

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

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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.

We, meaning the writer and a congenial friend, took a walk through the woods the other day. Leaving the dusty, graveled highway we crossed a little piece of pasture land and entered the woods by way of a disused wagon trail. Now, if there is any pleasanter path than an old wagon trail winding through the woods, we have yet to discover it. It is easily followed, not easily lost like a foot trail. The ground is almost always grass covered; therefore it has a soft resiliency, restful yet not retarding like sand. It is shady and yet not gloomy. Finally it provides pleasing vistas.

On we walked, enjoying every step of the way. On both sides towered majestic maples and beeches, as well as great pines and hemlocks. Between these monarchs of the woods was the second generation of saplings, slender and tall, reaching up for a share of the sunlight and air. And rising scarcely above the forest floor grew millions of seedlings, most of them soon to die in the fierce struggle for existence.

After a little the wagon trail came to a sudden end and we found it wise to accept the trustworthy guidance of a barbed wire fence, help not to be scorned, though artificial and entirely unlovely. We came to a clearing and there got a panoramic picture of our little lake and good old Lake Michigan. Way off on the horizon was an ore boat with its long streams of smoke. Behind it rose North Manitou Island.

We sat down to rest a bit, and on the ground beside us saw numberless signs of insect and plant life. Upturning a stone we came upon a mother spider sheltering her eggs enveloped in a tough white web. On a leaf of a milk weed hundreds of ants were bustling about, milking aphides, which in turn were feeding on the juices of the milk weed. Small birds were flitting about—warblers, chickadees, cedar waxwings.

As we continued our stroll we came from the woodland into a potato field, where a farmer boy was sprinkling paris green on the plants, as a protection against the well-known potato bug. Across the road was a deserted farm, which we explored. From behind the house on a high hill we again got a marvelous view of the surrounding country and the neighboring bodies of water. Resting again we carelessly picked up a flat stone and on it read a word or two of the geological history of the hillside. The coral and shell impressions on the stone showed us that ages ago the land where we sat was deep under water, that coral insects built on this sea bottom their wonderfully beautiful limestone homes, that later the ice succeeded the water and in the form of glaciers made these hills and valleys.

An interesting lesson in adult education.

Living as we do in the midst of beautiful surroundings we are likely to overlook this beauty. The extraordinary beauty of our trees, gardens, homes and drives is before our eyes every day; consequently the edge of our appreciation grows dulled. We take for granted that which a stranger would regard as little short of marvelous.

## Calling Your Attention

Of course it is unfortunate that familiarity does breed a sort of contempt, but the fact remains that it commonly does. It is probably true that a lovely wife or a handsome husband is in danger of losing some attractiveness as the years of constant familiar intercourse increase. We do not say that this loss of charm is certain or universal. On the contrary beauty may seem to grow along with familiarity. One living day after day in a beautiful land may like it more and more as he sees it day after day. A wife may seem lovelier on her golden wedding day than on her first wedding day; and this not because her features or complexion has improved.

What causes this enhancement of the familiar? Why does one's husband seem to grow handsomer as the days of wedded life increase? Why does a man sometimes become more of a hero to his valet as the latter comes to know him better? We believe that it is because of having one's attention called to certain fine qualities that otherwise he might have missed? The shape of a familiar tree may be more appreciated if one's attention is called to the tree's symmetry or to accent it gives to a certain landscape?

It is therefore good that our attention should be called to the beauties of our own north shore.

We are informed that building activity in Glencoe exceeds that of any of her neighbors. It is in that suburb that "building material trucks are thicker than pleasure cars." Building permits have there been issued in profusion for residences, garages, stores, apartment buildings, water works plant and public incinerator. Although Glencoe is doing more building just now than other north shore towns still construction is active all up and down the shore and will continue to be.

Now, a grave danger attends rapid building. What has happened in Chicago and other large cities may happen in our own suburbs. In the rush for erecting buildings of various kinds we are likely to forget the joint effect that these structures will have together with other buildings. One man puts up a brick veneer building; another, a stucco; a third, a frame; a fourth, a stone structure. When they are all up they look like just what they are, namely, buildings erected independently of one another, totally unrelated to one another.

With a little more co-operation we might have homes that would add to and not detract from each other's good looks. We might have towns on the north shore that would please the transient and discriminating tourist. Some attempt is made to have our business centers present a comely group effect. But our homes have nothing to do with one another. Smith built his English cottage beside Jones' brick veneer structure, and the result is horribile.

## SHORE LINES

### EVER TAKE A "VACATION?"

NOW that the smart folks are digging into all dictionaries extant in the effort to discover just what the President of these United States really meant when he used the word "choose" in dictating his famous statement that he would not be a candidate for the office of chief executive of the nation next year we come across a new one from Evingston. Now we're going to get busy and try to discover what is the real meaning of the word "vacation."

This vacation thing popped us in the eye when we were reading an item in the Evanston paper which stated that—oh, well we'll reprint it as it is:

"Deserting Evanston social and cultural byways and the art circles of Chicago, Antonin Sterba, local artist, accompanied by Mrs. Sterba and their son, plan to leave in the autumn to spend a period from six months to a year in Los Angeles."

Oh, for the life of an artist—the w. k. firemen seem to have become pikers. Once we had a vacation—sometimes once a year—and it lasted two weeks and we dignified it by the name "vacation." But six months to a year—is that a vacation, retirement or just a day off?

### Alone:

Think you I am alone?  
Then you who are so wise  
Know not that I have company  
In my heart's paradise.  
My dearest friend, my inner self,  
Within this chamber lies.

They say I am alone,  
For I am bent and old  
And useless in this busy world's  
Mad rush to gather gold.  
My dear ones all long since are gone,  
The family hearth is cold.

But call me not alone,  
A priceless boon is mine,  
For heart and mind and soul are friends,  
Sweet memories they combine,  
And visit long among themselves  
In harmony divine.

—LITTUL WUN.

### How Times Do Change

Dear Mique: You read the papers? Me too. I'm taking my daily column slant and I find that our famous north shore village of Glencoe is following fast in the march of time. Twenty years ago—that isn't so long—look what was happening in Glencoe, according to the Tribune:

"Justice Gus Lane was busy a-haying yesterday, and James F. Dennis, mayor and chief of police of Glencoe, took up the fight against "devil wagons," as they term automobiles up there. He stretched a two inch cable across Sheridan road at a narrow point and every machine was stopped, some of them with considerable force. Mayor Dennis gave each of the drivers a lecture and a warning that they mean business in Glencoe."

Now Mique, imagine what those "devil wagon" drivers would do to that cable today.

—E. T. S.

### Well, What of It?

Mr. Editor Mique: Sometimes I get something like this in the proof-room to lighten the hours:

"The Callahans have eight children to the Murphys' one."

That's just fine for the Callahans and the Murphys and may success continue to be their's, but tell me, how many children have the Murphys?

—THE LADY NEXT DOOR.

### If This Be Murder, Shoot

Some are summers and "summer" not.

Sometimes we wonder how our honored profession is progressing. We asked the lady who writes the society items at a desk a few paces away if she had a story about the F---s going to Europe.

"Yes," she answered, "I had the story last year." Schools of Journalism "please copy."

—MIQUE.