

# WINNETKA TALK

ISSUED SATURDAY OF EACH WEEK

by  
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The Cook County board of Forest Preserve commissioners is calling the attention of the public to the great danger, during the approaching autumn season of fires in the Forest Preserves; grass fires that first burn over the open spaces and often spread to the woods, destroying young trees and denuding the fields of the wild flowers.

The greatest danger comes from cigarets dropped in the grass, and the picnicker who goes away without extinguishing his fire.

The Forest Preserve District of Cook county, which consists of 32,000 acres of wooded land, encircles Chicago completely on the land side, and is internationally acknowledged to be the greatest undertaking of the kind by any city of modern times.

This great circle of woods—there for your pleasure and convenience—can have its beauty seriously damaged by the careless starting of fires. The workmen in the Preserves are kept busy almost daily now putting out these fires.

The commissioners ask the vast crowds of people who visit the Preserves and enjoy them, to remember that these forests are a permanent and rapidly growing necessity to Cook county and must be maintained and improved, for as time goes on, these woods are going to become just about the only place that one can reach easily to enjoy a day's outing.

Wednesday, August 8, saw us motoring with three friends, a father and his two sons, north on Highway 31, away from

## An Excursion Into Canada

Traverse City towards our neighbor on the north, Canada. To get there we had first to reach Mackinaw City, then the American Soo, and finally on the other side of St. Mary's river, the Canadian Soo. The trip to Mackinaw City was uneventful, the roads being in the main hard and smooth, and the other drivers, as well as our own, sane and sensible. To our left all the way up we got more or less extended views of Lake Michigan and its arms, Big Traverse Bay and Little Traverse. We passed through the summer cities, Charlevoix and Petoskey.

At Mackinaw City we took the ferry to St. Ignace, an American city of fair proportions. From this city we drove north to the American Soo, known in books and on maps as Sault Ste. Marie. Here we lingered long enough to lay in a supply of the most necessary provisions.

This done we moved on to the ferry that was to carry us with our car over into Canada. The inspection on both sides was just thorough enough to satisfy the officials,

who seemed to regard us as well-intentioned. We stayed just long enough in the Canadian Soo to get information concerning good roads and camping sites and then got away. Canadian roads are not by any means so desirable as our own American roads, being mostly such as one meets in the country.

After a good deal of meandering we reached the shores of Batchawana Bay, a little dent in the shores of that mighty inland sea, Lake Superior. There between two towering white pines, near Harmony River, we pitched our umbrella tent and got our first supper.

Our life in this pleasant spot lasted four days, a life of sleeping on pneumatic mattresses; eating blueberries, wild black currants, pancakes, and bacon; bathing in Lake Superior; and loafing.

In his speech of acceptance Herbert Hoover emphasized the supreme value of there being assured for each home in America peace and happiness. He made it very plain that the work of all public officials should have for its

## Guardians of Our Peace

prime objective the securing for every man, woman, and child in this great land of these two conditions—peace and happiness. And every right-thinking American must agree that Mr. Hoover put the emphasis exactly where it belongs. It is disgraceful to be obliged to confess that there are many public servants who do not aim at these high goals, but at the low goals of personal profit and aggrandizement.

Many agencies are working to make the United States a happy and peaceful land. Among the foremost of these agencies are the police, the guardians of our peace and happiness. They protect our homes against those who, if unhindered, would take our property and perhaps our lives. The police work to prevent accidents on our highways. They enforce the law, our greatest bulwark against evil doers.

Since the police protect us it is our plain duty and privilege to co-operate with them, and never work against them. We should not only ourselves observe the laws and rules of our various communities but also admonish others, especially the young, to follow the straight and narrow paths that lead to social peace and happiness. The police without our co-operation are almost helpless. With our persistent co-operation they can be efficient in bringing to our smaller and larger communities and to the nation the greatest of all blessings—peace and happiness.

The Constance murder case should bring home to the thinking, influential population of Cook county a problem that has long been clamoring in

## A Lesson From the Murder

vain for attention. It is the problem of caring for dangerous subnormals. The Constance murder was the act of such a subnormal—a man with neither the mentality nor the moral sense to realize more than hazily what he was doing. . . .

The segregation and colonization of dangerous subnormals—the type popularly though inaccurately known as morons—is the remedy long advocated. We have had a shocking and terrible illustration of the need.

—The Evanston Review

# SHORE LINES

**HOOPIN' IT UP FOR HOOVER**  
(To be sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle)  
When Hoover to the White House goes,  
Oh! What a grand ovation,  
The bands will play and bugles blow  
In every town and station.

Chorus—

Hurrah for Hoover, he's the man,  
He beats the whole creation,  
He's made the fight,  
He'll do what's right  
For this our glorious nation.

The flags will fly from every dome  
With thousands marching under,  
Then we'll all shout and yell to Al  
That he can go to thunder.

Chorus—

He'll deal out justice through the land  
For every son and daughter,  
He'll teach the bootlegger he can  
Hereafter drink cold water.

Chorus—

The farmer and the laborer  
Who feed the whole creation  
Must be paid in cash and trade  
For all his honest labor.

Chorus—

—Mrs. L. Byers, Burlington, Iowa.

## How About One for Al?

A letter bearing the signature of Jane F. McElroy, a former Wilmette resident, called our attention to the above campaign song penned by Mrs. Byers, who is 87 years of age and enjoyed the privilege of singing campaign songs favoring the candidacy of Abraham Lincoln. "What they need in this campaign is a good, rousing song and I'll have to write one for them," said Mrs. Byers, and she forthwith produced the contribution. Now, who'll come through with an original Al Smith song? We'd like very much to have it.

## Gastronomically Speaking

Dear Mique: Well, the Missus and the Kiddies climbed on the rattler Monday and are enjoying their annual sojourn in the country longside the old Mississippi, all of which means that our village eateries are going to get a heavy play for the next coupla weeks. It's going to be kinda tough on Pop, I suspect, for I guess times have changed since I used to dine in the restaurants.

I starts out yesterday morning for the "coffee and" and just as I'm going in the restaurant I see a sign which says "Music with meals." Well, you know Mique, I'm a bit musical, and I got the idea quick that maybe a musical meal might go pretty good. Anyway it would be a change. So when the waitress comes up and asks me what I'll have I says:

"Maybe I'll try a little of that music."

Guess she thought I was getting fresh, cause she answers:

"Maybe you will and maybe you won't. We ain't got nothing but canned music and that's not fresh enough for you."

Well, nothing gets so bad that it can't get worse, so when she serves me the butter for the rolls I discovers that it's been cut with one of them ham-slicing machines. I suppose that idea is new and devised to save labor because you don't have to spread it, it's that thin. As the outside measurements were something like 1½x1½ inches, you can figure out exactly how much of a roll's surface it covered.

I didn't want to appear fresh after pulling that one about the music so I asks polite-like:

"Could you rivet a few of those pieces of butter together for me?"

"We ain't got no rivets for one thing," she says, "and besides it's against the laws of this joint."

"Well, it's against the laws to drink hootch," was our snappy comeback, "but we do it. Anyway what's a little law between friends?"

Well, anyway, Mique, I gets the butter and I'm feeling better when I steps out. I'm ready to give the little lady a hand when she pops:

"You should ought to eat in a hardware store." Maybe I'll write you something next week.

—Ray, alias, The Old Plug.

And all the while we felt certain that at last Fil, the Filosofer, was heading north to really rough it in the wilds of the Canadian forests, when he comes through with the prescribed description of camping life, as per the tourists booklets and the adjoining columns.

—Mique.