirt.

Unfortunately there are some suburbanites who do not feel kindly towards the business interests of our villages. They apparently would like to do away with them altogether. These same people regard a chamber of commerce as a pure nuisance, a group of men who are working, not for, but against the best interests of the community.

But do these objectors buy nothing at the village stores? Have these suburban sleepers considered how often they have telephoned the neighboring drug store to send over immediately a brick of ice cream? Have they never sent to the neighboring coal yard an S. O. S. for a half a ton of coal? And can they expect that storekeepers will be satisfied never to expand their business, never make provision for greater shelf and counter space, never have the ambition to grow?

Suburbanites must expect to see suburban business grow as the community grows.

A book named "We" is just off the press. All about Lindy and his plane. No one has forgotten that when he told the simple, direct story of his wonderful Atlantic hop he used, as a matter of habit, the first person plural instead of the singular. Almost anybody else would have said, "I did this and that," rather than, "We did this and that." And it seems all the more remarkable because he was not including with himself another person, but his plane. If there is in history an example of another individual making so intimate a connection between himself and

a machine, unless it be a man and his boat, we are ignorant of it.

When Lindberg allied himself with his plane he was frankly expressing the best philosophy in the world. He was forgetting himself and remembering himself and his plane. He was rising out of the narrow and low individualistic point of view, and taking the higher unselfish standpoint. It is our opinion that the "we" in this heroic flier's story accounts in large part for the tremendous impression he made on the popular mind.

He teaches us a much-needed lesson. The larger part of mankind's problems would be solved were man to forget himself and ally himself truly with others. "We" expresses the true community spirit. And not only that but also the true inter-community and national spirit.

Most of the progress and prosperity of our north shore towns is due to the fact that their affairs are in the hands of a man who has had special training for his work and a man who is on the job all the time. He is called very appropriately village manager, because that is just what he is.

No village trustee or group of village trustees can render the service rendered by the village manager, for the sufficient reason that the trustees have neither the time nor the ability. The village manager looks out for the interests of the whole village.

Some few citizens may contend that a village manager is not worth the extra expense; the money not spent on his salary is just that much money saved. But an efficient manager saves more than his own salary. Under a competent village manager the various departments—business, electric, water, street maintenance—are run so economically that the paying of his salary really brings money into the village treasury.

Moreover, a village manager can be held personally responsible for defects and abuses in his department. If your ashes or refuse is not being collected regularly and in a sanitary way, phone the village manager, and you will at least have the comfort of knowing that some village official knows of your dissatisfaction and that almost certainly the trouble will not recur. In all our years as citizen and property owner a telephone call to the manager in our community has never failed to call out immediate and satisfactory action.

It seems to us eminently reasonable that our village managers should keep the citizens whom they serve continually informed through the press of what is going on in their communities. Every month at least, and at shorter intervals whenever necessary, managers should publish accurate data of village affairs that citizens may know exactly what certain improvements are costing, how many gallons the water plant is pumping, the definite needs of the community, etc.

Let us co-operate with our managers by taking a real interest in their work, and appreciating their good deeds.

SHORE LINES

VACATION days are with us, and how! Offices and shop are but sparsely populated, what with a goodly number of toilers far away in the wilds, the while their brethren and sister(n) (for dear euphony's sake) extend an extra effort here and there to keep the old grist mill grinding with accustomed smoothness. Some of us are back from the annual fortnight of respite, others still look forward to that precious breathing spell. Vacations are really funny—one often feels so utterly useless, not to mention helpless, when alienated from the daily routine. They may be quite unrevivifying, as our friend the philosopher might say.

Things Aren't the Same

Soc Ed and Wickie have deserted the ranks. The one to languish in the northern pine forests where none shall intrude, the other to grace the eastern shores of Lake Michigan—along with her trusty harp—where, Neptune's foamy messengers declare, she is doing a devastatingly beautiful Lorelei for the benefit of the t. b. m. and others who chance to pass her way.

And She's Not Bizarre

THE LITTLE BENGAL OF THE PROOF READER'S ROOM—GRIM RIGHTER OF ALL WRONGS—IS AUTHORITY FOR THE OPINION THAT A BAZAAR IS "A SPECIAL SALE OF THINGS NOBODY WANTS." AND AT THAT WE HADN'T HEARD SHE WAS READING BAZAAR STORIES AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR.

Worsean'moreofem

Recent rehearsals in Shore Lines of quips perpetrated at the expense of the alleged penurious Scots have encouraged the contributions appended which may or may not serve those who qualify as dummies at the bridge tables, i. e., to wit:

A Scotchman riding atop a bus dropped a dime which rolled off the platform and fell into the street. Of course Scotty went after it and when he came to the platform he was going so fast he couldn't stop and dived over the rail to the street below, completely breaking his neck. Coroner's jury report: "Death due to natural causes."

A man stepped up to a cigar counter and bought two ten-cent cigars. A Scotchman who was waiting to be served pushed forward.

"You sell those cigars three for a quarter, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the dealer.

"Well," said the Scotchman, producing a nickel, "I'll take the other one."

Don't Take a Chance!

All of which prompts our bachelor friend to wonder whether Scotch women could be relied upon to be sparing with words.

MAN AND HIS SHOES

How much a man is like his shoes!

For instance, both a soul may lose;

Both have been tanned; both are made tight

By cobblers; both get left and right.

Both need a mate to be complete,

And both are made to go on feet.

They both need healing; oft are sold,

And both in time will turn to mold.

With shoes the last is first; with men

The first shall be last, and when

The shoes wear out they're mended new;

When men wear out they're men—dead too;

They both are tread upon and both

Will tread on others, nothing loath.

Both have their ties, and both incline,

When polished, in their world to shine;

And both peg out; now would you choose

To be a man or be his shoes?

—JAPANESE PHILOSOPHY.

Awaken, Littul Wun!

And nary a word from Littul Wun when she's at home. On foreign soil her pen is so pleasingly prolific. No doubt enjoying her summer nap along with most all the contribs.

Like Unto You, Tiny

"Oh, for the good old days," sighs Tiny the Timid, "when men were men and women weren't."

And, mindful of the g. o. d., who among you can recall those halcyon times when folks weren't concerned about vacations?

The Wrigl(ey)ing Cubs may yet postpone our vacation to the first week in October.

—MIQUE.