

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
LLOYD HOLLISTER, INC.  
564 Lincoln Ave., Winnetka, Ill.  
Chicago office: 6 N. Michigan Ave. Tel. State 6326

Telephone.....Winnetka 2000 or Wilmette 4300

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.

Charles Hayes, president of the Chicago Motor Club, has named a few of the qualifications of a good driver. He tells us

## Who Is a Good Driver?

that a good driver gives way to the driver who is ascending a steep hill. We are sure that this is a mark of a good driver. If you don't believe it, just see what you think of a driver who does not give full advantage to you when you are nearing the top of a steep hill and hoping that you will not have to shift into second.

He names other specifications of a good driver. If a man is a good driver he will give way to a less experienced driver. Sad to say we know some drivers who regard themselves as top-notch motorists and yet seem to expect from others exhibition of the same technical skill that they themselves possess. A young man who takes advantage of less experienced drivers is not a good driver. Nor is one a good driver who does not help to make bewildered pedestrians less bewildered. Stopping to allow a pedestrian to cross a crowded street is a virtue seldom shown in or about Chicago.

We may add other qualifications of a good driver. He will keep on his own side of the road even when he rounding a sharp turn. He will not back out of a parking place without duly warning others. He will not drive fast through towns. He will not be continually trying to pass others on a crowded highway.

It seems, now that so many have acquired an ability to drive that would have been regarded some years ago as little short of marvelous, that most of the qualifications of a good driver are negative, that he needs not so much to do certain things as to refrain from doing certain other things.

That sending letters by air is rapidly growing in popularity is proved by the lowering of air mail rates to five cents for an ounce letter.

## Air Mail Popularity

Such a letter as our ancestors wrote on thin onion skin paper and containing as much news as the ordinary metropolitan newspaper can now be carried through the air for the small sum of five cents.

Air mail reminds one very vividly of carrier pigeon service. If we were inclined to be romantic, which, being over fifty, we are not, we would never send again by ordinary earth mail any letters except bills and such. All our missives ending with "Yours with much love" we should certainly have carried through the air by that most marvelous of all birds, the airplane.

The new sewage disposal plant at Howard street and McCormick road is an outstanding example of the successful combining of beauty and utility.

## Utility and Beauty

Within this attractive building a process takes place that is from one point of view rather unpleasant to contemplate and from another perhaps the most useful of all artificial processes, namely the disposal of sewage of all sorts. This waste matter must be disposed of if life is to be conserved. The problem has been for ages how to do it with least offense.

It seems incredible that there should ever have been a time when this undesirable material was carried down the public thoroughfares in open sewers. Yet we know that this was once the case, and is still the case in some backward communities. It is not necessary to consider what a menace this was to health and what an extreme offense to human sensibilities.

May we congratulate ourselves that we live in a district which believes that esthetic feelings should be taken into account even though that taking into account involves the expending of great sums of money. And that these feelings have been taken into account is easily proved by the fact that thousands have often passed these structures on McCormick road and have not had the slightest idea as to what their function was.

The McCormick road plant could readily serve as a model for similar establishments in our north shore communities. The problem is vital and current.

On Sunday, August 5, we attended a concert given by the National High School Orchestra, not given in a regular assembly

## National High School Orchestra

hall but in what is known as the Interlochen Bowl. A word or two regarding this Bowl is necessary. In the first where is it? Not far south of a station on the Pere Marquette Railroad known as Interlochen, on an inland lake of considerable size and unusual beauty. Perhaps some readers will be able to locate it more exactly if we say that it is a dozen miles west of Traverse City easily reached by following Route 31. The Bowl itself is naturally bowl-shaped, on one side being the covered platform for the players, on the others benches for the audience.

When we reached the grounds we found them practically filled with autos of all styles and ages, from the rural roadster up to his aristocratic and stylish relative. The benches were pretty well occupied with hearers from neighboring towns, farms, and resorts. On the platform was an orchestra of perhaps 150, made up of high school boys and girls.

We enjoyed the numbers presented by the youthful musicians, most of all that composition with which we are most familiar, Cesar Franck's symphony. Our eyes were centered often on the very young tympanist, who did his part like a veteran.

Much, but not too much, has been said emphasizing the value of doing things now. Every person, especially those of mature years, will easily find in his own experience examples of the value of the timely doing of things. Procrastination, putting off until tomorrow, though sometimes of value, is surely the thief of time.

## SHORE LINES

Title—"Won't Be Long Now"

An Hour in a Cub Reporter's Day

or  
Just Another Soul Gone Wrong

Place: editorial room

Principal character: one very green reporter

Other characters: various staff members

Scene I

BrrrrBrrrr B r r r r

"Somebody answer that phone." (voice directed at v. g. reporter)

V. G. reporter casts wild glances at all three phones, answers wrong one.

Time elapse, 3 minutes

BrrrrBrrrr B r r r r

V. G. reporter grabs phone.

"Yes, this is the Bugle. You say Mrs. S. Conlin?—O, Miss F. Donlin, do you spell it with two ll's—O—you said Bondsman, I see—and did you say she was visiting her sister-in-law?—O—her mother's brother, at—will you spell that please. C A M T O N—O, Hampton you mean, Yes H for Harold. No I know you didn't say Harold; now let me see if I have it right: Mrs. M. Conlee is visiting her sister-in-law at Camton."

Curtain

—The Cubbers.

## HOOFBEATS FROM THE OLD PLUG

It was a most baffling case (case used advisedly) and Sherlock's long fingers were combing his hair, which was the way his fingers always comb his hair when the case (there we go again) is mysterious and baffling.

"Ha, Ha," he chuckled and his face lit up, "a gross of Ha, Ha's. Get on the job quick Watty and produce the needle."

Watty, who never failed to produce before, was dejected. His face did not beam with admiration, as always it did beam before.

"Sorry, Old Sleuth" sezze. "We're just out of needles. The blawsted Americans have taken them all for their beer."

## Well, Hello, Old Sleuth!

Chief Charley who used to be Chief in Evanston before coming to Wilmette says everybody in Evanston calls him Charley, while in Wilmette they call him Chief.

These are days of wonderful inventions and remarkable feats. Machinery is taking the place of man power in many industries and all sorts of labor saving devices are being developed. But it remained for Chester, who gets dirtyed up in our composing room, to find one way of saving labor. He puts his necktie on over his head thereby saving the trouble of tying it.

—The Old Plug

## HEAT WAVES

Since Doc Rawlings sees fit to frighten us with the startling word that half of Illinois' population is "physically impaired," we may well revise our customary matutinal salutation to read: "good morning, here's hoping you'll live 'till evening."

## Shaving the Cost

Tom Lynch, the north shore tree doctor, is in receipt of this succinct gem from an opulent Lake Forest customer:

"Dear Mr. Lynch: When you were spraying the trees on my place in Lake Forest, one of your men used the telephone in the garage for a long distance call . . . Therefore, will you kindly remit me ten cents to cover this . . ."

Having achieved the venerable age when the baseball bat is gracefully laid aside in favor of the driver, brassie, midiron, etc., we fared forth 'tother afternoon and spent the price of half a dozen grandstand seats at Cubs' park. Yep, it was the water hole on the tenth at Glencoe.

Elmer T., a fellow sufferer at the grand old game, will never forgive the Pro at Winnetka Playfield who recently offered a swimming lesson in lieu of the prescribed pill-whacking test. Elmer teed off and nearly drowned.

Ain't nature grand—and, the mosquitoes just too cunning for words?

—Mique.