

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$2.00 A YEAR

All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Articles for publication must reach the editor by Thursday noon to insure appearance in current issue.

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.

With the close of the Ravinia Grand Opera season next week we pause to think of the splendid treat missed by those who go away from the north shore for the summer. Is there any residence section in the whole world that has such cultural opportunities during the months of July and August as Chicago and its suburbs? We who stay at home are indeed fortunate in having within easy riding distance the world's choicest players and singers.

Have You Missed Ravinia Opera?

North shore children are especially fortunate. Regular attendance at Ravinia achieves for them an acquaintance, an intimacy, with the greatest operatic and orchestral compositions. Coming into close contact with these masterpieces in their formative years, children carry with them throughout life that most enviable of all experiences, knowledge of masters and masterpieces.

The ignorance of the world's greatest achievements which must be the lifelong lot of many unfortunate people is deplorable. There are thousands in America to whom even the name, Il Trovatore, is unknown. Never have they heard the name and never will they. That it is a famous opera written by an outstanding composer they have not the slightest means of discovering. How poor, how poverty stricken their lives must be. And how rich in comparison are the lives of those who may go daily to Ravinia!

Labor Day marks the end of the long vacation and the return of school days, happy school days, golden rule days. The coolish days of fall are invading the summer camps and cottages and inciting the occupants to get back to thicker walls and steam heat. So the highways are thick with hustling cars loaded with impedimenta of sorts and children out of sorts.

School Days Return Again

For days the resorters have been remarking to one another that they never before saw a vacation go by so quickly, although that's the way the summer always goes. To listen to them remark you would think that just as soon as they reached camp it was time to return to civilization. And it has been short as the memory bridges between the time between coming and going. But when one reviews all the things he has done, vacation days begin to lengthen out again to their true proportions.

The natives return to homes that have been empty, or almost so, since the last of June. Windows and doors must be opened and musty air replaced by air more suitable for breathing purposes. And mother must re-enter her kitchen and clean up for father has tried once or twice to get his own meals.

Uncomfortable clothes must take the place of comfortable camp clothes, and Johnny and Susie must hunt up their discarded school books or touch father for the wherewithal to buy new ones.

Welcome home!

According to report a woman of 60, who had been visiting on the north shore, passed under the crossing gates after a north bound electric train had gone by and was struck and killed by a south bound train. The report says that the crossing gates were down and that she proceeded under the gates, unmindful of another train approaching from the opposite direction.

Way to Avoid "Accidents"

Assuming that the report is correct, can such an occurrence be correctly called an accident? An accident, as we understand it, is a chance happening, an event of which the causes could not normally be foreseen. But in this case the gates were down, and the individual in question walked under the gates. Gates down means train approaching. Neglecting this caution usually means injury or death. If the individual knew that gates down meant danger the event could hardly be called an accident.

The railroads do a great deal to avoid damage to property and loss of limb and life. They pay lots of money to maintain safe crossings. Often their employes are not so alert as they should be. But when individuals pay no heed to lowered gates, that which occurs should not be called an accident.

Opening your September Atlantic and turning the pages you will run upon an article written by a well known resident of Kenilworth. The article is called "Hang the Dog," and the author is none other than Edwin Hedrick, described by the Atlantic editor as a "noted trial lawyer of Chicago."

"Hang the Dog" Is Convincing

The article, more of an autobiographical essay than story, voices in an interesting and convincing way Mr. Hedrick's strong conviction that capital punishment is a relic of Old Testament times and should long ago have been superseded by a more reasonable and more humane way of dealing with homicides. Incidentally it touches upon many portions of Mr. Hedrick's experiences as lawyer and will therefore be found especially interesting to his many friends on the north shore.

Where are the summers of yesteryear? That's a question that we hear very often these days. We haven't any intention of answering it because we frankly confess we don't know. The summery daytime, the cool evenings—reminders of Colorado Springs and other mountainous regions—may have their advantages, in fact they must have, for the Health Physician of Wilmette states that our suburb is extremely healthy at this writing. That information is intensely interesting, and worth considering by those who are hollering because we don't have summers like we used to have. They might peek at the family budget at the end of the year and find out that the Doctor's bill hasn't been as large as in other years.

SHORE LINES

DID ANYBODY SAY "MOYDAH"

DEAR MIQUE: Now that we're going to have the big scrap between Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Tunney on our Lake Front this month I'm a bit puzzled and I want to ask you a question. You know I've been following this Dempsey fellow's ring activity ever since that torrid day he smacked Jess Willard down at Toledo and separated him from the walloping gonfalon or pennant of crown or what had Jess. Well I always noticed in the papers when some of the expert pugilistic writers asked Dempsey before he fought Froggie Carpentier, Billy Miske, Wild Bull Firpo, Tom Gibbons and some of those other mugs what was going to happen when they got in the ring he always said: "Well, you know he's a tough fellow. I'll have to be careful."

Now he's going to fight Tunney and he says: "I'm going to knock Tunney cold."

The thing that bothers me is this. He only committed manslaughter when he met Carpentier et. al., so what will it be when he meets a fellow he says he's going to knock cold. Give me the dope.

—SINGAPORE KID.

VACATION DAYS

Oh I'm goin' off a-bummin'
In my little Ford coupè,
And I'll see more of this country
Than I've seen in many a day.

For I'll go up North a-campin'
To see my fishin' friends,
An' I'll stay down South a-dreamin'
Where a bright day never ends.

I'll go East and see the smokestacks
Make the air all grey and blue;
I'll go West and see the sun set
In every known hue.

I'll sleep out in the open,
With the stars above my head,
And dream of God's own country
And be glad that I'm not dead!

—A GENIUS.

ANOTHER WHEEZE

Bettina sits quietly next door listening to the—I was going to say birds, but I mean them coal eating rattlers which grind their brakes at the crossings, when I steps in.

"Know any today," I asks.

"Yep," said she, "I thought this one up. It was inspired by those peaceful rattlers which I hear going by. We'll get a sign and plaster it on that tomato can you're steering through our village."

"And what will the sign say?" I asks.

"Well, just put on it 'I do not choose to run next year,'" answers Bettina.

Now wouldn't that give any one a cool-edge?

—THE OLD PLUG.

Dear Mique: I know you're away on your vacation, or what have you, but I'll Mique you anyway for the col. I can't get over thinking how dumb them polar bears up in Alaska must be. They ought to have been wise enough to duck when Mrs. Rochester Slaughter went up there with the John Borden hunting expedition.

—BACK OF THE YARDS LOOIE.

Dear Mique: I see by the paper that a lady won the chicken calling championship. I don't think she'll hold the title long when the news reaches some of those fellows on Broadway.

—THE SIDEWALK CRITIC.

"Have you seen those William Tell neckties?" queries Wisecracker.

"No, what are they?" I asks.

"They're the kind that snap and hit the Adam's apple," shoots back Wisecracker.

That'll do for a pinch-hitter.

—MIQUE II.