

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.

Every day adds to the list of motor accidents in Cook County. While accidents of this sort may not occur every day in our North Shore towns, still they do occur with terrifying frequency. Every Sunday, at least, sees someone, usually a child, killed or seriously wounded in an auto collision. Must this shocking condition continue? Is there no way to prevent auto collisions?

Prevent Motor Accidents

It seems to us that many of these calamities might have been prevented. In the first place there are many drivers who approach street intersections with their cars NOT under control. They are not in condition to come to a full stop within a few feet, if necessity demands. If after passing into the intersection they see a car approaching rapidly they cannot avoid running into it. They certainly COULD if they had not been driving so fast while rounding the corner. Every driver when coming near to an intersection should slow down and be prepared to put on his brakes immediately and effectively.

In the second place many drivers, especially those who are younger, drive altogether too fast on streets where the visibility is poor. Their mental attitude seems to be, Why travel at 15 miles when your car can do 50? Parents might do a great deal to correct this abuse. Teachers also might help.

When a competent officer is willing to continue in a line of service in which he has already been of unusual benefit, the institution which he serves is certainly to be congratulated. It frequently happens that such a man is drawn away by offers of more pay and better conditions, perhaps to a bigger field and more promising opportunities. It is not easy to keep such a man.

Congratulations to New Trier

We understand that Superintendent Clerk of New Trier high school has consented to remain at his present post for five years longer. This will mean a continuance of the gratifying progress that the school has already made under his guidance. It will mean that the school will continue to help adolescents in their development into such citizens as America will increasingly need.

The community is proud of its high school and of those who control its onward movements.

The members of the American Legion seem to be having a grand time in Europe, visiting the Pope and the King of England. We are a little afraid that when they return they will do more to make us tolerate monarchy than Superintendent McAndrew ever did.

If the north shore is more noted for one thing than another, and no doubt it is noted for many desirable things, it is favorably noted for its musical life. Hardly a week passes during the fall and winter season but that a recital or concert is being given either in some public place or in a private home.

North Shore Musical Events

All the schools give music an important place in their curricula and daily programs. Almost any branch of music may be followed by north shore pupils in our public and private schools. If a pupil desires to learn to play on any instrument he can obtain tuition in a local branch of a metropolitan conservatory or of some near-by private teacher.

It is not necessary to go into details about our numerous and highgrade recitals and concerts. The best singers and players in the world come to our very doors and present programs that are literally unsurpassed in any locality. We hear symphony concerts that satisfy the taste of the most exacting.

Because our communities are so musical we have an abundance of musical news, enough in fact to justify us in establishing in our papers a page of musical events, a page where you can find out all about the concerts and recitals that are to take place. You will also find on the music page reviews of musical events of all kinds. It will be a page for north shore music lovers.

Every driver of any sensitiveness, no matter how slight, will agree that there are few sounds so annoying, so painfully irritating, as the persistent squawking of motor horns. We believe that many a motorist has been on the verge of leaping from his car and strangling one of these enemies of mankind who blows his horn on the slightest provocation. Wait at the crossing one second after the green light has come on and some roughneck behind begins to squawk.

Please Stop Your Squawking!

Not only does this raw, crude noise irritate the quiet, peaceful law-abiding citizen; it very often riles him to such a degree that he grows stubborn and refuses to budge until he feels like it. And small wonder, either, because no treatment is so entirely unpleasant as inconsiderate, continuous nagging; which is just what this squawking from the rear amounts to.

Cooler weather has come and has probably come to stay for eight or nine months. Therefore everybody who has been taking a siesta during the warm weeks ought now to get to work, take his foot off the brake and step on the accelerator.

Get to Work!

Lots of work has to be done this fall and winter. There's no standing still. We must either go ahead or slide back. And going ahead means work. What has already been accomplished will deteriorate unless somebody works to keep it up.

Our village officials have plenty of work to do. The through truck highway ought to be an accomplished fact before next summer. There must be grade separation in all our towns. Streets and alleys must be maintained and where necessary repaved. Let's all pull together!

SHORE LINES

REMEMBRANCE

*I often wonder, as I go
Down the paths we walked,
Stricken with the grief of 'ol
The things of which we talked.*

*Whether, in some other place—
Perhaps in those same hours—
Your heart, too, finds something sad
In familiar flowers.*

—WICKIE.

The Dilemma

Dear Mique: One of our enterprising north shore business men had a problem and he didn't know just how to solve it. When he went to college he did it on the "split trick" plan, which, in other words, means that he attended two knowledge factories. He spent two years at one university and two more at another. On Saturday he's going to see a football game and this battle is to be between the football teams of the two colleges he attended. Having a warm spot in his heart for both colleges, he couldn't decide which one to root for and, what is more painful still, he couldn't make up his mind to bet on either because he thinks that would be the equivalent of lese majeste. He says to us, "Tell me, what shall I do?"

"Bet on some team which has a lust for victory," we told him.

"All right, thank you," says he. "That settles it, I'll have to bet on both of them."

—THE OLD PLUG.

TO PEG

*O'er my head a mantle of black
Is studded with the glistening stars.
The lake of deepest ebon hue
Reflects the moon's soft golden bars.*

*Thoughts so drear ensnare my heart,
And grip and bind my lonely soul—
I feel so all alone out here,
While hours their dragging paces toll.*

*But as I sit here looking forth,
A pinkish glow comes o'er the lake—
The sun at last peeps from a hill,
And slowly chirping birds awake.*

*And as the sun replaces moon—
And as the black gives way to blue,
My soul finds joy and happiness
In resting here midst dreams of you.*

—THE PISCATOR.

"Shorty," the Optimist

No resident of the north shore who has occasion to pass through the "L" terminal at Wilmette can fail to overlook "Shorty," the veteran newsboy—whose name is listed in our catalog of unpronounceables—who has become an institution in that vicinity, and his calls to the passersby as familiar, if not so soothing, as a mother's lullaby.

What we purpose to say, however, is that "Shorty" is fundamentally an optimist. Though he has experienced as many ups and downs as the average elevator boy, his buoyant spirit is ceaseless and unflinching. "Shorty" will take issue with anyone on any given point of contention, whether it pertains to the bang-tails or the question as to which of two lumps of sugar will first attract a fly. His latest disappointment was the Manassa Mauler, that fiasco having followed closely the deplorable debacle of the illustrious Cubs. But none of these set-backs have perturbed our hero to the extent that one could discern even the faintest trace of a remorseful tear.

Last Sunday evening, however, was something else again. It seems "Shorty" boasts a jimmy pipe—four years old—which had successfully defied the ravages of time until that fateful evening when his satanic majesty, in the guise of a perfectly innocent appearing commuter, tempted the news magnet to drop the treasure to the concrete station floor in substantiation of his ("Shorty's") contention that the pipe was indestructible.

One drop and the boon companion of "Shorty's" meditative moments lay shattered at his feet. Our hero passed over the sum involved, recovered brightly after a moment of mumbled prayer and remarked with his accustomed savoir faire: "I dropped that pipe a dozen times in the last four years and it never broke. I mighta known something'd happen to the dern thing on the thirteenth drop."

—MIQUE.