

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Now that it has permanently been established that certain diseases like typhoid fever and tuberculosis can be controlled, it becomes increasingly the duty of the officials and members of every community to

Community Health

do all in their power to bring about such control. While it is obviously the business of officials, especially health officials, to initiate and maintain these protective movements, still it is a legitimate part of the function of community members to work with their officials.

In order that this co-operation may be intelligent, dwellers in a community must be kept informed of health conditions. Bulletins, either in pamphlet form or published in the local newspaper, must be issued by the administration. Such a bulletin appears from time in columns of this news magazine. One of the most notable conveying health information contributed by the president of the village of Winnetka, appeared recently. It called attention to the important fact that interest in public health is now at its highest peak, and attributed this intensity of interest to the wide prevalence of the belief that many diseases can be controlled.

It is wise and good that such facts should frequently be disseminated. It may be justly expected that the more community members know about public health matters, the more promptly and strongly will they co-operate.

Even the sponsor of Shore Lines, that galley of gaiety adjoining us on the east, admits that without verse his column lacks appeal. In this one particular Mique resembles Matthew Arnold, who declared in his classic essay, *The Study of Poetry*, that "the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining, and delighting us, as nothing else can." These testimonies to the value of verse encourage us to prescribe for the exhausted business man not a trip to French Lick but the reading of three or four of the best English poems.

A good society is one in which there is full and free interplay between its members and one which interacts fully and freely with other societies. Clear-sighted members of our North Shore communities can see that we fall short of this high ideal in many respects. But the important question for each of us as individuals is whether or not each of us is doing his share.

There's one hard road that we wish Len Small would help us complete before fall, and that's the through truck highway from Evanston through Glencoe.

Everywhere you go on the North Shore you will find groups of people, old and young, boys and girls, men and women, religious and irreligious, in school and out of school,—all practicing plays. Consult a church calendar, and

Dramatics for Everybody

you will find that on next Thursday evening the Thespian Society will hold its regular weekly rehearsal. Look into the Woman's Club bulletin, and you will notice that the Dramatic Dozen expect on next Tuesday afternoon to meet for the assignment of parts in the *Merchant of Venice*. And the South End Circle intends to give on April 1st in the home of Mrs. Schoenbeck a little farce entitled "How They Saved Fifty Cents."

Indeed, if you have never been somebody other than your every-day self you are distinctly lacking. Your next-door neighbor has been Shylock, and Bill Simmons, the old prospector. The wife of your acquaintance down the street has played over a score of roles in her comparatively short life. And you haven't been on a single program? You are missing a big opportunity.

And it's certainly true that you are missing something very important. If you had played several times behind the footlights you wouldn't be so awkwardly reticent as you must confess you now are. You could express your mind in a political meeting without stuttering and losing the thread of what you wanted to say.

The world is so full of a number of things that if one wants to see a sizeable fraction of this number he must start early and keep going. It's all very well to devote some time to brightening the corner where you are, but in justice to yourself and incidentally to your corner you ought to see the rest of the world. It may seem like a colossal undertaking and may mean quite an out-lay of hard-earned cash, but it is an investment that will bring big returns in satisfaction immediately and far into the future.

The World is So Full

And if you are at all daunted by the difficulties of the undertaking, think of the Burnhams of Winnetka. "A family of six and a paint box." Winnetka to China and then on to what's left of the habitable globe. And they'd go even if they had to mortgage the old homestead. They're going to China first for the very unusual reason that China is the hardest place to get to. So you see that you can go if you just want to.

Reading books and seeing pictures and hearing lectures about Europe and Asia aren't in the same class with actually seeing, hearing, feeling, and smelling these strange lands and peoples. It's as real and vivid as the difference between hearing about being married and actually being married.

Make your steamer reservations to-day.

We "read in the papers where it says" that Adventure Island Kinney is heading north from Fairhope, Alabama, to the North Shore. Coming to get the boys all excited about camping out, swimming, boating, and such. Got a plan for a new canoe, safe and light and easy to make. Sell us one, Mr. K.?

SHORE LINES

TO A SECOND LOVER

*Never bring me violets
Or roses with long stems,
Or perfumes subtly bottled, rare,
Or ancient, precious gems.*

*Roses, perfumes, scented vows,
I've had them all before....
My first love gave these things to me,
And now loves me no more.*

—Wickie.

Campaign Issues

Barring a sudden turn of events, the only Gladiatorial festivity we are to witness this season in Village balloting will beckon to the political arena in Glencoe where the People's and Residents' camps are even now staging remarkably interesting rehearsals. To the casual observer there would appear to be a considerable distinction between people and just plain residents, or vice versa, as the case may be.

Apparently Not

Just by way of encouraging a bit of neat repartee, we challenged Wickie, who resides on the heights of Skokie, concerning her political affiliation with respect to the people's vs. residents' entanglement at Glencoe. She declaring for the residents, we immediately classified her in accordance with Liberty's recent query, "Are Women People?"

Spring

*At first a straw hat,
Then a lavender spat
They dug from the snow-covered mound;
Then digging again,
A hand grasping a cane
Belonged to a body they found.*

*At the sight of her boy,
Now restored, mother's joy
Unconfined, made the welkins to ring;
As she put him to bed
And kissed him—he said:
"O mother, I thought it was Spring."*

—H. F. S.

(Suggested by last Monday's slap-back of winter.)

WHAT COULD BE SWEETER?

This wanton heaving of high-voltage pineapples upon the front stoops of senatorial and judicial abodes in Chicago, prompts one blatant official to ascribe the outrage to, oh, just the old sympathy stuff to get the votes. Which line of chatter is novel if not incontrovertible logic. Can't you just picture your friends tossing those lovely little missiles at your doorstep, each bearing its own sweet message of enduring regard and the promise of an undying devotion? You wouldn't mind the little matter of killing off a few stray relatives, now would you?

Reward of Patience

Postmaster Joe Shantz at Wilmette untangled a good one the other day when he received a letter addressed to "A Collar Gent, Wilmette." That looked like a real puzzler, but Joe calmly placed the missive on file to await possible future developments. Within a few days he was rewarded with a second letter addressed: "A Collar Gent, Wilmette," and adding: "a tall slim gent."

The letters were promptly delivered to A. Cox, a towering and angular gentleman of color, who does a considerable odd job business in Wilmette.

Keep 'em on, Fil!

As the Low Dutch would say, What for kind of weather is this anyhow? One day so warm and open that a superstitious acquaintance tells us that we'll have to pay for this; and the next day a terrific blizzard under the command of Old Man Boreas himself. One day almost every auto on the way somewhere, and the next—chains and alcohol! It's this sort of meteorological revolutions that drive the young folk to drink and the old folks to Florida. And to make it worse, the day following the blizzard it thawed, and we all had a very sloppy time. Here's hoping for a calla lily Easter!

—Fil the Filosofer.

There is positively no truth in the report, that, if and when Mr. Len runs second to Mr. Lou, he will be retained to mix the concrete for Wilmette's anticipated new pavements.

And then we could expect some appropriate signs—small, but interesting.

—MIQUE.