

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.

In the July Forum is a letter written by A. M. Schlesinger of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who, if we do not err, is a professor of history,

Thompsonized History

one of the very persons whom Thompson attacked so vigorously when Superintendent McAndrews was being annoyed by the Chicago school board. Mr. Schlesinger heads his communication, "Minute details of a more or less illusory meeting of Mayor Thompson's committee on pure history."

This committee has before it for consideration the opening sentence of the "proposed new and fumigated American history for the Chicago schools." The sentence is as follows: "America was discovered in 1492 by Columbus, an Italian sailing under the Spanish flag." It is found that there are in Chicago 200,000 citizens of Italian birth and affiliations. Inasmuch as the sentence seems to belittle the achievement of their illustrious fellowman, and also since the Spanish vote in Chicago is negligible, the committee decides to drop off the last phrase, the sentence then reading, "America was discovered in 1492 by Columbus, an Italian sailing."

There then appear before the committee certain representatives of Scandinavian societies who contend that the credit of discovering America should be given to Leif, son of Eric the Red, who reached America in 1000. The committee is in difficulties, especially because the Scandinavian vote in Chicago amounts to fully 150,000. But on the other hand 35,000 dyed-in-the-wool Americans cannot tolerate the idea of giving credit of discovering America to the son of a Red. And to make the situation worse a mammoth petition is presented by the Loyal Sons and Daughters of Italy denouncing the Scandinavian position as thoroughly un-American.

To meet all objections the opening sentence is revised to read: "America was discovered by a man sailing." But a group of Fighting Feminists make the claim that since Columbus wore bobbed hair he must have been a woman. Finally representatives from the National Association for the Promotion of Steam and Motor Transport demand that the word "sailing" be eliminated.

Mr. Schlesinger's letter may seem absurd, but to us it seems just what would happen if Mayor Thompson seriously set to work to produce the kind of history he would like to see in the hands of Chicago school children.

Fortunately the April primaries dampened his ardor for reform.

Tomorrow we start for Canada. All jokes closely or even distantly related to prohibition are distinctly out of order, because the only time we needed alcohol was on a railroad trip when about to heat the baby's milk, and even then we used the solid

Off for Canada

sort—alcohol not milk. No, we are going to Canada to experience a few days of roughing it in the wilds near some lovely stream, perhaps, where we shall find plenty of speckled trout, perhaps.

The honest truth is that we don't really look forward to this trip with unalloyed pleasure, being rather fond of a firm hair mattress. Our friend who invited us to go along said we might bring a pillow if we felt inclined. We do and shall. But we are sure that we shall enjoy the ride up to the Soo in our friend's fine Franklin, and we know that we shall take pleasure in seeing the fun the three boys of the party will have.

A friend who has recently motored a bit over the line said that the roads were not to be boasted about even by the most patriotic Canadian. So we're wondering whether our car will negotiate them satisfactorily. However, we shall not be doing the driving, and it won't be our car.

We note with a mixture of gratulation and sympathy that while we are summering away from the heat, noise, and occasional dirt of the North

Summer Doings

Shore that those we left behind are busying themselves getting things ready for our return. The streets and sidewalks are being put in good order. The stores are laying in extensive stocks of oranges, tomatoes, grapes, celery, and potatoes. New styles in cars are being introduced. The movie houses are trying out assorted films. The children are being kept active and educated at the same time by Ravinia programs.

Autumn is near at hand. Soon the fallen leaves will be blanketed over lawn and gardens, a cue for the householder to get out the rake and basket for a bit of autumnal toil.

A Hint to Good Citizens

That may sound like a fitting introduction to an advertisement 'behalf of our worthy hardware dealers. But no! It suggests, rather, a timely warning against what to some might appear a practice of trivial consequence, namely, the burning of leaves on asphalt pavements. Yet, at least one north shore village has a law forbidding that practice, and for good cause.

Fire is the enemy of asphalt. That is to say, the burning of leaves or rubbish on asphalt is an advance step in utterly ruining such a pavement. The direct result, experts will tell you, is a "deadening" or resultant crumbling of the pavement and the portion once subjected to fire rapidly becomes a "chuck-hole" under the burden of motor traffic.

A civic minded householder will refrain from burning leaves, rubbish or anything else on asphalt pavements.

SHORE LINES

RETURN

*Incredible, that now the year
Has dragged its long months through,
And waiting has its end tonight,
And tears and aching too.*

*Eight o'clock, you said; 'tis time
That once again we must
Reach out our hands into the past,—
To find it gold? Or rust?*

—Simonetta

Ain't Nature Grand!

The Old Plug is responsible for the story of the eminent journalist who was summoned to "cover" the Dempsey-Firpo fight a few years ago, a subject in which he (the e. j.) was in no wise conversant, and who, while looking upon the gory proceedings suddenly burst forth with a masterpiece introduced as follows: "Come words and paint me a picture."

What we were going to say was that that's just about as we feel today while considering the trials and tribulations of Fil, the Filosofer, who is just now gone forth on his maiden expedition into the genuine wilds of Canada—far beyond the comforts of even a motor car and where, in travel, one alternates twixt the frail canoe and the weary tramp through forests primeval. Oh, that we might catch just one fleeting glimpse of our Fil. Not that we feel he wouldn't measure up to the most trying of ordeals—still, we are inclined to the belief that he is paying off a wager, or, and what is more plausible—knowing Fil as we do—he's likely been reading those handsomely illustrated tourists' guides available at our local railway stations.

THE FIRST LESSON

One of our prominent Winnetka merchants, only recently fallen an addict to golf, questioned a more experienced member of his foursome the other day after this fashion:

"Bill, what do you think is the principal fault with my game?"

"I dunno," came the prompt reply, "unless it's that you stand too near the ball after you hit it."

A Zephyr

*In hunger for more of the lovely North Shore
I strolled on the beach for a while;
It is idle to pooh this most classical Zoo!
One can many an hour beguile.*

*What his mind did conceive, when Adam saw Eve,
In her vestment of lace tatted leaf,
I rather incline to think may have been mine,
Such impressions are usually brief.*

*There sure cannot be a more choice panacea
Or haven, from surfeit or grief;
Such nymphs! light or weighty, from eighteen to eighty;
But O, for a more generous fig leaf.*

—H. F. S.

We Suspect She's Laughin' at Us

This golf business is funny. Having made a wager with trim little Beth that we would escape the water hole at Glencoe (we hadn't been doing it) we executed a herculean drive, the ball sailing high over the green, and lodging in the middle of an acre or so of swamp grass—out of bounds. Lost the stroke and won a bet. Now she offers to double the wager that we can't lay the pill on the green in one.

Joe Shantz, who superintended the concessions on Wilmette's annual Community Day was busy last Wednesday warding off some of the overzealous gentry who placed their own interpretation upon the headlines in WILMETTE LIFE announcing Wilmette Day features:

"LOTS OF GOOD STUFF AT CONCESSION EMPORIUMS"

What do you think of our Herbert now? Oh yes, we've been for him since he gave way to Warren Gamalliel back in 1920.

—MIQUE.