

WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.....\$2.00 A YEAR

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.

Of what use are flowers? As food and clothing flowers are of no value. Pork and cabbage can sustain life more or less effectively. Cotton and wool can be worked up into garments so as to serve the purposes of modesty and warmth. But who ever tried to eat or wear flowers and thereby gained any satisfaction?

Nevertheless a flowerless earth would surely be a sober, not to say funereal earth. Grass and trees and buildings give the world a somewhat homelike appearance. But without flowers it lacks gayety, color, fragrance. Even a single flower placed in a dull room dispels the dullness and adds cheer and charm.

The homes of the poor are brightened by flowers. A pot of geraniums with their bright red blossoms makes a cottage kitchen more attractive than a royal drawing room with no flowers. A cluster of flowers in a sick-room makes illness more tolerable. Into it they bring life and beauty.

It is one of the privileges of North Shore people, living in the midst of comfort and loveliness, to share their good fortune with people in Chicago. In our gardens are multitudes of flowers. Our homes are surrounded with an almost embarrassing profusion of blooming shrubs and plants. It is fortunate that we can add to our happiness and at the same time to that of others in the city of millions by sending to these millions flowers.

Every morning suburbanites may be seen carrying to Chicago and leaving at the Chicago Plant and Flower Guild booth in the North Western terminal station great bunches of flowers. These go to those unfortunates in Chicago who have no flowers of their own, whose rooms must go bare and unlovely if no flowers are brought into them from suburban gardens.

Make the lives of the poor and sick happier by sharing in the giving of flowers. Take the flowers to Chicago or give them to the trainmen, who will see that your gifts reach their proper destination.

The human race is surely a funny race. We drive cars with horsepower from twenty to sixty or more and forget what agencies for death and destruction such machines can be, unless driven with unusual caution. Also when the Fourth of July comes around we would, unless restrained by the less foolish few, allow children to play with explosives of varying degrees of deadliness. All of us ought to be glad that we are protected from one another and from ourselves, too, by legal prohibitions.

In these days of traffic jammed streets cyclists don't stand much show. Bicycles will wobble, and cars will exceed the speed limits. We advise cyclists to keep off crowded streets and to carry lights at night. We advise four wheelers to give two wheelers more than a fair share of the road.

On a recent election day a North Shore woman on her way to the polls saw coming towards her a young colored woman.

Take Pride in Voting

The dark-skinned individual was chuckling visibly and audibly. The older woman suspected that the lady of color was amused by some error in the costume of her white sister. She scrutinized her outfit with unusual care, but found everything as it should be. She asked the young woman, who was by this time about to pass her, the cause of her smiles and chuckles. "I noticed that you were much amused about something. Pardon my curiosity, but just what is it that makes you so happy?"

The colored woman, a little surprised by the question, paused a second or two and then said with very evident pride, "Ahm goin' to vote."

It's refreshing to meet anyone nowadays who is so proud to have the chance to vote that he cannot contain his joy but must show it to all the world. The average voter is so hardened, so sophisticated, that the opportunity to exercise his suffrage right means little or nothing to him. Were he to be as pleased by the prospect of voting as was this colored lady, his friends would think him ready for Dunning.

It would, however, be good for the whole country if voters could recover, if only occasionally, some of the pride which they felt when they cast their first ballot.

Mother's Day has come and gone with its injunctions to give mother a token of our affection and appreciation. Now comes Father's Day. Next Sunday we are to tell dear Dad how much we all love him. We are also to give him a nice colored shirt or a box of initialed handkerchiefs.

Father has always had a hard time. From those early days in the history of mankind when Eve misled Adam, clear down to the present day, Father has led a distressing life. By the sweat of his brow and enormous expenditures of his nervous energy he has supported the rest of the family. Mother and the children have lived soft lives under the sheltering roof-tree.

It is eminently fitting that a day be set aside as Father's Day. Whether he wants it to happen or not Father should be remembered in some special way. Whether Ma and the children say it in bill folds or pencils it should be said. Dad suffers in silence. Therefore the rest of the world should express its love for him in easily audible terms—red neckties, if necessary.

At fairly frequent intervals we read of husband and wife who are celebrating their golden wedding. In view of the weakness of the wedding bond in the United States and in view of the increasing lack of seriousness with which married life is considered, it seems to us most fitting that such an achievement as living together for fifty years should be observed with most unusual ceremonies.

Mankind has started many fine forward movements, but none finer, as it seems to us, than the Boy Scout movement. It provides for the boy, at just the time when it is most valuable for him, an education that supplements his formal schooling in a surprisingly effective way.

SHORE LINES

TO M.....

The rising sun
Slowly paints a vivid sky
Above the hills
That loom thru the mist
Of early morn.....

Beauty reigns supreme
In the land of the rising sun.

But give me
The quietude of evening
With silent trees
Drawing forth illumined shadows
From the glory of western skies.....

For my heart abides
In the land of the setting sun.
—Yakumaia

We've Been Flustered, Too

On the counter in our business office there is a brand new sign reading "Information." A gay and blithesome young thing approached "Stacey" and inquired about placing an ad. Maybe it was the new pink smock that flustered her but she popped out:

"Miss Information, I want to place an ad."
"We take ads," replied Stacey, "but you'll have to look somewhere else for Miss Information."

When the gay and blithesome young thing had departed Stacey was heard to remark: "They don't hit all the foul balls in the ball park."

—The Old Plug.

Ho Hum!

Well, well vacation is here again. Cal and the Missus are enroute at this writing, thinkin' about fishin' (and not for votes) Fil, the filosofer, is arranging his major siesta in the northlands of Michigan—Soc. Ed. dreams of her cabin retreat up Wisconsin way—the Big Shot is headed for Minnesota—Elmer T. plans to spend his Fourth of July birthday in Decatur or thereabout—and the Old Plug hopes to commute regularly 'twixt home and the Arlington track in quest of the ever elusive "long shot." And we—well, really, that would be telling.

Dunt Esk

Dear Mique—

It's simply great that Fil is going to take a vacation. Do tell him, please, that it is wonderful down here. (How did you know I was in Texas, anyway?) Since reading the letter in which he speaks of me as being in my "adolescent years," my grandchildren say I'm not fit to live with.

Do tell him, please, that it is wonderful down here.

—Sincerely, Peggy.

Tells Us of Pat!

Dear Mique:

Have been attending a meeting of the Kentucky Press association here and have already learned how to chew, hit a nail head at thutty paces and be a Kentucky Colonel.

Have learned that the Mason-Dixon line is the division point between cold bread and hot biscuits and that the historians are all wet—Sampson is the governor of Kentucky and a strong Democrat instead of the guy who grew long hair and upset a temple.

This tip for the political fans: Even the most confirmed and unvarying of Kentucky Democrats vow that if Al Smith rides the donkey in the Presidential Derby, Kentucky will bet dry and Republican. I've got my money on Hoover for the feature race at Kansas City—on the nose, with Coolidge to place. Playing Al Smith in the Houston Free-For-All—Democrats.

—Hub, Elizabethtown, Ky.

Aren't We Now?

And, as further evidence of our gang's versatility in the matter of selecting vacation grounds, witness, to wit: Red of Winnetka has gone to Germany, while Ray branched off to Sweden. And as for Jerry, king of the ludlow, why he has his steamer trunk all packed and will join Ray a bit later.

Herbert?—ah, we picked him away last summer—member?

—MIQUE.