

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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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, obituaries, notices of entertainments or other affairs where an admittance charge is published, will be charged at regular advertising rates.

We feel quite confident that every word in our columns—news and editorial—is read and appreciated somewhere by somebody. We know that what father does not read mother does; and that what these two worthies don't read is read and doubtless appreciated by son and daughter. We have every reason for believing that all our pages are thoroughly read by our constituents.

Silent Appreciation

But though our respected fellow-citizens, Messrs. Jones and Smith and their respective wives, probably read our productions with interest and sometimes, we trust, with enjoyment, we are rarely, if ever, made aware of this appreciation. To us it is silent appreciation.

We can readily imagine the members of our communities perusing with avidity our weekly news-magazines, chuckling at this humorous sally or applauding that well-considered criticism. We do not object even to imagining a reader here and there being disgusted by some inadvertent error or by some editorial opinion. Dislike is more acceptable to us than sheer indifference.

It would, however, be pleasant to have some of this appreciation, positive and negative, expressed to us in written form. It would excite us agreeably to find on our desk some morning a tall stack of such communications. Surprise us some day soon.

Completion of the through traffic highway is in sight. This does not mean that with the coming of spring, cars and trucks will be indulging in a straight-away trip from McCormick Road to the north limits of Glencoe. But, nevertheless, at last we can appreciate the feelings of Columbus when he got his first glimpse of the new world and saw an end to his long weeks of waiting, watching, and worrying.

The last obstacle to the entire building of the road in Wilmette will soon be removed by the confirmation of the condemnation proceedings against the Dempsey tract at the north end of Main Street. Kenilworth has not yet decided just where to locate the road, but doubtless will build it along the west side of the North Western railroad. All that Winnetka needs to do to finish up her section is to widen Center Street from Elm to Tower Road. Finally, Glencoe seems very likely to qualify for county aid by also paralleling the railroad.

So, as we said previously, the beginning of the end is in sight.

With most of the auto manufacturers cutting prices, the "consumer" ought to be having quite a happy time. If prices keep on dropping, it won't be long before some enterprising dealer will offer us a Rolls-Royce or even a new Ford. But the upkeep will prevent our accepting.

Why do we have stop-and-go lights? To prevent undue congestion and collisions at busy intersections. Were there no such lights at these intersections either or both of two things would happen: traffic on one or the other of the two intersecting streets would get piled up, or cars attempting to cross would collide. Therefore such signal lights are genuinely useful.

Don't Stop Traffic Needlessly

But they are genuinely useful only during busy periods. In the rush hours of morning and evening they regulate traffic beneficially; but at other times they are pretty certain to be a nuisance. When few cars are passing, these lights stop traffic needlessly.

Therefore we hold that the suggestion made by various village officials that stop-and-go signals be turned off during light traffic periods is a most sensible suggestion. Let all our North Shore towns, especially those operating these lights on Sheridan Road, act on this suggestion. Turn them off when they're not really needed.

According to the most recent report the Winnetka Congregational Church has raised about half a million dollars towards the total needed for the new edifice.

What an amount this is compared with the amounts that used to suffice for the erection of church buildings! Twenty or so years ago \$75,000 seemed an immense sum to raise. Many a trustee in those distant days balked at the proposition and declared that it simply couldn't be done. And here is a church raising over half a million!

Church Raises a Half Million

Our best wishes to the Winnetka workers and a speedy collection assurance of the entire \$650,000!

The local Women's Voters' Leagues continue to call forth our admiration. If our local Leagues do not get every woman in their territories to join, they at least get 98 or 99 per cent. Men reason, but they don't feel strongly. Women reason, and they do feel strongly. What is more they continue to feel strongly until they get what they want. The Leagues want members, and they go after the prospects until they have their names on the membership lists.

A sizeable penalty should be laid upon every driver or owner who parks his truck or car at the curb after dark without lights on. Almost every day we read of a car or truck running into one of these unlighted machines and often serious damage or injury being inflicted. If you leave your car at the curb before nightfall, take pains to turn the lights on and thus warn others.

