

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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Nature in her native or cultured state is usually beautiful. A day or two ago we walked through a little piece of woods near the little town of Bensenville. The ground was thickly carpeted with flowers — trilliums, spring beauties, hepaticas, violets, adders-tongue; and the trees were rejoicing in their fresh green foliage. It was a sight to restore to normal the worn nerves of city workers.

## The Beauties of Nature

In her cultured state nature is very often beautiful. A well-landscaped golf course is a lovely scene. The close clipped grassy hills and hollows offer the eye many a charming view. A home on the border of such a delightful stretch of man-made landscape is enviably located. Then, too, there are many private estates which attract and hold pleasantly the gaze of the chance wanderer. Nature unassisted can indeed present views that man cannot improve upon, but that is no reason why a garden may not afford a joy that wild nature is unable to do.

If we can improve nature it is surely our privilege to do so. If we have this intention we will not nail signs on trees but rather on good stout stakes. A sign is useful, and it may be good-looking, but its general appearance does not harmonize with the natural beauty of a tree.

We see no particular objection to digging up wild flowers where they are growing in abundance and in unvisited spots, but it does not seem kind to pick and carry them in such a manner that they will soon die. Nor does it seem thoughtful of the happiness of others to lay bare a plot of ground that other people often take pleasure in beholding and visiting.

When we can, let us help nature to become more beautiful; where we cannot, let us refrain from spoiling nature.

We cannot do less than admire the straight speaking exhibited by the president of the local orchestral association in his final notice to tardy concert patrons. He puts it exactly this way: "This is the third written notice. If this third notice proves ineffective, the concerts will be abandoned." That's plain and short. The situation is clear. If the concerts are abandoned, these delinquents will be to blame.

There's an engineer on an early south-bound North Western train who by his cheerful greetings evokes equally cheerful responses all the way to town. From where we sit on the west side of the front coach we cannot see the engineer's greetings, but we have no difficulty in seeing the responses. The responder is usually an attractive pedestrian of the feminine persuasion. The engineer must be Irish.

There has recently been issued a demand and a warning of which the entire North Shore should be proud. It is the letter addressed to the Republican candidate for governorship of Illinois, Louis L. Emmerson, demanding

## Divorce Politics From Crime!

that he publish a perfectly clear, unambiguous statement of his position on the politics-crime situation, and warning him that if he attempts any compromise with the forces repudiated at the April primaries he will lose 200,000 suburban votes in the November elections.

This letter was composed, signed, and sent to Mr. Emmerson by the Wilmette Voters Advisory committee. It emphasized a demand that cannot be too strongly emphasized nor too frequently brought to the attention of the approved April candidates and of the voters of Illinois, Cook County, and New Trier Township, the latter especially. Crime and politics must be divorced or in a few years there will not only be a mere reappearance of the horrible condition that increased up to the very day of the primaries, but it will be a reappearance in a form the will threaten the very foundations of our republic.

Louis Emmerson must lead the fight against the first signs of any alliance between politics and crime.

Are you going to Ravinia this summer? This is not a suitable question to ask of regular Ravinians. They will tell you that going to Ravinia is a habit, and a very pleasant and profitable habit. When we read in the paper that Ravinia was opening on June 23, we felt envious of those who were going to be on the North Shore during the summer and fortunately enough situated to be able to attend regularly.

Mere reading of the prospective program of stars, orchestras, operas, convinced us that the Shore suburbs in July and August were good enough summer resorts for even the most particular. They exert a magic effect, the names of Schipa, Martinelli, Bourskaya, Bori, Rethberg, Chamlee.

One way of getting the maximum of enjoyment out of Ravinia at a minimum of expense is to take your best girl up to an afternoon concert, requesting her to bring along a lunch for two. Then after the afternoon concert, and the lunch eaten under the trees, get a good seat on the side benches, and spend the remaining time before the opening of the evening performance reading a couple of good books, one for her, the other for you.

Five dollars will keep a little city boy at Arden Shore for two weeks. Ten dollars will keep this little boy and his mother at Arden Shore for two weeks. Twenty-five dollars will keep this little boy at Arden Shore all summer. Money can do wonderful things.

Spring is coming up this way, to be sure, but not in any great hurry. It's possible that the east winds from off our big refrigerator are not so cordial to our southern visitor as to make her want to hurry. Never mind, straw hat days are only a week or two away.

## SHORE LINES

### FORSAKEN

And now that you are really gone  
And I am really free  
I'll pack my troubles—virtues too,  
And throw them in the sea.

I'll go and seek adventure—  
Wine, women, song, and then  
I'll build myself air castles  
And blow them down again.

Oh I will be the jolly rogue  
And wonder that I paused  
For such a girl—the likes of you  
And all the tears you've caused.

And I may be much worse than that;—  
May kill and plunder too

.....  
And yet you know I never will  
Because I still love you.

—Nayr S.

### No, They're Ex-Cops

Dear Mique (or is this French for Micky?)—  
Referring to your article on "The Yellow Streak" in the issue of 11th inst. Do you really suspect that the street painting department harbors an Orangeman?

—One who loves a fight.

### Jilted Again

North shore Rotarians have been invited to engage in forensic contest with their Chicago brethren, espousing the negative of the question "Resolved: that the North Shore Shall Be Annexed to Chicago." Well, (by way of suggestion) we did a nice chore in the recent renovation, but, after all, we prefer to remain just helpful neighbors. Relatives can be so annoying, you know.

### Persona Non Grata

Love, the clumsy surgeon,  
The Ignorant, Fumbler,  
Tearing old wounds open  
With his nervous fingers.

Love, the awkward dancer,  
Gesticulator, Mimic,  
Grimacing to the rhythm  
Of my stupid pulse.

Love, the schuyster lawyer,  
The Sleek, the Smooth Tongue,  
Uncovering old griefs  
In my unwilling heart.

—Cynic.

### Dyed, But Not Dead

'Tisn't our policy to let the dear reader in on the identity of our contribs, but we simply must digress from custom in the instance of D. K. "Slim" Grant, who was responsible for that Hoosieresque introduction to last week's contributions of whatnots and such. D. K. or Slim, as we prefer to call him, is a genuine, dyed-in-the-wool, though transplanted Hoosier. Said Slim, in a note accompanying his "homesickness for the country:"

"If you can use these verses I will be properly pleased, flattered, etc. If not, will you please paste the following epitaph on you waste basket?"

Here lie the remains of some verses I've penned;

Alas, that they've come to such lowly end;  
But it might have been worse—if printed and read

The poor writer himself even now might be dead."

### Slow Music, Girls

A crushing blow has been dealt the feminine contingent in and about the north shore in the announcement that Hub, our faithful and efficient side-kick, is soon to hit the trail that leads to Henderson, Ky. Arrived there, he will collaborate with none other than the Fair Kentuckian in revolutionizing the newspaper game in the land of Derby Days and ravishing femininity. S'tough girls, verra, verra tough.

But, just think of the smart tips we boys 'll get on the Nags!

Ten straight, and still goin' strong.

—MIQUE.