

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.

564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.

1222 Central Ave., Wilmette, Ill.

Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

Telephone Winnetka 2000 or Wilmette 1920

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.

Like the other essentials of real living, water is not fully appreciated until one faces the probability of being without it.

Pure Water a Community Essential

When a man has plenty of pure air and water he is not in a position to estimate the real value of these great blessings.

Our North Shore villages are fortunate in this respect. Each one has all that it needs, although two of them, Wilmette and Glencoe, are at present buying their supply from neighboring towns. But next spring Glencoe will have its own water works, and some day soon Wilmette may be forced to imitate Glencoe.

Pure sparkling spring water has often been praised as one of nature's greatest boons, but it is doubtful whether any natural spring water was ever as pure as that which flows through our village mains. It is no uncommon thing for spring water to be unfit for drinking purposes. The water looks clear as crystal but when carefully examined by experts is found to be contaminated. The water which is supplied to our many households is absolutely pure and wholesome.

If it were not our communities would suffer. Our health would be menaced, and people would not only be afraid to remain but there would be few additions to our population from the outside. We MUST have plenty of pure water.

The solution of the car problem at the high school is a happy one. It was a situation that might have grown into an acute

Car Problem at New Trier Solved

irritation and later into something like hostility between school authorities and parents. Observers of the developments in the tragicomic anti-British tempest in Chicago can see how the traffic jam at New Trier might have grown into a situation much worse than a jam.

But with the co-operation of the school, the police, and the home the growing difficulty has been nipped in the bud. All these agencies working together have brought order out of incipient chaos.

We understand that the student council has been the prime mover in this amicable settlement. This council, made up of teachers and students, tackled the problem fairly and squarely and emerged with a remarkably good plan. The cars of the high school teachers will hereafter be parked on Woodland Avenue to the exclusion of all others. Moreover all students under 17 with reasonable exceptions, will not be allowed to drive a car to school. This will greatly lighten the load on Winnetka Avenue in front of the school.

If other public problems were dealt with in the same way much friction would be avoided.

It seems to us not entirely an unmixed blessing that stop and go lights are being installed so profusely on Sheridan road. In crowded districts they are of great use and prevent collisions and jams.

Stop and Go Lights

In fact neither pedestrians nor cars could cross certain streets during heavy traffic hours were it not for these lights.

But they seem to us out of place at intersections where and when the traffic is not particularly heavy. It will not be long, we foresee, before all cars will be subject to unnecessary hold-ups at several Sheridan road crossings in every north shore town. When this point is reached, boulevard driving will be reduced to a long series of jerks.

If all our towns install these stop and go lights we make one request, and that is that the lights operate only during the heavy traffic periods and then only for the shortest practicable time for east and west traffic.

Incidentally we have seen several drivers pay no attention to the lights. Moreover, many accidents occur at stop light corners.

At the very outset let us say very forcibly that we believe heartily in Hallowe'en parties, but let us say just as forcibly that we do not care for Hallowe'en pranks.

Hallowe'en Parties and Pranks

Even the soap markings on windows seem to us to have no justification. And the hanging of gates, door mats, garbage cans on trees and poles does not in the least attract our admiring interest. These acts may seem bright and funny to youthful minds but to others they seem stupid and devoid of humor.

We are glad to learn that the police agree with us in our attitude toward Hallowe'en pranks. We are glad that most fathers and mothers do. Police and parents are against such hoodlum actions. We hope that the police will be out in extra force on Hallowe'en prepared to prevent these destructive pranks.

Hallowe'en parties are quite a different matter. Jolly merrymaking is just the thing for Hallowe'en. Bobbing for apples, making pop-corn balls, noisy games—fine for the last evening in October! Also the best way to prevent Hallowe'en pranks.

We read recently in the paper that "Miss Lay flew from Cologne to Bremen." The first thought that comes to the casual

"Flew from Cologne to Bremen"

reader of this bit of news will be that the lady named is a bird of some sort. Such action is not common in America, while human flying is an everyday occurrence in Europe. Many travelers instead of going by rail and water from city to city, go by air. Today nothing is made of the fact, so rare only a few years ago, that a dozen people flew from Paris to London.

Transportation by rail, automobile, and motor bus between Chicago and Milwaukee is almost so common as to be vulgar, but transportation by plane is still in the distant future. When it comes we shall not take advantage of it for the simple but sufficient reason that we once flew from France to England and wished we hadn't.

SHORE LINES

TO A STAR

*Little star, why twinkle thee?
Is't 'cause you laugh with jollity?*

*Little star, why laugh at me?
Am I a queer old sight to thee?*

*Little star, I guess I know
What makes you twinkle at me so.*

*Little star, up there above,
I guess you know that I'm in love.*

—THE PISCATOR.

Shorty and Me, Both

Dear Mique: I seen you walking along Central avenue a couple days ago and you were smiling. What fur, I asks myself, and I'm puzzled because they ain't nothing about walking along Central avenue to make a fella smile. I think maybe you're thinking about Santa Claus or else Shorty has let you in on his system to beat the races, but I sees you again yesterday and your still grinning joyfully.

"Well," says I, "they must be something to make a fella hold his mug for the picture all the time. I'll watch Mr. Mique a bit, a little Sherlocking, you know, and see if I can't get his bootlegger to slip me some of the joy stuff which is lighting him up. So I gumshoe around a bit. No result. But today I found it out, Mique. The six-day bike races is on at the Coliseum, and you won't have to pay room rent for a week.

—THE OLD PLUG.

Apologies, Georgia Dear

Dear Mique:

Oh tragedible dictu! as old Vergil might have said. In my contrib some weeks ago you left out a line! But worse than that, you called me "Georgie Reb." And any name that I have always had an aversion to was Georgie. Nevertheless here is another contrib and here's hoping.

Autumn

A blue October bonfire mist
Lies o'er the lake and land,
The sun, a hazy, yellow-red disc,
Gleams thru it all in clear gold shafts,
Like hope, a luring, faithless spark,
That pierces thru the deepest dark.

—GEORGIA REB.

And the Fathers?

Listed among the prominent guests at the party for fathers staged recently by the Delta Gammas at Northwestern one notes such notables as Mrs. Carl R. Latham, Mrs. Edwin Sherman, and Mrs. J. Ralph Wilbur. But nary a papa tabulated among those present.

The Youth Movement

Tom Lynch, the eminent tree doctor, tells this one on his son, aged six, who just lately graduated from kindergarten to the first grade and expressed his dislike of the accompanying change in teachers with: "Hey, dad, they can't get away with that!"

Poor Tom

This and Thater in the Park Ridge Weekly last week advised football fandom of that village to "save your money and bet it on the fightin' clawin' Wild Cats that work for Dick Hanley." Some how or other the P. R. W. limped to press this week despite the rather critical condition of This and Thater who also serves as editor-in-chief.

Many Thanks, Sezzee!

"Gin," the type-eating terrier, left the print shop at luncheon time last Friday clothed in customary and somewhat frayed collar with license and inoculation tags attached. Twenty minutes later he resumed his duties as guardian of the metal shoot minus all but his hide and irrepressible enthusiasm. Two days later Sergeant Brautigam dug up a substitute strand of neckwear with a 1925 tag appended, thus obviating the necessity for a disbursement from the editorial exchequer.

"Hail to the Orange, hail to the Blue. . ."

—MIQUE.