Hitching on sleds behind automobiles is dangerous business and ought to be stopped. The risks of death or serious injury to a hitcher are so great that parents ought to make their boys understand that they must never under any conditions indulge in such a dangerous sport.

Those of our village officials who see to it that our main streets are cleared of snow during and after a snowfall deserve our heartiest gratitude. Even a person of most sluggish imagination can appreciate the value of roads free from deep snow.

SHORE LINES

"GLORIA'S CHARMS"

(to a flapper doll)

Gloria, Gloria, tell me,
Wherein lie thy charms?
In thy long limp limbs,
Thy sea green eyes,
Or thy lavender silken arms?

In thy bouffant gown
Of ruffled rose,
You languidly pensive lie,
With drooping lids,
Tip-tilted nose,
And 'forementioned sea green eye.

Alas, my gorgeous Gloria,
Your charm you'll never name.
Because, you see, it lies in this,
You have no tongue, nor brain!

—KAY JANE ELL

How 'bout Friday, the 13th?

Dearest Mique: (Isn't that the proper way to begin a leap year proposal?) I am shipping you by parcel post one black satin pillow 10x15 inches. When it arrives kindly place it at your feet, and expect me to breeze in on a Friday mornin', fling myself on the pillow and implore you: "Sire, marry me!" You can then add my name to your long list of proposals, and we shall each wend our separate ways thereafter happily. Will ye be after acceptin' me, sirrah? Yours with great trepidation and no little humor. Most lovingly (form No. 80 for proposals),

—WICKIE

Under Separate Cover?

Dear Mique—

I heard my daddy say, Mique,
That he was awfully fond of you,
Of course I don't know who you are,
So I went right straight and told my ma,
And she says, "Well! I like him, too,"
And then I didn't know what to do.
So just to square myself, Mique,
I thought I'd send these flowers to you.

—ARTIE

Tut, Tut, Old Dear

Dear Mique—Say, old dear, (do pardon my familiarity, but I could just hug you) if you only knew what a "kick" I get out of seeing my poor attempts in Shore Lines. It boosts, too, your paper, because I always buy six or seven copies (to send to doting relatives). Do you like "Gloria's Charm"? Gee, I hope so!

—KAY JANE ELL

P. S. Do you know what thrills me even more than seeing the "pome" in print? Your little footnote—honist!—K. J. E.

Lay Off'n Cawn Wiskie

dere mike—this bein' lepe yere and me bein' tew this day an unattacht bachlor on account uv me bein unsuccessful in my many vows uv undyin devotion tew such uv the fare sex ez chanct tew hev stood still long enuf fer me tew say sech, i write tew yew tew plese help me. wil yew plese tell any uv yer lady frens thet aire considerin annexin a gent with the best kind uv qualifyins while the gettins good thet i m eligibul fer consideration.

I m good lookin when i hev my hair kut each yere and were my store teeth. i hev won tew room hous with a stov in it. i hev one bag o pertaters an won bushul uv good cawn fer cawn pone. i hev won gote fer tew giv milk an nede won good wif tew milk it.

i m wel an hope yew aire the sam. yourn very truli

—hamilton h. hedges

The Distinction Subtle

Wickie's "Form No. 80 for proposals" fails to excite the slightest flurry of palpitation, since, could she but know, we have weathered—though considerably battered and torn—at least three leap years since first counted among the eligibles in the marriage mart. Whereas, the little dears some years were wont to ask coyly: "Why don't you get married?" they now wag their pretty heads and boldly demand, "How come, big boy, ya never got married?"

Positivel, you should like Al Jolson in the "Jazz Singer." May we, however, offer a friendly warning—don't let 'em give you a seat in Row P middle section. Anent warning: can't explain in detail for, really, we don't use that kind of language. "Dun't Esk!"

Look well, before you leap, boys.

—MIQUE