

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.

If one wants to improve his writing of English, he should try to write poetry. We are not implying that what he writes will be real poetry, but merely here expressing our strong belief that the best way to learn to write effective prose is to try to write poetry.

The diction of a good poem must be very good indeed. One word that does not exactly fit will spoil a stanza or a whole poem. And one word that does exactly fit will perhaps make a line that will never die.

The habit of demanding of oneself the precise term is a habit that will pervade not only one's writing but also one's speaking. And there is nothing like the writing of poetry for forcing one to say or write exactly what he means. You hear a sound. You want to tell others what the sound was. Like the lost chord the sound that you hear cannot be reproduced. There is probably some one word that if another person hears or sees may arouse in him almost the same experience that you had when you heard the original sound. If you were to try to write a poem about this sound you would have to find the precisely right word.

If you have not this high opinion of the value of writing poetry, devote two solid hours to the studying and appreciating of one of the best English poems. Try to find substitutes for the words used in this poem.

We are sitting on top of the world, as least as near as we can get in this part of Michigan. In this special case the top of

A Grand Michigan View

the world is ten miles north of Traverse City on the well-tarred road leading to the pleasant little town of Suttons Bay. Off to the west shines a stretch of Lake Leelanau, "beautiful lake." Between us and that very lovely body of water extends a delightful valley, perhaps vale would be a more fitting term, for the hills limiting it on either side are little more than mounds. Beyond Lake Leelanau rise in the background dim azure highlands.

To the east a mile or so lies Grand Traverse Bay, blue as the bluest turquoise. Far, far to the east, we can just see the hills along the eastern boundary of Little Traverse Bay. A moderate northwest breeze is driving slowly before it across the light blue sky flocks of fleecy clouds. The air is clear as crystal and pure as the purest spring water.

Ravinia is surely a boon for children who stay at home during the summer. When we read of the entertainment given them we almost wish we were a North Shore child in the summer time.

The following child's vacation creed is quoted from the Des Moines (Iowa) Tribune:

A Child's Vacation Rights

I am a small child. This is my vacation time, for school is out. As an American citizen I have these things which are my positive and inalienable rights.

I have the right to a clean home.

I have the right to three square (very square) meals each and every day at certain definite and special hours.

I have the right to several hours of free and unhampered play with other of my fellow citizens each and every calendar day of the week.

I have the right to spend certain portions of this play period on a supervised playground where I may learn good citizenship and how to treat my fellow citizens.

I have the right to spend the twilight hours of this playtime in my own dooryard playing ball with my dad or hide and go seek with my mother.

When the shades of night really gather, I have the right to a "piece," bread 'n' butter 'n' sugar, if it is my preference.

And then I have the right to go to a clean and comfortable bed, out of deference to which, as my mother directs, I will wash my feet.

I have the right to a bedtime story, and evening prayer and a good night kiss.

And I have a right to sheltered and peaceful dreams.

What becomes of the things that have gone by, the by-gones? What becomes of the clothes that have gone out of style? What are the horses that so long served our profit and our pleasure?

Land of By-gones

Old-fashioned furniture finds its way to the second-hand shop, or, if be fortunate, to the studio of the dealer in antiques. Out-of-date clothing is shipped to the rural districts or to neighborhoods far from railroads, places where bobbed hair and bobbed skirts are still unladylike. But where do the horses go?

Do they go to the land of lost articles, to that land crowded already with umbrellas, books, handkerchiefs, and ladies' gloves? As far as we know that's where they go. Only a few years ago horses were in evidence everywhere. Now they can be found only in the stables of equestrians and on Mackinac Island.

The world does certainly move. And it is well that it does. If it did not, life would grow stale and there would be no progress. Cardinal Newman sings regretfully, "Change and decay in all around I see." We do not believe that change and decay are to be regretted. Both processes serve very useful purposes. Change, especially, keeps people from falling asleep.

However, we'd like some day to visit the land of by-gones.

Our North Shore towns continue to grow in population. The day is not far away (and in some cases is now here) when boundary lines will disappear and even residents themselves will be unable to say just where Evanston begins and Wilmette stops. The same is now true of Kenilworth and Winnetka, and of Winnetka and Glencoe. This increase in number of people and consequent confusion of boundaries—just what does it mean?

SHORE LINES

Poems

*There have been many poems of romance and love
And of joys that are born from our maker above
But I think the greatest of all in this world
Is a poem of a friendship that never will spoil.*

F. W. E.

Now Mique's gone and done it! He has turned the sacred Shore Lines over to the cub with the inevitable results that it will be gosh-awful this week and next. We warn you not to read under this line unless the weather is too warm to play golf and the mosquitoes are too bad to pick daisies in the backyard.

Vacation Notes

Gee, that guy was a linker. Why, he said he caught a nine pound brook trout when the biggest one I ever caught was ten pounds.

..... and I threw my weight to the other side of the car and kept it from going over the precipice.

Yes, I had six teeth out, for my vacation. It isn't that I really needed them, but it was losing something I had cherished from childhood.

Those mosquitoes were so big I had to tie myself in bed every night so they wouldn't carry me away.

And the cattle began to stampede, but with my trusty horse I turned them away from the camp, and kept them from killing the whole outfit.

Little Nell's Revenge

The Cowboy spake a mighty oath
That burned the prairie, grown with grass;
He swore he'd capture for his gal
A prairie-dog with coat of class.

And so, this knight in hairy chaps
Did wander o'er the plain so gray;
His shirt was pink; sleeve-garters green;
And in his mouth, a wisp of hay.

A-sitting by its hole so round,
He saw the sassy Animule;
The question was: to catch him now,
In manner debonair and cool.

He set about to catch the coat
His Little Nell had raved about—
But though our hero bounced and rode,
The prairie-dog would not wear out!

At eve, he homeward slowly turned
(The saddle left him mighty sore);
And Little Nell, because he failed
To get her fur coat, swore and swore.

She, from her bosom, pulled a knife
And stabbed him dead—and oh, quite cold!
Then snatched his chaps, and made the coat,
Her dainty figure to enfold!

Name Furnished on Request

A certain north shore organization sends out an invitation to dinner with this note appended: "If you don't eat, you pay; if you eat, you don't pay." What th' heck? Don't push, boys, one at a time, please, line forms on the right.

Every night the announcer says the same old thing, "Drop us a line and we'll tell you how to retire in twenty years." The announcer claims it's a safe method. Yeh? Twenty years from now they will all retire and no one will be left to send us our money.

Gin looks bored with life these days, as if nothing mattered after all, now that Mique is off disporting himself all day long at the Four Seasons. Gin is looking as if nothing, just nothing, is left in life, but for us . . . discretion is the better part of humor, 'cause the boss really hasn't left town, and it isn't far from there to here.

Beth