

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.

On or about August 4 we toured from a small resort town not far from Northport, which is at the tip of the thumb of land that ends the east shore of Lake Michigan, down to Frankfort, in the heart of Crystal Lake region.

Summer Resorts

It was a ride of some fifty miles on what is called in Northern Michigan the Scenic route. We were so near Lake Michigan that often when on a hill we could see it off to the west. Then we'd point some hundreds of miles to the southwest and say, "There's the north shore."

Frankfort was full of resorters. There was almost no parking spaces at the curb. There were a very few of the all-the-year-round habitants in town. Mostly resorters. The difference was easily noted. The resorter was, as a rule, pale of face and hand and dressed either in State street sporting garb or in new dollar colored shirts and knickers, or in new khaki long pants. That is, the men. The women also wore knickers, and how short pants did set off the figures of the fat ladies! But they didn't wear khaki long pants. We think they never will. The habitants were dark red as to face and hands. They wore old and soiled ready-made clothes.

Lots of cars in the towns. Not so good for the railroads and steamboats. In fact we found that the steamers had just about given up competing for passengers and were putting practically all their energies into the freight business.

If you are looking for an enjoyable tour, drive around the lake up to Michigan, on M31 and 22.

Don't confuse the beaches with the beeches. The north shore has few, if any, beeches, but it fortunately has several beaches. Every north shore town has at least one fine beach. Within fairly easy reach of every section of our communities is a splendid stretch of smooth sandy shore.

It is these beaches that really make the suburbs along the north shore such highly desirable residence areas. Imagine land in the place of the lake and you imagine a district like any other which has no water front. It would be a district almost unendurable in the summer and without distinction at any time of the year.

What a wonderful place for children! If you want to see and really feel just how wonderful, live for some years in a suburb like Oak Park or La Grange, beautiful because of their trees and fine homes, but with no natural swimming and bathing facilities. These western suburbs are dry. Our children have the lake.

"No Man's Land" is in imminent danger, more threatening every day, of losing its time honored, familiar name and taking on a new name, hitherto unknown in geography or history. Its well-known title, with its allusion to that land

Terra Del Nullo Hombre

lying halfway between the allied and German armies in the Great War and the scene of the bloodiest encounters, is soon to pass into local history. A foreign name, Terra del Nullo Hombre, will in the very near future take its place.

The cause of this change is the coming to this isthmus between Wilmette and Kenilworth of the two Spanish institutions, Teatro del Lago and Vista del Lago, with their numberless adjuncts of Spanish name. A mere list of these names will be enough to alarm any who dread a Spanish invasion. Read them—Vista del Lago, Teatro del Lago, San Luis de Francia, Santa Ynez, El Senor Alberto Gutierrez, Sorolla, Cervantes, Don Quixote, Mentore, embarcadero, and esplanada.

The tennis tourney at Skokie Club was a thrilling spectacle. We know of no sport, unless it be some indoor sport like billiards or fencing, that calls for and obtains such fine playing, such accuracy of placement and such neat measurement of power, as tennis.

Tennis

Golf is a great game, time honored and in itself wonderfully recreative. We appreciate the extraordinary skill it takes to propel the little white ball far enough and just far enough. A good golf course is a beautiful sight, and it is pleasant and profitable to traverse it once or twice in an afternoon.

But it is a slow game compared with tennis. Moreover it is an older man's game, whereas tennis is a game only for the young. The latter demands a quick eye, arm, and leg. If you are to please an agile opponent you must be on the alert every second. A moment's relaxation may lose you the set. On a perfect court no nicety in adjustment of stroke is wasted. As in billiards there is a mathematical precision in the relation between cause and effect. Hit the ball in a certain way and with a certain force and you will get just as certain a result. But it is a strenuous game and not to be engaged in by the weak hearted.

One of our strongest desires is to see Bill Tilden play a rubber with Helen Wills. We have never seen either play.

In some countries and communities business and social life is almost at a standstill in the summer time. Men, women and even children take a siesta during the warmer periods of the year, just as in many small towns, remote from large cities, banks and stores close during the noon hour to allow the employees to go home for lunch.

But on the north shore there is a great deal doing July and August. Weddings are taking place, recitals, operas, parties of all kinds, sports of varied nature, picnics and special town days. A stranger coming into one of our towns would scarcely know that it is vacation time for the schools. Scanning the social calendar, he might think it was April.

Summer Doings

SHORE LINES

TO THE GIVER

It's funny,
A thing so small
Could mean so much—
A lover's call,
Or tender touch—

But honey,
As small a thing—
This band of gold,
My wedding ring—
Our dreams will hold.

It's queer,
A ring could wink
So for it's size,
And brightly blink
It's diamond eyes.

But, dear,
I think the smiles
Of children sweet
Were caught and piled
In it, to greet

Each sunbeam's glance,
And happy thing
That sees by chance
My wedding ring.

—NITA LANE W.
(in Daily Illini)

The Name Sounds Menacing

Dear Mique: Now listen here. The bird who says nothing is so bad that it can't be made better is right. I see by the papers that Cicero, the place where a fella can get shot loose from his breath for a thin dime or less and where Rosey Duncan plays "She who gets slapped" is out to re-establish its fair reputation. A lady out there steps out to give Cicero fame instead of notoriety. It is Miss Mae Zabokrtsky and she has some punch. She punched the typewriter keys so fast that she set a new world's record, typing 280 pages in five and one-half days. She punched out 544,800 key impressions, which is some punching even in these days of Dempseys and Tunneys. Now let someone say something against the fair name of Cicero. Our hats off to you Miss Zabokrtsky.

—THE OLD PLUG

Little Bride's Are Like That

Dear Mique—The other night some newlyweds called and we discussed the possibility of two people growing to look alike. "Oh, yes, one gets the other's ways, expressions and—"

"And, the other's goat?" finished the little bride. And a clever girl like that is married.

See you on Wilmette Day, Mique, I'll be in the parade and all the contests for which I am eligible. I'm glad there will be no beauty contest.

—HAIL FELLOW WILMETTE

RUSSIAN LULLABY

(Try this on your balalaika)

"Some classka! She's from Itasca I betka."

"You're all wetka; she's from Athabasca."

"Well why don't jaska?"

"She says she's from Sitka, Alaska."

"Has she any vodka?"

"No, just a papooska"

"Oh, what's the yooska! I want one that can petka, like Will met in Winnetka."

—AUGIE

Only a Genius Would

Dear Mique—Any man can write a love letter to a girl, but it takes a genius to write a love letter to his wife.

—A GENIUS

Boy, Page Bernarr MacFadden

MIQUE—What do you make of this, culled from a prominently displayed advertisement in a recent issue of one of the L. H. Inc., valued mediums:

"... prolongs life. Don't commit slow suicide by poisoning your system with impure and improper food. Eat only food that is of known purity, and you will live longer and die happier."

—MARIAN

Please Pass the Rhapsody!

And while on the subject of proper foods, one may get a jolt or two from R. L. P's astonishing assertion that the Thursday Ravinia concerts have lured north shore youngsters from ice cream cones to music.

—MIQUE