

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by
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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.

If the behaviorist has his way, there will in a few years be an end to home sweet home. Just as the old oaken bucket has been superseded by the bubbling fountain, so will sweet home be superseded by a training institution of some advanced sort. The bucket was full of sentiment and germs. The home is full of love and bad training. The bucket and the home must both be relegated to poetry and to an unsanitary and unhygienic past.

Our childhood days are inseparably bound up with home. The two most sacred words in the vocabulary of youth are home and mother. Our memories would indeed be empty were these words with all their associations removed. And yet those are the very words that the oncoming behaviorist movement seems likely to sweep away.

Perhaps the strongest evidence of the coming of this tremendous change is to be found in a book that possibly will rival in its popularity Dr. Holt's little manual on the physiological care of the infant and child. Probably there are a few hundred homes in America where Holt's manual may not be found, but surely it is on the library or nursery table in every well-regulated North Shore home.

The new book is Watson's Psychological Care of Infant and Child. In its opening pages occurs the following sentence, "The behaviorist has to accept the home and make the best of it." The implications of this sentence are tragic. Watson, foremost and most radical behaviorist, plainly means by this sentence that the home must go. Of course it cannot at once be easily done away with. But in a short time it must go the way of the bucket. In order that babies may grow up into happy and healthy maturity the mother, after bearing the infant, must hand him over to the scientific behaviorist, and the child must be taken from the home and grow up in a training school.

Happy thought! Why should not future mothers be given a thorough behavioristic training and the nursery be equipped with all the latest apparatus for conditioning the child? Home, sweet home is safe!

Playgrounds are a great boon to young people living in rather thickly populated areas. Many of our own young people, living in neighborhoods where there are no large lots available for baseball are obliged to go some distance from home to find such open spaces. Public playgrounds for all such are of unusual value.

When the members of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women were banqueting in Evanston not long ago, a hoodlum yelled in at the window, "Sober up, girls!" An evidence of the feeble and misdirected wit of some soak who puts others into his own class.

The residents of each of our North Shore villages not only may be proud of those features in which their respective villages excel others, but they ought to cultivate and cherish a vigorous civic pride. If they have not this just

Be Proud of Your Village

pride they will lack such incentives as will impel them to make plans for the improvement of their community and to work for the realization of these plans. This sort of pride is widely different from that pride which is merely an empty conceit.

It is the duty and privilege of those who have been here some time to instill and foster this pride in newcomers. Either by word of mouth or by example you can influence those who have recently moved into your village to feel as you do about your town's reputation for good looks, good government, and good citizenship.

Now and then those who ride or walk about our towns see evidence of lack of this civic pride. Consider the following: South of Willow Road and east of Hibbard Road is a beautiful stretch of natural woodland called Crow Island. The Winnetka Park Board has done a great deal to make this a real beauty spot for the use of Winnetka citizens. Recently a load of tin cans was dumped at the very entrance to these woods. Apparently the offender was some Winnetka business man, who certainly would not have committed this offense against decency and thoughtfulness had he been proud of his village and jealous of its good reputation. How would a stranger have rated Winnetka citizenship had he on entering this lovely woodland seen this unsightly pile?

Let us by all the means in our power cultivate in ourselves as well as in others, especially newcomers, genuine civic pride that will work not merely on holidays but on every day in the week.

It seems that there are some owners of dogs who oppose the authorities in the attempt of the latter to stamp out rabies.

Protect Human Life

There are some citizens who by their action and attitude express the belief that dog life is more valuable than human life. We are told by the police in several of our North Shore towns that a number of dog owners object to muzzling.

The fact is established beyond the least shadow of doubt that many people in our villages have been bitten by dogs which have rabies. And still dogs are running about on our streets unmuzzled, a special menace to the life and health of our little children.

Some of our villages have been entirely too slow in taking measures necessary to protect human life. Meanwhile children and adults have been attacked and wounded by stray unmuzzled dogs.

If necessary every dog muzzled or unmuzzled must be killed. At present such an extreme step does not seem necessary. But it is necessary that every dog shall either be securely muzzled or kept off the streets.

The big rule of the road is coming to be, "Drive Straight!" The driver who gets himself and others into trouble is pretty certain to be the one who will not keep in his own lane but breaks out suddenly to right or left. "Drive Straight!"

SHORE LINES

A POPULAR REFORM

Dear Mique—

Let's quit our kidding and get busy on something that will be really conducive to Civic Uplift.

There are too many dandelions in this village. They are being allowed to pollute our lawns, and, what is worse, they are being wasted. Bad house-keeping and lack of thrift are both unworthy of the traditions of the north shore.

Let's encourage the discouragement of dandelions. How? By providing an incentive for the plucking of those golden blossoms before they go to seed. The conservation of dandelion blossoms will be greatly stimulated (and you and I likewise) when we inaugurate our Annual Dandelion Wine Competition. It won't be difficult. Here, for instance, are the

RULES AND REGULATIONS

- I. The Judge will be Ique and the Referee will be Mique.
- II. Each entry must consist of at least one quart. In case of a tie on quality, quantity will be the deciding factor.
- III. No entry, or any part thereof, shall be returned to any contestant.
- IV. This competition is not for colts. Yearlings may enter, but prizes will be awarded only to three-year-olds or better.
- V. Out of consideration for the winners, their names will not be published, but prize winners may obtain their trophies upon application to the Referee. I think a contest of this kind would be a whiz.

Yours for lovelier lawns—IQUE.

Business Booms

Chicago's claim to distinction as the center of the Pineapple Industry may or may not have had its favorable effect upon the cost of that commodity on the north shore. At any rate, Barges brothers in Wilmette are window advertising in capital letters: "Pineapples—two for 25 cents."

To Alice

(Reminiscent of her recent visit to Asheville, N. C.)

Oh for a romp without any pomp,

A picnic, or gambol that fits;

To play hide and seek upon St. Michel's peak

With Penny, and Whimpers, and Ditz.

Or rather perchance it would more enhance—

Be exalting, and place all at ease,

To stroll gently away—in a dignified way,

With Alice, and Mac, and Louise.

But if I were younger my spirit might hunger

Like youth, for lip nectar and wine;

To nestle and croon by the light of the moon,

While our fingers unconsciously twine.

Alas! and alack! I must never look back,

Or get fever of spring in my veins;

To be some flapper's daddy or grass widow's caddy,

Is now about all that remains.

When you're in a crisis, then my best advice is;

Let nothing your courage dismay;

Not the ones we have kissed, but the kisses we've

missed

Are the ones apt to haunt us today.

The plight of the nation is the great conflagration

Of passion, of love and of sex;

Is this we call love, inspired from above?

Or below? are the questions that vex.

—HENRY F. STOW.

Trouble Afoot

Foot specialists in the Chicago area are said to be sharpening up the tools of their trade in anticipation of a busy season what with Bunion Derbies and Marathon Dances claiming the attention of numerous physically strong and mentally deficient individuals.

Sane Idea, What?

A Marathon Dancing enterprise arranged at Dunning was reported as a complete flop. The belligerent inmates allowed it was about time they exchanged places with the potential candidates on the outside.

The inmates also laughed when news of a brand new Flagpole sitter was noised around. The present champion, at latest reports, was still clinging to a pole atop the institution's administration building.

—MIQUE.