

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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One of the most prolific causes of motor accidents is the careless turning of corners.

Who has not seen a motorist, usually an adolescent male, speed up to a corner and whirl around it with no consideration for other motorists or pedestrians?

Only recently we saw an old lady making her slow, cautious way across a busy street. The lights were in her favor, but nevertheless, being feeble and perhaps seeing only dimly she moved very slowly. Just as she reached the farther side of the crossing and was about to step up on the curb a gay delivery lad swung his auto-truck around the corner and putting on his brakes suddenly stopped it with the front bumper touching the old lady.

We should not have been surprised had she collapsed. But all she did was to utter a little scream and move along apparently none the worse.

If you would not be an unwilling cause of some child's untimely death, see to it at once that your dog is immunized against rabies. Protect him against this dread disease by having him inoculated.

The state of Illinois department of health has not only approved immunization but has strongly urged it. Health officials all over the state are ordering the adoption of this protective measure.

Our own village doctors have found out by experience that inoculation of dogs is a positive preventive of rabies. Let us cooperate with them in their endeavors to protect the health and lives of ourselves and of our children.

In one of our papers a young man advertises his desire to borrow \$1,500. He wants to get a good start in business and says he is a college graduate "with no security other than a reputation for honesty." We don't know where in these hard-boiled business days a reputation for honesty will be accepted as a substitute for more material collateral. We tried it once. It didn't work.

If we should say anything about Christmas seals you might think we were trying to add to your body of zoological knowledge. But we should not be; we should be merely urging you to show yourself a working lover of mankind by buying a big supply of those well-known stickers called Christmas Seals. Buy them and become a fighter in the war against tuberculosis.

Now and then we receive letters from members of our community asking that our young people do what they can to keep

## Help Preserve

### Natural Beauties!

our villages beautiful. We live amid surroundings that are unusually attractive. Trees, shrubs, flowers, and lawns all contribute to the loveliness of our North Shore towns. We are singularly blessed in this respect. We are, and we should be, proud of the reputation for comeliness of our homes, including houses and grounds.

Sometimes our children fail to realize that they must do their part in keeping up the good looks of our home and public grounds. Sometimes, it seems, they do positive harm, as the following extract from a letter testifies:

"For some months I have received many complaints from people having beautiful lawns and trees and flowers of wilful damage to property. . . . Why should these children deliberately destroy a beautiful hedge that took six years to grow to perfection? Or a little plum tree laden with greengages for the first time be destroyed?"

Many a Christmas package if not mailed within a day or two will reach its destination **after** Christmas. And what kind of a gift is one that comes **after** the long

## Mail Xmas

### Packages Now!

looked for day! We know for a fact that if a package for some California friend or relative is not now already in the postoffice it will come into the friend's or relative's hands on the 26th or 27th.

Moreover, we should wrap our packages securely. Get good strong wrapping paper and good stout twine and after wrapping the packages in our neatest and most compact fashion, let us tie them so beautifully tight that only scissors or knife can open them. This done, let us address our gifts so legibly that they cannot go astray. Lastly let us be sure to affix a return address.

Do it now!

Those men who have not lost at one cruel stroke both wife and children can only faintly, if at all, appreciate the crushing grief of Giuseppe Asalone, who only a few days ago lost his beloved wife and two little children.

## Sympathy for the Bereaved

Those of us who have lived for years without any such deadly loss come to expect that our days will be bright and our nights peaceful. This poor man came home on that fatal day with the same glad expectation, but unlike ourselves he found the day dark and the night lonely.

Let us in these festive days remember with sympathy all who suffer in loneliness.

Sometimes it seems as if some waggish sprite had intentionally mixed up the dates on our calendar, such as assigning to December happenings that naturally belong to the summer months. We have especially in mind the mad dog epidemic of only one or two weeks ago and the anti-mosquito campaign. It's hard in December to concentrate on rabies and mosquitoes.

## SHORE LINES

### AFTER LONGFELLOW

On the banks of Susquehanna  
Stood the friend of Hiawatha  
With his sturdy arms akimbo  
Gazing at the giant pine tree—  
In the lake at his reflection—  
At the old path of the Bison.  
Picked him up a cast-off antler,  
And again he threw it from him.  
"What can I send her for Christmas?  
Old New England's dainty damsel;  
Grand niece of my faintly singer,  
He who to the banks by singing  
Drew the bass—the pike and pickerel;  
He who hypnotized the fishes,  
Indian file he led them upward  
By his strange transcendent music.  
And when all had reached the streamlet,  
Skillfully he dammed the entrance.  
All the summer we had fish food.  
And the frogs danced in the twilight,  
Gay and happy in their freedom.  
And the birds and peeping wormlets  
All joined in a mighty chorus  
At the great emancipation  
From the cruel hook and angler."  
Thus soliloquized the Indian!—  
"I shall gather the pine needle,  
And my squaw shall do the etching,  
She shall make a balsam pillow.  
And the maiden, sweetly dreaming,  
With her lily hand upon it—  
With the odor in her nostril  
She shall find herself canoeing  
With her Indian friend beside her,  
Gazing o'er the lake's wide bosom,  
And the Rockies in the distance—  
At the glorious golden sunset."  
Henry F. Stow.

### Homely, Indeed!

At the present writing the air is very homely, not to say ugly. The air is full of fog and drops of water, which constantly run together and seek a lower level on human beings and on an already water-soaked earth. The sidewalks are slippery and slimy, and the atmosphere is misty and moist. So unattractive a day we have not been cursed with for many, many moons.

Which lack of lovely features reminds us of a story about one of our girl friends. She was informed that a certain society of which she was a member was to give a masquerade and that she was to wear an appropriate costume. "Lend me one," said she, "and the worse, the better." "Oh," was the prompt reply, "you couldn't look worse."  
—Fil the Filosofer.

### Christmas

Ring out ye Christmas bells, ring out  
In accents loud and clear!  
Bring love and joy to all the world,  
Bring peace and Christmas cheer;  
Ring out ye Christmas bells!

Ring out ye Christmas bells, ring out!  
Remind us once again  
Of Christ, the little Holy Child,  
And tell us why he came;  
Ring out ye Christmas bells!

Ring out ye Christmas bells, ring out,  
As children's voices sing  
Of Him, who lived and died for us,  
Our Saviour, Lord and King;  
Ring out ye Christmas bells!  
Olivia Kingsley.

### Oh, These Young 'uns!

A departure from custom and tradition, which, we fear with an abhorrent fear, may become a practice, unless all good citizens join together and shout protest to the heavens, is that adopted by certain groups who like to refer to our North Shore as "Norshore" and varied contractions. Oh, please, Boy Scouts and all, retain the "North Shore," and oblige.  
—A Pioneer.

### "Ring In the New"

Today spells exit for the old sanctum sanctorum. (Oh, dry those tears). For a week we have lingered in the wake of the vanished shop. Tomorrow we rejoin the cavalcade just west across the alley and occupy, with no little pomp and ceremony, that spacious sanctum, which, thanks to Charlie's kindly urging, has been placed in festive order by the now celebrated black brigade. Let us enter, and be exceedingly glad! You simply must come over!  
—Mique.